

ORDER AT BRUSSELS

Restored Saturday by Use of Arms

Satisfaction is Widespread and Colmination of a Serious Character is Expected.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Brussels, April 12.—Today a sense of order was restored among the rioters. The police who had the brunt of the fighting were reinforced by gendarmes and guards, with loaded rifles. Orders were issued to use all force necessary to drive the mob out of the de Peuple. Just as the order about to be executed the chief Socialist offered to evacuate the building quietly. Estimates as to the number wounded during the riot vary from forty to one hundred. The Socialist's injured were carried off and hidden by friends. A large number of rioters were arrested and some were detained. Sharp fighting between strikers and gendarmes occurred this morning near the hotel. Several thousand strikers stoned the gendarmes, who re-

taliated by firing revolvers. A sharp fusillade followed and the gendarmes were forced to retire. A squadron of lanceurs galloped up and charged and dispersed the mob. Telegrams from the country districts indicate the widespread character of the movement, which threatens to culminate in a grand coup next week during the reform debate in parliament.

Doctor of Laws

Special to the Daily Nugget. Edinburg, April 14.—The Edinburg University bestowed the honorary degree of doctor of laws on Prof. William James, of Harvard, and President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell. The dean spoke of the foremost place that James occupied among psychologists and Schurman's reputation as a deep thinker and genius for organization.

RESPITE TOO LATE

Henry Flutcher Likely Innocent

But Governor's Respite Did Not Arrive Untill After He Was Hanged.

Special to the Daily Nugget. St. Louis, April 12.—Henry Flutcher hanged here today for the murder of Louis Roth, August 27, 1900. A few minutes after the execution a telegram came granting a respite of 15 days on an allegation of fresh evidence showing that Flutcher acted altogether in self defense.

Mail Due Tonight.

A stage with about 375 pounds of mail left Ogilvie at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon and should arrive about 7 tonight.

The mail for down river points will close tonight, the carriers getting away early in the morning. Mail is due this evening from down the river.

HOLBORN CAFE. R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR. Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT. FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

REOPENED. "The Delmonico of the North" Eagle Cafe. FIRST AVENUE. Thomas J. Bruce, Proprietor

Shoff's Pile Ointment! It's a wonder. Every box guaranteed. PIONEER DRUG STORE

Reopened Fairview Cafe and Lunch Counter. THOS. AUREEN, PROPRIETOR. Open Day and Night. 307 N. 2ND ST.

Steam...Hose...Seamless Hydraulic Hose. \$25. McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

VERY WEAK EVIDENCE

Is Dumbill's Unsupport- ed Testimony

Against Beckwith and Borden Charged by Would-Be-Suicide With Theft.

In Judge Macaulay's court this morning the case of A. E. Borden, one of the men implicated by a story of would-be-suicide Joseph Dumbill in the theft of meat from the steamer Robt. E. Kerr, was called and continued for one week, the defendant being admitted to bail in the sum of \$4000.

As was stated in Saturday evening's paper Borden arrived from Selwyn Friday night and was released on bail until this morning. As Dumbill's story is not believed, Borden had no trouble whatever in furnishing the required bond.

When the case of Watchman Beckwith, also implicated by Dumbill, was called, Attorney Pattullo, for the prosecution, stated that he had no additional evidence to that of Dumbill, which was taken before Judge Macaulay at the hospital last Thursday afternoon. Attorney Walsh for the defense then moved that the case be dismissed on the ground that the only evidence against him was the unsupported evidence of Dumbill, a self-confessed thief and proven unmitigated liar.

As the judge desired to hear rebutting evidence, the case was continued until tomorrow morning. Beckwith is also out on bail.

MIXTURE OF CASES

Heard by Judge Macaulay This Morning

Evidence of Hootch and Pugilism —A Rustic and His Dilapidated Mule.

It was a mixed crowd that had business in Magistrate Macaulay's court this morning, the gist of cases being somewhat larger than the ordinary Monday morning batch.

John McGovern met a friend Saturday evening and partook too freely of the brand that caused him to appropriate more than his share of the sidewalk. Being a guileless appearing youth who had never before offended in a similar respect, a fine of \$1 and costs was imposed.

John Connolly and John Moore traded coats sometime last fall, Connolly promising to pay Moore \$5 boot money. They had other transactions and on Saturday when Moore dunned Connolly for the \$5 the latter claimed he owed but \$2. A set-to resulted in which Connolly lost about 35 cents worth of hyde from his nose, (Dawson market price) likewise a small portion from his neck. Connolly was discharged and Moore, having clearly been the aggressor, was fined \$10 and costs.

While the casual observer would never take Sidney Webb for an attorney, he conducted a case for himself this morning in a manner that would make many K. C.'s look to their laurels.

Sidney heeds not the admonition to "Use Pears' Soap," or any old soap, for that matter; but he handles the King's English without gloves, using words the meaning of which he wots not.

He was up on the charge of working a mule which was in an unfit condition, the animal being old and crippled and having ears that hang down like those of the Cuban bloodhounds of an Uncle Tom's Cabin company.

The mule was at the court house blushing for his ancestry and mourning for the future of his race, but did not speak for himself, in that he failed to bray or otherwise disturb the solemnity of the occasion. A fine of \$5 and costs was imposed and, to the surprise of all, paid in currency of the realm.

Small Fire at the Forks.

Fire was discovered in Kinsey & Kinsey's photographic parlors at the Forks yesterday and a narrow escape from a serious conflagration resulted. The roof of the building occupied by the firm is of canvas which became ignited through a defective flue. The fire was noticed immediately, and a passer-by climbed onto the roof and by tearing the canvas away from the pipe succeeded in subduing the blaze before any serious damage had been done. Had the fire secured a few minutes start the building would have been in a blaze very quickly.

P. B. Butter at Barrett & Hull's.

HE MAY BE SHAMMING

Sir Hicks-Beach's Illness Not Genuine

Forth-Coming But Delayed Budget Must Provide for an Enormous Deficit.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, April 14.—Londoners believe the indisposition of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is more diplomatic than organic. There is a possibility that the budget will be laid over today. The government is still undecided how much will be represented by the enormous deficit. Taxes will be placed on flour and wheat. The oil trade anticipates a duty on petroleum. However this is all surmise as the budget proposals are guarded with the greatest secrecy.

Case Postponed.

The case of F. S. Dunham against the retailers of old and cheap quality of groceries has been postponed, Dunham deciding not to push the suit as all his customers uphold him in the stand he has taken, namely, not to handle any but fresh goods. THE FAMILY GROCERY, corner Second avenue and Albert street.

Hay, oats and provisions of all kinds at Barrett & Hull's. Rock bottom prices.

Handsome decorated tea sets. Cheap. Ames Mercantile Co.

DEATH CALLS MR. TALMAGE

America's Greatest Divine is no More

Died at His Home in Washington Saturday Night of Brain Disease.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, April 13.—Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage died last night at 9 o'clock, aged 70 years and three months. For many years he has occupied the enviable reputation of being America's most popular minister of the gospel, his sermons having been published weekly over the entire civilized world. He was a lecturer of note and had traveled extensively. While a vein of religion was noticeable in all his public talk, he was both witty and humorous, and was one of the finest entertainers of the age. The immediate cause of his death was inflammation of the brain.

COURT OF APPEALS

Decisions of Importance Are Rendered

Judgment in All the Cases Heard Last Fall Are Given Out Today.

The court of appeals had a most busy session today, the day being spent entirely in delivering judgments in old cases which were heard last fall prior to the departure of Mr. Justice Craig for the outside. The decisions of Mr. Justice Craig were received several months ago by mail, but upon their arrival it was decided to defer giving them out until the court had again assembled in session.

With the delivering of the judgments today, several of which were of great importance, all the old business is cleaned up. During the course of the proceedings Mr. Justice Craig remarked that some of the attorneys had been disposed to find fault with him on account of the delay in delivering judgment in cases heard so long ago, but he desired to say, in justice to himself, that all his decisions had been here months ago and the fault of the delay was not his. Probably the most important of the decisions were in the cases of Risser vs. Pinkliert and Hartley et al vs. Mason et al, the latter being known as the famous concession case.

The first case taken up was that of J. L. Davis et al vs. Hugh Adams the judgment being upon a motion made by plaintiff, after the case had been heard and argued, for leave to admit new evidence. The opinion was by Mr. Justice Craig and is as follows:

"The appeal in this action was argued before this court in August of last year and judgment reserved. Shortly after the hearing of the argument, the plaintiff applied to Mr. Justice Dugas for leave to admit new evidence under section 7 of the ordinance constituting this court. The application stood over until a meeting of the full court when the motion was renewed. The material upon which the motion is based, is an affidavit of Davis that he made inquiries with reference to a witness called Andrack and was unable to learn where Andrack was and that he had left the country. Again after the hearing of the appeal he made fresh inquiries and found him. He does not say what steps he took prior to the trial so as to convince the court that all reasonable attempts were made to procure the witness. Andrack now comes forward with an affidavit stating that he is informed that certain posts planted by him and which he will recognize, are still standing on the front part of the claim, and that if afforded an opportunity he can go back and by measurement ascertain whether certain posts at the rear of the claim were the posts planted by one Sousa. The case revolves about these rear posts, the question being whether Sousa in staking did plant certain posts which the plaintiff now says should limit and bound the rear of his claim. It will be observed that the new witness does not depose that the posts which were contended to be the true posts are not the true posts. He simply says that he will be able to give evidence regarding them if he go on the ground and see them again. It may be that he will give evidence confirming the case of the plaintiff.

The court so far is in absolute ignorance of the nature of his evidence—whether it will vary at all the facts now before the court. The question for us to consider, it seems to me, is whether we ought at all in any case to grant such an application and whether the material before us is sufficient. The rule under which the motion is made says that the territorial court may, upon special circumstances being shown, make an order for the taking of further evidence. This practically is the same rule as is in force in Ontario and England, special conditions and circumstances to be shown. Are special conditions shown in this case and

if so, what are the special conditions? The only thing that is shown is that a witness turned up who says that he can give some evidence. What the evidence is we do not know. I suppose it would be hard to imagine a case in this territory where, after the hearing, some witness might not turn up who would say that he could possibly give some evidence, and that is all this witness says. A great many cases have been heard upon this very matter, and it seems clear that, beyond any doubt, the application cannot be admitted as a matter of course; that there should be strong reason for admitting it. It cannot be said that there is strong reason in this case. It has been held that the discovery of new corroborative evidence is no ground for the granting of a new trial, which this would practically be. As I said before, in this case we could only grant a new trial; we cannot grant affidavit evidence for the reason that it would be wholly unfair to the plaintiff, who should have full opportunity to rebut and cross-examine. The judges over and over again have used almost identical words in saying that it is unfair to allow a person to bolster up a case after argument in appeal."

Here his lordship cited a number of cases showing where it would be a dangerous precedent to allow a person to argue a case and then apply to admit new evidence. Continuing, he said:

"I quite concur in that view of the law, and in this case if the witness had sworn that the posts, which the plaintiff contends are the true posts, were not the true posts, and that he could on the trial give evidence of that fact, I should be disposed to grant the motion, but as I said before, I cannot see the use of going to the expense of a new trial when the matter is simply conjectural. It seems to me that this is simply an attempt to bolster up a case without even knowing whether the case will be bolstered on behalf of the applicant or not. For these reasons I think the motion should be dismissed."

Mr. Justice Dugas in concurring with the opinion of Mr. Justice Craig said:

"I have read as many of the authorities by both parties as I could lay my hands on, and I have not since changed the views which I held when the motion was made, that in order to authorize this court to accept further evidence, a very strong case should be made and show 'special circumstances.' Here this cannot be said for it is not even shown that the witness in question will, in any way whatsoever change the evidence already taken as to the locality or existence of this post, and, therefore, the reopening of the evidence would only be admitted, on the part of the court, to find out whether the evidence submitted gives the real facts or not, or might not be strongly contradicted. This is not the intention of the law. There is besides the fact that the witness was within the jurisdiction of the court at the time of the trial. It was for the appellant to use proper diligence to find out whether he was within or without the jurisdiction of the court, then he would have been entitled to the protection which is given to suitors under such circumstances. Notwithstanding, therefore, that as a matter of principle this court should not reopen evidence except when it is made certain that the new evidence offered would give to the case another aspect, I believe that this witness, being at the time within the jurisdiction of the trial court and there being nothing special shown to sufficiently excuse his absence, takes, in this instance, the case out of what the clause determines 'special circumstances.' Therefore I am of the opinion that the appellant should take nothing by his motion, which is dismissed with costs.

Mr. Senkler likewise concurred with the decision of Mr. Justice Craig.

In the case of John Erickson vs. M. H. Boulais et al, John Erickson vs. A. J. Gillis et al and M. H. Boulais et al vs. John Erickson, the decision is one of utmost importance, defining what may be considered as the base of the hill on claims which were staked under the base-to-base regulations. The decision was given by Mr. Justice Craig and was concurred in by both the other members of the court. The opinion of Mr. Justice Craig is as follows:

The dispute herein is about the

(Continued on page 6.)

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 \$30.00 Per month, by carrier in city in advance 3.00 Single copies 25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

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.

MONDAY, APRIL 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.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—Alabama. New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

A GOVERNMENT DUTY.

A cursory inspection of any of the working creeks of the district is sufficient to indicate the great advantage that would accrue to the mining population through some practicable and feasible plan for furnishing and distributing water.

Under existing conditions where each man must look out for his own interests, the aggregate cost of this "dead" work amounts every year to a tremendous sum—far greater than would be the case with a proper water service in operation.

It is not desirable, however, that an undertaking of such great magnitude as would necessarily be involved, should be entrusted to private capital, as is contemplated in the Treadgold scheme.

Water is certainly wanted and wanted very badly, but when a solution of the difficulty is sought the interests of the miner must be regarded as paramount.

On the other hand, if the work is undertaken by the government the charges would only be sufficient to guarantee the investment.

FEAR ALLIANCE.

A recent attempt on the part of the German press to incite animosity between the United States and Great Britain has met with signal failure.

their various governments, asking that a protest against the war be made. Nothing came of the incident for the reason that actual hostilities broke out almost immediately.

Recently, certain German newspapers have revived the affair and have sought to make it appear that the meeting of ambassadors and ministers was called at the instance of Lord Pauncefote and was really designed as an evidence of British unfriendliness.

The facts of the case are that Lord Pauncefote in his capacity as dean of the diplomatic corps called the meeting at the instance of ministers of several continental powers.

The original copy of the identical note was drafted and presented by the Austrian minister and the British ambassador was not concerned other than as above noted.

The fear of some sort of Anglo-American alliance seems to have taken possession of the German newspapers of late. To explain their attitude in respect to the identical note incident in any other way seems almost impossible.

U. S. Customs Collector Ivey is no longer stationed in Alaska. Whoever is responsible for his removal has performed a valuable service. Ivey was a fire brand whose utterances have always been calculated to create unfriendly feeling between Americans and Canadians.

More newspapers are at hand with accounts of addresses on the Yukon, delivered by F. C. Wade in various centres of Canada. Whatever else may be said of the late crown prosecutor, he must be credited with having given his audiences some straight truths.

Almost every city in the world of any prominence has either held a "world's exposition" or is now contemplating doing so. It will soon be time for Dawson to plan something of the kind.

Yesterday was an ideal day for sleighing, and full advantage of that fact was taken. Such days serve in no small degree to compensate for the long drawn-out dreariness of winter.

Bakery for Sale.

Half interest in the best paying bakery in the city. Inquire for particulars at this office.

Food properly cooked prevents dyspepsia—try the Northern Cafe.

New Millinery

We Have All the Latest Sailor Hats, Felt Hats, Children's Hats and Caps.

J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT STREET

W. W. WHITE RETURNS

Spent the Winter in the Eastern Cities

Vexatious and Continuous Delays Experienced on His Journey Back to Dawson.

With the return Saturday afternoon of Mr. W. W. White, K. C., almost the last of the legal fraternity who last fall made a pilgrimage to the outside, are back again in their old familiar places.

When Mr. White started for the coast from Ottawa he decided to take the N. P. road thereby saving a day over the Canadian line. Unfortunately, for he was caught in the vicinity of Fargo for three days.

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A Harry Furniss Story.

I was at my hotel in Ottawa the morning after I appeared at the opera house in the "Humors of Parliament."

"Allow me to introduce myself, and to say that I listened with the greatest pleasure and profit to your most admirable discourse last evening."

"I bowed my very best. 'I must say,' continued the gentleman, 'that your efforts in the cause of Christianity in this city are marked by a fervor and earnestness that cannot fail to convert.'"

"Really," I said, "you flatter me."

"Ah, no, sir, you are one of the brave soldiers of Christianity, who march through the world addressing huge audiences and influencing the masses, taking life seriously, and denouncing frivolity and worldliness."

"Well," I said, "I don't think I do any harm, but I must disclaim for my poor efforts to amuse."

"Amuse, sir," repeated the astonished divine. "Surely I am speaking to the gentleman whose striking discourse it was my good fortune to listen to last evening in Dominion church?"

"No, sir, I was in the Grand opera house."

"Then you are not Dr. Munhall, the revivalist?"

"Bless you, no, sir. I am Furniss, the caricaturist."

"Good gracious! where's the door? Let me out! They have brought me to the wrong room!"—From "The Confessions of a Caricaturist."

Peacage for Sir Wilfrid.

One of the most interesting political rumors that has been current for some time is now being quietly talked about in political circles, according to the Free Press. One of the best informed members of the press

gallery at Ottawa writing to Winnipeg said that he learned that at the coronation ceremonies in London in June the present prime minister would be given a peerage as Lord Arthabaska, the name being derived from the beautiful little French village in Quebec where Sir Wilfrid spent the earlier part of his days.

The fact that Sir Wilfrid has no children lends color to this rumor for it is known that the British government is reluctant to grant hereditary peerages upon colonial statesmen whose children may not have the money to support the position in dignity.

Effects of Pepper.

A writer on foods declares that pepper is a vegetable poison, a stimulant, but in no sense a food; a substance nauseable by the vital organs and therefore to be thrown out of the vital domain.

Red or black pepper is a prolific cause of enlargement of the blood vessels and ultimately of disease of the heart. Its immediate effect is to create increased action, not only of the capillaries, causing temporary congestion and even inflammation of the mucous surfaces; but also of the organs which secrete the digestive fluids.

When these are weakened by stimulants, the functions themselves are necessarily impaired, and confirmed dyspepsia, with its attendant train of bad symptoms, brings up the rear.

Way of Old Time Merchants

"After the death of Charles Broadway Rous and John Daniell the statement was printed that the former in earlier days slept in his store, and that the latter lived in a room in connection with his place of business."

"Hotels and boarding houses were scarce and there were no clubs. I am speaking of merchants who were unmarried. They had no bedsteads in their stores, but bunked on the counter."

"In winter they banked their fires in the old box stoves used in those days, took some blankets out of stock, spread them on the counter and retired for the night. Competition was pretty sharp then, and stores opened much earlier than they do now.

"I had two clerks, but they were married, so I slept in the store. I was always up and had the shutters taken down from the front doors before my clerks came to work. I sometimes took in four or five dollars before my help showed up."

"We kept open at night. There was no regular hour for closing; it depended on business. Occasionally a half a dozen merchants in the vicinity would hold an informal meeting in the back of the store after we had closed for the day."

"At such meetings they discussed municipal affairs, church questions and national issues. If we wanted any publicity about these discussions we sent a letter to the editor telling him what we had done."

"I was in business near Chatham Square. Sometimes after I had gone to my bunk on the counter I would be aroused by a belated customer who wanted a few pounds of nails or soap or some other household article. I always got up and waited on my customer. Not to have done so would have hurt my business."

"I had a few customers who worked late Saturday nights. If they did not get to the store before I closed I was always on hand Sunday morning to accommodate them, for they were always there."

"When I moved up to Broadway I quit bunking in the store. I did not require my help to sleep there because New York was a city then and we had police to watch our business."

"Yes, there have been some changes since then. I haven't been down to the old part of town where I began business for nearly forty years."

Jack—That little girl I'm in love with now is a perfect little wild flower, fresh as a daisy. Why, she's never been waited with.

George—Well, well!

Jack—That's true. Never been anything but engaged a few times.—New York Weekly.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

WANTED 100 MINERS to purchase their Hardware at the Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. SECOND AVENUE. PHONE 36.

RENT OF 'PHONES Beginning April 1, 1902. DAWSON. Class A—Independent service, per month \$20.00. Class B—2 parties on same line, per month 15.00. Class C—3 or more parties on same line, month 10.00.

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

The Auditorium. Land of the Midnight Sun. See the Great Sulphur Mine Exhibit. NO SMOKING Monday, Thursday & Friday.

Orpheum Theatre. Watch for the Street Parade Grand Opening Monday Night, April 14. The Grand Military Spectacular Production. SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR. Grand Old, New Stars and Many of the Old-Time Favorites. Popular Prices.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE. On and After March 20 Dawson to Whitehorse, \$125.00 BY THE ROYAL MAIL STAGES. Making through trip in five and one-half days, stopping at first-class roadhouses each night.

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. 201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

The Northwestern Line. 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, Wa.

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1902. The following Fred N. Atwood Ballouist John Honolulu, will be that daring Dawson friends: Aboard the San Francisco Friend Fred, February 19th for here I am wondering how I or twenty d... not write a... shall have... sides of... at 4 a.m... was told we... but as the... the log bre... departure 38... some time... that was... while I found... of 900 g... ; barker... head sails... and royal... to gallan... and sparker... no galls I rec... topsails... yacht-fash... of course... ; and I g... sail booms... for ornament... sharp and b... proper lift and... could see her... its bust in... tired of b... weather. She ca... deckhouse in... galley, stor... and bo's'n's... Her pump... were never u... within 12 feet... there you are... Captain Rufus... as he is... cake apart, is... 70 years old... He has th... of much rou... hard work. T... neck in turro... had pencil in... and for that... about him shows... doped his hands... the Stockholm... proper rattle... increase note is... weather, a note... required by a... looks clear but... some up bright... when he acknowl... wouldn't see a... him, so I guess... is an hone... you looks to... as the rest... the morning... very hungre... writing from... and his... "You are... you have d... it isn't neces... We were... heads when... narrow, alig... the captain... having his hand... like bird, or y... after we left... for a w... drove us 6... first 24 mi... about 45 miles... weather, squalls... all around... 20th and 21... sleep with... and the... brought me... were shorten... to help the... and topga... some fore... the time it... and of again... with the... the gizzard... the captain told... help the men... through a... do their w... covers... by all th... other wor... have caught... the nom... the color of... 10 minutes... The c... I'll be c... soon, I fea... for a man... his mate... of his own... same way... of that?

Balloonist John Leonard

The following lately received by Fred N. Atwood of this city from balloonist John Leonard, now in Honolulu, will be read with interest by that daring cloud rider's many friends:

San Francisco to Honolulu, February 21, 1902.

Friend Fred—I sailed at 9 a.m. February 19th for Honolulu, T. H. I am in my little stateroom wondering how I will put in the first or twenty days of the passage. I don't write a log? That will suit me to dispose of some of it, and I shall have the log, written on both sides of the paper. I came aboard at 6 a.m. February 18th, as was told we would sail at 7 a.m. but as the weather was thick the log breaking we postponed our departure 26 hours, which gave me some time to look over the little that was to be my home for while. I found her a trim enough vessel of 900 gross tons, an iron hull, barkentine rigged, with head sails, double to gallant and royal, main, middle and top gallant staysails, lug main and spanker. And since she carries no gaffs I reckoned her main and topsails would balloon out in yacht-fashion. She also carries a course, a mizzen-topmast sail, and I guessed that her stud-sail booms were not being carried for ornament. Her outwater sharp and her bowsprit had a lift and as I looked her over I could see her painted figurehead in its bust in a sigh as though it were tired of being buried in the water. She carries a roomy-looking deckhouse in which is the fore-cabin, storeroom, second cabin and the crew's room and donkey. Her pumps looked as though they were never used. Her poop runs within 12 feet of the main mast—where you are.

Captain Rufus Calhoun, I would say, as he is very reserved, and apart, is an old whaler, maybe 70 years old, white hair and beard. He has the knotty hand that is of much rough weather and lots of hard work. Time has plowed up his back in furrows one could bury a pencil in. His face shows plain and for that matter everything about him shows the man who has used his hands more than once in the Stockholm tar. His voice has the proper rattle in a calm, but the tone is reserved for heavy weather, a note that can never be mistaken for a preacher. His eyes are clear but the South Farrallons come up bright and sharp to me and he acknowledged to me that he didn't see a smudge of mud on his nose, so I guess he's an atheist. His looks are an honest sort of seaman's looks to have weathered as well as the rest of them.

The morning of the 19th, not very hungry, I excused myself from the table before the captain and his mate. The captain said: "You are always excusable when you have done with your meal, but it isn't necessary to excuse yourself. We were towing out through the heads when a little bird, maybe a sparrow, alighted on the poop and the captain eased up to it and his hand said, 'Go home, little bird, or you'll get lost.'" When we left the heads we laid our course for a while with the wind drove us 6 knots an hour, but the first 24 hours found us only 85 miles from port. Muddy water, squalls and the wind blowing all around the compass on the 19th and 21st. A squall caught us at 21st with all her kites out on the 20th and the thunder of the cannon brought me on deck. Both watches were shortening sail. I ran forward to help the men clue up the topgallant sail and haul in some fore and aft canvas and the time it was done and she had shorted again the rain that had fallen with the squall had soaked me the gizzard. Served me right. The captain told me once before not to help the men. "Don't want you to help a rope! If the men do their work I'll kick their trousers!" I'm not a sailor but by all the busted parachutes in the other world that squall would have caught me back. I came back the moment it struck us and the color of it it must have been 10 minutes before it laid us out. The captain—this is Feb. 20th, I fear, as I lose my reason for a man who grows at table with his mate and don't know the color of his own gear. I heard him tell the mate to trim the yards all the same way; now what do you think of that? Anybody knows that

it is safest and best to square in the lighter yards a little more than the courses: Then the helmsman can luff up till the leech of the royal lifts and tells him (no higher).

For three hours this a.m. he had every rag on her gave the stunsails, even a temporary staysail, unless as it is ungainly, that he sets to a temporary stay stretched from the break of the poop to the head of the mizzenmast.

Feb. 23rd. Arose at 7:30 and went in to breakfast at 8 bells. The skipper didn't even say good morning, but though he seldom speaks to me he would never let me forget my circus days. I was always on hand when the menagerie was fed, lived to watch the great cat animals read their portion and listen to the wail of the ring-tailed wiggler crying for more; the sloshy-slosh of the jaws of the blood-sweating hippo and the rattle-tata of the pea-green Potalicus the only one in captivity, as it sat on its hind legs and rattled its ears with its tail to call the keeper's attention. All those sounds one hears in the menagerie are wafted from the head of the table as the skipper gloms his porridge or gnashes his fangs on the not too tender steak. Four days out this a.m. and I don't suppose we're over 400 miles from San Francisco. Yesterday afternoon I saw a sea gull caught unawares and capsize by the sea she was riding, and last night a St. Elmo's light burned at the end of the port upper topgallant yard—some poor seaman's soul perhaps come back to sit on the yard; he was lost from years ago. The men are grumbling forward; a drizzle is falling, the clouds are hanging round in chunks and if such signs don't count for anything, all right, mister. We had the port tack aboard when I arose this a.m. Went about twice and it isn't noon yet. Just such a day as I would wager my eyes that I couldn't get off the ground this evening if there were \$1,000,000 in the purse to go for. At noon, dinner, we had a very wholesome soup, a good roast, vegetables and a duff. The only remark the governor made was, "John makes a good duff." The mate said, "He does indeed." I remarked that it was a right peart duff. The cook came down the companion steps with a hard sauce; the steward in passing it lurched to windward and dropped it in a bowl of pilot bread. With a string of oaths the captain hurled the remains of the duff at Willie, the steward, missed him and landed on the cook's neck, just abaft the starboard ear. With the duff plastered there like a wart on a log, the cook let out a yell and vanished. The captain grumbled out, "D—n bad shot." The mate and I smiled, but Willie didn't.

Feb. 24th. The trouble I expected came last night, but when it came on to blow I was sleeping and knew nothing of it. This a.m. when I went on deck the fore sail was furled—what was left of it, for the wind nearly blew it out of its roping. The men bent another at 8 bells. It also tore the threads off a turn-buckle that sets up the jack-stay which holds the weather leech of the spanker to the mast.

Feb. 25th. Bad night. Came on to blow at 11 p.m. and gave us enough wind to last a Dutchman one hundred years. Sighted big schooner and passed her this a.m. Made a sketch of the vessel; mate said it was good. Mate's name is Moore, a lineal descendant of the poet Moore. Strange how people continue to spring that old gag.

26th. Light head wind. Cook caught a bonito, 650 miles from San Francisco. Nothing doing.

27th. Head wind till 4 p.m. Calm two hours. Light wind sprang up from the N.E. Mate thinks it will last. Hope so.

28th. Heading W.S.W. wind astern. Stunsails, etc. This is the northeast trade wind that should take us to Honolulu, where the brown girls live. This is the weather that puts the skipper in a good humor. The captain thanked me for the sketch. Last night the mate spun me some yarns of the time when he was a master of ships and had his wife with him all the time. "Life was worth living then. The sea ain't what it used to be, Mr. Leonard. Wages and grub are better, the men get better treatment, some new-fangled gear has been invented to make the work lighter (they say, but I can't see it), still it don't seem like the same old sea. You'll notice the men ain't the same. They seem to be dreamin' of steamboats. You don't hear them sing the old-time songs. It actually disgusts me to hear some squarehead sailor start up some modern ragtime

chanty. It don't put no heart in men at all. The old timers feel a little behind the times, I suppose, and won't open up their hearts any more. Why, I've seen it, sir, when beatin' to the west'ard around the horn, a heavy sleet 'glazin' everything and the wind a-blowing the tops off the seas and throwin' 'em aboard in a way 'at they'd tear your face like so much dry salt, the men all wet and shiverin', the galley fire out and no hot food for two days maybe—I say I've seen the men lead out the topsail halyards in such weather and the officer of the deck, knowin' the condition and the feelin' of the men, might say to them: 'What about that slob who was no sailor man; come, lads, let's hear.' Then, sir, some sad but husky voice would sing the verses, and the honest chorus from all hands that was hurled into the teeth of the wind as they followed the story of poor 'Renzo' would seem to temper the weather and the yard would be masted in such man-o'-war fashion that the youngsters would wish the mast had been higher so as to have heard what 'Renzo' did next. Oh, the old time growling and the old time songs. 'Whisky for me, Johnny,' 'Blow the Man Down,' 'All on the Plains of Mexico,' 'Shandoree was a Rollin' River.' You're laughin' at me, sir, but the names of all those songs, homely as they are, are much to me. She used to like 'em so. Rest her soul; she died on the passage to Singapore." Then, brightening up a little, he sang an old Irish ballad for me that was full of melody:

"Oh, the cloud did pass and the sun advanced,
When a convict came to the Isle of France;
Around his leg was the ring and chain,
For his country was of the shamrock green."

What if there wasn't much rhyme? It was full of soul and feeling.

But two hours yarning with the mate would fill a fair-sized volume and you couldn't appreciate him, anyhow.

March 1. Head wind. Caught aback at 12 m. twice in ten days. The skipper will lose his spars at laying to close to the wind yet. Starboard tack aboard and stunsail set at 6 p.m. Yarn with the mate in the dog watch. Buenos noches.

March 2nd. Sunday; lovely day; everything set. Royal (you understand, don't you? The sail that's tied to the highest cross piece on the first up-and-down pole), weather stunsail, gibsails, main and mizzen topsail and the captain's kite (as the mate calls the temporary mizzen staysail). Ham and eggs and hot cakes for breakfast. Instead of holding service of any kind the skipper had the men overhaul the clues and buntines, make up the gaskets properly and stop them to the jack-stays swig up on all halyards, sheets and braces and sweep'er down. Mate fell ill at 4 p.m. Bilious attack. Cook caught another fine fish. Roast chicken and duff for dinner.

March 3rd. Nothing doing. Mate had a bad night but is on deck today. 1,300 miles from San Francisco. A good trade wind and flying-fish weather.

March 4th. Sailing along nicely. A world of poetry in everything in sight. Bowling along about 8 knots an hour over the biggest thing on earth, the home of the "Dolphin, bonito and the porpoise and the whale." A seaman came aft to take the wheel this a.m. He had on among other things a jumper about six sizes too big for him and instead of buttoning it he had it tied to him, i.e., the two lower corners were tied together. The skipper took a look at him and said, "Huh! what, what! Go for'ard, you d—n savage, and take that knot out o' yer jib!" The tar was a poem of carelessness, and the skipper's command smacked of his 60 years of looking to windward. When he dies he will surely return to the sea as an albatross.

March 5th. This day commences with a strong breeze, N.E. trade. The hands employed at repairing foresail. Making 9 knots.

March 6th. A full rigged ship is becalmed about 2 miles abreast our port beam. Nothing doing this a.m. but rolling. Washed a shirt. Light winds all day.

March 7th. She's rain puty much dees morning; cleared up 9 a.m. Hands employed scraping main boom. Carpenter repairing truck. Captain civil.

March 8th. Strong breeze, 8 knots, wind astern. Course S.W. Hands employed scraping fore to gallant crossrees. 8 and 10 knots all day.

March 9th. Keeping the Sabbath. In the tropics.

March 10th. Last night a school of porpoises played in the sea under the bow. A bewitching sight. The sea was full of phosphorus and their outlines showed plainly. It has been many years since I saw that sight

before. I hope this wind holds on two more days, as we will then be in Honolulu, where the nuts come from: I do hope I will be successful in making a hit there, as it will be the opening of a new life for me. I am going to turn over a leaf and try to surprise the world before I die. Three or four years of oriental travel will, I am sure, do me much good. I am anxious to get into India and Hindoostan, where they never heard of a balloonist. That will be away up inland. If they like the show (and all savages do) I may yet have on my staff of friends a Rajah.

March 11th. This day commences with a two-knot breeze that we carried all last night and has a tendency to make one nervous, and the sun if softening the pitch and tar in tropical fashion. The hands are employed scrubbing paint work. The carpenter is still pounding away on the freight truck; the skipper cranky. Just suppose we got no wind for six months and the currents drifted us back a few knots each day; it isn't probable, but should it so happen, "wouldn't it jar you?" A fellow would feel like "going away back."

March 12th. A five-knot breeze sprang up this a.m. and brightened up the faces of the officers quite a little. I hope it will continue to blow. Anxious, you know, to get ashore. Not that I haven't had a fine passage. It has not been rough enough to suit me. I most admire the big ocean when the gale is lashing her to fury. I am tired of the society of old Sharon, as the mate has rechristened him. "Old Sharon and his barkentine"; may he continue to sail on forever if it pleases him, but I have had enough of him.

March 13th. Light breezes. Nothing doing. Look for land tonight.

March 14th.—

"Afloat on the Indian ocean,
In fair, in foul and calm;
I saw, as the sun was rising,
An island full of palm."
Mate sighted land at 7 bells this a.m. Huray! I'm glad, for this day will end the sea log for this passage. It is 9:30 a.m. and the leper island is broad off the port bow. The land birds have been around visiting all morning.

March 15th. Ashore among the brown folks. The town looks good. Got a room whose windows are shaded by all kinds of tropical trees. Big bunch of bananas growing within 10 feet of where I'm writing; beautiful birds are singing in the trees and the atmosphere is laden with the perfume of flowers. The daughter of the house is a tall Dutch girl, but across the fence in the next house lives a half-breed Kanaka family and now as I write I'm looking over the fence

"To get a good look at the half-caste girl
That lives next door to me,
Next door to me, next door to me."
The street on which I live bears the "eufunniest" name of Kukin street. Met Denver Ed Smith on the street, also Mr. Scroggy who used to be connected with Orr & Tukey in Dawson. Ain't a-goin' to write no' mo'. Address me at Honolulu, T.H., U.S.A. Regards to the boys.

LEONARD.

From Japan.

Seattle, March 22.—Seattle will soon have the honor of entertaining another prominent citizen of Japan, in the person of Count Masayoshi Matsukato, ex-premier and ex-minister of the treasury of Japan. The distinguished guest will arrive in this city on the steamer Kangu Maru, on March 26, and will remain in the city 24 hours. They left Yokohama on the eleventh instant.

A committee of Japanese citizens called at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday, and expressed the wish that a joint reception by the Japanese citizens and the business men of Seattle, be tendered the visitor. This is thought to be a better plan than to have two receptions.

The Chamber of Commerce meets today at 11 a.m. and consideration will be given to the matter of entertaining the distinguished traveler from the Orient. A plan for his reception will no doubt be adopted.

The committee on factory sites will submit a report to the Chamber in regard to certain tide land sites. The committee on Alaska will also submit its report.

Hon. John Barrett, ex-Minister to Siam, will probably arrive in Seattle within a short time, and no doubt the Chamber of Commerce will invite him to deliver an address.

Secretary Meikle yesterday received a copy of the rivers and harbors bill of the lower house of congress, known as house bill No. 12,346.

He is also in receipt of a communication from L. Burnett of New York asking the aid of the Chamber of Commerce in locating his missing wife. The man is afraid his wife was drowned on some ill-fated Alaska

boat, and he requests assistance to either find her or obtain knowledge of her death.

Buy's Government Property.
Washington, March 22.—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Taylor today sold to Felix Isman, real estate buildings and grounds. The price was dealer, in Philadelphia, the old mint \$2,000,000, part of the purchase money to be paid immediately and the balance within six months.

An Italian Shot.
Sault Ste. Marie, March 28.—In a drunken row last night in the Italian settlement Dominick Deluca was shot and will die. He runs a boarding-house and blind pig, and, in attempting to throw Ben Seigliano out doors, Deluca says he was shot by Alex. Barrata, a friend of Seigliano. The latter was arrested. Barrata has fled.

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An Independent Reporter

Paul Frederick stood in front of a Park row cafe usually denominated the Second Press Club. He was smoking a huge cigar that with the cocktail he had just purchased within had consumed his entire capital. The fact that he was absolutely without funds did not detract from his appreciation of the aroma of the Havana. The situation lacked the charm of novelty. Frederick was too independent to submit to the petty rules governing the office. This was his third "vacation" in four months. Now, with his money all gone, he looked down the street at the Globe office and wondered whether Carson, the city editor, was ready to take him back.

As he looked two men came out of the entrance to the Globe. One ran round the corner in the direction of the Press Club. The other started up the street also on the run. When the latter saw Frederick, he stopped abruptly. Then he came forward slowly, Paul taking no apparent notice of his approach. He ranged alongside with an evident effort to appear unconcerned. "Hello, Paul!" he cried. "Have a drink?"

Frederick looked up with an air of surprise wholly at variance with the interest with which he had regarded the approach. "Why, hello, Harrigan!" he cried cordially. "No, thanks. I don't want a drink; just had one." He blew a cloud of smoke in Harrigan's direction and mentally congratulated himself that he had been able to afford a good one.

Freddy Harrigan sniffed appreciatively, and his face fell. "Say," he remarked casually, "if you don't want a drink I can give you a tip. You go see Carson quick, and I think he'll take you on. He needs a man, and I'm glad I saw you."

Frederick grinned cheerfully. "I believe you are glad you saw me, Freddy," he said patronizingly, "also I appreciate the value of your tip. You run back to the office. Tell Carson you found me smoking a perfect one. I'll be here in front of Oscar's for the next twenty minutes. Now, scoot."

"Oh, I say," retorted Harrigan, "you needn't be so independent. Here, out of the goodness of my heart, I offer you a drink and give you a tip. Then you turn round and call me a messenger boy."

Frederick patted him on the back. "You're a good copy reader, Freddy, but you're too poor a liar to make a good reporter. You and Johnson came out of the door with much haste. Johnny sneaks around to the Press Club. You start up here, but break to a walk when you see me. You make a casual play. You've got the price of two high balls and want to blow it. If you've got a quarter this late in the week, Carson gave it to you for a bit. If he staked you, he wants it, and wants me bad. Now, run on and don't forget to tell him I'm still smoking up."

Harrigan went briskly back to the office. Frederick went on smoking, concentrating his gaze upon the crowd idling in the June sunshine and watching the tunnel workmen in city hall park.

The smoke served as a barometer to Carson, who came up the street. Frederick could smoke anything from cutty to the best of Cuban leaf. Between the two lay a hundred shades of financial expression. When he smoked a pipe, he was tractable. The better the cigar the less amenable was he to discipline.

Carson clapped him on the back. Frederick turned. "Hello, Carson!" he exclaimed. "So you did want me, eh?"

Carson stamped impatiently. "Don't waste time fencing. I need you or I would not have come after you. Do you suppose I can chase the rod every time I want a new man? How much money have you?"

"Enough to buy smokes with. What more can I want?"

"The St. Paul leaves in forty minutes. Get on board. J. H. Philbrick, the head of the new copper trust, is on the ship. It is supposed he wants to get English capital. If you can get the story, Fenton, our London man will meet you at Southampton. Have the story ready for cabling. You do that, and I'll see you get your job back. Now, run for it. Pay your fare, and Fenton will make good."

"Haven't got the fare, only expenses," said Frederick.

Carson looked blank.

"Sneak it!" he said, brightening.

"Use my card and tell the purser I will make it all right with the steamer people."

"All right. Send it by Fenton, so I can square up before I leave the steamer. They might hold me in pawn, you know."

Carson laughed. "All right, but for heaven's sake get away. You'll miss the steamer."

Frederick's whistle woke a sleepy cabman under the city hall trees. As he came across the car tracks Paul turned to his companion. "Got any small change for the cab?" he asked. "All I have is one fifty dollar bill."

Carson thrust a small wad of bills at him and bundled Paul into the vehicle. "American line pier double quick. Goodby, Frederick."

Within the cab Frederick smoothed out the bills. There was \$9. Two for the cab left a capital of \$7 for the trip. He was sorry he had boasted of that fifty.

About 4 o'clock that afternoon the purser of the Ft. Paul was working over his passenger list when Paul sauntered in.

"I want to introduce myself as Paul Frederick of the New York Globe," he announced. "No," as the purser picked up a passenger list, "you won't find my name there. That's why I'm here. Mr. Carson, our managing editor of the evening edition, found it necessary that I should sail on this steamer. As I saw him on the street and we had no time to go back to the office, a man will meet me at Southampton with my passage money. Now, I want a good berth and, if possible, a seat at the table with Philbrick. You fix me out, and I'll give you a send-off in the Globe that will make your hair curl like a kid glove on a hot stove. Have one?"

The purser bit off the end of the proffered cigar as he reached for the plan of the dining saloon. Presently he looked up with a smile. "I guess we can fix it," he announced. "I can put you at the right of Miss Philbrick. Here is your card and I will instruct the table steward. By the way, I can give you a stateroom near the Philbricks on the promenade deck. No; no thanks. I'm only too glad to oblige the Globe. Drop in on me any time. I can give you plenty of good stories."

Paul went back on deck with a self-satisfied smile. He was only sorry that his table seat was next the daughter instead of the father, but she might be a good way of reaching the old chap.

At dinner he quite forgot to be sorry. Miss Philbrick had bewitching blue eyes and a smile that made copper trusts seem of small importance. He congratulated himself that here was the chance to combine business and pleasure.

That night in the smoking room he borrowed \$5 from the purser and won forty. The next day success still favored him.

"I could make a nice little pile this trip," he said to himself, "for I am staying in luck, if I did not have to give so much time to Philbrick and his daughter."

Whether the latter occupation was business or pleasure he did not trouble to explain, even to himself.

All was bustle in the Globe office. It was just after 12, and the night editor was standing by the telegraph desk. Fenton, the head of the London office, had cabled that the St. Paul was due at her dock by 1 in the morning. Allowing for the difference in time, the story, if Frederick had secured it, should be coming in. At the adjoining table the operator was reeling off small paragraphs. Suddenly he looked at the editor.

"Here it comes," he said quietly. "The cable office is calling." And he reached for a fresh pile of paper.

The night editor leaned over his shoulder then to read the first few sentences. Then he rushed to the speaking tube leading to the mechanical department. "Save two columns on the first page," he called to the makeup man. "Frederick's story is coming in full." Then he lit a cigar and went back to the telegraph desk to see that the cable got away quickly to the copy readers. Rapidly the operator took down the long dispatch, which told in condensed form much of the plans of the copper magnate.

It was the first full story that had been printed. Finally the operator marked the tailpiece which indicated the end of a story. Then he laughed as he reached for a fresh sheet, and this is what he wrote: Carson, Globe, New York:

Story scoop. Am guarding Philbrick from other boys. Got story and won the girl. Engaged to Miss Philbrick. Smokes on me.

"Well," laughed Carson the next morning as he read the dispatch, "I guess Frederick made a double scoop."

Superstition on Farms.

"Superstition is more prevalent among the American people than is generally supposed," said a book agent, "and even the intelligent farmers are, to a certain extent, afflicted with it."

"I remember asking a farmer 60

years old, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, the owner of 1,000 acres of fine land, well stocked, and who had several thousand dollars in bonds and other securities, why he did not build himself a better house. The one he lived in was old, small and dilapidated, a relic of the days when he was poor.

"'Afraid to,' was the reply. 'Afraid of what?' I asked. 'Well, you see, I have always heard that when an old man builds a new house he never lives long to use it.'

"I laughed, but he was perfectly serious, and I found that in that neighborhood the superstition was generally believed in.

"Another saying was common in the same locality, 'The man who plants a tree lives to enjoy its fruits.' The belief in these sayings was shown by the number of poor farmhouses and the number of fine orchards in that neighborhood.

"'Seed corn shelled at night generally grows best,' is another saying frequently used in the corn belt. A farmer's son suggested that it was invented by the old men as an excuse for making the boys work at night.

"'Things planted by the dark of the moon produce the best roots,' is so generally accepted as true that vegetables like potatoes, turnips, beets, carrots and onions, are planted by the light of the moon by few people. Many scientific people believe in this superstition.

"The farmer who refuses water to a traveler's horse will see his own live stock suffer from thirst before the end of the year' is a belief so common in some localities as to insure courteous treatment to all travelers.

"Some farmers will wring the neck of a hen if she crows. They say a crowing hen brings bad luck to the farm, and, as I heard one old farmer remark, 'sets the wimmen folks a bad example.'

"'Borrowed eggs always hatch' is a saying probably invented by some stingy man as an excuse for borrowing, but it is so generally believed in some neighborhoods that a regular system of borrowing and lending is carried on.

"These and hundreds of other superstitions are so generally believed in that they govern the customs of communities to a surprising extent."

Seguin Falls Homicide.

Parry Sound, March 27.—A report of a serious affair which occurred near Seguin Falls a few days ago has reached here. A lumberman named Samuel Cooper, who has been working near Seguin Falls during the winter, some time ago showed signs of being demented. He has, however, been considered a harmless character.

Lately his case became more pronounced, for he went around amongst the farmers of the neighborhood under the delusion that he had purchased large timber limits, and was making a tour of inspection. After walking around all night he went to the house of Thomas Hooper, with whom it is said he had had some little trouble before. At Hooper's house, it is alleged, he attempted to go upstairs. Hooper told him his wife was ill, and wished him to go out of the house. Cooper then said he was God, and if he but touched her she would recover. Persisting in his efforts to get upstairs, it is said Hooper attacked him with an axe.

Two other men who were present, whose names are given as Clair and Bannister, took part in the fight. It is said that six or seven serious wounds were inflicted on Cooper, the insane man, and that he was also shot in the leg. The following day he was taken to the hospital at Huntsville. A telegram from there yesterday stated that Cooper was dead. District Constable Hanna, at the instance of Crown Attorney Haight, has been despatched to Seguin Falls to arrest Hooper and the others who took part in the affair.

Concerning Pope Leo.

Paris, March 22.—The news is regarded here as significant that F. Marion Crawford, who is writing the official life of Pope Leo XIII., has established himself in his Italian home at Sorrento and has made no plans—as in former years—to visit America during the summer months.

All France, in common with the rest of the Christian world, rejoices to hear that Pope Leo XIII. enters upon the twenty-sixth year of his pontificate in the enjoyment of his full mental powers and of physical health far superior to what was intimated from the Vatican early in the winter.

At the same time those who are in communication with the Pope's household have small hopes that the Holy Father's release from the pains

of rapidly increasing decrepitude is more than temporary.

During his labors Mr. Crawford has had several audiences with the Pope. The archives of the Vatican have been open to him and all the other resources of the church, and its leaders everywhere have been at his disposal. Accordingly, the entire Catholic world, when deprived by death of its beloved and venerated head, will expect to find in this biography a full and authentic account of the life and works of Leo XIII. and the history of the church during his time.

Paris is always interested in incidents in the Pope's daily life. The celebration of the twenty-fifth year of his reign and the gratifying improvement in his health have caused anecdotes concerning his daily life to circulate more widely than ordinarily.

Could Happen in Dawson.

"Aha-a-a," growled the man in plain, scowling savagely at the lights, "I have her in me power at last. Aha-a-a!"

This was the cue for the heroine to enter and give a start of horrified surprise at discovering him with the history of her past life in his hands. But she did not enter.

"Aha-a-a!" repeated the villain once more, while he looked anxiously off the stage.

Still no heroine.

"Aha-a-a!"

At this point the stage manager slipped into the wings and hoarsely whispered: "You'll have to aha-a-a four or five times more, Bill. The star has mislaid her shoe horn and ain't dressed to come on yet."

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Saying Snow and Part in Daily

There is a Scottish Journal of eloquent de Kipling's snow plays a...

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RESCUE OF CANADA

British Newspaper is After Kipling

Saying Snow Plays Important Part in Canadian Daily Life.

A Scottish newspaper, The Journal of Aberdeen, with a eloquent defence of Canada Kipling's implied suggestion that snow plays a part in our daily life.

The title of "Our Lady of the Snow" says the Scottish writer, is a haphazard manner by Rudyard Kipling, and all a happy one, as it applies to a season only. I have seen grapes hanging in luxuriant bunches to the vines in a Quebec garden, and the fields of tomatoes ripening in the warm sunshine, and the golden wheat ripening in the evening and listened to the sounds of the cricket and the grasshopper; I have walked amid the trees in an Ontario swamp at sunset, the glow had faded, and the fireflies darting to and fro, shooting stars; and I have seen the tiny humming-bird with its wings that rivalled the gaily-colored butterflies, contesting with the honey that lay with the sweet-smelling flowers. Scenes these are not associated with a winter-coming. Consequently there can be no greater mistake than to imagine, as too many do, that Canada is a semi-tropical country out of which little can come. And yet, what do you do? According to the returns of the Board of Trade fully 65,000 Britishers went to live in the United States during the past year, while only 12,000 or 13,000 went to Canada. There is no reason to think that if the resources and wealth of the Dominion of Canada were more generally known in this country, we would soon hear of the term "American" as applied to Canadian products, and that States producers would no longer receive credit for Canadian goods in many cases superior to their own. Those who guide the destinies of the Dominion think that the Stars and Stripes have overshadowed the Maple Leaf long enough. Every Briton will be of the same opinion.

IMPRESSED AMERICANS

Gov. Ross Tells of Famous O'Brien Trial

And Explains Workings of Royal Fuel Works to Eastern Friends.

Governor Ross of the Yukon, when in Ottawa recently, was talking to two or three of his old friends about affairs in Dawson city.

"The Americans were greatly impressed," he said, "by the O'Brien murder case, in which the Canadians spent \$150,000 and two years' steady work to convict and hang a British subject for killing two Americans and a Swede. The victims were not British subjects, and the way that case was handled has done much to give the Canadian administration of justice a reputation. It's the same with ordinary offenses. McCreary doesn't help a man, and sharp legal tricks don't count. If the police arrest a man for kicking up a row, it almost inevitably means 30 days' sawing wood, and I don't suppose there's a more discouraging job in the world than sawing wood in Dawson jail, for the prisoner is made to work the bucksaw all day alongside a big steam saw that's just simply cutting wood by the cord. The man feels silly, and doesn't often seek a second term bucking wood in competition with a steam saw."

It was agreed that this method could be recommended to other reformatories.—Toronto Press Sitings.

OF INTEREST TO SHIPPERS

The Northern Commercial Co. is now prepared to make contracts for shipments from coast ports to Dawson and will be pleased to quote rates on large consignments to bona fide importers.

For full particulars, rates, etc., see the Northern Commercial Co.'s shipping department.

"There's a slight error in that editorial notice of yours about Brown's poem. You wrote that he was the 'greatest lyricist of his time,' and the paper has it 'greatest liar.'"

"Well," said the editor after a pause, "do you really think it's an error?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Aunt Hannah—Oh, I don't think Amanda would do such a mean thing as that! I have always heard people say Amanda was generous to a fault.

Uncle George—When the fault happens to be hers, she is; not otherwise, not otherwise.—Boston Transcript.

FOR SALE

A good dog team, harness and sled. A bargain. Apply Nugget office.

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

CANADIAN MERCHANTS

And Manufacturers Can Better Themselves

So Says F. C. Wade in a Recent Address to the People at Toronto.

Yesterday afternoon, at the luncheon of the Canadian Club, Mr. F. C. Wade, legal adviser for the Yukon, said a few things about the country of his adoption, and the relation it held to the rest of the Dominion. The address was a departure from the usual pleasant after-dinner talk, filled with merry quips and pleasing stories, and for 40 minutes the club listened to some cold, hard truths, not half as pleasant as the luncheon that had preceded it. Mr. Wade did not talk after the I-think, or I-have-been-told style; his address was heavy with facts of the I-know-and-I-have-seen variety.

To use the words of the slang-slingers, some of the listeners looked like thirty cents when this gentleman from the northern zone had told them his story.

With splendid pride, Mr. Wade pointed out the vast area of the Yukon, with its 198,000 square miles, bigger than Quebec, and twice as big as Ontario.

In spite of this \$21,000,000 in gold from the Klondike and the rush of humanity northward, only 50 miles of the 7,000 miles of creeks in this modern Eldorado have been explored. Some figures were given, showing the steady stride in mining in the north; in 1899, \$16,000,000 in gold came out with the spring; in 1900, \$22,000,000, and in 1901, \$24,000,000. A splendid thing for the Dominion, this twenty-four millions of dollars placed in circulation here.

In striking language Dawson city was painted as in early days, a city of shacks and tents, and packing cases. No glass was available for windows, so bottles were used, set side by side, and chinked with moss, and they let in plenty of light.

Cracking a joke, Mr. Wade told the club that he did not carry anything in bottles; his party used cans.

MODERN ASSESSMENTS.

Another picture was painted—the Dawson city of today—with an assessment of \$12,000,000 in real estate and personality. On the Upper Yukon twenty-seven steamers plied, valued at \$878,000. On the Lower Yukon thirty-five were busy, valued at \$1,625,000. Outside of Dawson and in the immediate vicinity, lay property assessed for \$5,000,000. In addition to this, 218 miles of roads and trail, had been built by the government, while within the last four years over \$100,000,000 had been invested there, within the shadow of the North Pole.

Today it is as easy to go to Dawson, Mr. Wade says, as it would be to go to Quebec—an express across the continent, a palatial steamer from Vancouver or Victoria, to Skagway, then the railway to Whitehorse, another magnificent steamer, and in two days you are in Dawson. You can cover the whole distance in your slippers.

A rosy picture this. But what do Canada and her merchants and manufacturers get out of it all? At first Canadians got nothing, and now they get a little, the droppings; the Americans receive the shower.

THE CHASE FOR TRADE.

Canada, he said, was hunting for trade the world over, ransacking the antipodes, but neglecting the trade within her own doors.

He would suggest as a reasonable solution that the government appoint an experienced man to go out there, find the needs, and then come back and tell the manufacturers his experience. If this did not carry, he would have the Canadian Manufacturers' Association take it up.—Toronto Daily Star.

The Late Sir Dufferin.

Ella Hepworth Dixon writes to M.A.P. as follows about the late Lord Dufferin:

"I do not think Lord Dufferin ever got over the cruel loss of Lord Ava in Ladysmith. He was devoted to his eldest son, and when he was offered a parting gift on leaving Paris, he chose that Lord Ava should be painted by Benjamin Constant. The handsome young man who fell at Ladysmith went to the war somewhat against his parents' wishes; indeed, he never told them he was going till the night before. The future Marchioness of Dufferin is an American—once Miss Flora Davies; that she has

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Two Poems

I.—The Sea by the Wood.

I dwell in a sea that is wild and deep,
And afar in a shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face,
The caves are crystal calm,
But I wish the sea were a little trace
Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls,
Are weary of smothering gold,
They would all be air that sweeps and swirls,
In the branches manifold.

They are weary of laving the seaman's eyes
With their passion-prayer unsaid,
They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs
And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips
Ashen and sere and grey,
You can hear the sails of the sunken ships
Stir and shiver and sway.

In the weary solitude
If mine were the will of God, the main
Should melt away in the rustling wood
Like a mist that follows the rain.

But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep,
And afar in the shadow still
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
In the wood upon the hill.

II.—The Wood by the Sea

I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,
But afar off toils the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind,
And the marching of the rain.

The shade is dark as the palmer's hood,
The air with the balm is bland;
But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood
Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,
Are weary of holding shade;
Wearily smoulder the resin crests
In the pungent gloom of the glade.

Weary are all the birds of sleep,
The nests are weary of wings,
The whole wood yearns to the awaying deep,
The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still,
So still when the dead cones fall,
Near in the vale or away on the hill
You can hear them one and all.

And the falling wearies me;
If mine were the will of God, why then,
The wood would tramp to the sounding sea,
Like a marching army of men!

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,
Afar off toils the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind,
And the marching of the rain.

—Duncan Campbell Scott, in The Canadian Magazine.

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.
Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901.—Week Days Only.

FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Carmack and Doms. 9 a. m.
FOR GRAND FORKS 9 a. m., 1 p. m. and 5 p. m.
FOR SEBELOW LOWER DOMINION CHASE'S Roadhouse, via Hunter Creek, 9:30 a. m.
FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND EUREKA CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, Sun days included.

Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 6.

Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!
FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Dock. TELEPHONE 161

Did It Catch Your Eye?

A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.

Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson.

How Are You Fixed

If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call, we can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book.

Remember, Rush Jobs Are Our Delight
Jobs Promised Tomorrow's Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery

Professional Cards

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

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.

Signs and Wall Paper

ANDERSON BROS.
SECOND AVE.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.
Exceptional Service the Rule

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

Latest Styles in Ladies' Silk

RAGLANS AND ETON JACKETS
— AT —
SUMMERS & ORRELL'S
SECOND AVENUE

**...J. J. O'NEIL...
MINING EXPERT**

Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.

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EMIL STAUF

REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER
Agent for Harper & Lodge, Fownstone Co., Harper's Addition, Menzie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.

Collections Promptly Attended to
Money to Loan. Houses to Rent.
Gold Dust Bought and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

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

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SEATTLE, WA.

ORPHEUM RE-OPENS

Has Been Refurnished and Refitted

Exceptionally Strong Program is Presented This Week by the Manager.

The Orpheum, rejuvenated, refurnished and refitted, will again make its bow to the public this evening under the management of Alec Pantages, who has been the most successful of all the amusement directors to have so far catered to the exacting tastes of a fickle community. Mr. Pantages has been at a heavy expense in fitting up his house, the result being that it is now one of the prettiest theaters north of Victoria. New scenery has been painted by the artist Davenport, new seats provided and new draperies for the boxes. An exceptionally strong program has been arranged for the opening week, the principal feature of which is Nick Burley, the heavyweight who is matched for a go with Frank Slavin, in an exhibition of bag punching. Burley is one of the cleverest in his line, as agile as a cat, and can make a bag beat a tattoo for keeps. The opening act is a burlesque on the Spanish-American war in which Kate Rockwell will introduce her company of Zouaves, fully equipped, in military evolutions. Mason and Evans will introduce their thrilling trapeze act which made such a hit at the A. B. circus, John Mulligan and Katherine Krieg will be seen in an operatic sketch, Vivian will make her first appearance after a rest of nearly a year and will prove as great a favorite as ever. Helen Jewell will be heard in classical selections and there will be a host of pretty girls in the choruses including Dolly Mitchell, Blanche Cammetta, Paula Cordero, Mamie Hightower, Dorothy Campbell, Ollie Delmar and others. A number of new people are daily expected over the ice and others will follow immediately upon the opening of navigation.

Wall paper, latest patterns. Ames Mercantile Co.

COURT OF APPEALS.

(Continued from page 1.)

boundaries between the creek claim No. 10 Eldorado, belonging to John Erickson, and the owners of two bench claims or hillside claims, the lower one belonging to Gillis et al, and the upper one to Lashier et al. The creek claim was staked in 1896, and falls under the base-to-base system. The bench or hillside claims were bought at auction at the government sale last year. There is this peculiarity in this case: The four corners of the creek claim have been settled by posts upon the survey of Mr. Ogilvie, at the time acting as government surveyor. These posts are accepted by all the parties, and more particularly the two on the left limit, which is the boundary contested. Plans have been made by three different surveyors, employed by the three different parties, and there is no need to say that every one of them has given to the party by whom he was employed as much ground as possible, so that Mr. Barwell, employed by Mr. Erickson, goes a great deal farther on the hill than Mr. Cautley, employed by Gillis et al, while Mr. Dumais, who made a later survey for Lashier and Boulais, gives less to the creek claim than either of the other two. They have all given their evidence, as well as several other witnesses, miners, and people who knew the ground at the time it was staked, and even with this there is still a difficulty to well define the base of the hill between these two posts. I will not commit myself to the theory that when the base of a hill is well defined, even by a slide, at the time of the staking, that such a slide should not be taken into consideration to fix the base of a hill or bench. I do not see any reason to interpret the language of the framers of the regulation otherwise than having had the idea, which everybody else has, as to what constitutes the base of a hill or bench, and that they considered a hill or a bench to be absolutely formed of earth, gravel or rock. I don't believe that they ever intended to consider as not existing a surface formed by muck or a slide, and that in order to find such a base it should

be necessary to dig until a surface composed of anything else than a slide or muck was found. At all events there is nothing in the regulations to this effect, and, as I view it, the base of a hill or bench, when sufficiently defined, is just as well formed by slides or muck as by any other surface, though I am quite ready to admit that after the staking the owner would be entitled to the ground covered by a slide having happened since. I would not, therefore, in this case consider that question at all, as having any bearing in favor of Erickson.

By what I can gather from the evidence, the elevation above the creek is such as to make it really difficult to determine the boundaries between these claims. The two Ogilvie posts having been accepted, under the circumstances I would favor the straight line, suggested by Mr. Cautley, between the two posts as being, perhaps, the one which would do better justice to the parties concerned, as meeting the views of the stakers of the creek at the time, though that of Dumais is the more scientific. I do not admit that a line should be drawn in the way that Mr. Barwell has suggested it, which, if must be said, seems to be rather founded more on discretionary consideration than upon real principle. However, the gold commissioner, who has viewed the ground, has thought fit to determine a line which is neither one of the three, and as my learned brother, Mr. Justice Craig, has come to the conclusion that this line should be the one accepted by this court, I will not enter any dissent.

In the case of Risser vs. Rinkert each of the three judges filed separate opinions and all were masterpieces of erudition. The judgment was rendered by Mr. Justice Dugas, was partially concurred in by Mr. Justice Craig but was dissented from by Mr. Senkler. The question involved was whether or not under the old regulations a claim after the expiration of nine months and three days upon which no work had been done was open to relocation without first having been declared forfeited to the crown by the department. The opinions were of the utmost importance and will be published verbatim in tomorrow's Nugget. The appeal was sustained by a majority of the court.

Mr. Justice Dugas rendered the judgment in the suit of Hartley et al vs. Watson et al, the famous concession case, in which the appeal was dismissed with costs. Mr. Senkler concurred, but Mr. Justice Craig dissented. The effect of the decision is to render the application to record of some 80 to 100 stakers on the Watson concession null and void.

Is All Talk

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, April 14.—The Prince of Wales says he knows nothing of the intention of the New York Chamber of Commerce to invite him to the opening of the building. The London chamber will send a delegate.

Friends to the Rescue

Sometime ago a young man of Dawson got drunk and essayed to end his earthly career by butting his head through looking glasses. This morning he was again making a great and mighty effort to cultivate another skate but his friends corraled him before he reached the glass-butting stage.

Huge Boiler for Hunker

One of the largest boilers ever shipped up the creeks left this morning for 51 below on Hunker behind one of Orr & Tukey's big teams. By actual weight the boiler weighed over 8000 pounds. The claim is owned by an English syndicate of which Mr. George Clazy is general manager.

Seriously Ill

Theodore P. W. Smith is seriously ill, confined to his room in the Aurora with an attack of pneumonia. His friends are giving him every care and hope a change for the better will occur in a few days.

Work Has Begun

Mike Conley has received the contract for the construction of the McArthur block on Third avenue, beginning work on the excavations for the foundation this morning.

Harriman Re-Elected

Special to the Daily Nugget.
New York, April 14.—E. H. Harriman was on Saturday re-elected president of the Southern Pacific Railway Co.

Grand fancy dress ball at the Exchange Concert and Dance Hall, Monday night, April 14th. Elegant costumes, good floor, good music. Everybody cordially invited.

P. B. Butler, have no other.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

STREET TO BE WIDENED

Improvement Will be Made at Forks

The Good Sleighting Took Many People up the Creeks Yesterday.

During the present summer the townsite at the Forks will be greatly improved in a variety of ways. At the present time the main street of the town is exceedingly narrow and, having been laid out without any particular survey line being followed, it is naturally crooked.

It is proposed now to widen the street materially by moving all buildings on the right hand side of the street back from the present line a distance of 15 feet. On the other side a number of buildings which are not now on the line will be moved back three or four feet, and thereafter the street will present a greatly improved appearance.

A side street leading eastward from the main street near the junction of the Bonanza and Eldorado trails will be graded down, to give the fire department ready access to the upper end of the town.

The road to the Forks was in splendid condition yesterday and as a result numerous sleighting parties from Dawson were noticed in the town. All the restaurants did a thriving business and the cigar and confectionery stores also felt the results.

Business generally is picking up at that busy little mining centre and particularly has this been noticed since the return of the big Eldorado operators, many of whom are now on their claims preparatory to the clean-up season.

On No. 3a Eldorado the deepest shaft ever sunk on a creek claim in the district is being put down for the purpose of ascertaining whether another pay streak does not exist below the first bed rock. The shaft is now down something over 100 feet, and as yet no indications of a solid formation have been struck. After passing through the regular Eldorado pay streak and below what is generally considered bed rock, a bed of muck was encountered for a depth of about 20 feet, thereafter the formation hardened but thus far no difficulties have been encountered which have not yielded to steam and pick.

The progress of the work is being followed with the utmost interest by claim owners in the district generally.

Every advantage has been taken of the good condition of the roads by claim owners who intend working this summer, and hundreds of tons of freight have been hauled during the past ten days. Everything now points to a summer of unusual activity.

Grand fancy dress ball at the Exchange Concert and Dance Hall, Monday night, April 14th. Elegant costumes, good floor, good music. Everybody cordially invited.

Grand Scenic Production

The play this week at the Auditorium promises to be one of the best and most elaborate productions yet put on by the Bittner Company. "The Land of the Midnight Sun" is a free adaptation of Hall Caine's great novel, "The Bondman," and is full of the most thrilling incidents from start to finish. With one exception the play will be produced in its entirety the same as when it set New York wild with excitement. In the original production the crucifixion in the fourth act was so realistic that women in the audience fainted at the sight and it became necessary to modify to a certain extent a portion of the scene. The cast is a large one, embracing 21 persons.

Extensive Repairs

Tom Chisholm's "Aurora" is in the hands of carpenters and decorators receiving a thorough refurbishing. The partitions have all been removed, a new floor laid and the walls will be re-papered and re-decorated. Foundations for the floor were sunk seven feet in the ground to the solid frost and it is thought no further trouble will be experienced by reason of settling.

Another Wire Break

At 10:30 this morning a break occurred in the telegraph line some place in the mountains south of Telegraph creek and late this afternoon there was no word as to when repairs would probably be made.

This Contest is FREE TO ALL!

Last Year the Ice Moved in Front of Dawson May 14th, 4:14 p. m.

This Contest is FREE TO ALL!

GUESS WHEN IT WILL GO THIS YEAR

The one coming nearest to the time we will give the following goods to be selected by the winner from the very best goods in our store:

1 Fine Suit; 1 Fine Hat; 1 Fine Dress Shirt; 1 Fine Suit of Underwear;
1 Fine Dress Scarf; 1 Fine Collar and Cuffs; 1 Pair Fine Dress Shoes.

Come and leave your guess with us, you may be the lucky one.

FIRST AVENUE
Opposite White Pass Dock

HERSHBERG,

The Reliable Clothing Store
1st Ave.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Our \$2.50 hat is a stunner. Ames Mercantile Co.

Regina Hotel—C. Geo. Johanson, San Francisco; David Ross, East Zorra, Ont.; W. H. Morrow, Cascade City; Geo. W. Schneider, city.

Nobby line spring suits just opened. Ames Mercantile Co.

Grand fancy dress ball at the Exchange Concert and Dance Hall, Monday night, April 14th. Elegant costumes; good floor, good music. Everybody cordially invited.

WANTED.—Woman to do house washing. Apply this office.

Try the "Old Crow" at Salween. Dinner a la carte—Northern Cafe.

Complete line paints, oils, etc. Ames Mercantile Co.

IF YOU WANT good, fresh Beef, Mutton, Poultry, Game, etc. See **Shaw & Co.**
QUEEN ST. Phone 70

CIGARS

We want your Cigar business and are prepared to make quotations F. O. B. Victoria, B. C., or Dawson at lower rates than quoted by outside drummers, and deliver same in large or small quantities. Give us a call and we will convince you. We handle all the leading brands, imported and domestic.

Benj. Franklin, La Africanos, Velasco's Flor de Milanos, Adalina Pattis, El Escudors.

Henry Clays, Magnificos, El Triunfos, Henry Upman's, Back & Co.

Look Out for the CAMEOS.

TOWNSEND & ROSE, Importers

Fresh Over the Ice



...PULL LINE OF...
Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, and Poultry.

Bank Market

KING STREET,
Opposite N. C. Company
H. Gustavson, Proprietor

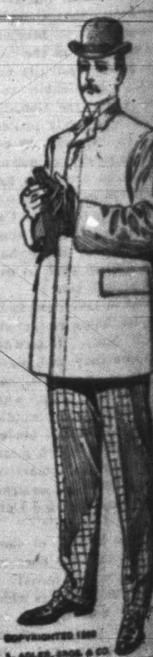
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The Very Latest From

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