

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

CALLAHAN ON TRIAL

At Omaha for Complicity in Kidnapping Millionaire Cudahy's Son.

BOY TELLS STORY OF HIS CAPTURE

And Recognizes Callahan's Voice as That of His Jailor.

LINE OF DEFENSE IS SHOWN

When the Packer Takes the Stand Claim That Money Was Not Extorted, But Freely Given.

Omaha, April 25, via Skagway, May 2.—James Callahan, charged with kidnapping young Cudahy, is now on trial here. The boy told on the witness stand all about his being taken, the journey and how he was treated during the time he was kept a prisoner by his captors. He did not see his jailor but could hear him talk. He recognized Callahan's voice as being the same as that of his jailor. When Millionaire Cudahy, the boy's father, was put on the stand the defence showed its hand and the line on which it proposed clearing Callahan. The state held that robbery had been committed by extortion and the defence held that Cudahy had given the \$25,000 without compulsion. Cudahy admitted that he gave up the money freely and without hope of getting it back. The trial will probably last for several days and the outcome is being anxiously waited.

Want an expressman? Ring up 197 for Hicks & Thompson. Special delivery in town. Stage and express to Hunker.

Hotel McDonald THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON. JOHN O. BOZORTH, Manager

Orr & Tukey FREIGHTERS ON AND AFTER MAY 6 DAILY STAGE TO AND FROM GRAND FORKS

The O'Brien Club Refitted and Handsomely Furnished First Class Bar Is Run in Connection for Members.

Marshbank & Murray

H. H. Honnen Freighting OFFICE, A. C. BUILDING

PACKING GARLOCK, TUCKS, Round and Square ALL SIZES Rainbow Sheet Packing and Square Flax McL., McF. & Co. LIMITED

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SUN SETS ON ONE SMITH.

American Pug Dies After Knock-Out in London.

London, April 25, via Skagway, May 2.—Billy Smith the American pugilist who was knocked out a few nights ago at the National Sporting Club, died here today from the effects of injuries received in the ring. Roberts, the man who put him out, together with the referee and seconds, surrendered themselves to the police and are now in custody.

Deserted Settlement. Not a wreath of smoke curled heavenward today from the shack-crowded block between Fourth and Fifth avenues and Second and Third streets. The place was deserted and quiet, all the former residents having moved away yesterday evening leaving it a la sweet Auburn, the deserted village of the plain. The order issued by the police has been obeyed and the same force will see that it is not again violated. Dawson is to be congratulated—the scenes of the long light nights of last will not be re-enacted this summer. A long step in the way of moral reform has been taken and taken for keeps.

Rubber gloves for sluicing. Cribbs & Rogers. Trousers; latest patterns at Brewitt's. Fresh eggs. Selman & Myers. Kodak tripods; \$3.50 Goetzman's.

ASBESTOL, CORDOVAN, HORSEHIDE GLOVES Are Proof Against Heat, Steam, Boiling and Cold Water and will give excellent satisfaction. At Wholesale and Retail By Sargent & Pinsky First Ave., Cor. Second Street

The Ladue Co. ...NO COMBINE... FOR US

And all the favors we ask is for the people to call and we will show you goods at prices that will meet any competition. To our old customers we thank you for your patronage, and to the other people, "we are after you." Come to see us.

THE LADUE CO. IF YOU BUY IT OF LADUE CO. IT'S GOOD.

Note Our Advantages Location, Accuracy, Quality, Despatch, Large Stock, Prices.

Reid & Co. Druggists - Front Street

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

S. S. COMBINE BUSTED

Seattle, April 27, via Skagway, May 2.—The Seattle-Alaska Steamship Association has dissolved and the most bitter rate war in the history of local transportation is expected to follow. Second-class tickets to Skagway are today offered here for \$8, half the former price. Even before the association dissolved rate cutting had begun. Freight rates are cut one-half. One company now offers to transport cattle at \$7.50 per head while association rate was \$20. The situation is aggravated by the belligerent attitude of the Victoria and

Jim Hall Loses \$19,000

One of the largest gambling plays which ever occurred in Dawson came off last night in the Dominion saloon. Jim Hall, owner of No. 17 Eldorado, and well known as one of the Klondike's wealthiest claim owners, and Harry Woolrich and Frank Berry were the chief actors in the game which cost the first named the sum of \$19,000. Hall came to Dawson from his claim yesterday. It is said that before leaving he lost at the Forks a sum ranging in the neighborhood of \$5000. Last night he began playing in the Dominion with Woolrich and Berry in an effort, it is supposed, to recoup his losses at the Forks. The play continued nearly all night and at the wind-up Hall, as stated above, was loser to the amount of \$19,000. This is probably the largest individual loss ever sustained at one sitting in the history of Klondike poker playing.

SAVED BY ASBESTOS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE

The A. E. Co.'s Building Paper Held Flames in Check. That the fire department did heroic work in saving the postoffice building from the devouring flames yesterday is beyond the shadow of a doubt to those who witnessed the event. That building was the key to the situation and if well started by the flames the chances were all in the favor of the fire fiend sweeping the city from end to end.

There is one factor, and a most important one as subsequent investigation developed, which had much to do with saving that building as a visit to the offices upstairs will prove. In the southeast corner the flames had actually eaten through the building, the moss burning the whole length of the upper story, and but for the fact that the rooms were completely lined with asbestos nothing could have stopped the flames from at least partially destroying the edifice with a strong possibility that the whole building would have been a total loss. This asbestos building paper was introduced by the A. E. Co., and has been the means in a number of instances of keeping in check numerous incipient conflagrations until the arrival of the firemen.

To Gravel Streets. Extensive improvements are soon to be made in Dawson's streets and sewerage systems. On the river flat opposite the barracks there is a bed of coarse gravel which is to be utilized in filling in and grading the streets. The work has already commenced on Mission street which is in very bad condition several loads having been hauled and the holes filled up. Several teams will soon be put to work on First, Second, Third and Fourth avenues and the cross streets and when the work is completed Dawson will have some fine streets.

The sewerage system is also to be improved and drains will be extended to the foot of the hill and the whole flat back of the town will be drained thoroughly.

Effect of Snow. It all depends on the date a fellow's money says the ice will move in the Yukon just what effect the heavy snowfall of last night will have on the ice. The man who has backed his opinion that the ice will move by the 10th or 12th looks upon the snow as his ally in that he says it will speedily melt and the water therefrom will materially assist in tearing from its moorings the ice of the river. The man who has selected the 15th or 20th as the date for the breakup says the fall of snow is bound to be followed by colder weather, that for a few mornings to come there will be slight freezing and that will tend to delay the breakup fully five days or a week. Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's.

BITTEN BY SAVAGE DOG

AXEL RUNNING NOW WEARS HIS NOSE IN A SLING.

Axel Running was very severely bitten by Murray Eads' wolfe-malamute dog Tuesday evening and as a result he now wears a close bandage over his nasal organ. Running is a young man who is employed around the Standard and Tuesday evening stopped to pet the dog which was lying in the yard in the rear of the Standard building. As soon as he touched the dog on the head the latter made a jump for Running's face, grabbing his nose fairly between his teeth which entirely penetrated that organ and, instead of relaxing his jaws to break away the dog tore loose, literally tearing away a portion of the young man's nose. Medical treatment was at once applied and so far no bad effects have been experienced, but Running's condition at the present time is by no means an enviable one. So far as known the dog is not affected by rabies.

DID RABIES KILL EWING?

Is Question Which Post Mortem Will Answer.

The most important question of the day is: Did Aaron R. Ewing, who died on Hunker creek yesterday morning, die of rabies as asserted by the attending physician, Dr. Clendennis? For the purpose of determining the true cause of death a post mortem examination of the remains is being conducted by Dr. McArthur and a number of other physicians at Green's undertaking parlors this afternoon, the body having been brought to the city from Hunker late this forenoon. It is possible that it will be a day or two before the result of the post mortem will be announced as great care will be exercised in the examination.

Considering the fact that never in the world's history has the presence of dogs supposed to be effected with rabies been so general and of met as in this country within the past few months, and in view of the further fact that fully 100 people, perhaps double that number, in the district have been bitten by these presumably mad dogs, the death of a human being from a disease resembling hydrophobia will strike terror to the hearts of many people.

Many are loath to believe the doctor's opinion correct, and hope that the post mortem will develop a different cause for death.

Concession Thrown Open. A number of creek and hillside claims supposed to have been within the limits of the A. D. Williams concession on Hunker creek were yesterday thrown open for relocation by Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell. This includes all the claims subsisting at the time the closing order was posted in the gold commissioner's office on the 30th of September, 1899, so that all ground in the concession for which grants had been issued up to that time and which have since expired is now open to relocation.

This was simply a question of interpretation of the lease of the concession and does not affect the other hydraulic concessions. This will open for staking a large number of good claims both creek and hillside, on Hunker and a general stampede has already occurred to the ground in question.

Needed Improvement. Yesterday and today a force of workmen has been engaged in widening and otherwise improving the bridge spanning the slough by Sec. house No. 2. The railing which formerly set off the narrow passenger walk has been removed and a new walk eight feet wide is being added to the original bridge on the east side. New planking was put down today.

Latest photo buttons at Goetzman's. New suitings at Brewitt's.

AMES MERCANTILE CO. Hereby announces that it has entered into a COMBINE With the people of the Yukon Territory, and will continue to supply them with the best goods at the most reasonable prices. AMES MERCANTILE CO.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

DUNSMUIR TO SELL

His Railroad System and Coal Mining Interests to the Smelter Combine.

PIERPONT MORGAN, JIM HILL ET AL.

Consideration to be Between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

PART PAY IN SMELTER STOCK.

Jake Gaudaur of Rat Portage Will Row for World's Championship Backed by \$5,000.

Vancouver, April 25, via Skagway, May 2.—It is rumored among prominent railroad officials that the railroad system and coal mining interests of Premier Dunsmuir on Vancouver island will shortly pass into the hands of Pierpont Morgan, Jim Hill and other members of the great smelter combine. The consideration received by Dunsmuir will be between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. It is also arranged that Dunsmuir will take a certain amount of stock in the smelter combine.

Challenge to Row. Rat Portage, Ont., April 25, via Skagway, May 2.—Jake Gaudaur, after considerable talking about his ability, has issued a formal challenge to row any man for the championship of the world. As evidence that he means business he has deposited \$5000 forfeit money.

STEAMER FOR KOYUKUK The steamer Gold Star, now in slough opposite the mouth of the Klondike will be the first boat to leave Dawson for the Koyukuk river. It will leave immediately the ice goes out and go as far as Peavy and if possibly to Bettler. Peavy is 650 miles from the mouth of the Koyukuk and Bettler, the farthest point yet reached by any steamer is 50 miles further. Important improvements are now being made to the steamer. A new wheel 15 feet in diameter is being built, a new guard has been added and the vessel has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted. Capt. Thos. Nixon is the sole owner and also master of the boat. He has secured skilled river men to handle the vessel and expects to make the trip in 10 days. First class meals will be provided to all passengers alike, and Capt. Nixon being in charge himself, everything will be done with a view to the comfort and welfare of the passengers. The fare will be \$125 first-class and \$100 second-class and reservations for passage can now be made on application to Wm. Mead, Agent, Yukon dock. F. A. Cleveland is prepared to do heavy or light freighting and packing to Montana and Nevada creeks, the Black Hills country and the conglomerate mines across the Indian river. The Pacific Cold Storage Co. offers every facility for keeping frozen products. Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 10
(DAWSON'S FOREIGN PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BRON, Publisher

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Three months 11.00
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Single copies 25
SEMI-WEEKLY
Yearly, in advance \$21.00
Six months 11.00
Three months 6.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance 2.00
Single copies 25

NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in full justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Trumbler, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1901.

SPASMODIC VIRTUE.

The Social Purity League formed in Seattle for the purpose of purifying the moral atmosphere in that city has met with a decided obstacle. The proprietors of a gambling house arrested in that city for conducting a "wide open" house were found not guilty, by a jury within a very few minutes. At the last municipal election Seattle declared for a very liberal policy with respect to gambling and kindred evils. Mayor Humes has steadfastly kept to the promises made before his election and the gamblers have operated under quasi mayoralty protection ever since. It appears that the purity league in attempting too much has accomplished nothing. That is often the fate of such movements. Reforms of a radical nature cannot be secured in a day. They must be reached by gradual process rather than through sudden and extravagant outbursts. Every city has what may be termed spasmodic periods of virtuous agitation, the effects of which are ordinarily not of a lasting nature. Seattle will probably prove no exception to the rule. That city is now enjoying a very high degree of prosperity, consequent upon the wonderful growth of its northern trade and its entry into the markets of the Orient.

As a natural result, undesirable classes of people have been attracted thither—classes of people who invariably are drawn toward localities where affairs are in a flourishing condition.

Seattle has risen up in an effort to purge itself of the law-breaking element, but apparently without consequential results.

As a seaport town and a town toward which the steps of hundreds of more or less successful miners are directed every year, it is not to be wondered at that Seattle is not possessed of all the earmarks which characterize the New England village. Its efforts along the line of moral regeneration are highly creditable whether they prove successful or not.

Experience has proven, however, that in such communities evils will exist, and ordinarily speaking, it is better by far to take measures for regulating and controlling them rather than attempt to weed them out entirely. With the former process there is some show of success. But the latter never will succeed so long as human nature remains human nature.

Among other claims for uniqueness possessed by Dawson may be cited the fact that snow has fallen during every month but two in the past year. There may be people who will have the temerity to say that this is not to be considered as an attractive climatic condition. But that is to be expected. We would probably find kickers if it snowed every day in the year.

The Nugget has published the news of the combination of heavy Yukon commercial interest, ahead of the News, from the time the first announcement was made. The first intimation that any such movement was on foot was given to the newspaper readers of Dawson and the various creeks of the district, through the telegraphic columns of the Nugget. Following this came the details as they were announced from time to time all of which have been published in this paper from one to three days in advance of the time the same matter appeared in the News. Last night the Nugget published exclusively Capt. Healy's

opinion on the matter, as forwarded by cable from London, which may be accepted as establishing beyond question that the N. A. T. & T. Co. is not concerned in the combine. In this matter as in all other important happenings the Nugget has been ahead of its contemporary.

From the tone of Capt. Healy's opinion on the combination of Yukon commercial interests it is quite evident that competition is not dead as yet by any means.

Heavy Canadian railway interests are now being merged under one management. The combination idea seems to be spreading like a Green Bay tree.

Good Indian Now.

John Williams, one of the best known prospectors of this city and pioneer of 1882, arrived from Glacier Bay this morning and reports a desperate encounter with a crazy Indian which took place on April 2 at that point. Mr. Williams hired an Indian from this place by the name of Dick Dunn, who is noted for his physical strength, and only for the coolness and quickness of Mr. Williams the Indian would have killed him instead of being killed himself, after making several attempts to kill Mr. Williams.

Mr. Williams and all of his friends to whom he has related the circumstances and which is borne out in all its details, agree that the Indian was insane.

The story is as follows:

Mr. Williams started in a row boat with the Indian Dick Dunn, and when nearly to their destination and while his back was turned he was startled by the report of a rifle near his head and on inquiring why he shot, the Indian pointed over the bow saying that he had seen a seal. Thinking nothing of the occurrence notwithstanding the Indian put his head down between his knees and laughed in a very boisterous and peculiar manner, they proceeded to camp, when entering the tent to go to sleep he found the Indian drawing a rifle on Mr. Williams yelling, he said that he thought it was someone else as he had seen strange tracks.

The night passed without mishap and during the next day the Indian sharpened his knife with the remark that it was now sharp enough to cut Williams' neck with, this with other remarks caused Williams some uneasiness and he could not sleep on retiring and after lying awake some time he heard the click of the Indian's gun. Raising to a sitting posture and inquiring what was the matter the Indian covered him and demanded his gun, remarking that it was Williams he was afraid of.

Realizing the past actions and remarks of the Indian, he swung his gun around so that the report of the Indian's two barrels and his one rifle shot sounded almost at the same time and before he could raise the Indian leaped upon him with his knife in hand. Williams who is a smaller man was completely smothered by the leap of the heavy Indian and for a time was completely helpless and would no doubt have had little show for his life had not his revolver come to his hand by the overturning of his bed clothes. Calling vainly to the Indian to desist and seeing no way clear to overcome the maniac, he placed the revolver to his breast and killed him, and after a trip of eleven days to this city in his boat, he gave himself up to await the inquest.

It is doubtful if any official inquiry will be made in the matter as Williams is a man who is well known as an honest prospector.—Juneau Dispatch.

Watch Matches Whiskers.

The auctioneer with the strident voice held up a yellow watch and asked how much he was bid. The crowd of a half dozen "bonsters" began to get active and to edge near the door so that the sucker who had just entered couldn't get out again without appearing rude.

The bidding started at \$4 and ran up to \$10.45.

All this time the sucker hadn't said a word. The nickel-plated watch in his overalls' pocket was good enough for him, so he thoughtfully fondled the scraggy growth of whiskers on his chin, yellow as his own stubble field, and looked on.

"Ten fifty," called the man on his right.

There was confusion among the boosters at the door and then the man on his right addressed him:

"How much did I bid?" he asked of the sucker.

"Ten fifty."

"You'll have to speak loud, I'm deaf."

"Ten fifty," bawled the sucker.

"And sold to the gentleman over there for \$10.50!" shouted the auctioneer.

When the sucker looked for the deaf man with the intermittent memory he was no where in sight, so he had to take the watch and pay for it.

"It's a fine tucker, Rube," said one of the boosters, "and it'll match your whiskers, too."—Ex.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor. Pio. near Drug Store.
Fresh oysters. Selman & Myers.

SOME QUEER LAWYERS' FEES

Man Cleared of Charge of Theft Pays in Goods Stolen.

Woman Pays for Divorce Secured by Washing 25 Weeks—Farmer Pays With Butter and Apples.

Even old lawyers do not always get cash fees, and the stories of queer fees that have been paid to Milwaukee lawyers alone would fill a volume. Burglars' loot, farm produce, labor of all descriptions, almost everything imaginable, would appear on the list.

The story of a fee told by one young lawyer is one of the kind where a lawyer does not like to have his name mentioned, but it probably wasn't his fault. A visitor was in the bachelor's den of the young lawyer, when he noticed an engraved spoon hanging by a ribbon among some photographs, as though it might be a relic of some sentimental collegian's love affair.

"That spoon is my fee for clearing a client one time," said the owner of the decoration. "I had that given to me after I defended old Bill Bradley, the burglar. Bradley had been arrested charged with having robbed a house in the fashionable part of the town, and among other things it was charged that he had made away with a set of silverware. He sent for me and from the way he told his story I thought he was right and had not mixed up in the burglary.

"Well, he told me he had no money, but said he would make it all right with me some day if I did get him out of his trouble, so I went in and worked hard, and finally cleared him. A few days after he had thanked me and had gone clear, without paying me, he drifted into my office and said he had been trying to scrape up some money for me, but couldn't. Then he reached in his pocket and gave me that spoon, one of the set I had just acquitted him of stealing. If I took the spoon back, I would convict myself of having defended a man I knew to be guilty, so I left it there where you can see it. I think something of it, too, especially as Bill was killed while stealing a ride toward Chicago a few days afterward."

"When I was practicing up north," said Judge W. H. Halsey, "I had a fee in kind that I appreciated as much as I have \$500 fees at other times. I had defended an old farmer in a small suit, though I did not expect to get any pay from him. The suit was decided in our favor, and the old farmer and his wife went home. Some months afterward the two came into my office with a package and bundle tied up in a handkerchief. The package was a roll of butter, the handkerchief bundle was hazelnuts, and from the old farmers' pockets came two big rosy cheeked apples. That butter, apples and nuts fee was as satisfactory to me as any I ever received."

"For ten years I have never paid to have an umbrella mended," said one lawyer. "The rich landlord of the story book style wanted the store the old crippled umbrella man was using for a shop and started to force the old fellow out. I fixed him so that he was allowed to stay, and ever since that I have taken my rain shields to him for free mending. That was all the fee I received for that case too."

"I had the secrets of my own lodge offered to me as payment for a service," said one attorney, who belongs to several secret orders. "I was sitting in my office one day when a well dressed woman came in and wanted advice. Her husband, to whom she was but recently married, was a member of a secret society."

"I think it's perfectly horrid of him, too," she said, "to have secrets and not to tell them to me. When he married me, he said he would share everything with me, and the first thing I ask almost he won't do. Can't you make him?"

"I asked her to what lodge he belonged, and she told me the name of an order of which I myself was a member. Then she went on:

"I tell you what, if you will make him tell them to me, I will tell them to you, to pay you for making him do what I want. That's fair, isn't it? I should think you would like to know such things; need them in your business, you know."

"I didn't accept that fee."

"I had a good offer from one woman that I did accept," said another attorney, "for it was too good to refuse, although it was not in cash. I had represented her in an action for divorce, and after the suit had been won she wanted me to accept part payment in hand-made lace. The samples of lace she showed me were exquisite, so I told her it would be all right. She gave me about ten yards of the lace, and it was worth every cent of what was credited to her for it."

"I was paid in washing for a divorce I secured," said a well known lawyer. "A woman came to me one time with a tale of woe about her husband, and wanted me to get a divorce for her. She said that she didn't want any work done for her for nothing, but that she

Look Out for the Signal!

The A. C. Co.'s Whistle Will Blow a Signal When the Ice Goes Out. We are willing to accept that as the official time and notice is hereby given to the public that the one whose guess comes nearest to the time that whistle is blown will be awarded the outfit as advertised by us. The big company has planted a flag in the ice over the current immediately in front of their dock and when that flag, with the surrounding ice, moves down the river the whistle will blow ONE LONG, THREE SHORT AND ONE LONG WHISTLES. Carefully note the time—you may be the winner. A representative of the Nugget, News and Sun will count and tally the guesses.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK

HERSHBERG

Terse and Gentle.

Most editors have their own special method of declining contributions, but for a terse and pointed rebuke we have heard of nothing better than the letter lately received by a well known author. As a rule, his stories are wholly unobjectionable, but in this particular case he gave himself a little more license than usual and produced a story which, though quite moral, was not altogether suitable for family reading. He sent it to a magazine editor with whom he was on friendly terms, and the manuscript was promptly returned with the following note:

"My Dear Sir—Oh, my dear sir! Yours faithfully,
—Westminster Budget.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office

LET ME PUT YOU UP AN AWNING

Up-to-date Work
Painting, Wall Papering,
SIGNS

N. G. COX, First St.
Bet. Second & Third Aves. Phone 179

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek on Klondike River.
Office: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. A. W. BOYLE.

THE FARSEEING CAMERA.

It Will Play a Great Part in Future Astronomical Work.

"The great astronomical discoveries of the future," said one of the Tulane faculty, "will undoubtedly be made by an artificial eye infinitely more sensitive and powerful than human vision. I refer, of course, to the camera. The natural eye has its distinct limitations and has gone about as far as it can, and now the photographic plate is taking up the work at the point where nature leaves off. It requires a certain definite amount of light, you know, to affect the optic nerve so as to produce vision, and many of the stars are so far away that less than that required quantity reaches the earth. The consequence is that an astronomer might look for a year in the right direction without seeing anything at all, and no telescope, however powerful, would be of the slightest assistance."

San Francisco Clothing House

New Ready to Wear Tailor-Made Clothing

Knickerbocker Knee Pants Suits.
Slater High-Top Shoes. Stetson Hats, Derbys and Fedoras.
Spring Overcoats. Golf Hose.

OPPOSITE YUKON DOCK

Alaska Commercial COMPANY

Hats Blocked To Fit the Head.

THIS STORE CAN FILL YOUR EVERY WANT

From the most complete and extensive stocks in the Yukon Territory, and at prices that

APPEAL TO ALL CLASSES of buyers. Now is the time to fit yourself out in

SPRING ATTIRE AND AT REASONABLE PRICES

Savoy Theatre

WEEK OF **Mond'y April 29**

John A. Flynn's Big Burlesque Company in
"Me and Jack"
Introducing JENNIE GUICHARD and
Savoy Gaiety Girls

Post & Ashley, Fred Bresin, Winchell Tins, Prof. Parses' Wandroscope and Local Moving Pictures.

GRAND MAY DAY BALL

The Standard Theatre

Matinee Saturday

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Shore Acres

GRAND LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S MATINEE
Saturday, May 4, 2:30 P. M.

When Hearne's beautiful play Shore Acres will be presented. A home picture. The best play that has been produced in Dawson. Curtain raises at 2:30.

Tickets for Sale at Cribbs & Rogers' Drug Store.

BAR CLOSED **ADMISSION 50c and \$1.00**

ORPHEUM THEATRE

TO-NIGHT!

HEARDE'S "PICNIC GROVE"	BRYANT & ONSLOW "A BARREL OF FUN"	DOLAN'S "THE FOUR SHAMROCKS"
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Three Shows in One. **Don't Miss It.**

New Spring Millinery

At 33 1/3 Per Cent. Discount

This is not '98 stock but new stock this spring. We need the room.

J. P. McLENNAN

PRIM LAURETTA WAS WON

By a Pot of Easter Lilies Found on Her Table.

She Melted Toward the Man She Thought Sent Them and Married Him Before Learning Truth.

Lauretta was my third cousin on my mother's side. She was a real pretty girl, one of the prettiest girls that ever lived. I don't care where, but she was very prim. As I remember her, Lauretta was about the primmest girl I ever saw. All the village girls were modest and well-behaved, but Lauretta went a step beyond everybody; she would do this, and she wouldn't do that, and she didn't act fairly natural about beans. When Lauretta was 18 years old she had never let a young man go home with her, and I can see her face now when her sister Louisa told her how John Mitchell had seen her home from meeting and kissed her good night. Louisa married John Mitchell afterwards, but that didn't make any difference. "O Louisa, you don't allow such a dreadful thing!" said Lauretta, and she colored up as if John Mitchell had kissed her instead of Louisa. Louisa didn't like it very much. "Yes, I did, and I am going to marry John if he asks me, and I can't care as I've done anything, very dreadful," said she.

"I don't see how you could, Louisa," said Lauretta, and she still had that kind of look, and her face and neck were red. Lauretta had the softest, finest skin, and colored red as a rose in a minute, and her blue eyes would widen and grow round. I can see them now. "You are too particular to live," said Louisa. She told me afterwards that she didn't believe Lauretta was like other girls. "I've seen her coming out of meeting actually hanging on to another's arm, for fear somebody would go to home with her," said Louisa. "You had always a great many admirers, and did not resort to subtleties to keep them at bay."

"Edward Adams would be glad to go home with her, I guess," I said. "He's just dying to," replied Louisa. "I can see him hanging around every Sunday night after meeting, but he can't go home with Lauretta unless he goes with mother, too. I never saw a girl like Lauretta. I don't believe she ever will get married. She won't give anybody a chance."

I felt sort of sorry for Edward Adams, because he was a good fellow and real intimate with Joseph Greene, the man I married three years afterwards. Joseph used to tell me about how Edward felt. "I never saw a man so used up as he is over Lauretta," said he, "but she won't look at him."

"She won't look at anybody else, any more," said I. "No, that's some comfort," said Joseph; "but what is it, what has she got against Edward?" "I'm sure I don't know," said I. "I told Joseph I would try to talk to Lauretta, and see if I could find out what the trouble was; and so I did, but I didn't make out much. I got a sort of idea that perhaps it wasn't so much because she was prim as we had always thought, as because she didn't really believe any young man wanted her, or loved her as much as her mother did; but I wasn't sure that I was right. She did bring up Hattie Jones getting jilted, after Amos Stetson had been keeping company with her for two years, and Caroline Anderson, after Jim Ladd had been ready to marry her, for five. "I don't believe there are apt to care very much about girls," said Lauretta. "They go home with them, and they go to see them, and I don't believe they care so very much more for one girl than another; and I don't see what people want to get married for anyway. I like my mother better than any man I ever saw."

"I got sort of indignant at that," I said. "I don't believe men are just as good as women," said I. "I didn't say they weren't," said Lauretta, in her scared, meek kind of way. "I just said I didn't believe they cared so much about girls as their mothers do."

"There's Edward Adams ready to worship the ground you walk on," said I. "He went home with Annie Whitcomb last night," said Lauretta; but she colored up, and I sort of chuckled, and I reasoned it out that she must have been watching to know that Edward had come home with Annie, for all she was going out of meeting herself, clinging so tight to her mother as if she couldn't walk alone.

really so prudish that she didn't want any attention, or was afraid of being jilted, and did not believe that any one cared for her. Lauretta always was a very modest, meek little thing; she never pushed and scrambled for anything. I don't believe that even when she was a child she ever thought of the biggest piece of cake or pie, and she gave away all her apples and candy, and never teased for ours.

Well, time went on, and Louisa and I were both married, though Lauretta was older. She lived with her mother, and clung to her just as tightly as ever. Edward Adams wasn't married either, though he had paid attention to several. He acted as if he had given up Lauretta.

Lauretta was 28 years old when the new school teacher came to Ferrisville. She was a beauty, and no mistake. I don't know that she was any prettier than Lauretta; but you could see her further, and she came from the city, and knew how to dress. Edward from the first acted devoted to her. He was on the school committee, and so had a good excuse to visit her school often; and he used to walk home with her from meeting, and take her sleigh-riding, and Mrs. Lansing, the woman where she boarded, said he called on her real often. Folks began to think it would be a match. That was the winter when Lauretta's mother died, and she was left all alone. Louisa couldn't come to live with her, because her husband had his business in Morristown and couldn't leave; and Lauretta, though she had enough to live on herself, couldn't afford to hire help. She settled down to live alone, and it did seem real pitiful, she was always such a timid little thing. For a little while I used to go over and stay all night with her; but, of course, I couldn't keep it up always. I said to Joseph that it was such a pity that she and Edward hadn't got married, but he said he guessed he'd got it over it, that the new school teacher suited him pretty well.

"I don't know," said I, "I've always thought Edward Adams wasn't one to shift about very easily from one to the other; and Mrs. Lansing says he hasn't been to call on the teacher quite so often lately. I know he didn't go home with her from meeting last Sunday night, and I saw him looking at Lauretta. I don't believe he has a good deal of feeling for her, left alone the way she is."

"More feeling than she would have for him, I guess," said Joseph, rather grimly. He was a little inclined to be severe on Lauretta; he had always thought so much of Edward. "I guess Edward is pretty well suited with the school teacher," he said again; "and she's handsome as a picture, a sight prettier than Lauretta."

"I don't know," said I; "and I don't know about her being handsome. You men always think if a girl has blazey red cheeks her beauty is settled. Lauretta is more delicate looking, but it seems to me she is much prettier."

"Not according to my way of thinking," said Joseph. Joseph is a good man, but he never trusts one woman's opinion of another's beauty. It was some three months after Lauretta's mother died, and the poor girl had lived alone through one of the hardest winters we had ever known; snowstorm after snowstorm, and bitter cold, and she did have a lonesome time of it. I went in there all I could; but much of the time it was too bad for me to walk. I lived half a mile away, and we didn't keep a horse, and it was before the electric cars were put in.

Well, poor Lauretta got along somehow; she never complained, and she was always just as sweet, and meek, and gentle; but she grew thin, and there was a sad little droop at the corners of her mouth, and her blue eyes seemed to be always looking past you, though she was prettier than ever. Black was very becoming to Lauretta.

It was Easter Sunday when that happened which no one has ever been able to explain. I, for one, have never tried to. It has always seemed to me just as well to leave some things unexplained. Easter Sunday was a beautiful day, the first real mild day we had had. The air was soft as June, the snow had gone except for patches here and there, the trees began to look green and flimsy, and once in awhile you could hear a bird. I may as well tell it just as it happened, as Lauretta told it to me. That Easter Sunday, when Lauretta came down stairs in the morning to build her kitchen fire, she noticed a very strong, sweet fragrance all over the house, and she could not imagine what it was; but when she opened the sitting room door she saw. There, on the table, stood a great pot of Easter lilies. The lamp was on the table, and the Bible, and her sewing, and the pot of Easter lilies scenting the whole room and the whole house. She just stared at it. She did not know what to think for a minute. Then she saw that the window was open—the window close to the table—and she reasoned it out that somebody must have opened it and set the pot of lilies inside. Then all at once it flashed upon her that Edward Adams must have done it, for he had a little greenhouse, though he did not sell flowers. He was in the savings bank. She was sure that Edward did it, and I was, too, when she called me in and showed me

the flowers. I went to church that Sunday and had to pass her house, and she stood in the doorway and called me. "Won't you come in just a minute?" said she; "there's time enough."

So I let Joseph go on, and I went in. "What have you got here so sweet?" said I, the minute I stepped inside.

"Look here," said Lauretta, and she led me into the sitting-room and pointed to the pot of lilies. I had never seen such beautiful lilies. I can't begin to tell how many blossoms there were, and the quantity of buds, and anything like the fragrance. "Why, who sent them?" said I.

"I found them here this morning," said Lauretta. "Why, who sent them?" "Who do you suppose?" asked Lauretta.

We looked at each other; then I began to laugh. I remembered Edward Adams' greenhouse. "I guess it doesn't require a very sharp wit to tell," said I, and Lauretta colored beautifully, and I saw that she thought as I did.

"Don't tell anybody," said she. She put her arms around me when she said that and hid her face on my shoulder. "Don't you worry, dear child," said I, and I stroked her pretty light hair. Lauretta was older than I, but she always seemed younger.

"Well, I had to hurry out, and catch up with Joseph, but when I saw Lauretta come into church a little later I thought I had never seen her look so pretty. Her long black veil swept back from her fair hair, and her face was as delicate as a lily, with just such clear curves, and she moved with such a shy grace that people turned to look at her—and I didn't wonder. To my mind, the school teacher, in a new Easter hat, all covered with roses, was tawdry beside her; and I once, caught Edward Adams looking at Lauretta, and I had my own opinion.

It was such a beautiful Sunday, full moonlight, that Joseph and I went to meeting in the evening, and Lauretta was there. When meeting was over I expected that she would do what she had always done whenever she had happened to be at evening meeting since her mother died—edge up to me and cling to me going out, as she used to do to her mother; but that night she did not. I looked around for her, and never was so astonished in my life I could not believe it was Lauretta. She was actually moving in that gentle, imperceptible, gliding fashion of hers, close to Edward Adams, and she actually moved on ahead of the school teacher. The school teachers' roses brushed Lauretta's back veil, they were so close together. Then I heard Lauretta say: "Good evening, Mr. Adams," of her own accord; and I could not believe my eyes when the school teacher passed me, walking very fast with Mrs. Lansing; it turned out afterward that she had been engaged to somebody in Boston all the time and never told; and Lauretta followed behind us, leaning on Edward Adams' arm.

I looked around and nudged Joseph to look. "Good Lord!" said he, so loud that I was afraid that they would hear him, and I had to hush him up. Well, it wasn't a month before it was all over the village that Edward Adams and Lauretta were engaged; and they were married in the course of the summer. Lauretta let her house and went to live in Edward's. But that isn't the strange part of it at all. Lauretta did not say much to Edward about the pot of lilies for some little time; she had a sort of feeling since he had brought them so secretly, as she supposed, that there was something sacred about it that she would not even thank him. So all she did was to say how beautiful the lilies were when he came into the room, which was so sweet with them; and he said yes, as well he might. There never were such lilies. But after a while, when the blossoms had all faded, and the buds had bloomed and died, she wondered what to do with the plant, so she said something to Edward about it. She thanked him for sending it, and asked if it would not be best for him to take it back to his greenhouse and keep it over until another year. Then it transpired that Edward had never sent that pot of Easter lilies; that he had none like it; that the pot was unlike anything he had ever had; that he had never seen the plant until that Easter Sunday when he came into Lauretta's sitting room.

They never found out where that great pot of lilies came from. Edward tried to keep the plant, but it died before the next Easter. He questioned all the florists for miles about it; but none of them knew anything about it. No one knew, and so, one ever will know. We can surmise and question, but we shall never know; but there is no doubt that those lilies have sweetened Lauretta's whole life, for she would never have married Edward Adams had not someone set them on her table. Mary E. Wilkins in Globe-Democrat.

The Gullerful Girl.
The fellow was thirty.
The maiden was thirty.
And she had her eye fixed on his point.
Such short wists she thought.
As would look—and why not?
As it made by her dear little self.
—Detroit Journal.
Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

BREVIES

PERSONALITIES.

Maurice Grau, the grand opera manager, is to write a book of reminiscences of the famous singers and composers he has known.

The only woman rabbi on record is Miss Rachel Frank, who had conferred on her this distinction by a Jewish church in San Francisco.

John J. Fremont, supervisor of the harbor of New York, who has just been transferred to the Asiatic squadron, is a son of J. C. Fremont, "the Pathfinder."

Lieutenant Hugh A. Drum is the youngest officer in the United States army. He is only 20 years old, and some of his fellow officers in the Twelfth Infantry are gray headed.

Ex-Governor George W. Peck of Wisconsin finds it impossible to live down his reputation as the author of "Peck's Bad Boy" and at the Democratic convention was popularly known as "The Boy."

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, the new premier and treasurer of Cape Colony, was born at Ipswich and was the son of a Baptist minister. As was the case with Cecil Rhodes, ill health drove him to South Africa in 1858.

Henry B. Metcalfe of Rhode Island, prohibition nominee for vice president, was born in Massachusetts 71 years ago. He has been the nominee of the prohibition party for governor of Rhode Island several times.

Dr. E. A. E. Petzel of Cleveland recently wrote a poem on Germany. "To My Fatherland," in both English and German, which, when copied by the Berlin papers, brought him a congratulatory letter from Emperor William.

The late Professor C. A. Buchheim, professor of German at King's college, London, was one of those who made Dickens' name familiar in the fatherland. His translations of some of Dickens' novels into German have had an immense circulation.

When John G. Gowdy, consul general to Paris, was about to depart to enter upon his duties, he asked Senator Hanna for some suggestions. "Shave off that goatee," was the senator's earnest reply. Hence the beard which was once famous is now no more, and Mr. Gowdy wears a smooth chin.

Oberammergau's oberbürgermeister, Johann Lang, is dead, after holding the office 24 years. He took a leading part in preparing and managing the Passion play and was Calaphas, the high priest, in the 1890 performance and every subsequent one till this year. His successor will probably be Johannes Meyer, the Christus of 1890.

The death of the grand vizier, Sir Hamed Bed Musa, has caused in northern Morocco at any rate, no disturbance whatever among the natives. His successor is his cousin, Hadj Mukhtar Ben Abdallah. The new grand vizier, who is the son of a once well known governor of Fez, is a typical Moorish government official, in character as well as by descent.

Lost
A miner's license and grant issued to William Thompson, also miner's license issued to Dan Stewart. Finder kindly leave same at H. H. Hooper's office at the Forks or Dawson. cir

Oranges, Lemons, Selman & Myers.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Linen and pique gowns are trimmed with machine stitched ribbon bands. White corslet belts of plaid ribbon are worn with either black or white gowns and are finished with saab ends or not, as you like.

Black and white lace gowns are coming rapidly to the front for the nation's full dress, leaving the spangled nets quite out of the race.

Suede kid slippers in a variety of colors to match the gowns are worn this season. Some of the more fancy kinds show a trimming of gold braid.

A novel feature of parasol handles in England is the head of some general fighting in South Africa, either carved in wood or wrought out in silver or gold.

Handsomely embroidered crepe bustles made up over pink silk constitutes one of the prettiest bridesmaid's gowns seen this season. Insertings of lace may be added for greater elegance.

The craze for fancy handkerchief squares of silk has assumed a new form since the fad for waists made of these squares broke out in the spring, and they are used as a hat trimming, being draped softly around the crown with the corners falling in short ends over the brim at the back.

Russian linen in the ecru shades is used for yachting and golfing gowns, which are made without any lining. The short skirts have stitched hems, tucks down either side of the front and one box plait in the back, and the jackets are Eton in shape, with short bell sleeves, worn over a colored shirt waist.—New York Sun.

HARD TO DISCOVER.

Where can we find—
A ring that will fit the finger of fate?
A woman to mop the brow of the mountains?
A ladder that will reach the top of the morning?
The grindstone that will remove the nick of time?
The whetstone that will sharpen a dull appetite?
A frame for the mirror that is held up to nature?
The correct measurement of the foot-prints of time?
The number of inhabitants in the matrimonial state?
Experience to ripen those people who are green with envy?
Something to soothe the itch of fame and relieve some of the awful strains of music?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Steam · Hose

EVERY FOOT GUARANTEED ... AT ...

The Dawson Hardware Co.

Telephone 36 SECOND AVENUE

COSTLY DOORPLATES.

Many Were of Silver and Went Over the Hundred Dollar Mark.
"People who get about town much must have noticed one change that has taken place in the past few years," said the man with the red mustache, "and that is the abolition of doorplates for all except business purposes. There was a time, and not so very long ago either, when everybody that aspired to any kind of social prominence decorated his front door with a plate on which his name was engraved. These plates were made of all kinds of metal, ranging from plain tin to solid silver, according to the prosperity of the owner. Some of them were very expensive. I happened to be in the engraving business when the doorplate craze was raging in its most virulent form, and I know for a fact that we turned out a number of plates that mounted up to and even beyond the hundred dollar mark."

"One of the most expensive plates we ever made was for a man who lived over on East Twenty-second street. This man was a Russian who had embraced American customs, and he had a name about seven feet long. I can't remember now what it was, but I do know that it used up about all the plate we had in the shop to fit him out and that when we were finally through with him his front door resembled nothing so much as the billboard of a vaudeville show. There was a peculiar thing about another block over in that part of the city. There were 40 houses in that block. Each was ornamented with a doorplate, and on 31 of those houses the name was 'Green.' I went over to that neighborhood the other day out of curiosity. There are no doorplates there now, and I had no means of ascertaining whether the Green colony still sticks to its old haunts."

"In one way these doorplates were a mighty fine thing. They gave a stranger within our gates invaluable assistance in sating up the nomenclature of the city, but they savored too much of self advertising to suit the tastes of the more conservative element, and gradually the custom went out of fashion, until now a private house that sports a doorplate is a curiosity."

PHYSICIANS.

DR. W. T. BARRETT—Physician and Surgeon, Office over Northern Cafe, First Ave. Office hours 11 to 1; 2 to 5; 7 to 9. Telephone 182.

WHITE, McCALL & DAVEY—Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Etc. Office, Aurora No. 2 Building. Phone 58.

CLARK, WILSON & STADIGER—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, Etc. Office, Main & Carl Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front Street, Dawson. Telephone No. 59.

N. F. HAZEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, also over McLellan, McPhail & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELCOURT, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Office at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given in Parliamentary work. N. A. Belmont, Q. C. M. F. Frank J. McDougall, John F. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TRIBBLE—Mining Engineer—Mineside Station B., 2031 door to public school, and 2 below discovery, Harbor Creek.

SOCIETIES.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. E. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday 8 o'clock or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Secy.

Now On the Way In!

The Most Artistic, Interesting and Valuable Collection of Klondike Scenes Ever Published. 200 Magnificent Views, elegantly bound, printed on heavily coated paper with illustrated cover.

A Splendid Gift and one that will be Appreciated by the Recipient.

Advance samples on exhibition. Orders taken for delivery upon the arrival of the first boat. PRICE \$5.00.

H. A. Goetzman, Photographer

Publisher of "KLONDIKE SOUVENIR."

Cantwell's Souvenir Album

Of Dawson Will Arrive With the Open Water
200 Choice Views. Best Paper. Fancy Binding. Colored Inks.

LABOR TROUBLE

Now Prevades Bonanza From End to End and On Chechako

STARTED YESTERDAY ON 34 ABOVE

Owned by Dick Butler and Alex McDonald.

WANT \$5 A DAY AND BOARD

Rate Has Been \$4.00 Per Day With Board—Miner's Union Advocated—Demand May be Granted.

That the question of labor in the Klondike is becoming one of the most serious of the day there is no gainsaying for the reason that labor strikes are becoming of daily occurrence on the creeks, the miners feeling that they are not being sufficiently recompensed for their labor. Where \$4 per day and board has been the prevailing price paid, \$5 per day and board is being demanded and has been conceded on nearly every claim on Eldorado; but owners on other creeks have declined to make the advance, hence the strikes.

Yesterday work suspended on 34 above on Bonanza, owned by Alex McDonald and Dick Butler, and one of the richest on the creek. The workmen demanded the increase of \$1 per day which being refused, they walked out. Two or three new men were found who were willing to work at the old scale, but the force was so materially reduced that the work may be said to be practically suspended.

On Chechako Hill there was a general strike this morning which soon spread until it extended nearly all along lower Bonanza. The laborers are firm in the stand they have taken to remain out until their demands are acceded to. They insist that where they are forced to take their earnings of \$4 per day in dust at \$16 per ounce, the loss is too appreciable to make common labor remunerative. The organization of a miners' union is being strongly advocated today by a number of strikers who came down from Bonanza this morning and there is a strong probability that some such organization will be effected in the very near future. Over 200 men are reported to have quit work on Chechako Hill this morning, but there is a general belief that their demand will be granted and that work will be resumed tomorrow.

The strike started on Chechako on the claim of Howard & Andrews where 80 men quit work and in 30 minutes business on the entire hill is said to have ceased. If Howard & Andrews allow the additional \$1 per diem the smaller operators will fall in line.

The feeling on the part of the laborers in mines that \$4 per day was not sufficient has been growing for several months during which time it has been productive of more bunkhouse oratory than any other subject.

Scared the Robber.

"The fact that a determined stand is all that is needed," continued the western man, "was illustrated a good many years ago by a peculiar little incident which took place on the old stage line running out of Tombstone, A. T. Holdups used to be frequent on that route; but, strange to say, nobody took any precautions against such a contingency. One day the stage was carrying an unusual number of passengers, and while it was going over an extremely desolate section of the road a masked man stepped from behind a rock, leveled a shot gun at the driver and ordered him to pull up.

"He obeyed at once, and the robber began the usual program by telling everybody to get out and range themselves in line with their hands above their heads. There were several nifty men on top, but none of them cared to court death by taking the initiative, and it was impossible, moreover, to say how many additional ruffians might be lurking behind the rocks. At any rate, all hands were clambering down when suddenly the door of the stage was swung violently open and out leaped a big, fierce looking man with a cocked revolver in each fist.

"At the sight of him the robber took an involuntary backward step and fell sprawling over a round stone. Both barrels of his gun went off in the air, and in the confusion he picked himself up and ran like a deer for cover. He had a horse on the other side of the rocks, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was in the saddle and burn-

ing the wind across the prairies. He got away, and now comes the funny part of the story.

"While the robber was beating his retreat the big man snapped both pistols ineffectually at least half a dozen times and then, discovered in blank amazement that neither one of them was loaded. He was glaring dumb-founded into the empty cylinders when his wife stuck her head out of the coach and burst into vociferous weeping.

"Oh, John," she sobbed, "I took the cartridges out of them guns this morning and forgot to tell you about it." As she spoke she held out a handful of brass shells.

"What the mischief did you do that for?" he roared.

"I was skeered—that they might go off in the coach and shoot the baby. Boo, hoo, hoo!" she replied.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Got Even.

He is a big, powerful man, a little slow of speech, with a large head and thoughtful face. He usually has the abstraction of a studious man; but on the day of this incident his acquaintances could see evidences of internal excitement and outward alertness.

He did not stop to shake hands or chat with any one, but with knitted eyebrows and shoulders lifted above the usual point of elevation he would sharply inquire: "Seen Jones, my partner? No? Well, if you run across him, just tell him there is a client in the office waiting for him. Needn't mention having seen me."

Then he would plod patiently on, watching both sides of the street. Half a block ahead of him he spied his quarry going north on the avenue. The big man took on a swinging gait and overhauled him at Grand Circus park. The pursuer knows nothing about the scientific rules of fighting, but he picked his partner up bodily, slammed him down on the pavement, thence tossed him into snow-drift, stood him on his head, shampooed him, took him by the collar and flayed the "heautiful" with him and then threw him ten feet into a fresh snow bank, turning and walking away without a word.

When Jones was helped to a drug store, it was found that a drink was all he required. He told the curious crowd that he guessed his assailant must be crazy, but to a friend said confidentially:

"I've quit. No more practical jokes for me. Come, to think of it, I don't blame the old chap much. You know that he went down to his former home to deliver an oration on Marshall day. I stole his speech and substituted a long brief in a street opening case. You know how modest he is and can imagine what happened when he addressed the toastmaster and pulled out that brief. I'm going to telephone thanks for not knocking my head off and then see if he'll let me in the office to hold a parley. Thunder, but he's big and strong!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Wants to Know.

Editor Nugget: In the case of a fire occurring in this city, I am anxious to be informed by Hon. Maj. Woods if it is necessary for one to have a written authority from the owner of merchandise that may be moved from buildings threatened by fire so that he or they can care for them. It so happened at the fire which took place yesterday that I was asked by a merchant to look out for his goods. While doing so Inspector Primrose came along and asked me what I was doing. I informed him that I was taking care of my friend's goods. Then he ordered me to move on. Does it seem reasonable in the hurry and scurry of saving of goods during a fire that one should be clothed with written authority before they can look after goods being saved? R. M. BROWN.

Lacrosse Sticks.

R. M. McLennan imported last season a number of lacrosse sticks in anticipation of matches being played on the ice the past winter. These sticks are now at Selkirk and will be in Dawson probably with the arrival of the first snow. Mr. McLennan will probably present the police boys with a full set.

The Worm Turned.

"Are you going out tonight, dear?" said the husband to the emancipated woman.

"I am. It is the regular weekly meeting of the lodge."

"Then I want to say to you"—and there was an unusual defiance in the mild man's tone—"I want to say that if you are not home by 11 o'clock I shall go home to my father."—Ladies Weekly.

Chechako butter. Selman & Myers. We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

ALL WILL REBUILD AT ONCE

Scene of Yesterday's Fire a Lively One Today.

Land Owners Arranging for Immediate Construction of Buildings to Replace Those Lost.

The work of cleaning up the debris caused by yesterday's fire preparatory to rebuilding commenced this morning. Nearly all of the merchants whose places of business were demolished when seen this morning signified their intention of rebuilding at once.

Mr. J. S. Barron who lost two buildings, one 28 feet front, two stories high, and the other a log cabin 20 feet front, has men already at work as has also Mr. Levy whose store was next to Mr. Barron's. Mr. Vernon who owned the 12-foot front building occupied by Abraham's clothing store where the fire started, will also rebuild.

Gandolfo, whose building occupied the corner will erect a large building on his lot. The Farichild bar is open today and the hotel will be ready for occupancy within a week.

A large force of carpenters has been at work today on the interior of the government offices in the old postoffice building repairing the fixtures and putting up shelves and cases which were torn down yesterday.

The stock of A. C. Lockhead the hardware merchant is a complete loss. No one was at the store when the fire occurred and nothing was saved. He is undecided as to whether he will open again or not.

Waxstock and Brant will reopen their grocery store as soon as they can find a location.

The balance of the losers including Freedman & Co., clothing dealers, S. M. Shuman, Colky & Co., second-hand merchants, Ripstein & Co. and the others will probably reopen their stores as they saved the larger portion of their stocks.

There are a great many opinions here

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Horse and harness; call at second cabin back of Central hotel. H. N. Hughes.

GRAND FORKS. ADVERTISEMENTS

"Beats the Best in Dawson"

THE NORTHERN

An Up-To-Date Hotel

Elegantly Furnished.
Heated by Radiators
Electric Lights, Call Bells

Service and Cuisine Unexcelled.

RAYMOND, JULLIEN & CO., Proprietors

Come on Boys!

WITH YOUR DUST. SAVE YOUR MONEY

HAMMELL'S

GRAND FORKS EMPORIUM

DAWSON PRICES KNOCKED SILLY

Clothing - Rubbers
Boots - Shoes

THE GRAND HOTEL

Formerly the Globe

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ing expressed today with regard to the way the fire was handled. Some are criticising the department very severely while others are very free in praising their work. There is no question as to the wisdom of the department in putting all their energy into saving the old postoffice building as everyone admits that if that building had taken fire the consequences would have been much more severe and in fact it would be hard to estimate the amount of damage which would have been done. In the face of the strong wind which was blowing the fire directly towards the center of the town and the way in which the department was handicapped by the lack of one engine, which had just been moved from the river and which was not in operation, it would have been an impossibility to check the fire had it once got a start beyond that building.

Taking all these things into consideration the department certainly did proper in checking the fire at that place and are entitled to a great deal of credit.

Queen's Birthday Sports.

As a result of an interview with the Hon. Mr. Ross, commissioner for the Yukon territory, the convenors are advised that our late revered Queen's birthday will be held as a public holiday in Dawson, and with a view to holding the usual sports celebration on that day, the 24th of May, we hereby invite all interested to attend a general meeting to be held in the McDonald hall on Saturday evening, May 4th, at 8:30 p. m.

DONALD MAC GREGOR, WILLIAM E. BURRITT, THOMAS O'BRIEN, Convenors.

Notice to the Public.

I hereby notify the public that I and I only have and possess the contract for all advertising on the curtain and programs in the Standard theatre of Dawson. The only person authorized to solicit advertising for same is H. J. Brand. Any one else representing to have or to hold contract to allow or permitting them to solicit ads, for said curtain or program are frauds. Take warning.

(Signed) LEW CRADEN.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet Champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina club hotel.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Photo supplies reduced at Goetzman's.

See Brewitt the tailor for clothes.

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