

Prize!

appointed the moving ballots and time, 8:45 o'clock offered by

DRAN, Sud.

able Clotier, Ave.

stands fill first

motion to adjourn one week and Friday by Mr. Justice ready given

on, today and to appeal will be today and Friday bearing criminal case Craig. The are those against on, charged with gold dust from a, and that of George Rice. The by a jury.

Cuffs and wear

A,

rt and Cheaply

etropole, Dawson

From S. Y. T. Dock

Avenue, Opposite 102-C.

e!

Etc.

Vol. 3—No. 115

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

VOLCANO YET ACTIVE

On the Little Island of St. Vincent

The Northern Part of Which is a Solid Mass of Traveling, Lurid Flame.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 14.—Late cables say the Soufriere volcanic eruption on St. Vincent continues active. Terrible detonations are heard hundreds of miles away. Reports are followed by columns of smoke rising miles in the air. Immense balls of colored fire also issue from the crater, lightning is playing fiercely in the upper sky and the whole northern part of the island is one mass of travelling flames. It is impossible to reach the desolated district by land or sea and there are no means of estimating the destruction wrought to life and property.

Fraternal Man Insane

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Helena, Mont., May 14.—J. A. Difenbaugh, prominent in Masonic and Elk circles, is insane. He was Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks of Baltimore. He recently attempted suicide.

The Ladue Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

We have made a large number of tests and are ready to make others.

We have the best plant money will buy and guarantee all our work in this mill and also in the

Assay Office

EMPIRE HOTEL
JAS. F. MACDONALD, MGR.
Everything New, Elegantly Furnished Well Ventilated, Bar Attached.
SECOND STREET, Near Second Ave.

Shoff's Kidney Cure
9 out of 10 people here need it. It's sure.

PIONEER DRUG STORE

24th MAY 4th JULY

CANADIAN, BRITISH AND AMERICAN

FLAGS!!

3 Feet - 6 Feet - 9 Feet 12 Feet.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

and it is believed the prompt action and thoroughness with which his duty was executed had the effect of effectively keeping the scourge out of southeastern Alaska. With the exception of a few cases on Hoonah island, which were quickly subdued, the disease failed to make its appearance, though in the previous year it raged with great severity among almost all the native population along the coast for a thousand miles.

Horrors of St. Vincent

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 14.—The British commissioner at St. Vincent reports to the colonial office: "Details of the disaster are too harrowing for description. I have got a St. Lucia coasting steamer running up and down the leeward coast with water and provisions. Twenty-two hundred persons received relief. I have asked for officers from Trinidad and Grenada. All the neighboring British colonies are assisting generously. Every effort is being made to grapple with the awful calamity. The best sugar estates in Casib county are devastated and all cattle are dead."

Bill Not Allowed

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, May 14.—The Ottawa government disallowed the British Columbia acts for incorporating the Chilcat and Klehin railway and Lake Bennett Railway Co. on the ground that the province has no right to incorporate a company to build from a provisional boundary line; moreover, it is contrary to the government policy regarding Yukon railways.

Royal Entertainment

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Madrid, May 14.—The Spanish government is following the English precedent of entertaining a large body of European princes and foreign representatives, who will witness the king's civil inauguration. The princes are either guests of the crown in his palaces or in houses with a complete retinue of servants placed at their disposal.

Vesuvius Awakens

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Naples, May 14.—Mt. Vesuvius shows signs of activity. Lava is flowing from the crater on the Pompeii side and hot cinders are being thrown up.

MUST GO

300 Cases St. Charles Milk at Less Than Cost Price Landed.

Special Inducements on Large Lots.

BARRETT & HULL
WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Phone No. 1. THIRD AVENUE

Special Sale on Hay and Oats

RATE WAR IS ALREADY ON

Between Different Steamship Lines Operating Between Seattle and Skagway—Fares Go From \$30 and \$20 Down to \$7.50 and \$5.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, May 14.—An Alaska transportation cut rate war which will probably be bitterly fought with disastrous results to the lines engaging in it, was inaugurated here yesterday. Before the day closed tickets to Lynn Canal points were selling at \$7.50 and \$5, first and second class respectively. The prevailing tariff has been \$30 and \$20. The entry of the Pacific Clipper Line steamer Santa Ana on the Lynn canal run precipitated the fight. When the management brought the Santa Ana north the Pacific Clipper line sought to join the Alaska Steamship Association, but the application for membership was promptly turned down. A further request that the White Pass railroad be allowed to sell through tickets via that line to the Klondike and other interior points was likewise refused. It was then that the Santa Ana decided to go it alone.

PRESENT DYNASTY

Is Very Unpopular With Rebels in China

Proclamation Issued Demanding Its Overthrow and Establishing of New One.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Vancouver, May 14.—Reports from Hong Kong indicate the health conditions of that place in a threatening condition. The Empress of India left there April 22. During the two previous days three fresh cases of plague were reported.

Rebels in China have issued a proclamation, the object of the rebellion: "First—Overthrowing the present dynasty; Second—Founding a new dynasty with a Chinese emperor; Third—Helping the oppressed and needy; Fourth—Introduction of reform; Fifth—Protection of trade; Sixth and last—Establishment of Kwang, Kwangtung and Kwai Chow as three seats of government with Canton as the capital with an emperor and viceroy for each province of Kwang and Kwai Chow. In conclusion be it known that western people will not be interfered with, their lives are to be protected, let them go in peace. We are enemies of the Manchu dynasty only. We have spoken."

Road Almost Completed

So rapidly has the work been pushed on the construction of the new garbage road that before the week is out it will be so near completion that scavengers will begin to utilize it. Contractor Sutton has been working about twenty men in two shifts, pushing the grading and cribbing to the utmost. The construction of the pier which was done by the city by day's labor has also been expedited to the greatest possible extent, from eight to ten men being employed. The blasting down of rock from the adjoining bluff for use in the pier has been so continuous that it resembled cannonading, the work being prosecuted by night as well as by day. Nearly 1800 tons of rock have been utilized in the pier as ballast and City Engineer Randall considers it to have been built sufficiently strong to withstand the wear and tear of the river for ages.

Easy Money.

For the past two days a few men have carefully scanned the river in quest of logs suitable for lumber and not a few have been salvaged. It is not much of a log that is not worth from \$4 to \$6 tied up to the bank by one of the sawmills.

Introducing a Fashion.

Andries De Villiers, a Boer, was the person who first introduced hats among the African natives, says the Hatters' Gazette, and profit, not philanthropy, was his motive. One morning many years ago he chanced in Port Elizabeth to come across a consignment of damaged hats, offered for a mere song. He bought the whole lot, packed them away in his wagon and started for Kafirland.

When he reached Tembuland he unloaded his stock, opened his kegs of liquor, without which no trade was made in those days, and began business. But he found his venture likely to prove an unprofitable one. The natives did not want hats, they wanted blankets and beads and looking-glasses, and above all, liquor, but they looked askance at the hats. Then a bright idea came to Andries. He wanted to introduce those hats. He did introduce them. His simple expedient was to refuse to sell anything to a Kafir unless he bought a hat, too. The Kafirs wanted his goods, so they bought the hats.

more than ever a pressing necessity. This is especially the case in the valley of North Saskatchewan. Railways there are engrossing the attention of the government and at the next session aid will be given the line from the Manitoba boundary through the Saskatchewan valley towards Edmonton.

Brotherly Love

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 14.—In a speech today dealing with international relations Carnegie said that never in history had American people been so lovingly inclined toward the old home, and never had patriotism of race, the coming force in the world, revealed itself so clearly.

For Y. M. C. A.

The meeting called last evening for the purpose of organizing a Y. M. C. A. in Dawson was well attended considering the shortness of the notice given. The movement was heartily endorsed by all present and after considerable discussion a resolution was passed to the effect that an association be formed and a committee was appointed to canvass the town as to the support that will be given the organization, and report at a meeting next Tuesday evening.

Officers Installed.

A most interesting session of the Arctic Brotherhood was held yesterday evening, the special feature of which was the installation of the officers elected at the meeting a week ago. The attendance was large and all enjoyed the impressive ceremonies incidental to the induction into office of the newly elected. Past Arctic Chief L. L. James officiated as installing officer assisted by Captain D. B. Olson. Those who will serve at the various stations during the ensuing six months are as follows: Arctic chief—John Gilson. Vice-Arctic chief—J. N. Cowan. Arctic recorder—Dr. Edwards. Keeper of nuggets—Dr. T. H. Cooke.

Chaplain—F. N. Atwood. Alchemist—Dr. Everett. Arctic trail guide—Frank Fletcher. Arctic trail blazer—C. N. Taylor. Whitehorse pilots—Frank Mortimer and Jack Crawford. Keeper inner tollgate—R. M. Boyd. Keeper outer tollgate—A. J. Mangold. Caterer Tom Bruce served an excellent collation at the conclusion of the ceremonies. New members initiated last night were Fernand de Journal, D. McKay and L. Ginsberg.

Charged With Libel

A warrant was issued from the police court today for the arrest of Joseph Andrew Clarke on a complaint sworn to by James (Curly) Monroe charging him with criminal libel, the objectionable utterances having been published in a late issue of Clarke's paper. As Clarke is said to be somewhere on the creek, the warrant had not been served at three o'clock this afternoon.

Reported Sale.

It is reported that the McDonald Hotel property has been sold to a syndicate for \$22,000. No particulars could be learned as interested parties cared to say but little about it. The deal is said to have been consummated yesterday.

Big Land Deal

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, May 14.—The biggest colonization proposition ever floated in Canada has just been made successfully. A syndicate of Minneapolis, Duluth, and eastern Canadians has purchased one million acres of the finest farm lands of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. The company has a capital of three and a half millions.

Ard Fouled

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 14.—For the Newmarket stakes, Ard Patrick was the first horse home, but the jockey on the second horse, Fowlingpiece, lodged an objection on the ground of bumping and boring. The objection was sustained and the race awarded to Fowlingpiece. Royal Lance second, Cheers third.

May Adjourn Tomorrow

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, May 14.—Prorogation of parliament is possible tomorrow, the government dropping several bills. Laurier stated that no railway subsidies will be granted this year, though the government is not unmindful that railway development is

DECISION RESERVED

In Hylands vs Now Defunct C. D. Co.

All Witnesses Who Knew of Case Have Met With Tragic Death.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Victoria, May 14.—Justice Drake reserved judgment in the Hylands vs. Canadian Development Co. This claim is a relic of the days of the Teelin trail and presents most forcibly the characteristics of life in the north. Those who know about the claims urged in the action are scattered far and wide, and the story of the transaction had to be patched the best possible. Robert Hylands, an old-time store keeper at Telegaph creek, supplied goods and contracted for their freighting by a pack train and claims which form the subject of the suit. He is now in the hospital at Ottawa. Lamontaine, who housed the pack train, went on to Nome a couple of years ago and is said to be missing somewhere along the desolate Alaskan coast. C. E. MacDonald, superintendent of construction of a saw mill and steamer for Davis & York, was drowned at Lake Lebarge, while late Chief Justice Davis, promoter of the C. D. Co., is also numbered in the beyond. Action turns upon the point whether MacDonald's agency was continued from Davis & York to the representative of the defendant company.

Thanks Extended.

George Brimstone, manager of one of the log-of-war teams now in training for the 21st, desires to express his appreciation of the courtesy J. H. Rogers extended his team in allowing them the use of one of the White Pass warehouses for purposes of practicing.

Needed Improvements.

The J. P. & Y. R. Co. has put down two new crossings leading from its warehouse to the opposite side of First Avenue. These are improvements which will be much appreciated, especially in rainy times.

Peace Meeting

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 14.—Representatives of the Boers are gathering at Verdenburg for the peace conference tomorrow.

Carnegie Honored

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 14.—Freedom of the plumbers' company was presented to Carnegie today.

Two Shooting Affrays.

As a result of two gun plays in the Black Hills one man is dead and another is dying, but Dunham, the Family Grocer, is still alive and is still headquarters for the family groceries, such as W. W. Lytle, Shilling's tea and coffee, Hines' pickles, preserves, Miller's butter, &c., &c. Corner Second Avenue and Albert street.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
Capital paid up (Eight Million Dollars), \$8,000,000.
RESERVE, \$2,000,000.

The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax.

D. A. CAMERON, Manager.
Dawson Branch.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$10.00. Per month, by carrier in city in advance 25. Single copies 5. Semi-Weekly. Yearly, in advance \$24.00. Six months 12.00. Three months 6.00. For 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 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 Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

AN ATHLETIC FIELD.

Dawson needs a public athletic park and needs it very badly. Under present conditions there is practically no place aside from the public thoroughfares where sports may be enjoyed.

Athletes there are in plenty, and well trained at that, but there is no field in which they may practice or where spectators may be accommodated.

The lack of grounds for the purpose named is emphasized by the near approach of Victoria day, for which occasion an elaborate program of athletic events is being arranged.

It will be necessary to make use of first avenue for most of the sports and others requiring a wider field for play will take place at the barracks.

Such an arrangement, although made necessary by existing circumstances, is far from satisfactory. It would appear that a field of sufficient area might be secured in which all sports could be held and thus relieve the public from the necessity of travelling back and forth from one end of town to the other on such occasions.

There are enough baseball, football and cricket enthusiasts and devotees of other athletic sports in Dawson to warrant the expenditure of a considerable sum in laying out and otherwise equipping a field.

There will be no shortage for such sports during the entire summer and well into the fall, and there seems to be no substantial reason to fear that an investment for the purpose mentioned would not prove remunerative.

Before the committees now engaged in arranging for the celebration of Victoria day disband, we should like to have the matter discussed by them, and some plan suggested for supplying a need which every athlete in the city feels has been long required.

A movement was inaugurated last evening for the formation of a local branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Dawson presents a wide field for the efforts of such an organization, and it is to be hoped that every encouragement will be given in forwarding and promoting the work. Probably no other community could be mentioned wherein there may be found a larger percentage of young men without immediate family associations. Dawson is largely made up of this class, and among them there are golden opportunities for Y. M. C. A. work. Proper environment and wholesome amusement are needed to offset the temptations that of necessity exist

in a mining centre, and if the Y. M. C. A. is able to furnish these it will accomplish something worth all the time and effort expended.

Our telegraphic columns today contain the announcement that another rate war has been precipitated among the steamship companies plying between Puget Sound and Lynn canal. Tickets have sold as low as five dollars, and the fight has only begun. There is just a possibility that the contest may extend to the Yukon river traffic, in which case it will become doubly interesting. The giants of commerce and transportation are evidently out for each other's scalps—a condition which always works to the benefit of the public. Therefore the public may view the situation with equanimity.

Volcanic eruptions seem to be epidemic. The Martinique horror has been followed by similar disasters elsewhere and apparently the end is not yet. It is barely possible that some sympathetic action is responsible for the succession of eruptions that has occurred. Or perhaps the rule which common superstition applies to suicides, is applicable also to volcanoes. In any event the situation does not afford material for much soothing reflection. When 40,000 people are swept out of existence within five minutes the fact is borne forcibly upon the mind that humanity, after all, is extremely small potatoes.

Lost by a Toy Balloon.

Diamonds and other jewels have been lost in all sorts of queer ways, but in none more unusual than the accident mentioned in the Boston Transcript, by which a diamond brooch was snatched from the owner's dress and left somewhere on the great plains.

A young woman was travelling by rail through Kansas. At Kinsley, where the train made a considerable stop, a fair was in progress. Here the young woman bought of a pedler a toy balloon for a little girl who had won her fancy.

The child was delighted with the plaything, and as they rode along she chatted with her new friend and pulled the balloon up and down. At length she playfully fastened the string to the lady's diamond brooch.

The train was rounding a curve at the moment, and a strong gust of air came through the car. The balloon was carried out through the open window. The sudden jerk on the string loosened the brooch, and away it sailed.

The jewel was so valuable that the young woman offered a reward of five hundred dollars for its recovery. Spurred by this incentive, cowboys scoured the plains for days in all directions, but without success.

Blundering Duke.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, says the New York Times, has a reputation in Germany for "bulls' worth of an Irishman.

On one occasion his kind heart took pity on a murderer sentenced for life, so he remitted the "last three years" of the sentence.

Once while visiting a public school he noticed two boys of striking similarity in appearance.

"Why, what a remarkable likeness!" he exclaimed. "Those lads must be twins, are they not?"

"Yes, your royal highness," replied the principal, and he beckoned the two frightened youngsters to him.

"Ah, my son," said the prince, laying his hand on the head of one of them, "what is your name?"

"Helrich."

"And how old are you?"

"Six."

"And you?" he said, turning to the other boy.

Brewitt, the tailor, wants to see you. Large stock of new goods. Prices reasonable. Old stand, Second avenue.

House Furnishings

Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

PROBABLY CONTESTED

Notice Served on Milne Stampeders

Grants Will be Issued Tomorrow to All Who Staked May First.

A new phase has developed in the stampede to the Milne concession which would indicate that the concessionaire has by no means relinquished his claims to the ground the grant for which was recently cancelled. Some days ago it was rumoured about town that Dr. Milne intended suing out a writ of injunction restraining the gold commissioner from issuing the grants to claims staked within the tract he considers his own, but nothing ever came of it and the threat was thought to be more in the nature of a bluff and was not taken seriously. Yesterday Messrs. Smith & Macrae received telegraphic instructions from Dr. Milne which led to the taking of the steps that were begun today. Tomorrow the issuance of grants to such claims as were staked on May 1 will begin and the counsel for the concessionaire are notifying each applicant that they are accepting such grant subject to the rights claimed by Dr. Milne. A. B. Guptill, who is connected with Smith & Macrae, has been in the gold commissioner's office all day and anyone appearing at the relocation wicket if it can be learned he or she has staked on the Milne tract—they are served with the following notice:

Dawson, Y. T., May 13, 1902. Dear Sir or Madam,—

It is understood that you are applying for a grant for a placer mining claim upon a portion of what is known as the Milne concession recently thrown open for staking by a notice of the gold commissioner. We therefore beg to notify you that Dr. Milne, the lessee under a lease from the crown dated August 13, 1901, proposes to take action in the proper court to avoid the cancellation of his lease and that accordingly if you accept a grant it will be subject to such rights as Dr. Milne may eventually establish.

SMITH & MACRAE, Solicitors for Lessee.

The foregoing is regarded more as a formal notice intended to preserve any rights Dr. Milne may consider he has and will not in the least interfere with the issuing of the grants. All told there have been 230 applications taken for claims in the Milne concession, a number having been received on Monday subsequent to the publication of the article in the Nugget of that date which gave the number as 195. On Henry gulch there are 57, the greatest number on any one claim being on the upper half of No. 6, which has 13. Unless protests are brought the precedent established by the court of appeals when two or more have staked simultaneously will be carried out, the grant issued showing each staker to possess an undivided fraction of the claim according to the number who have staked it. Another matter which will be of interest to the stampeders is the fact that a rebate of all excess money paid in on applications over and above \$15 for each claim will be allowed. In what manner the one fee will be selected from several is not known, but it is assumed that the applicants in the event of no one filing a protest will arrange it among themselves, each one contributing his pro rata of the recording fee.

In reference to the steps Dr. Milne proposes to take, Messrs. Smith & Macrae, his solicitors, were seen and gave out the following:

"We were retained by wire by Dr. Milne and until we hear from him by mail it will be impossible for us to say just what course we shall pursue. The notices we are serving today are more for the purpose of preserving any rights our client may have. He intended at first to apply for a writ of injunction but found upon searching that many of the original documents it would be necessary for us to have were not here, being in the possession of Dr. Milne at Victoria. As has been stated we do not know and will not know as to future plans until we receive full and complete instructions by mail. One of our contentions is, however, that Dr. Milne has not violated the terms of his lease as to the working of the ground. Our year is not up until

next August. Dr. Milne came inside last fall with a quantity of machinery for his concession, but the condition of the trail was such that it was impossible to get it on the ground. If suit is brought, as it doubtless will be, the Dominion of Canada will be the defendant in the action, as the right of the government to cancel our lease is the question that will have to be decided. Such being the case the action will of course be taken in the exchequer court and may be heard either at Vancouver, Victoria or Ottawa."

The Making of Pearls.

Pearls are the product of decay. A French naturalist says, in Cosmos, that the free pearls found in the common pearl-bearing mollusk are little towns surrounding the bodies of the marine worms known as distomes during a particular stage of their life.

In the month of August certain mollusks are found having numerous small reddish-yellow points in the spot where pearls usually form. Then begins the imprisonment of the creature. In the beginning the surface of the distome is sprinkled with tiny grains of carbonate of lime. These granulations grow and take the form of crystals which group and interlace in different patterns, and end by forming a calcareous deposit around the creature's body, which can still be distinguished by its yellow tint.

The calcareous deposit takes on a polish and luster, and at this moment the nucleus of the young pearl is seen only as a little black point, which soon disappears. The pearl has now a beautiful luster, and it keeps on growing in contact with the membranous pouch surrounding the calcareous cyst.

The distome remains there until the following summer. At the beginning of the season the pearl loses its polish, decays and falls to pieces. There may remain only a gelatinous mass, and these are known as gelatinous pearls. The parasite then resumes its active life, reproduces its kind, and the young distomes become in their turn encysted, forming new pearls.

There are pearls that escape their physiological fate and may grow to larger size because their distomes are dead, killed by another parasite, or because they are sterile. So the most beautiful pearl is nothing but the brilliant tomb of a worm.

A Real Help.

The Woman's Aid Society in New York has done great work in helping the poor. Like all charitable organizations, it has to contend with ingratitude, stupidity and wilful ingratitude. The Commercial Advertiser relates one instance that is amusing to read of, but must have been a trifle discouraging to the society.

To a poor woman whose husband was in jail they gave some clothing and ten dollars in money, thinking that she would know best what she wanted, and so spend the money more wisely than they.

A week after the gift, had been made a deputation of members called at the squalid home to see the re-

sults of their assistance. They found no improvement in the condition of the family. "Well, Mrs. Nolan," asked one of them, "how are you getting along?" "Fine," said Mrs. Nolan. "Did the clothes fit, and did you find a use for the money?" "Sure, the clothes fitted fine, and the childer looked so nice I had all their pictures took wid the money ye gave me, an' I'm goin' to have me own took this week to send to the old folks in Ireland."

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between William M. Cribbs and Henry Edgerton Rogers, druggists, Dawson, was dissolved on 4th of February, 1902. W. M. Cribbs will pay all outstanding debts of the firm and all accounts due the firm to be paid to him at his place of business, next the post office.

CRIBBS & ROGERS.

Strike is Imminent

Pittsburg, May 14.—A definite conclusion will be reached today at the convention of United Mine Workers of America whether the temporary strike in the anthracite coal regions inaugurated Monday for higher wages or shorter hours be made permanent or whether the men shall await a more opportune time. Every indication is that the delegates will decide for a strike.

Time is Propitious.

A gentleman was heard to suggest this morning that as the river is open the present is a most propitious time for a wholesale slaughter of many and semi-hairless dogs of which there are a great many in Dawson.

The suggestion is one that commends itself to all sensible people.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

PATULLO & RIDLEY - Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg. E. W. Shannon, M.A. W. M. McKay, B.A.

McKAY & SHANNON, Barristers, Notaries, Conveyancers. Monte Carlo Bldg. First Ave., Dawson

N. F. HAGEL, K. C.—Law Office, Monte Carlo building, First Avenue. Phones—Office, 129b; residence, 86c.—Dawson, Y. T.

SURVEYORS.

G. WHITE-FRASER.—M. Can. Soc. C. E.; M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 106b. Cor. Church and Third avenue.

CHAS. S. W. BARWELL, D.L.S., C.E., DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR. Office, rooms 13 and 14 Bank Building. Phone 170, Dawson, Y. T.

Regina Hotel.

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

Signs and Wall Paper

...ANDERSON BROS...

SECOND AVE.

BANK SALOON

McDONALD & TRAROLO

Wines, Liquors and Cigars 25c

1st Ave. and King St. Opp N. C. Co.

First to Arrive! The Str. Prospector Will arrive Friday or Saturday direct from lower LeBarge with a full cargo of Fresh Fruit and Vegetables! And will immediately sail for Frazer Falls, Stewart River. For Full Particulars, Rates, Etc., Apply Aurora Dock, Transportation Agent

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. Five Proof Sales Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

\$80 M. CURRENCY. DOME CIGARS \$1,000.00 Standing Offer To the person that will prove that this is not a genuine Long Filler Habana Cigar. Beginning Monday, May 12, we will offer to the trade only in case lots containing 2,500 each. FREE 1 Box Horseshoe Tobacco, 1 Box Seal N. C. Tobacco, 1 Box Bull Durham Tobacco, 500 Vanity Fair Cigarettes, 500 Turkish Cigarettes. This Cigar has been duly registered and any person or persons imitating this brand or part thereof will be prosecuted. Townsend & Rose, FIRST AVENUE.

Dooley on Poet Kipling

"Who was it said he didn't care who made the laws in a country if he could only write the pomes?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I never heard," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, 'twas some frind iv Hogan's," said Mr. Dooley. "An' th' man was wrong—He was wrong, Hinnessy. I don't want to make th' laws iv th' country. I'm doin' pretty well to keep thim that ar-re made now. An' as fr th' poetry, I'd as lave 'twas wrote be other hands thin mine. I was r-readin' in th' pa-aper th' other day iv a la-and down in th' midway that says Long-fellow that I used to think was a rale good pote—he wrote life is rale, life is earnest, d'ye mind, an' I believed th' same mesllf—Longfellow ought niver to 've left th' plumbin' business, an' Milton was about as much iv a pote as Edward Atkisson, an' Shakespeare ought to be took up fr obtainin' money be false pretences.

"Jivrybody has a crack at a pote whin he gets a chanst. There's me frind, Roodyard Kipling. I don't mind tellin' ye he ain't my kind iv a pote. Hogan is more to me taste. Did ye iver r-read his pomes 'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon'? Well, that's as far as he iver went—He goes home at night an' takes off his coat an' sets down with a pencil in his mouth an' writes: 'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon,' an' thim he can't think iv anything that wud do justice to thim, so he says, 'Oh, th' divvie,' an' comes over here fr a drink.

"Roodyard Kipling is a diff'rnt kind iv a pote. He don't keep poetry fr style so that he can turn out behind it an' say, 'Boys, what d'ye think iv that fr high sheppin' poetry?' Comfort an' not display is his motto. Whin he asks what Hogan calls th' Muse fr to come up an' spind a week with him, he doesn't expect her to set all day in th' hammock on th' front stoop singin' about th' bur'ds. She's got to do the week's washin', clean th' windows, cook th' meals, chune th' pianny, dust th' furniture, mend th' socks, an' milk th' cow be day an' be night she's got to set up an' balance th' books iv an empire. Whin this Muse has thrown up her job at Kipling's, she'll be as good a second girl as anny pote wud want to hire. Sa Roodyard Kipling's pomes is in gr't demand. They're warranted not to tear or shrink or r-run in th' wash an' he'll guarantee to fit all sizes an' ages.

"Will ye have war or two hip pockets in ye'r pome, Mr. Rhodes?" he says. "Boy, wrap up this package iv self-rising poetry fr th' Canajeon market. I can do this kind iv a war poem fr ye fr eight an' six."

"An' so it goes. He's got orders to put th' annul rapport iv th' Bank iv England, th' crop statistics iv th' Agariocolchraf Department an' th' quotations iv th' stock exchange in poetry. His poetry will be listed nex' year an' ye can r-read it on a ticker in a saloon. He had a pome th' other day showin' that th' English army ought to buy more horses an' mules, fr as he panted out, a horse can r-run faster thin anny man, no matter what his record may be. 'Twas a good wurrukin' pome. I didn't like it as much as th' 'Oh, Star' kind but, sure, live an' let live is me motto, an' if a man wants to instruct his country what it ought to do be playin' his advice on a harp or doin' a jig, 'tis not fr me to criticize him.

"I don't want to hang Roodyard Kipling because he had a pome that sounds like a speech be Lyman J. Gage on th' legal tinder act. But 'tis diff'rnt with me, fellow-citizens and fellow lithy joynts. A few years ago Roodyard Kipling come over here an' got pnoomony iv th' lungs an' it looked fr a long time as though th' nex' pome he figured in wud be wrote with a stone mason's chisel. Well, sir, it leaked out that he had a bad chest an' th' kind-hearted American public begun to weep into its beer. They was a line iv tilygrat boys a block long at th' hotel with messages iv condolence fr'm frinds iv his he niver see or heard iv, copies iv th' same havin' been sint to th' local newspapers. Th' pa-apers was full iv tinder remarks to th' gin'ral effect that if Kipling died, Lithrachoor wud count th' cash raygister, put up th' shutters an' go out into th' night. Th' articles was accompanied be selictions fr'm his copyright pomes. Conductors on th' street cars sobbed at th' mention iv his name, fatal cocktails was named after him, niver ivry clergyman in th' country side-thracked th' sermon on vice an' bracketed Kipling with Martin Luther an' Rockefeller. Down on th' stock exchange, strong men cried as they said: 'Poor Kipling! What did he write?' Th' Amalgamated

Browning, Omar Khayyam an' Walt Whitman Association iv tin workers iv Baraboo, Wis., held a meetin' an' raysolved that Civilization wud lose an eye if Kipling went, an' it was th' sense iv th' meetin' that th' treasurer be instructed to hire a copy iv his book an' see if it was as good as they said. Th' sicker he got, th' bigger man he was. Ivery time his timprachoor wint up, his repytation as a pote advanced tin degrees. Bets was offered in th' pool rooms five to wan an' no takers that he cud give Homer an' Shakespeare twenty pounds an' a bating. If he'd gone out, they were goin' to put spectacles an' a fur coat on th' goddess iv liberty an' call it Kipling.

"Thim he made th' mistake iv his life. He lived. If ye iver get to be a pote, Hinnessy, don't take any chances on fame. Clinch it. Jump into th' river. But Roodyard Kipling didn't know. He went away an' settled down an' begun to hammer out a few lengths iv jinted poetry to send over to his kind frinds in America.

"An' what did his kind frinds do? I picked up a pa-aper th' other day. I rymimber 'twas wan that had confused to me that if anything happened to Kipling, th' iditor wud feel that he cudden't go on with his wurk without a substantial increase in salary. Well, they was an article about a man that had killed his wife, an' it says: 'Mister So-an'-so, a well-known an' pop'lar burglar on th' west side, yisterday was so unforchnit as to sink an axe into Mrs. So-an'-so. It is believed he acted under gr'treat provocation.' Nex' to this piece iv society news was a scholarly article on Roodyard Kipling. 'We have just been r-readin' a pome be that confidence op'rator, Roodyard Kipling, an' if there is a pressman in this buildin' that cudden't write a bather wan, we'd feed him to his own press. We do see who buys th' wurruks iv this frind in human form, but anybody that does ought to be put in a place where th' green goods men can't get at him. Whin we recall th' tears we shed whin this miscreant was pretindin' to be sick, we feel like complainin' to th' polis. If he iver comes to this country again, we will be wan iv tin thousand to go out an' lynch him. To think iv th' way this imposter has been threatend an' thim see that young swan iv Main street, our own townsman, Higbie L. Duff clerkin' in a shoe store, makes us ashamed iv our country.'

"An' there ye ar're. That's what happens to a pote whin he's found out an' no pote can escape. Th' Amalgamated Association iv Baraboo has become th' Society fr th' Prevention iv Kipling, th' Stock Exchange is r-readin' th' Polis Gazette, an' ye won't anny more hear Kipling mentioned in th' pulpit thin ye will th' Bible."

"I don't suppose he cares," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, maybe he don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "But it ought to be a lesson fr anny young man who thinks iv goin' into poetry. They're on'y wan thing fr a pote to do: Just as they're about to hang th' loris on his brow before they begin to throw th' bricks, he ought to pass away. Th' nex' best thing is to write his poetry where no wan can see him, an' lock it up in th' cellar till he's gone. Thim they blame it on some wan else."

The Despot of veinna.

The citizen of Vienna who does not wish to be out of pocket must keep early hours, for after ten o'clock he is taxed on entering his own house, or, for the matter of that, any house. The sperrgeid, or door-opening tax, is peculiar to Vienna, as the London Express explains. The entire population of that city, numbering nearly two millions, are practically imprisoned in their houses from ten o'clock in the evening until six the next morning. They can go in or out only by paying at least four cents to the janitor or "house-master," as he is called.

Vienna is built on the "flat" or apartment-house plan. Millionaires and working people alike live in houses of this description. The houses are large, having five or six floors, with four flats on a floor, so that it is not unusual to find a hundred persons living under one roof. There is one common entrance from the street, and after ten o'clock at night this door is bolted and barred. From ten until twelve all who go in or out must pay four cents. After twelve the charge is doubled.

into his own. A telegram in the night necessitates the payment of the tax before the boy can enter.

The house-master also collects and keeps duplicate copies of the forms on which every individual in the house must report to the police his age, birthplace and religion, his exact occupation, and other personal details which the Austrian authorities insist upon knowing. Nor does the power of this important personage end even here. From the little guard-room which he occupies at the foot of the stairs he sees every one who goes in or out. He ascertains with amazing accuracy the amount of each tenant's income, the events of his family life, and the character of his visitors. His far-reaching power enables him to terrorize every servant in the house into entering his intelligence department, and thus he spies on the innermost life of the subjects in his five-story kingdom.

In some cases the house-master is more powerful than in others. An English resident was obliged to move from an apartment that he particularly liked because he could not venture to speak with and degree of sharpness to the man at the door, even when the man was remiss in his duties. The flat was owned by a railway belonging to the state. This made the house-master a state official, an insult to whom is a very serious offense in Vienna. A reprimand for delaying letters would be construed into an insult, and the Englishman deemed it wise to move to other quarters.

Thousands of people in Vienna live in such terror of the house-master that, it is said, they never make an apple-tart without giving him half.

She Could Not Forget.

"The case certainly looks very black for me, Miss Blanchard. I don't see how you can help believing that I stole that essay, but I didn't. I have no more idea than you have how it happens that mine is so much like the one by Ik Marvel."

The speaker was a sophomore in a woman's college, and was as pretty and frank-looking a girl as one would wish to see. The teacher paused a full minute before she spoke. Finally she said:

"That settles the matter, Charlotte. Your word is the ultimate appeal in the case. I shall never mention the matter to any one else, nor to you again. Destroy the essay and forget it—if you can."

So the long and painful interview came to an end. Miss Blanchard registered in her thought another failure. The "deadly parallel column" had proved to her beyond a doubt that the theme had been stolen, and the girl had added to the theft a persistent lie.

Miss Blanchard was tempted to doubt for the moment the wisdom of her theory—that, for a girl, conviction without confession is of no effect in the creation of character.

Two and a half years went by. Commencement and Charlotte Hubbard's graduation were but a week away. Her course had been creditably finished. She had won honors. She was respected and admired by her classmates. Her future seemed assured.

Yet unclouded as her present and future seemed to be, she knocked one Sunday afternoon at Miss Blanchard's door, and her face told her story before she could command her voice.

"I have been trying to tell you the truth every day for more than two years, Miss Blanchard. I lied to you. That essay was not mine. What shall I do?"

So conscience conquered. Time and the one inexorable judge had wrought their saving work. At last the tortured girl was ready to brave any penalty, face any shame, to escape the one intolerable pain, the accusing inner voice—which yet had saved her and made her from a reckless girl into a truth-loving woman.—Ex.

The Wages of Sin

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Crofton, Idaho, May 13.—Dr. J. F. Leadbrook and Miss Minnie Boothe suicided together after spending the night at a hotel here. Miss Boothe was the daughter of a Methodist minister of Moscow, Idaho, and Leadbrook was a wealthy married man and physician for the girl's family. He became acquainted with the girl in church work.

J. A. Bradley Dead

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Vancouver, May 13.—John A. Bradley, a well known mining expert died at Ketchikan as the result of exposure and injuries sustained by the capsizing of a row boat last fall at Loring, Alaska. Bradley has been operating in southeastern Alaska for several years and it is said he represented John D. Rockefeller in that section.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

SIDEWALKS DEMANDED

Residents of Princess, King and Queen

Streets Must Build Their Walks at Once or They Will be Built for Them.

If Alderman Vachon has any influence with the city council Dawson will have good sidewalks, they will be established at the proper grade and will be uniform in width. At the council meeting last night he asked what had been done by the city engineer in reference to furnishing levels for sidewalks about to be put in and also made other inquiries that show he will vigorously oppose anything being done in a slipshod manner. King, Queen and Princess street, it was pointed out during the course of the conversation, are the principal streets running east and west, are well settled from the water front to the foot of the hill and should have walks of a uniform width of eight feet. Alderman Wilson thought such width unnecessary beyond Fourth or Fifth avenue and would be content with a dinky little walk but four feet wide, he using the argument that it would be a hardship to compel property owners to build walks of such width when narrower ones would suffice. His worship stated that an ordinance passed by the Yukon council provided for a certain width of walks on certain streets and that on such the owners of lots could be compelled to construct them, otherwise they would be built by order of the city and become a charge against the lot. The street committee was asked to declare the uniform width it was desired for Fourth and Fifth avenues and the city clerk was instructed to notify at once the residents of King, Queen and Princess streets to proceed immediately to lay down sidewalks in front of their premises where such were not already in existence.

After the adjournment of the council the mayor, in company with several of the aldermen, viewed the streets it is thus proposed to improve at once.

Spills and the Victor.

The defeat of Tammany and the fusion victory in New York whereby an able and upright man was made mayor has been followed by many congratulatory meetings. At one such meeting, where the dispute as to the proper distribution of credit for the victory ran rather high, a story was told by a speaker, and since printed in the New York Tribune, which is capable of wider application.

A young fellow who was making his first shooting trip in the Maine woods had taken with him an old guide whose marksmanship was well known. In the course of a morning's ramble a partridge went up suddenly ahead of them. Both men raised their guns and fired, the guide at the bird, the young sportsman at the atmosphere generally.

The bird fell and both rushed to get it. The guide got to it first, and picking it up, presented it to the young hunter, and said, good-naturedly:

"It don't make any difference which one of us hit him, as long as we bagged him."

Cholly—Been shooting for a week, old chap! Had great good luck! Algy—What did you bring back? Cholly (proudly)—The dogs—Detroit Free Press.

WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.

Time Table of Rail Division.

North Bound	Stations	South Bound
1st Class		1st Class
Daily Except Sunday		Daily Except Sunday
7:30 a. m.	SKAGWAY	4:30 p. m.
9:15	Shoep	2:45
9:30	Chitina	2:30
10:00	Claxton	2:00
10:15	Yukon	1:45
10:30	Swainback	1:30
10:45	WHITE PASS	1:15
11:00	Medora	1:00
11:15	Fraser	1:00
11:30	Log Cabin	1:00
11:45	HENKETT	1:00
12:00 p. m.	Ferry	12:30
12:15	Penningsburg	12:15
12:30	Dundalk	12:00
1:15	Waton	11:45
1:30	CHARING	11:30
2:00	Langdowse	11:15
2:15	Lorne	11:00
2:30	Minto	10:45
2:45	DeWatto	10:30
3:00	Robinson	10:15
3:15	Cowley	10:00
3:30	Dingley	9:45
3:45	Yukon	9:30
4:00 p. m.	WHITE PASS	9:15
4:15	Yukon	9:00
4:30	Yukon	8:45
4:45	Yukon	8:30
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*Alaska Time—1 hr. slower than Pacific Time.
*Meal Station.

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The Eyes of the Panther

A fate inexpressibly sad has befallen a young girl student of the University of California—a fate inexpressibly sad and strange to weirdness.

Miss Pearl Wagner, a sweet, gentle girl, a co-ed in last year's freshman class, has gone raving mad from fright at being pursued by a panther.

Here is a story of real life, a happening of today that is a parallel of Ambrose Bierce's weird tale "The Eyes of a Panther."

Four years ago Mr. Bierce wove into the warp of knowledge the woof of imagination with the shuttle of art and produced that strange tale of the panther's eyes. Four years ago it was printed in the Sunday Examiner. If you read it then no doubt you remember it now, for it is one of those tales that burn into the memory.

In that tale he relates a woman's awful, maddening experience with a panther alone in a cabin in the untamed wilderness—not quite alone, but worse; with her babe, and unprotected.

This incident is, as it were, the prologue to his story, and he tells it thus:

"One morning in mid-summer Marlowe took down his rifle from the wooden hooks on the wall and signified his intention of getting game."

At nightfall he had not returned. The woman prepared supper and waited. Then she put baby to bed and sang softly to her until she slept. By this time the fire on the hearth, at which she had cooked supper, had burned out and the room was lighted by a single candle.

This she afterward placed in the open window as a sign of welcome to the hunter if he should approach from that side. She had thoughtfully closed and barred the door against such wild animals as might prefer it to an open window—the habits of beasts of prey on entering a house she was not advised, though with true female prevision she may have considered the possibility of their entrance by way of the chimney.

As the night wore on she became not less anxious, but more drowsy, and at last rested her arms upon the bed by the child and her head upon the arms. The candle in the window burned down to the socket, sputtered and flared a moment and went out unobserved, for the woman slept. She awoke, trembling in the darkness of her cabin in the wood.

As a sense of her actual surroundings came slowly back to her she felt for the child and assured herself that all was well with it; nor could she forbear to pass a hand lightly across its face. Then, moved by some impulse for which she probably could not have accounted, she rose and took the sleeping babe in her arms, holding it close against her breast. The head of the child's cot was against the wall to which the woman now turned her back as she stood. Lifting her eyes she saw two bright objects staring the darkness with a reddish-green glow.

She took them to be two coals on the hearth, but with her returning sense of direction came the disquieting consciousness that they were not in that quarter of the room, moreover were too high, being nearly at the level of her eyes—of her own eyes. For these were the eyes of a panther.

The beast was at the open window, directly opposite and not five paces away. Nothing but those terrible eyes were visible, but in the dreadful tumult of her feelings, as the situation disclosed itself to her understanding, she somehow knew that the animal was standing on its hinder feet, supporting itself with its paws on the window ledge. That signified a malign interest—not the mere gratification of an indolent curiosity. The consciousness of the attitude was an added horror, accentuating the menace of those awful eyes, in whose steadfast fire her strength and courage were alike consumed.

Under their silent questioning she shuddered and turned sick. Her knees failed her, and by degrees, instinctively striving to avoid a sudden movement that might bring the beast upon her, she sank to the floor, crouched against the wall, and tried to shield the babe with her trembling body without withdrawing her gaze from the luminous orbs that were killing her. No thought of her husband came to her in her agony—no hope or suggestion of rescue or escape. Her capacity for thought and feeling had narrowed to the dimensions of a single emotion—fear of the animal's spring, of the impact of its body, the bulleting of its great arms, the feel of its teeth in her throat, the mauling of her babe. Motionless now and in absolute silence she awaited her doom, the moments growing to hours, to

years, to ages; and still those devilish eyes maintained their watch.

"Returning to his cabin late at night, with a deer on his shoulder, Charles Marlowe tried the door. It did not yield. He knocked; there was no answer. He laid down his deer and went round to the window. As he turned the angle of the building he fancied he heard a sound as of stealthy footfalls and a rustling in the undergrowth of the forest, but they were too slight for certainty, even to his practiced ear.

Approaching the window and, to his surprise, finding it open, he threw his leg over the sill and entered. He groped his way to the fireplace, struck a match and lit a candle. Then he looked about. Cowering on the floor against a wall was his wife, clasping his child. As he sprang towards her she broke into laughter, long, loud and mechanical, devoid of gladness and devoid of sense. The laughter that is not out of keeping with the clanking of a chain. Hardly knowing what he did he extended his arms. She laid the babe in them. It was dead—passed to death in its mother's embrace."

So runs the experience of that unprotected woman in the lone cabin in the wilderness in Mr. Bierce's tale. In real life:

Miss Pearl Wagner, who has been driven mad by her fear of a panther, lives just across the bay, an hour's journey from San Francisco, with her sister and her sister's family, in a big, roomy, modern, well-to-do home at Peralta Heights.

She is a young girl, not yet twenty. She is a graduate of the Berkeley High School and was accredited to the University of California. She was a bright and enthusiastic high-school girl, standing well in her classes and taking an active interest in the clubs and social doings of the school.

Last year she entered the freshman class at Berkeley. She was a pretty girl, gentle, amiable, sweet, sensitive and fragile. Her prettiness and gentleness and amiability made her popular, and she was welcomed to share in all the gaiety of student life. She was ambitious, too; so, what with her studies, and what with the going about that a Varsity girl must do, there was a greater strain on her than on one such fragile, sensitive, high-strung little maid could stand.

She came out at the end of the term very pale and thin and nervous, and there was a family council at which it was decided that Pearl, must go to the mountains and build up; that she must let books and ambitions and schoolgirl worries alone and just loaf and ride about the mountains and get sound and strong and sunburned. So she was packed off to her father's mine up near Colville, in Trinity county, and told to come home fat and happy.

That was at the beginning of vacation. She did her best to obey, and all went well. She was given a horse to ride; a horse she admitted to her sister she was secretly afraid of, but with girlish pride she wouldn't show the white feather, and rode him whenever she had occasion to go about.

The camp is wild and lonely. The howling of the coyotes and the strange cries of wild animals of the wood tore the stillness of the night and troubled her with fears she tried to laugh away in the daylight.

Yet all went well with her—until that day a month ago. She ate the midday dinner that is the custom of the camp, and then, having a visit to make, she rode away over the mountain road. She mounted gaily, laughed a cheery good-bye and galloped away in a cloud of dust.

Two hours later she was found by a party of men riding out from the camp. They met her, to their great surprise, a couple of miles out from camp on the narrow, rough, dangerous mountain road that is little more than a trail. Her horse was plunging madly along, she was clinging to his mane and neck, disheveled, panic-stricken, wide-eyed with terror, with foam on her lips.

There was foam, blood-flecked, on her horse's mouth, too. He was in a tather, his sides were heaving; his eyes starting from their sockets. When his fragile little rider was lifted down he dashed away and was not seen again for two days.

Very tenderly she was lifted from the saddle and taken to camp, where she lay unconscious for a long time, only to awake to delirium in which she babbed incessantly.

The day was very hot and it was believed that she had suffered a sunstroke.

A man rode fifty miles to call a doctor. The women of the camp nursed her tenderly, but she only grew worse. Reason did not return and she babbed day and night of her school days, her university days and even of the old familiar things of her little girlhood; but ever, also, of her fears and of a pursuing panther—shrieking, crouching, apprehending in terror, crying out to be saved.

As soon as she could be moved she was brought away from the camp and taken to her sister's home at Peralta Park.

There she recognized her sister, her sister's little children, all the members of the family, the friends who called to see her. She seemed better and was rational at times. At these times she tried to tell the story of that ride.

"Little by little her sister pieced it together. 'I went out,' she told her sister, 'and I rode the horse I had, although in my heart I was afraid of him, and he knew I was afraid of him. It made me nervous to ride him, but it was so hot that I would rather do that than walk. While I was riding along I saw a snake in the road and that made me more nervous. And then, and then I saw a panther above me on the bank by the roadside, and the panther followed and I could not get away from it and the horse went wild with fear, and I just hung on and the horse ran and—'

"And when she gets that far," says her sister, "she gets so excited and talks so fast and so wild and her eyes stare so, and she seems so terribly frightened, that no one can follow what she says or make it out. She just loses all control of herself and breaks down."

"Sometimes," her sister says, "she insists that the panther got at her and tore her stomach out, and for that reason she can't eat."

"At night, when she hears the dogs bark or any of the eerie cries or sounds of the night, she falls into a frenzy of fear. 'When she hears the baby cry'—you know a panther's cry is like the wail of a little child—'she tells me sharply not to let it cry, to take it up at once, as though she can't endure the sound, and she wants to make sure it is the baby.'"

All the fears that a consciously powerless, sensitive, high-strung, timid girl would have with such a danger lurking velvet-footed, in the wood, ever on her flank, ever watchful-eyed, ever malignant, ever ready to spring, to tear, to kill—all such fears were hers. And again and again, by day and by night, she lives over the terrors of that agonizing ride. By day and by night she sees again those hungry, pursuing, relentless, shining eyes upon her; she sees that sinuous, tawny form gliding nearer and nearer behind the trees; she sees it crouching, ready to spring; she feels the cruel claws sinking into her tender flesh; she feels her last despairing cry stifled by the closing of the snapping jaws on her throat.

Again and again she lives it over, and when the spasms of fear pass she is her gentle, soft-smiling self again. She can sit at the piano and play for half an hour her most difficult music. She can select the score from the scattered pile of music, and read it as rapidly as ever she could, and as accurately; she can detect the faults of execution and lead the good-natured laugh at them.

While I was talking with her sister she came voluntarily into the room, moved perhaps by a little girlish curiosity—a tall, slight wisp of a girl, very, very pale, with troubled, puzzled eyes, hair close cropped like a boy's, and the flickering half smile of an uncertain child—and gave me a thin, icy-cold hand in greeting. Then she sat down and straightway forgot me.

In her quiet hours she is vaguely conscious of some change in herself, of her spasms of fear, and she asks her sister: "What is the matter with me? Am I insane? Do you think I am becoming insane?"

"Am I insane? Am I becoming insane?" She tries to do little things about the house in her old way, but physical weakness and mental obscurity stay the wandering, eager hands, and presently she forgets everything again in the returning memory of that awful ride, and needs to be comforted.

"We hope," the sister told me of the day of my visit, "and the doctors tell us to hope. They tell us not to be impatient, that these things take time, and that the quiet and the balminess of Peralta Heights may restore her."

When I looked back at the family group on the veranda to make my last farewell the young girl who had been so wrecked by her awful experience sat in a rocking chair laughing heartily and appreciatively with the rest of the family at the antics of two small nephews on a hobby-horse.

Then it seemed that the sister might well hope, and the doctors whisper encouragement. Forty-eight hours later the poor little tortured slip of a girl was a raving maniac, with the doctors saying she is hopelessly mad, with her family sadly consenting to her removal to an asylum; with a future before her, at the age of twenty, to be spent in futile, frantic flight from a slinking, haunting, pad-footed, "The eyes of the panther" had tawny, gleaming-eyed enemy.

done their evil work.—Helen Dare in Examiner.

The Happiest Woman. Probably few women of her generation touched a larger circle of friends and acquaintances than Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler. Her selection, therefore, of the person whom, looking back over seventy years of her life, she unhesitatingly described as the "happiest human being" she had ever known, is a remarkable choice.

Adelaide Decamp—"Amie Dall," as she became later to all who knew and loved her—was a sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble, Mrs. Butler's mother. She inherited her share of the family beauty, and obliged, like the rest of the family, to earn her own living, turned naturally to the stage.

She found employment with Mr. Stephen Kemble, at that time manager of a theater at Durham, and Stephen Kemble's beautiful daughter Frances became her inseparable companion.

It was a simple, light-hearted life that the two girls led, making pies and puddings, patching, darning, and devising their own gowns in the morning, merrily changing to painted heroines at night, and meeting hard work and easy alike with unflinching gaiety.

Then suddenly life took a deeper note. Two young officers fell in love with the two young country actresses. Frances Kemble in a short time married Robert Arkwright, and went to a life whose luxury never spoiled her sweet sincerity.

There was to be no ease or luxury for her laughter-loving comrade, Adelaide's suitor cruelly disinherited and disgraced by his father, went to India, and she never saw him again, and Adelaide herself left the stage and went to her sister's home.

Almost a lifetime later her niece, so well known as Fanny Kemble, wrote of her:

"My aunt began her new life with a bitter bankruptcy of love and friendship, happiness and hope, that would have dried the sap of every sweet affection, and made even goodness barren in many a woman's heart forever. Without any home but my father's house, without means of subsistence but the small pittance which he was able to give her in his most grateful acknowledgment of her unremitting care of us, without any joys or hopes but those of others, she spent her whole life in the service of my parents and their children, and lived and moved and had her being in a serene, unclouded, unvarying atmosphere of cheerful, self-forgetful content that was heroic in its absolute unconsciousness.

"I have never seen either man or woman like her in her humble excellence, and I am thankful that, knowing what the circumstances of her whole life were, she yet seems to me the happiest human being I have ever known."

A homely, commonplace story; and the secret is homely and commonplace, too, but one cannot repeat it too often. The source of true happiness is neither love nor fame, wisdom nor wealth, but self-forgetful service for others.—Youth's Companion.

Mr. Moody's Picture At the time of the great fire in Chicago, Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, was living in that city, and had just returned to his home for a night's rest when the call came for him and his neighbors to hurry away. The fire had crossed the river and was rapidly advancing.

It was too late to think of removing any heavy articles, but one thing Mrs. Moody determined to save—a portrait of her husband, presented to him by the artist, Healy. This she prized above everything else the house contained. A stranger who had entered the room helped her to take it down from the wall. Then the wife called her husband and begged him to save it for her.

Notwithstanding the horror of the situation and the increasing terrors of the night, the ludicrous side of the matter at once appealed to Mr. Moody.

"Take my own picture!" said he. "Well, that would be a great joke. Suppose somebody meets me in the street and says, 'Hello, Moody, glad you've escaped! What's that you've saved and are clinging to so affectionately?' Wouldn't it sound well to answer, 'Oh, I've got my own portrait!'"

No entreaty could move him; the canvas was hastily knocked off its heavy frame and carried by Mrs. Moody herself. It was the relic rescued from their home.

AMUSEMENTS

Week Commencing Monday May 12

Harkins & Barbour's

The Auditorium

NO SMOKING Monday, Thursday or Friday

Week Starting Monday May 12

LA BELLE PARISIAN

MAY 24th—WRESTLING MATCH KRELLING vs. BAGGARLY

General Entrance Through Reception

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

Week Day Service GOLD RUN via Carmack's and Dome 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. GRAND FORKS 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. HUNKER 9:30 a. m.

CARIBOU 9:30 a. m. 7 BELLOW L. DOMINION 9:30 a. m. Sunday Service GRAND FORKS 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.

City Storage and Express. DAWSON TRANSFER CO. Day and Night Service.

DAILY STAGE TO FORKS Leave Dawson 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. Leave Forks 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. Phones—Office, No. 6; Night Phone No. 9.

Freighting to all the Creeks. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING

The White Pass and Yukon Route The British Yukon Navigation Co.

Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse: "White Horse," "Dawson," "Selkirk," "Victorian," "Yukoner," "Canadian," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Bailey," "Zealandian," "And Four Freight Steamers."

A steamer will sail from Dawson almost daily during the season of 1902, connecting at Whitehorse with our passenger trains for Skagway. The steamers have all been thoroughly renovated, and staterooms put in first-class condition. Table service unexcelled. The steward's department will be furnished with the best of fruits and fresh vegetables. Through tickets to all Puget Sound and B. C. points. Reservations made on application at Ticket Office.

A. B. Newell, V. P. and Gen'l Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. F. Lee, Traffic Manager, Seattle and Skagway. J. H. Rogers, General Agent, Dawson.

Alaska Steamship Co. ..Operating the Steamers..

"Dolphin"—"Farallon"—"Dirigo"

For All Points in Southeastern Alaska

Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railway for Dawson and interior Yukon points.General Offices....

201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

The Northwestern Line Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

ARE E CO

Palatial Pro

Ora, Nora lived Th Will

The little Nora, which ant part in history of soon to be to lose their river craft a mere carrier barges. The Lower Leba gone the t not now be flat barge v kind of mac one of the ably the fit the Spring a the fall. Th cured this chinery, suc placed in th Calderhead The house h and hereaft merly was of the ri to meekly which has t steps will l and Nora Whitehorse removed, th they, too, barges, mee has befallen will be "do Mr. Calder It is in god doubtless be The new s the La Fra models of pr light draft somewhat o pector. Th spect, 110 among the will arrive ter navigati

Mr. Charl Gold Run c many frien Dawson an ng bride. Fooie, is a fun, form house on th touse best ions to th Mrs. Dey's Run out Angus rie roadhou operate th the first cl A dance

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ARE BEING CONVERTED

Palatial Steamers Now Prosaic Barges

Ora, Nora and Flora Have Out-lived Their Usefulness and Will be Dismantled.

The little steamers Ora, Nora and Flora, which played such an important part in the early transportation history of the upper Yukon, are soon to be relegated into obscurity, to lose their identity as trim little river craft and sink to the level of a mere carrier of dead freight, prosaic barges. The Ora, which wintered at Lower Lebarge, has already undergone the transformation and would not now be recognized in the low, flat barge without a house or any kind of machinery as formerly being one of the fleet which was invariably the first to reach Dawson in the spring and the last to tie up in the fall. The dismantling process occurred this spring, a part of her machinery, such as pumps, etc., being placed in the new steamers Manager Calderhead is building at Lebarge. The house has been razed to the deck and hereafter the Ora, which formerly was one of the most gingery of the up river fleet, must be content to meekly follow behind another which has taken her place. The same steps will be taken with the Flora and Nora as soon as they reach Whitehorse. Their machinery will be removed, their houses taken off and they, too, will be converted into barges, meeting the same fate that has befallen their sister ship. What will be done with their machinery Mr. Calderhead has not yet decided. It is in good condition yet and will doubtless be put to some good use.

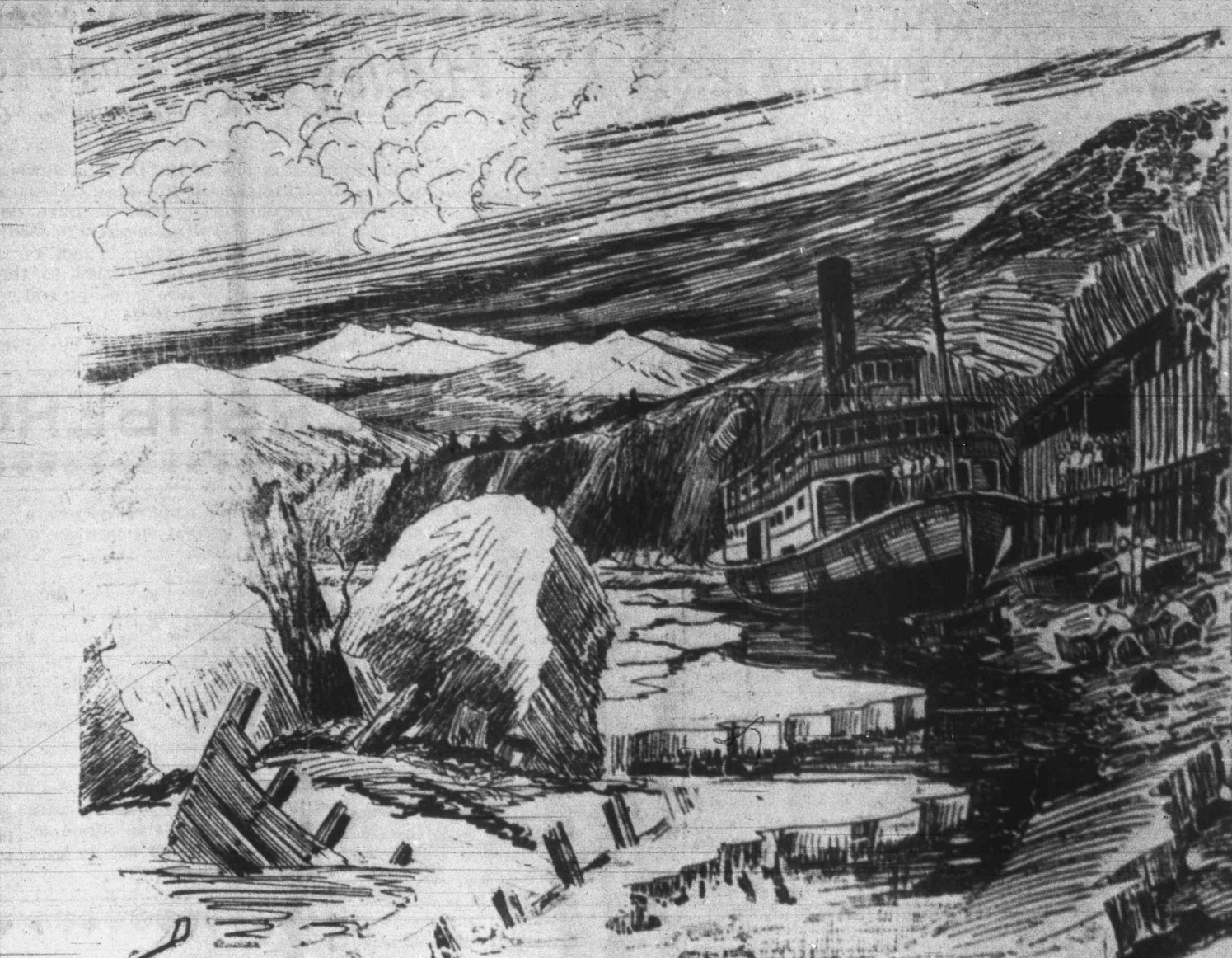
The new steamers of the company, the La France and Thistle, will be models of their kind, constructed with the principal object in view of light draft and high speed and built somewhat on the lines of the Prospector. They are twins in every respect, 110 feet long, and will be among the fastest on the river. Both will arrive with a full cargo soon after navigation is declared open.

Gold Run Items.

Mr. Charles Stone, a well known Gold Run claim owner, surprised his many friends by taking a trip to Dawson and returning with a blushing bride. The bride, Mrs. Lula Coole, is also well known on Gold Run, formerly conducting a roadhouse on that creek. The Nugget extends best wishes and congratulations to the happy couple.

Mrs. Deyo, formerly of the Gold Run hotel at Caribou, has bought out Angus McKenzie, of the McKenzie roadhouse on Hunker, and will operate that hostelry, catering to the first class creek trade.

A dance will be given at the Cen-



A BREAK-UP SCENE.

tral hotel on Gold Run May 16th. Joe Graham of the Dominion hotel will give a social dance next Friday evening.

Burley at Caribou.

Lovers of sport on Dominion creek will be given a chance to see Nick Burley in the fist arena. A six-round exhibition between Burley and Mayo Marich (of Dawson) will be given next Friday evening. Tommie White of the Diard hotel will have charge of the event and is putting up a large tent to accommodate the crowd. It is quite likely that the main event will be introduced by preliminary events between local pug.

Prosperous Manitoba

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Winnipeg, May 13. — Manitoba's prospects for good crops are encouraging. The heavy influx of visitors means a big increase in the grain output as more land is developed. Dominion colonization agents make encouraging reports.

Kitchener's Report.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 13.—Kitchener's weekly report says 10 Boers were killed, 6 wounded, 802 taken prisoners, 9 surrendered, and 600 rifles, 157 wagons, 400 horses and 4300 cattle fell into the hands of the British.

The Queen is Well

Special to the Daily Nugget.
The Hague, May 13.—Queen Wilhelmina is now entirely well.

TO EXPLORE ALASKA

Survey Party to Leave Seattle Tomorrow

Coal Resources Along the Yukon to be Very Closely Investigated.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, May 14.—A large party which is to explore and map the central part of Alaska for the United States geological survey leaves Seattle for Cook Inlet on Thursday. The party is in charge of Alfred H. Brooks, director of the geological survey of Alaska. In detailing the work of the coming summer he said: "A large area south of the Yukon is yet to be explored and our party will go through that part of the territory this year. We will go through the Alaskan range, then through the upper Tanana valley. Whether we will be able to reach Circle City before the season terminates is a problem. One party this year will start down the Yukon from its head waters with the intention of studying the coal

resources of that part of Alaska. Indications are that large deposits of coal exist at certain points along the river and we wish to have the territory more thoroughly explored."

POLICE COURT.

In Judge Macaulay's court this morning John Clark was fined \$5 and costs for being drunk and disorderly in a house on King street yesterday when it was alleged he smashed up furniture, broke windows and otherwise deported himself in a manner unbecoming to a gentleman, a scholar and a judge of good whisky.

Thos. Nesbitt, who was taken in charge yesterday by the police and believed to be of unsound mind, was unfit to appear this morning and is under the doctor's care at the barracks.

More Saved

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Paris, May 13.—Three thousand more survivors of the Martinique disaster were taken to Fort de France. Only one man escaped from the jail in St. Pierre when the town was overwhelmed. The only inhabitants saved were those who left the town before eight a.m.

To Aid Suffering

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, May 13.—The foreign relations committee through Chairman Cullom today reported a joint resolution appropriating half a million dollars for the relief of the people of devastated Martinique.

Mark Twain's "Engine"

Capt. Thomas Bixby, under whom Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—served as pilot and engineer on the old Mississippi river boat Swallow, has given in a New Orleans paper the following description of the engine of the Swallow:

The craft was a little, raky affair, which plied between St. Louis and Cairo. It had a stern wheel, a place for freight and passengers, a pilot-house and a place on what may be called the pilot deck for the engine.

That "engine" went aboard when it was needed, and only then. It burned no wood or coal, but ate a powerful sight of grass. It was a large gray mule named Jerry, which worked a tread-mill that propelled the boat. Samuel Clemens was chief engineer and pilot.

He had a system of signals which was effective and ingenious. By pulling a coil he could raise a head of cabbage just out of reach of the mule. The "engine" would start and begin to walk after it, and the boat floated majestically down or up the river, as the case might be.

Without desiring to be personal, I will say that Jerry was one of the most intelligent animals I ever met. His voice was more on the order of a fog-horn than a whistle, being too much of a hazy tone for the latter. When Samuel wanted to whistle for a landing he just hit Jerry with a stick.

Try the "Old Crow" at Sideboard.
Sole at all news stands. Price \$2.50.
Write to outside friends. A complete list of bootmen's names.
Send a copy of Footmen's News.

WORKS LIKE A CHARM

Hubrick's Cable Ferry Across the Yukon

Several Successful Round Trips Made—Horses Transported Today.

Although the ice has not yet ceased running in the Yukon, J. P. Hubrick's cable ferry has made several trips back and forth, the first trip being made yesterday morning when the ice was jammed below and when there was but little current, which necessarily made the trip slower than it will be when the river is wholly free from obstructions.

Although the river was still jammed below this morning a number of horses were taken over on the ferry, the trip being justly and most successfully made. The tower construction seems to be very successful and that the ferry will fill a long felt want and be largely patronized by the people of Dawson is a foregone conclusion.

On the top of the tower has been mounted a flag staff, this being the work of Messrs. Townsend & Rose, from which will float the Union Jack, the highest thing in the city. The work of painting the huge tower began yesterday and when completed its appearance will be greatly improved.

A baseball park will be laid out on the hill on the west side of the river which is expected to become the favorite resort of the summer.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be recalled this side of San Francisco.

LOTS TO LET

Lots to let on 14 above Hunker and 55 below. Apply

C. W. C. Tabor, Orpheum Bldg.

EMIL STAUF

REAL ESTATE, BOND AND FINANCIAL BROKER
Agent for Harper & Laidlaw Trust Co.,
Harper's Addition, Seattle's Addition,
The Imperial Life Insurance Company.
Collections Promptly Attended to.
Money to Loan.
Gold and Silver.
N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

J. J. O'NEIL

MINING EXPERT
Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.
Address: — General Delivery, Dawson

REMOVAL NOTICE.

On or about May 1st the YUKON BAKERY will remove to their new quarters on Second Avenue, opposite N. Y. T. building, where they will be pleased to meet their many friends and patrons.

Retiring From Gent's Furnishing and **Department**
Boot and Shoe
We have decided to withdraw the above departments from our business and will sell EN BLOC making payments agreeable to purchaser at RETAIL.

NECKWEAR.	NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.	Boots & Shoes The Celebrated Slater and Ames Holden. Full line Miner's Hob Nailed Waterproof, the most sensible shoe in the market.	SOCKS, largely English imported goods
HATS, all shapes.	CLOTHING, made by W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co.		COLLARS. CUFFS.
			UNDERWEAR, Marino natural wool and Silk.

Our announcement as above is Bona Fide and by giving us a call we will convince you.
Macaulay Bros., One Door Below **Front Street**
Norquay's Drug Store

FIREMEN'S WET BERTH

Engine Scow Sinks With All on Board

No Fatalities, However, Though the Engineers Narrowly Escaped a Ducking.

The engineers and stokers of No. 2 fire engine at the foot of Queen street had a rather chilly experience at an early hour this morning, one that was responsible for one of the quickest moves Max Probst and Joe Stingle ever made. Just prior to the breakup the scow which contains the engine was hauled in over the ice and snubbed up close to the bank so as to be as much out of danger as possible when the smash came. The engine was taken out and placed on the street as an additional precaution, the crew using the scow only as sleeping quarters. Last night the water was very high, but toward evening it began to fall suddenly and in 15 minutes had dropped four feet, leaving one end of the scow high and dry on the mud with the other end in the water at an angle of 20 or 25 degrees. Equally as sudden the water began to rise again and in a few moments it had risen to a level with the well through which the engine draws the water when in operation, and then before the sleepers were aware of what was happening a veritable flood poured in, the scow settled peacefully back on the bottom and the stokers and engineers made a quick exit through the door. Stingle grabbed some clothes and a mattress, ran out to the bank, hurried back after more and stepped in to water up to his waist. Probst fared no better and both are today mourning the loss of new shoes and other articles of wearing apparel. All forenoon pike poles were employed in fishing up tools, etc., but nothing can be done toward straightening things around until the water falls and the scow empties itself. It is too open to attempt pumping it out.

Bottomless Roads.

Stage drivers report the various roads throughout the district as being almost as bad as it is possible for them to get, four and six horses being required to each stage.

However, if the present clear, warm and sometimes windy weather continues it will be but a few more days until dust will take the place of mud. Three or four more clear days will cause all of Dawson's principal thoroughfares to become dry and dusty.

Wild Rumor.

Some Ananias started a report on the street today to the effect that the steamer Prospector which left lower Lebarge yesterday morning had been wrecked in the Thirtymile river. The result was considerable uneasiness and a string of men trotting to the telegraph office for confirmation of the report. But at the

telegraph office no information was received further than the announcement that no such news had come.

In the Jaws of the Fire.

The risk that firemen take are an everlasting wonder, even though almost every paper contains stories of their bravery. But the man behind the fire engine—apparently he has only to keep his machine going, and is as safe as the man who pulls the lever of an upright "donkey." The story of Bill Brown, as told by Mr. Cleveland Moffett in "Careers of Daring and Danger," shows that the engineer's bravery is sometimes put to tests as severe as those which the hosemen or the laddermen even has to endure.

What happened was this: Engine 29, pumping her prettiest, stood at the corner so near the drug house that the driver thought it wasn't safe for the horses, and led them away. That left Brown alone, against the cheek of the fire, watching his boiler and keeping his steam-gauge at seventy-five.

As the fire gained, chunks of red-hot sandstone began to smash down on the engine. Brown ran his pressure up to eighty, and watched the door anxiously where the four firemen from his squad had gone into the furnace.

Then an explosion of chemicals in the building sent a flame wide as a house curling across the street, enveloping engine and man, and setting fire to the elevated railway station overhead. Bill Brown stood by his engine with a sheet of fire above him. He heard footsteps on the pavement and voices that grew fainter, crying, "Run for your lives!" He was alone, and the skin on his hands, face and neck was blistered.

Brown knew why everyone was running. There would be another explosion. It was tolerably certain that he must die if he stayed. But his four chums were in the fire and needed the water. If he quit his engine the water would fail.

He stoked in coal and ran the gage up another notch, easing the running parts with the oiler. He was offering his life for his friends.

In a few minutes the four firemen came out of the building. Then Bill Brown ran for his life with his comrades. A second or two later engine 29 was crushed by the falling walls.

I. W. Nordstrom, teacher of mandolin and guitar, Rochester hotel.

A county curate in England who was newly married called on a great lady of the village, and as he presented his wife introduced her with the fippant and horribly ill-bred quotation, "A poor thing, madam, but mine own." The lady, looking at the curate severely, replied: "Your wife ought to have introduced you as 'A poorer thing, but mine own.'" Short Stories Magazine.

Pay Your Bills.

Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to The Alaska Commercial Company that accounts remaining unpaid May 15th next will be placed in the hands of the company's solicitor for collection.

Smithson (the celebrated poet, novelist, playwright, etc.)—But, my dear young lady, I really don't understand you. I haven't been winning any ping-pong tournament. I don't play. Miss Brown—Oh, but surely I heard our hostess say you were the Mr. Smithson.—Punch.

EXTREME HIGH WATER

Is Within Six Inches of Last Year's Mark

Jams Still Hold at Ogilvie, Five Fingers and Above Tantalus.

Today the Yukon is entirely free of ice as far up and down as the eye can reach with the exception of a few straggling floes which float silently by unheralded. The big jam from Stewart which was expected last night failed to materialize, the ice at Ogilvie still holding fast. During the early morning the water performed one of its extraordinary feats with theatrical effects for which the Yukon at this season of the year is so justly famed, fell four feet and rising the same amount all within the space of a half hour. At 11 o'clock this forenoon the water was as high lacking six inches as it was at any time last year, and a further rise of a foot will flood the outer docks at the White Pass office. In the slough near No. 2 fire hall there is enough water to float a steamboat. The following report was received from up river points this afternoon:

Ogilvie—The ice has not moved yet but it is beginning to break off in small chunks.

Stewart—The river is pretty well cleared at this point and the water is gradually falling. Canoes are crossing today.

Selwyn—All clear here.

Five Fingers—The ice is still jammed above here. No boats have so far arrived at Tantalus indicating that there must be also a jam above that point.

The steamers Bailey and Zealandian left lower Lebarge at 4 o'clock this morning making four boats that are known to be following closely behind the ice. The Sifton will doubtless join the procession either today or tomorrow. All are loaded principally with perishables and live stock.

Much speculation is being indulged in along the water front as to which will be the first boat in and the time it will arrive. In point of speed the Prospector has the advantage and everything else being equal she should be the first to tie up at her Dawson dock. Last year, it will be remembered, the ice moved for the first time at 4:12 in the afternoon of the 14th, but it was not until 7:50 in the morning of the 23rd that the first boat arrived, nine days later lacking a few hours. It is now thought the delay will be so long this year and many of the transportation men are willing to back their opinion that a steamer will arrive by Saturday evening.

Training the Eye to See.

That the faculty of sight needs training will be admitted by every reasonable person, but how best to give the eye this advantage is a question which has never been settled.

J. A. Hubley Is the Winner of the Prize!

We, the undersigned representatives of the Dawson newspapers, having been appointed by Hershberg & Co. to count the ballots in the guessing contest as to the date of the moving of the ice in front of Dawson, do hereby certify that we have counted the said ballots and have found that J. A. Hubley having guessed the nearest according to the official time, 8:45 p. m. on the Eleventh of May, 1902, his guess being, in fact, on the exact moment occurring to the official time. He is hereby declared to be entitled to the complete outfit offered by Hershberg & Co. under the provisions of the said guessing contest. Witness our hands this 12th day of May, 1902.

WM. P. ALLEN, Nugget; A. F. GEORGE, News; B. H. MORAN, Sun, FIRST AVENUE, Opposite White Pass Dock, HERSHBERG, The Reliable Clothier, 1st Ave.

An English hunter, the author of a book on sport in Norway, gives some interesting hints upon the matter:

The reason that the different characteristics of tracks are not observed by the untrained eye is not because they are so very small as to be invisible, but because they are so inconspicuous as to escape notice. In the same way the townsman will stare straight at a grouse in the heather, or a trout poised above the gravel in the brook, and will not see them; not because they are too small, but because he does not know what they look like in those positions. He does not know, in fact, what he is looking for, and a magnifying glass would in no wise help him. To the man who does not know what to look for, the lens may be a hindrance, because it alters the proportions to which his mind is accustomed, and still more because its field is too limited.

My own belief, after seeing good trackers in more than one country, is that it is a positive disadvantage to be near the impression; and for this reason an expert will often do his work better from a horse than on foot.

Undoubtedly the tiny indications that an animal leaves behind him, such for instance as stones moved a trifle so as to expose new soil, are much more easily seen a few yards ahead than at your feet. On snow again, the freshly thrown-out particles which the sun has not yet rounded off are invisible under your nose, but look ahead a hundred yards and there you will see without difficulty the very different character of the track made five minutes ago and that made an hour before, although you may not be able to state exactly in what the difference consists.

The fact is, I think, that the distant marks being seen edgewise, or in section as it were, catch the eye much more rapidly than the near ones, which are represented only as a faintly drawn ground plan.

In the same way plovers' eggs in a

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fallow are much more conspicuous a dozen yards in front of you than at your feet.

No Real Danger—Clara—Bob Preston has proposed to me, and I really don't know how to refuse him. I hate to break the poor boy's heart. Amy—Oh, don't worry about that. I refused him twice last week, and he seems to be getting along.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fond Mother (to teacher)—Don't you think my boy is bound to make his mark? Teacher—I am afraid so. It seems impossible for him to learn to write.—Tit-Bits.

A parish doctor, having obtained a better practice elsewhere, engaged the sexton to remove his furniture.

Afterwards the doctor sent an account for medical attendance, and the sexton sent his bill for the removal. This the doctor said was a gross overcharge, and that if the sexton could get work removing furniture at the same rate he might give up grave-digging.

The sexton replied:—"Dear Sir,—I would be very glad to get steady work at anything, as there has been almost nothing to do in the churchyard since you left."—English Paper.

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A CARD TO THE PUBLIC. H. L. Hedger, Dentist, has removed his Dental Parlors from the Exchange to the Bank Building and associated with Dr. G. M. Faulkner (formerly with Dawson Dental Parlors). Rooms 3, 4, 5 Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co. Your patronage solicited. Phone 172. DR. FAULKNER & HEDGER.

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