

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 35

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1900.

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MILNE
 FOR YOUR
COFFEE
 Whole or Ground.
TEA....
 Indian, Ceylon, Japan
 Full line of Groceries
 111 First Avenue

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 YOU KNOW ME
 A lady was heard to say: "I am going to buy the fresh drug man." Wonder what she meant?

Bonanza - Market
 All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.
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 101st Street, Opposite PavilionDAWSON

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 If he comes to the Klondike.

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 Dawson Electric Light & Power Co., Ltd.
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 Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

Fresh Stall Fed BEEF
 All Kinds of Meats
 Game In Season
Bay City Market
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 THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

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 JUST THE SAME...
N.P. SHAW & CO.,
 BUTCHERS...
 Second Street. Near Bank of B. N. A.

Do Your Tinting Before Winter Settles Down
WITH....
Sherwin-Williams Mixed Paints
 For all classes of work—House paints, floor paints, stains and enamels in all colors.
McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO. Ltd.

A LOVE FEAST

Was What Took Place at the Very Quiet Meeting Last Evening

BY YUKON PARTY SUPPORTERS.

Harmony Reigned Supreme As There Was No Opposition.

BARNEY SUGRUE GOT MONEY

And Frank Buteau Broke His Suspenders During a Flight of Oratory.

From Wednesday's Daily.
 The meeting in the Orpheum last evening was attended by a large and enthusiastic crowd, though the attendance in the balcony was noticeably smaller than Monday evening.

Shortly after 8 o'clock Mr. McFarlane announced that the meeting was under the auspices of Candidates Wilson and Prudhomme.

Ben Ferguson made an announcement concerning the opening of the house.

Mr. Davidson was chosen chairman of the evening and returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him and regretted that he would be thereby debarred from addressing the audience upon the issues involved. He closed his remarks by calling upon Mr. Woodworth as the first speaker.

Mr. Woodworth arose with alacrity from where he had been sitting upon his hat and said that it was his desire to confine himself to the issues of the campaign and avoid personalities. He said there was a law in the territories which said that it was a crime to steal, and he thought the same principle should apply in the case of the campaign. He referred to an incident which occurred at a recent meeting on Bonanza, where Mr. Noel and Mr. Weldon C. Young, are alleged to have resorted to what Mr. Woodworth credited Mr. Young with having said was a campaign lie.

"Let us not," he said, "precipitate a race war here, but let us elect English speaking men in the persons of Alexander Prudhomme and Arthur Wilson."

"This platform (referring to that of O'Brien and Noel) seems to have Wade written all across it."

The speaker addressed the audience at considerable length, and made a strong bid for the vote of the miner by telling of the reforms his party was in favor of, and picking out the weaker spots in the opposition platform.

He wanted a search light turned upon the past actions of government officials, and he wanted the mining records thrown open to public inspection. "We are proud that we are Canadians, but we are ashamed that we have to apologize for the past three years' record in the Yukon."

He was frequently greeted with applause.

"If Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Noel are elected a howl will go up from one end of Canada to the other that the government's policy in the Yukon is sustained by the people, and the howlers have

been turned down," he said, and voices in the audience were heard crying "never."

Mr. Prudhomme then addressed the meeting, saying that he would take but very little time from the speakers, as he had had a hard weeks' campaigning and was tired.

He said there was little difference in the platforms, because one was copied from the other.

"You are told," he said, "that it is not so much as the men. But you want to look at the past records of the men."

He regretted that Mr. Wilson, his colleague in the fight, was not present, but asked his friends who would vote for him to vote for Mr. Wilson also.

He closed his remarks with a short address in French.

Barney Sugrue received the ovation of the evening. A stranger would have supposed that he was a popular candidate. He referred to his reception on a former occasion when the opposition had turned the lights out first and thrown nails at him in the dark. "I did not come into this country to have nails thrown at me in the dark," he said, "I came here to get a fair show, and I haven't had it yet." He referred to silver coin in relation to the nails, and some one threw a half dollar upon the stage and Barney began looking to see where it went, but was motioned not to by the chairman.

The speaker, with his usual wit, kept the audience laughing for the half hour taken up by his address. He scored Mr. Wade and said in closing that he should be passed up like a white chip as he didn't count anyway. The independent ticket, he said was being run on jawbone, and when it was all over some digging would be necessary to pay the bills. The opposition was being run on principles of extortion.

When he closed he received a long round of applause.

At the call of the chair, Dr. Thompson crawled out of his overcoat and hat and said that when he came to the meeting he did not know that he had anything to say, but that he believed it to be the duty of every citizen who had his country's good at heart should say what he felt to be right on all matters affecting the public good.

He then went on to enlarge at some length upon the birth and growth of the platform of the Yukon party ticket, saying that it was the outcome of the agitation which led to the forming of the citizens' committee.

Dr. Thompson referred to Mr. O'Brien as one who had milked the government cow dry. He was the man who could go to Ottawa and get legislation and liquor permits, and opposed to him was Arthur Wilson, who had come to the country to develop it. He did not think that there should be any more professional men on the Yukon council. This was in reference to Mr. Noel's candidacy.

Frank Buteau spoke in the interests of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Noel.

Up to this time the meeting had been very harmonious, but the speaker was interrupted many times. Dr. Catto in making his way past a large tin reflector at the stage entrance produced considerable stage thunder, and the speaker's suspenders broke. He held up his ticket for today's election and the chairman had to ask the audience to allow the gentleman to finish his remarks.

C. S. Barwell then addressed the audience briefly, and was followed by Dr. Catto, who said that today he had been spoken to during the day by a member of the Yukon council who had said: "Suppose you do elect your men, what can they do? Supposing we simply say to them we will not act upon your advice?"

"I smile," said the speaker, "because I contend that one man can block the Yukon council—a half a man can block it!"

He dwelt some time upon the assay office as one of the chief issues, as opposed to the banks.

Mr. McCaul was called for by the audience and responded by saying that he was ashamed of himself for not having taken any interest in the politics of the territory till within the past few days.

He believed that the citizens' committee had accomplished great good by its agitation, and he thought that the general plan adopted by that organization was the most successful one which could be adopted.

He referred to the election of the Yukon party candidates as the thin end of the entering wedge. Of course he assumed that the election referred to was a foregone conclusion. The speaker

referred to the opposition as apologists for the government for its Yukon territory.

Col. McGregor (not being chairman) was at liberty to speak. He did so. He said he didn't know that there was anything left to be said, so he began by relating an anecdote having to do with the lengthy legs of a schoolboy's trousers and whose duty it was to cut them off. The place where the laugh should have been at the end of his funny story, was filled by a large aching void. The audience was getting tired and evidently believed with the colonel that there was nothing left to be said, and left in large numbers.

"Now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I don't think I will keep you any longer," said the speaker in closing and a large round of applause followed.

James McKinnon told the audience that tomorrow there might be other objections raised, besides the usual questions, if they were known to be active Prudhomme and Wilson participants.

He touched upon crooked political practices and whisky permits, and closed by assuring the people that it was only necessary to stand together to elect the ticket as it stood.

Many violent cases of cold feet were noticeable about this time, and it was becoming evident that the meeting was not warm enough to keep the thermometer from falling below the tolerance point.

A. F. George said that he was a newspaper man and everyone knew it, and while he couldn't speak in public he was never asked to do anything that he didn't attempt it. Therefore he spoke. Mr. George said he had been wielding a pick and shovel up on Bonanza creek, and that he was in touch with the miners. He said also that every time he had to renew his free miners' license he wondered what he was getting for his money. He closed his remarks by some advice concerning the solidity of the vote today.

Then Mr. Woodworth proposed a vote of confidence in the Yukon party candidates, and the whole crowd, or what was left of it, sang "God Save the Queen," and everyone began hustling to find a stove with fire in it.

An Important Decision.
 In the case of R. Kearney, Hon. Mr. Justice Craig handed down a most important judgment yesterday to the effect that all persons who rescue rafts are entitled to a lien on the rafts saved for salvage. This judgment sets at rest an important question affecting the bringing of timber and cord wood to Dawson from up-river points. It is held in the judgment that Mr. De Lion, owner of the ferry Marjorie, would have been entitled to a lien on a certain raft belonging to C. J. Kearney, which was saved by him a few months ago, had he taken the proper steps to assert the lien, by reporting his claim at once to the collector of customs at Dawson. As he failed to do this the case against Kearney, who was criminally proceeded against for stealing a raft under lawful detention for salvage lien, was dismissed. It is understood, however, that De Lion will now proceed against Kearney civilly for the amount of his claim.

Police Court News.
 In police court this morning, A. D. Williams was fined \$10 and costs for assault on the person of a man named Thomas.

Geo. Perry would be heard this afternoon on the charge of having imbibed hooch to such an extent as to cause him to become drunk and disorderly.

Who's Got Cranberries?
 Manager Davis, of the Pacific Cold Storage Co., presented the Nugget today with a splendid turkey taken from the refrigerator of the Steamer Kerr. The noble bird will be discussed at the Nugget mess house tomorrow.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.
 Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.
 The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

If we haven't got what you want we'll send for it. Hammell's, the Forks.

ELECTION TO-DAY

Is Very Quiet and Orderly, No Trouble or Disturbance Occurs.

A. F. GEORGE OBJECTS TO INDIANS

Voting But Receives a Call-Down From the Sheriff.

JOE CLARK ALSO QUIETED

Over At The Klondike Bridge Where He Is Looking After Votes As They Arrive from Creeks.

Election day in Dawson is, in some respects, much the same as election day anywhere else, with the possible exception of fewer drunks, less use for patrol wagons, and a dearth of fistic arguments.

Polling places are so quiet in fact that policemen on duty there are troubled with ennui and cold feet. The only time during the day up till 2:30 p. m., that an arrest seemed imminent was about noon, when A. F. George objected to the polling of an Indian's ballot in the booth on Fifth street near Second avenue. He is said to have replied, when told that the returning officer had said that Indian votes were to be polled, that he didn't care a ham sandwich, or words to that effect, and the returning officer paid a visit to the booth, where Weldon Young is deputy returning officer, and told him that if any further incident of like nature occurred the offender was to be promptly turned over to the police officer on duty there and sent down to the police station.

Later in the day Joe Clarke, who was busy seeing that good Canadian voters were treated with proper courtesy upon their arrival, and that they were not put to the expense of toll when they reached the Klondike bridge, brought a number of prospective voters to the bridge and told the lady in charge to charge the toll to him, or at all events to some one with whom she was not satisfied to accept as a debtor, and upon her demurring to this arrangement the irrepressible one used some language not in keeping with the usages of polite society. As a result the sheriff paid a visit to the scene of discord and told Joseph that if anything further of the kind happened he would be arrested.

Both parties were represented on the streets by supporters who traveled about picking up forgetful voters and delivering them at the booths laden with good, disinterested advice.

At the headquarters of both parties the scene is one of subdued peace and quiet, though the attitude of those present denotes great expectations kept in the back ground for the present by great restraint.

They are waiting, only waiting till the returns are in this evening, when it will be known who will have to eat crow.

It is doubtful if all the votes will be polled by 5 o'clock, the hour when voting must stop.

WHOLESALE **A. M. CO.** RETAIL

Give Us An Opportunity To Figure On Your Outfit. We Will Save You Money.

OVERCOATS

FROM the great stacks and immense variety one would almost think this an exclusive overcoat store. Every desirable style including Fine Dress Overcoats, Business Overcoats, Storm Coats, Fur Lined Hagslans made from Cheviots, Irish Frieze, Chinchillas, Kerseys, Meltons, Beavers, etc. Silk, Satin and Fancy Worsted Linings at prices that will remind you of home.

AMES MERCANTILE CO.

TURMOIL REIGNED

At the Joint Meeting of The Four Candidates Held Last Night.

THE UBIQUITOUS DRUNK PRESENT.

Considerable Sweetness Wasted On the Desert Air

OWING TO MALAMUTE HOWLS

Which Drowned the Voices of The Various Speakers—Many Undelivered Addresses.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
The joint meeting of the two local factions which have put forth candidates for election to seats on the Yukon council, which was held last night in the Orpheum theater was probably the most densely crowded meeting of the kind ever held in Dawson, the building being crowded from the orchestra pit to the dome, and a more frenzied, howling, consolidated mass of misbehavior was never before assembled on Canadian soil. It was a typical Dawson political meeting in that it had all the component features of the average Dawson meeting of that character. The ubiquitous drunken man, without whom a public meeting in Dawson would be lacking, was, of course, there and was located near the front, from which vantage point he continued to empty himself of drunken sputterings and invectives during the entire meeting. The "bravest pessimist" was there but was not allowed to inflict himself upon the meeting further than to inject a few invectives while others were speaking or attempting to speak. The young man who resents any and all left-hand compliments to the Irish, was there and the way he raved and ranted revived recollections of the bull dog department of a bench show. The speaker who was given respectful hearing, allowed to finish his speech and take his seat without being howled down was the very rare exception.

Yet, strange and incompatible as it appeared, this audience applauded every time the matter of self-government in the Yukon was mentioned.

At 8:30 o'clock Ben Ferguson stepped on the stage, and, in behalf of Theatrical Manager Alex Pantages, announced the reopening of the Orpheum in a grand sacred concert next Sunday night to be followed during the week with a first-class vaudeville show. Immediately following Ferguson's announcement Candidate O'Brien moved that H. T. Wills be seated as chairman of the meeting. Candidate Wilson seconded the motion, which was put by O'Brien, and Mr. Wills was unanimously chosen. After a few opening remarks the chairman turned at once to the business for which the meeting was called and introduced the first speaker in the person of Candidate Thomas O'Brien.

The candidate was loudly received, many cheering, others howling, as was the case all through the meeting when anyone appeared on the stage to speak. O'Brien took up the platform on which he is running and discussed it section by section. He was frequently interrupted by questions from the audience regarding tramways, whisky permits, etc., but to all questions he returned the soft answer that turneth away wrath. He stated that the laws of the Yukon as they exist are bad; that a person does not require more than three days' residence in the district to know that the laws are nefarious and unjust. He especially denounced the law that imposes a charge of \$10 on a man for a miner's license before he can even work one day in a mine, and said this law should be "rebolished." At this stage of the proceeding the electric lights which had previously cast a red-tinted, weird light over the vast throng, went out entirely and darkness such as we are told reigned in Egypt prevailed until with his characteristic movement in cases of emergency, Joe Clark came to the rescue with a con-

venient lamp, when the speaker continued his address, the gallery being still shrouded in darkness except for the fiery end of an occasional cigar which peered out through the darkness like a distant star. Mr. O'Brien continued to discuss the platform and proceeded to point out many defects in the present laws that should be remedied. He paid but little attention to such interruptions from the audience as "Why didn't you think of these things three years ago?" Once or twice he answered questions from the audience and answered them in a manner which left no doubt as to his conviction as to the subjects in question. He said he is opposed to the special permit system and that it is injurious to the interests of good government. O'Brien strongly condemned the present tax system of the Yukon and denounced the tax on the gross turnover of business as being unjust and unheard of in well governed countries. O'Brien spoke for 20 minutes.

Candidate Alex Prudhomme was the next speaker and he, too, was greeted with thunderous applause. He agreed with O'Brien that we want a general change of laws, but he gave it as his opinion, which was not contradicted, that the people do not want O'Brien to be the man who will be placed in position to bring about the desired changes. "Only three months ago," said the speaker, "Mr. O'Brien said that people of Dawson and vicinity were entitled to but one representative on the council, and now he tells you he is in favor of an entire elective board." The speaker declared that such lightning changes of expression are inconsistent and not becoming in a man who asks support at the hands of the people. "That gallery is falling" shouted a voice, and as it really looked as though such was the case, Chairman Wills requested that the crowd in it thin one which was done for a few minutes. But as the gallery bore up last night, it is not probable that it will soon, if ever again, be so strongly tested, as there were fully 400 people on it last night. The gallery excitement having subsided, a dog fight took place, after which Mr. Prudhomme continued his address. He segregated the platform on which he stands and showed in what respect it is superior to the laws as they now exist. He made a strong point on the nefarious concession system as it exists and was greeted with cries of "come off," the audience not thinking that such flagrant wrongs as the concession system needed condemnation. He pledged himself, if elected, to work hard for reform, and a voice from the gallery asked if he will endeavor to do away with the woodpile. The speaker referred scornfully to what he termed "O'Brien's liquor graft," and closed by following the example set by O'Brien in that he asked the voters to take the Yukon party ticket straight, O'Brien having enjoined his friends to vote for him and his running mate, Mr. Noel. Prudhomme asked that the supporters of his platform see to it that both his and Mr. Wilson's names are on their tickets and properly marked. Prudhomme spoke about 30 minutes.

Candidate Noel was the next speaker and he, too, was most effusively greeted. He began with a reference to the Yukon Sun which was the signal for hoots and howls. Then he referred to the Daily News in scathing terms and the howls continued. The speaker denounced the News as the most anti-British, anti-Canadian paper in this country. The audience had kept up an uproar since Mr. Noel's first words, and that gentleman plead for a respectful hearing. He eulogized his colleague, Mr. O'Brien, and a disturber who did not endorse the eulogy made so much uproar that it became necessary to ask the police to remove him, which was done. Mr. Noel did not go over his platform section by section, stating that his colleague had already covered the ground, but said there are five or six features in it that was superior to the planks of the platform of their opponents. The speaker asked the pardon of the English-speaking element present while he addressed his fellow people in the French language. For a few minutes all went merry as a marriage bell, when some one who understood French informed Joe Clarke that Noel was using language which reflected on his (Clarke's) political honor. Clarke rose to a point of order which was not recognized by the chair, and Clarke, declining to rest under the imputation, refused to sit down until the language was explained in English. Barney Sugrue finally got the floor when it came out that the language to which Clarke took umbrage was to the effect that Noel had stated to his French auditors that Weldy Young was authority for the statement that Clarke had told him he was trading Prudhomme off for votes for Wilson. Noel admitted that such had been the purport of his remarks and Clarke stated that only

yesterday he had confronted Young with his statement; that Young had first denied it and later acknowledged to having made the statement, but admitted its falsity and said it was legitimate as a campaign lie. Noel then stated that on yesterday Clarke had stated in the Madden house that the independents are trading Noel off for O'Brien votes. Clarke stood pat, admitted having made the statement, and said he could prove that what he said was true; that the independents are offering to trade Noel off for O'Brien votes and he would get half a dozen men to make affidavits to that effect. After a few minutes more talk, during which turmoil held high carnival, the speaker retired after having spoken about 30 minutes.

Candidate Arthur Wilson was fourth on the list and to him, when he stepped to the front of the stage, was accorded the most rousing welcome accorded to any of the speakers. Mr. Wilson was suffering from a severe cold last night and was not in good shape for talking. He spoke quietly but pointedly. He said the supporters of O'Brien and Noel are not the miners but the government officials and allies; that the supporters of O'Brien and Noel are not men who want an assay office established in Dawson, but men whose interests it is to keep an assay office out of Dawson and the Yukon as long as possible. He explained at length a previous slight apology made by Mr. O'Brien, the first speaker, in regard to a reported conversation between Major Wood and the speaker (Wilson) in which O'Brien had admitted that he was misinformed. Wilson had seen Major Wood yesterday and had been authorized by that official to publicly state last night that he (Major Wood) had promised his vote to the candidate, Wilson. This announcement was greeted with deafening applause, as was also the encomium of the speaker on Major Wood. Regarding Mr. Noel's statement that the Yukon Sun is deserving of support for the reason that it is the only Canadian paper in the country, Mr. Wilson said, "If the Yukon Sun is a sample of Canadian papers, may the Lord help Canadian journalism; I deny the imputation that the Yukon Sun is a sample Canadian paper." The speaker closed with a stong plea to his hearers to vote their honest convictions, and to not be bulldozed by any man or set of men into voting against what they honestly believe to be right and for the best interests of the district. He also imperturbed his friends to not forget his colleague, Mr. Prudhomme, but to see that the names of both the Yukon party candidates are properly marked on their tickets.

The four candidates having been heard, the meeting dropped further into pandemonium and calls were made for every man in sight to come out and make himself heard, if he could.

Barney Sugrue, in response to repeated calls, arose and made one of his characteristic speeches, always quaint and to the point. Barney began by saying he had followed the O'Brien-Noel funeral procession all over the creeks and that he intends staying by them until the evening of election day to see that they are given decent and proper burial. He told of how three O'Brien-Noel boosters had bothered around Skiff Mitchell on the creek until Skiff had given them \$25 to get rid of them, and of how the three men had gone to the Forks, bought \$1 worth of candles and \$24 worth of whisky and had an O'Brien torchlight procession; but that Skiff Mitchell was still an unwavering supporter of the candidates he had helped nominate. He closed by referring to Candidate Noel as a broken-down politician, wholly unworthy of support or even of serious consideration.

This brought Noel to his feet, also a long drawn out series of howls from the audience. Prudhomme appealed for a respectful hearing of his opponent, but the howls continued, finally changing to cries for Woodworth, and Noel gracefully yielded the floor. With a free use of sweet oil and the exercise of patience, figuratively speaking, the turbulent waters were calmed for a few minutes until Woodworth said something which brought Noel again to his feet. Noel demanded to be heard and said he would stand on the stage as long as the crowd could howl; that he would stay till morning but that he had his say. Someone tossed a two-bit piece from a box to the stage, but the speaker did not weaken. The chairman interceded in Noel's behalf, and he said his say.

Crown Prosecutor F. C. Wade was the next speaker and, interruptions included, occupied the platform for nearly an hour. He spoke of the wonderful progress of the Yukon since the appearance of the first steamboat landed in Dawson in June, '98. He gave facts and statistics which, when a person stops to realize, stamps the Yukon as

having in its short life, made the most remarkable record for advancement of any country on the face of the earth. Mr. Wade's address, had he been permitted to deliver it without interruption, would have been eminently instructive as well as interesting. But frequent interruptions and howls riled up the crown prosecutor and he indulged in a few pointed personalities which were taken by some to reflect on the sons of the Emerald Isle, which brought Barney Sugrue to his feet and started several others who boast Irish ancestry, towards the stage. Barney raised a point of order which the chair declined to recognize and Barney refused to take his seat. For fully 10 minutes Wade and Sugrue stood side by side on the stage, each waiting, hoping and praying that the other would sit down. Finally Barney yielded and Wade continued his speech. On his mentioning Dr. Catto some one in the audience shouted and inquired what became of the letters Catto sent to Ottawa. They were consigned to the waste basket. "They were a—d—d sight better than anything you ever sent to Ottawa," yelled Catto from the audience; and then the desire to make a speech seized him and he rushed for the platform and endeavored to persuade the chair to introduce him as the next speaker.

As Attorney Wade closed his talk, Attorney McCaul threw aside his overcoat and stepped to the front of the stage. Mr. McCaul has evidently been in politics before, as he goes at it like an old timer. He explained that, while he had taken no active interest in the campaign, he had a few words to say as to the respective candidates. He respected Mr. O'Brien as a man and had nothing against Mr. Noel, but would vote for neither of them for the reason that he looked upon them as government candidates, and to elect either of them would be similar in effect to having two more members of the Yukon council appointed from Ottawa by the minister of the interior.

When McCaul yielded the floor Noel made another attempt to speak which, with the aid of the chair, who requested order, was successful for a few moments, when cries for Sugrue were again lustily made. Sugrue arose, and Dr. Catto, whose chance had, he thought, arrived, pushed forward to the front and at the same time Frank Buteau had something to say and likewise worked his way to the front of the stage. But as 12:30 o'clock had arrived and O'Brien and Noel had both left the hall, the chairman decided that the hour for adjourning the meeting had arrived. Owing to the pandemonium which reigned, the chairman could not be heard three feet away, but by a signal announced that the meeting was adjourned. But cries for Sugrue continued and for a few minutes he was heard. He closed by proposing three cheers for Wilson and Prudhomme, which were given. Attorney Wade proposed three cheers for O'Brien and Noel, which were also given. Dr. Catto lifted up his voice and would feign have talked, but in the uproar nobody heard him. Joe Clarke started "God Save the Queen," and Catto's speech died in embryo and Frank Buteau's was never started. A few minutes before 1 o'clock this morning the meeting stopped without the formality of an adjournment.

A Wilson-Prudhomme meeting is called for tonight at the same place. O'Brien and Noel will hold services to-night at the Magnet roadhouse.

Many River Buoys.

From the crew of a scow which arrived this morning seven days from Whitehorse, it is learned that 40 scows on bars were passed between the foot of Lebarge and the mouth of Indian river. A number of them were not fast on and would be floated while others had wandered from the channel into blind sloughs and are hopelessly grounded for the winter. The men who arrived this morning state that fully 50 scows would leave Whitehorse after they started a week ago.

The Chinese Question.

There seems to be much difficulty in the way of an agreement among the powers as to the best method of approaching the Chinese question. Germany's proposal that the persons guilty of the attacks upon foreigners shall first be given up does not meet with much approval, not because it is unreasonable, but because it seems to be impracticable. Germany very naturally feels specially sore against China, for her minister at Peking was assassinated, and national dignity seems to compel her to take a more determined stand than any of the other powers. If she stood alone, no government would venture to say a word to deter her from taking any course that seemed expedient, but unfortunately for any nation desiring a free hand in China, all the rest of the world is deeply concerned as to the manner in which a settlement is reached.

APPEAL DENIED

John McCrimmin Who Will Have to Pay \$150 For Shooting a Dog.

COSTS OF THE COURT ARE ADDED

Which Makes the Dog Cost His Slayer Pretty Dearly.

THE DOG LIKED CHICKENS.

Van Buskirk Found Guilty and Will Receive His Sentence Next Wednesday Morning.

Motions were heard in the territorial court this morning after a decision had been given in the McCrimmin case, and Van Buskirk had been brought over and told that sentence would be suspended for two days.

The case of Regina vs. Van Buskirk grows out of misappropriation of certain funds belonging to Mrs. H. S. Hodge by the prisoner, who was found guilty last week and was to have received his sentence this morning, but Justice Dugas postponed it as stated.

The other case was one of appeal from the decision of the lower court, taken by John McCrimmin, who objected to a judgment which called upon him to pay \$150 for a dead dog.

The case dates back to about the middle of last June, when the defendant shot and killed a dog belonging to J. A. Cameron. The dog, it was alleged had an abnormal taste for chickens, and helped himself whenever opportunity offered. He ate some of the McCrimmin chickens and his death followed.

However, this dog was a very valuable specimen of the porcupine hanky variety, and Mr. Cameron wanted pay for him, which the judgment of the lower court entitled him to. This decision was given on the 21st of last June, and the appeal was denied today.

This confirms the decision of the lower court and fixes upon the defendant not only the amount of the original judgment but the costs of court besides.

This establishes, or would seem to establish a precedent in the dog shooting business, which is of peculiar interest to many in Dawson.

Don't shoot your neighbor's dog, even if he does kill your live stock. Sue him.

Chamberlain's Speech.

London, Sept. 28. — Although the Unionists are still confident of victory at the forthcoming parliamentary general election, there is an undercurrent of apprehension that the party will be returned to power with a smaller majority than had been expected. The St. James Gazette says: "If we are to have a triumphant majority we must watch early and late, and work hard all the time."

Arthur Balfour made what the Daily Mail calls a "disappointing" speech at Manchester last evening, where he declared that the agitation for reform was a "red herring drawn across the track of South African settlement by military questions."

Taking him to task, editorially, this statement, the Daily Mail declared that the "country is very serious as to army reform and will not stand the attention of Lord Lansdowne."

George Wyndham, parliamentary under secretary of state for war, who last evening to speak in favor of the Unionist candidate in Battersea, London, had a very hostile reception at the hands of the Radicals. He was shouted down by a howling mob, compelled to abandon his attempt to speak, but he fought his way through the hostile crowd, which, in admiration for his courage, cheered his exit.

Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, addressing a Unionist meeting at Tunstall, referred to the mushroom growth of Liberal Imperialists, and warned the country that if the Liberals were returned to power, they would restore independence to the Boer republics.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALEX. BROS., Publishers

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
CONCERNING AFFIDAVITS.

In last night's issue of the Daily News appeared an affidavit signed by certain members of the Prudhomme-Wilson committee respecting the nature of the deal into which they entered with the Daily News for the support of that paper in the present campaign.

As might have been anticipated the gentlemen who signed the affidavit came to the rescue of their hiring to the very best of their ability, but that best was an extremely weak effort. None of the detailed and circumstantial evidence which the Nugget published on Saturday night was denied. No effort was made to rebut the main facts in the Nugget's arraignment of the poor, miserable News. There was no effort to deny the truth of the Nugget's statements respecting the proposition made to this paper for the simple reason that those statements were absolutely uncolored presentations of fact and the committee cannot and will not deny them. The affidavit in question endeavors to shield the News behind the plea that the blood money which the committee turned over to the News was in compensation for printing and advertising only.

We ask the public again to note the circumstances which attended the consummation of the deal. Prior to that date the News' editorial support of Prudhomme and Wilson had been worse than no support at all. It had been conducted in such a manner that a flop to either side could be made at the right moment. After the deal was made, the News began a bitter personal fight upon O'Brien and Noel, but only after all possibility of money from that source was shut off.

Again bear in mind the fact that the front page of the News was practically turned over to the paid writer of the Wilson and Prudhomme committee. Did the News make such a concession for nothing?

Now then, to crown this story of infamy, comes the affidavits which are published on the front page of the Nugget today. In Saturday's issue of this paper we said that the News had "hawked its influence about the streets of Dawson," and when we said that we meant every word of it. We didn't say it for theatrical effect, nor because the words have a pleasing sound, for they haven't. We said it because it is the living truth and in today's issue of this paper is presented the evidence that establishes beyond the peradventure of a doubt the absolute truth of the Nugget's assertions.

Will anyone discredit the affidavits published in this paper? We don't believe they will. We don't believe the News itself, with all its monumental gall and brazenness, will dare deny them. And if it does so deny them, there are others to follow in their wake. The News has brought this entire load of infamy down upon its own shoulders. It attacked this paper without cause or reason, and compelled us in our own defense to expose its own despicable methods. This we have done and done for no reason aside from the fact that we refuse to submit peaceably to continued and unjustified attacks so long as we have the means at hand with which to defend ourselves. From this time on the name of the Daily News will serve to recall everything that is worthy of condemnation from the standpoint of reputable journalism. The News has ceased to be a newspaper. It is a thing. A commodity. Its support, or what goes for such, is at auction and the highest bidder gets it. Step up gentlemen and examine the goods. No tenders will be accepted!

THE PROSPECTOR'S TURN.

While this is the wrong season of the year for very much being done in the way of actual prospecting for new diggings, still the effect of the new and

liberal regulations is easily seen. Small prospecting parties have scattered over the hills adjacent to the different creeks now working and many have gone farther into interior points.

The only reason that can be assigned why further discoveries have not been made during the last two years is the fact that until very recently the laws have been such that the prospector has practically been out of business. He could not prospect on the creeks near Dawson, nor could he go into the interior because nearly all creeks at all within reach of a prospecting trip had been staked and reverted to the crown by reason of the working of the law whereby all unrepresented ground reverted to the crown. This law is now a thing of the past and the prospector is welcome to go when and where he pleases in search of new diggings.

What these alterations in the mining regulations mean to Dawson and the Yukon territory the next twelve months will accurately reveal. We believe it absolutely safe to predict an unprecedented era of business activity due to the opening up of new ground, and the fact that a large area of heretofore unworkable ground can now be profitably developed. Dawson cannot prosper unless the mining industry flourishes. If the miners on the creeks cannot afford to buy goods, merchants in Dawson must go out of business. We believe, however, that there will be more business in Dawson next year than during the past, and we also believe that for years yet to come the volume of trade in the town will continue to grow and increase. There can be no other result if the government's present liberal attitude toward the Yukon continues.

ANOTHER NEWS' BLUNDER.

The Nugget's expose on Saturday night of the Daily News was doubtless a surprise to a great many people. It was a task which this paper disliked to undertake. We disliked the necessity of making public matters which the gentlemen responsible for their probable did not care should be given to the public, and we disliked further to be compelled to reveal the pitiable means which the News was willing to adopt to increase its falling revenues.

In fact rather than disclose these matters, the Nugget preferred to be placed in a false light before the voters of the Yukon territory—a position which the supporters of Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson had forced this paper into. The trouble was with the News itself. It wasn't satisfied to close out to the highest bidder, but wanted to include the Nugget under the same title with itself. This the Nugget refused to permit and hence was made necessary the matter which appeared in Saturday's issue of the Nugget. It would appear to an ordinary spectator that the News would have had a realizing sense of the predicament in which it would place itself by such an attack as was made upon the Nugget, but this can be only explained by the fact that the career of the News has been nothing but a series of colossal blunders from beginning to end.

It is, of course, probable that the "business" end had failed to inform the editorial department as to the real status of affairs and consequently the mistake was made. So far as this paper is concerned all we desire is that the public understand our position correctly. The Nugget has not supported or advocated the cause of Messrs. O'Brien and Noel. We have maintained an independent attitude, the only consistent position we could take under the circumstances, and while a different stand would have meant a large increase in cash receipts, we have the satisfaction of still maintaining our self-respect, which is a great deal to the Nugget no matter how little it may be to the News.

OUTSIDE POLITICS.

To the average American resident of Dawson the reports concerning the progress of the presidential campaign are very vague in that it all depends on the political preferment of the outside papers from which the reader obtains

his information. But from the stories told by late arrivals from the outside a fair opinion can be based, and it is but just to state that the preponderance of evidence points to the re-election of William McKinley.

While there is evidence everywhere of the recalcitrants of 1896 in both the great parties returning there has been no good reason developed by the campaign this year to indicate that any of the states which went Republican in 1898 will not do so next month with the possible exception of Indiana and Kansas. The latter state has become quite thoroughly grounded in Populism. Giving Bryan the states that went against the Republicans in 1898 and Indiana and Kansas in addition, he would get the vote of 36 electors that he lost in 1896. On the other hand the Democrats will certainly lose South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming and one elector in California that he got four years ago. These states have 12 votes in the electoral college. This would give Bryan a net gain of 24 votes and McKinley a loss of that many. In other words, McKinley would have 247, Bryan 200 in the electoral college. McKinley could still lose Delaware, South Dakota, West Virginia and Wyoming and win.

Unless the Democrats can carry New York, it would seem that Bryan's cause is hopeless.

Ballots are still rolling in to the Nugget office for the presidential contest. A big ballot box has been secured, but from present indications will not be large enough to hold the votes which will be cast. The ballots will be printed in the Daily and Semi-Weekly Nugget each issue until November 6th, upon which day the election in the States takes place. The qualifications for voting are the same as are required from electors in the States. This will cut down the number of ballots which otherwise would be cast but the Nugget wishes the contest to furnish an accurate idea of the sentiment of American voters in the Yukon territory, and hence the contest is confined to them. We hope before election day comes that every qualified voter will cast his vote so that a very general expression of opinion may be secured.

A La Dawson.

The Nome grand jury was in session when the last boats left that mining camp. A report had been filed by the jury, recommending that women be not permitted in saloons; also that those women having no visible means of support would be watched and prosecuted. The movement is inaugurated in order to rid the city of hard characters who have been committing numerous robberies. Judge Noyes and District Attorney Wood announce that the recommendation meets their approval and will be enforced.

On the War Path.

The Chilkat Indians developed symptoms of rioting at Haines Monday, and troops have been ordered to the scene of the disturbances. Reports from the town down the canal are to the effect that the noble proteges of Alaska's distinguished executive, have been indulging in too much whisky, and their exhibition found vent in going about town knocking at doors and windows. Several rows are said to have taken place among the Indians.

The town of Haines at this time is filled with Porcupine widows, most of the men being either at the mines or at the new strike on Bear creek, so the population is practically defenseless. The women and children of the village are reported to be thoroughly frightened. The fear has been expressed that the worst of the troubles are yet to come. The great Klukwan potlach is to take place in a few days now and the excitement will be high. The fact that there has been much whisky taken to the scene of the gathering leads to the conclusion that the occasion will be more than usually animated.

Assistance was asked for of Judge Brown by the Methodist missionary at Klukwan and citizens of Haines. Judge Brown forthwith requested Capt. Hovey to see that order was maintained. The latter issued an order to Lieut. Raines to take 16 men and proceed to Haines. From there he will report to Capt. Hovey and if it becomes necessary more troops will go to the front. The soldiers will go to Klukwan if needed. Percy B. Hunting has been sworn in

as a special deputy marshal, and will accompany the expedition.

The entire party will sail today on the Ruth, which is advertised to get out at noon.—Alaskan, Oct. 10.

One for McKinley.

Editor Daily Nugget:
In your issue of last Friday I see an article signed "Bryanite," the reading of which actually made me madder than I have been for a long time. I am a woman and, thanks to the selfishness of the male sex, not entitled to vote. I suppose I am not fully as capable of voting as are some of the foreigners who come over to America, square heads, Fins and dagos, who are allowed to vote before they can talk, read or write the English language. Four years ago my men folks all supported Bryan. Since then two of my boys have been in the Philippines, where one of them shattered his health forever and is it reasonable to suppose that he will now turn around and vote for the man who is not in favor of annexing the Philippines to American territory? Scarcely. If his mother can not vote, he will voice her sentiments at the polls by putting in a solid vote for McKinley and expansion. Mr. Bryan will get very few soldiers of the late war in fact, I have no respect for the soldier who was in the Philippines that will support him. Issues have changed in the past four years. Then the principal one was the silver question, while now the pride and honor of our great nation are at stake, and in defence of pride and honor all patriotic Americans will support the Republican ticket at the approaching election and in the present unique election now being conducted by the Nugget.

IGNORANT WOMAN.

The Water Was Cold.
"Get out of me way and let me at that ladder, ye murtherin' divvil!"
"Wow! but this wather's cold. Get out of your way is it, an' me freezin' to death. Get out of your own way."
That is a part of the dialogue, or something like it that was heard Friday afternoon coming from the depths of the well which is being sunk by the A. C. Co. at the new freight shed opposite the warehouse on First avenue. The cause of it all was not known till the two men who appeared to be quarreling in the depths below finally came to the surface, soaked to the skin with nice, cold water fresh from the Yukon.

Engineer Rush, who was explaining to a man who wants to know everything, the mysteries of the electrical arrangements which makes the buzz saw go around, sprang to the throttle and shut off the pump when the row in the bottom of the well commenced, thinking a steam pipe had burst and someone down there was being cooked. He was mistaken. What had really happened was this: The men working in the bottom of the well had just finished putting in some cribbing and commenced to dig again, when they must have tapped a small water passage, as very suddenly about an eight inch stream began rushing into the well, and before they knew precisely what had happened they found themselves floundering in water up to their arm-pits and each so eager to get on the ladder that they got in each other's way. The water, because the well is so close to the Yukon, must have come from the river and of course, was cold enough to make them anxious to get out.

The company is putting in a fire plant for its own use, and the well is being sunk to furnish water for that purpose.

Cardinal Gibbons May Arbitrate.

Baltimore, Sept. 27.—Cardinal Gibbons has been asked to act as arbitrator between the striking miners and the operators of the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. While admitting that he has been approached on the subject, he said tonight that he had heard from only one side of the parties in the controversy, and must decline to discuss the question of arbitration until all had been heard from.
"Will you consent to act if both sides approach you?" the cardinal was asked.
"In that case I will take the matter under consideration." He added that he would be glad to do anything in his power to help solve the problem, which affects so many souls. It is said on good authority that the cardinal had practically agreed to arbitrate, and it is thought that various interests concerned will decide to leave the settlement of their disagreement to the head of the Catholic church in the United States. Cardinal Gibbons will go to Philadelphia tomorrow or Saturday, and it is believed this trip will be in connection with the strike situation.

Saloons Must Close.

An order has been issued by the Northwest mounted police requiring that all saloons shall be kept closed tomorrow, the 7th inst., during the progress of the election. All saloon proprietors are notified to take notice accordingly.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

BIG STRIKE IS STILL ON.

McKinley Confident of Re-Election, is Not Worrying.

Great Britain's Policy—DeWits' Victory at Orange River—Chinese Heads Lopped Off.

Philadelphia, Oct. 9, via Skagway, Oct. 16.—The big strike is still on. The mine operators have offered an advance in wages, but the men have demanded further concessions. These have been refused and the miners declare that no additional concessions will be granted. The strikers are very gloomy over the outlook.

McKinley Confident.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, via Skagway, Oct. 16.—President McKinley has returned to the capital fully confident as to his re-election. He has had reports from all doubtful states and now has no doubt of the result. He feels assured of success in all the Northern states east of the Missouri, and thinks there is no doubt that Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and perhaps Kentucky will be found in the Republican column. The Pacific coast is regarded as safe for McKinley, owing to the growing trade resulting from the administration's expansion policy. At a cabinet meeting today the president stated that he is fully content to devote the balance of his time during the campaign to public business and give Bryan the monopoly of speech making.

Bryan is making from five to ten speeches each day and is showing signs of weariness. Stevenson has started the campaign in West Virginia.

Britain's Policy.

London, Oct. 10, via Skagway, Oct. 16.—Chamberlain, speaking at Stowbridge on the 8th inst., ridiculed the attempt of the opposition to hold him responsible for the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury. "The whole matter," said Mr. Chamberlain, "is in the hands of the premier and I haven't the presumption to meddle." Britain's foreign policy is to remain on friendly terms with every great country of Europe and more particularly with the government of the United States.

British Victory.

Wedfort, Orange River, Oct. 10, via Skagway, Oct. 16.—After three days' of continuous fighting De Wet's command with 1000 men and five big guns, have been captured. The Boers were dislodged and dispersed.

Heads Coming Off.

Shanghai, Oct. 9, via Skagway, Oct. 16.—Field Marshall Waldersee has made peremptory demands upon Li Hung Chang for immediate punishment of the ring leaders connected with the recent outrages upon foreigners. In response Li Hung Chang has given assurance that three high officials will be executed. Three princes will be given life imprisonment and Prince Tuan will be banished to the Siberian frontier.

Canadian Elections.

Ottawa, Oct. 9, via Skagway, Oct. 16.—The Canadian gazette has been issued dissolving parliament. Nominations will take place on the 31st inst. and the election will occur on the 7th of November. Premier Laurier's majority was 60. The veteran statesman, Sir Chas. Tupper, is leading the Conservatives. He has passed his 80th birthday.

Will Abdicate.

Paris, Sept. 28.—"From a source worthy of confidence," says the Courier Du Soir, "we learn that the King of the Belgians intends to abdicate before the close of the present Belgian parliament in favor of the Prince of Flanders."
"King Leopold counts confidently upon the result of his action being the sinking of quarrels of the rival parties, which would then unite to observe the conditions of the new regime."

The Klondike Nugget

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(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS. Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	\$40 00
Six months	25 00
Three months	11 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4 00
Single copies	25
SEMI-WEEKLY	
Yearly, in advance	\$24 00
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Three months	6 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	2 00
Single copies	25

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

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1900.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)
WHO IS THE LEPER?

Last evening the Nugget published the sworn declarations of Thos. O'Brien and W. C. Young, wherein it was stated that the business manager of the Daily News had pledged the neutrality of that paper during the local campaign for the sum of \$2500. This proposition was made in the presence of several witnesses, all of whom will make similar declarations if called upon to do so.

The Nugget has no desire to prolong this discussion or unnecessarily to add to the load of disgrace and infamy under which the News is at present staggering. It is an unpleasant task under any circumstances to point out the shortcomings of another and in exposing the debasing lengths to which the News was willing to go for the sake of a few dollars, the Nugget has experienced a feeling of sincere regret.

When the Nugget made its first exposure of the method by which the Wilson-Prudhomme committee gained control of the Daily News, we did not know of the offer which the News had tendered O'Brien and Noel.

In the light of this knowledge, it is not difficult to understand why the News made its original attack upon the Nugget, claiming that the independent attitude of this paper had been purchased by O'Brien and Noel.

It is a failing among some newspapers exactly as it is among individuals to apply standards of self-measurement to others. So it happened with the Daily News. The manager of that paper, openly and in the presence of some half dozen witnesses agreed to remain neutral during the campaign for the sum of \$2500. When, therefore, the Nugget assumed an independent attitude in the campaign, the News immediately jumped to the conclusion that this paper had been bought by it (the News) had endeavored to sell itself. A full and detailed explanation of this paper's attitude has been given in these columns before. The Nugget has remained independent throughout the campaign for the sole and single purpose of stamping its disapproval upon corrupt political practices exactly as in the past it has condemned corruption in office.

The News, unable to comprehend such a position, has made the fatal error of judging this paper by itself and hence the unpleasant dilemma in which it finds itself today. We feel sorry for our contemporary that it is repudiated alike by its friends and foes. But it has brought itself into general contempt in such a way that there can be no escape. A thousand years will not serve to live down the burden of infamy which it is carrying. It is before the public in its true light and will be judged according to its deserts. Who is the leper?

WHAT IS MCINTYRE?

The Daily News ought to have a guardian. The Nugget has made this statement before and we accentuate it today. It is time for the courts to step in and rescue our contemporary from the injuries which it persists in inflicting upon itself. If they don't the

News is liable to become so angry with itself that suicide will some day or other prove inevitable.

We have at various times had occasion to point out the News' peculiar talent in the line of making blunders. Every day impresses us more and more with our contemporary's ability in this direction.

Last night's issue of the News furnished a striking example. In that issue Mr. Wm. McIntyre, the proprietor of our contemporary, states positively and unequivocally over his own signature that he is a Canadian, and that the charge which has been made against the News that it is an "alien" paper is untrue.

In this connection it is interesting to note the sworn declaration of the manager of the News, Mr. J. H. Caskey, which declaration in accordance with the well known regulation of the Yukon council is now on file with the clerk of the territorial court and open to the inspection of anyone who chooses to inquire for it.

The principal clauses in this declaration which is sworn to on oath are as follows:

"That the proprietors of the aid newspaper (the News) are Richard Roediger and Wm. McIntyre.

"That Richard Roediger is a native and citizen of the United States of America.

"That the said William McIntyre is a native of Canada, by birth, but is now a citizen of the United States of America, and carries on business at the office of the Dawson Daily and Weekly News."

It will be seen therefore, that by Mr. Caskey's sworn declaration, Mr. McIntyre is an American. According to Mr. McIntyre's signed statement he is a Canadian.

The question arises "What is McIntyre?"

The Nugget sees more work ahead for the News' affidavit men.

It Will Be Square.

Dawson, Y.T., Oct. 16th, 1900.
Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—As many men are becoming interested in your U. S. election scheme, several have asked what assurance we would have that it would be a square deal. Will the ballots remain sealed until the close, and will there be a Bryan man appointed to help count the ballots? Or have you some other plan? Knowing which candidate you favor, it is but natural that such questions are asked by men of opposite views. Please answer in the columns of your paper and you will oblige me very much.

A DAILY READER.

(That there need be no fear on the part of voters but what the Nugget's election will be fairly conducted, it is only necessary to say in answer to the foregoing that the ballot box is entirely closed with the exception of the slot where the tickets are dropped in, and that it is not locked, but securely nailed. Anyone who desires to convince himself of this fact is invited to come and examine it for himself. When a voter comes to the Nugget office with his ballot, he deposits it in the box himself, and it will remain untouched till the day of election. Regarding ballots sent by mail, it may be said that if the sender follows the instructions as published, and marks "vote," plainly upon the envelope, his ballot will go into the box without having the seal broken on it. If he does not do this, and the envelope is opened, he has himself to thank for it, as there is no way of distinguishing such mail from other matter unless it is properly marked.

It should be borne in mind that the conditions of this election are such that the souvenir goes to the candidate who receives the most votes here, without any reference whatever to his success or failure in the election in the states, and this very condition and the fact that the result of this election will be known and published before final returns can be received from the outside should be a sufficient guarantee of the Nugget's intention to conduct the election in a perfectly fair and impartial manner. But to obviate the possibility of charges of fraud which might be made afterwards, voters may be quite sure that known adherents to both political faiths will be present at the count.—ED.)

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.
See Hammell's new store at the Forks. Everything to wear for sale.



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THE STEIN-BOLOCH CO.

It Pays to be Honest...

When Poor Richard said "Honesty is the best policy" he expressed an axiom which is recognized to-day the world over as TRUTH, pure and simple. HONESTY PAYS, not only in our private life but in all our affairs. So with clothing for instance. It pays to buy honest clothes, put together honestly and sold for honest prices.

No shoddy is allowed in our store and none of those small and dishonest methods are employed to deceive a customer. We have but one price. When you buy one of our tailor made suits or overcoats you can rest assured that you are getting full value for your money.

We have the latest and best assorted lines of clothing in this city. That is an honest expression. We KNOW it. Drop around and see the variety of our stock. Back of that we have a warehouse full.

HERSHBERG

THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS
Opposite C. D. Co's. Dock

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

It is now so late in the campaign that the telling of the story will not do any harm, the Stroller having kept it to himself for fully a week.

There are numerous roadhouses on Bonanza, and the average landlord as he is found at the up-to-date hostelry of this character is usually not adverse to making a few dollars outside the dull routine of daily transaction. The campaign which terminated in the election being held today has at some points on some creeks been quite a boon to the roadhouse men, all of whom have in connection with their eating and sleeping departments "A bar at which only the best liquors and cigars are sold," and it has been the bar annex that has caused the campaign to be of particular interest to the roadhouse landlord.

The proprietor of a Bonanza roadhouse which, for convenience, we will say is on 52 below, although it is not, decided that he could augment his cash receipts for the week by having a political meeting at his place, so he invited two of the candidates to meet the voters of that portion of the creek at the Sickle and Sheaf roadhouse one night last week. The candidates were only too pleased to accept the invitations as there were many voters in that neighborhood whose hands they desired to clasp just once more before the closing of the campaign. The word was passed up and down the creeks and to the hillsides and benches, the gulches and pups and everybody arranged for attending the meeting at the Sickle and Sheaf.

Then followed two busy days for the expectant landlord. An extra amount of cooking was done; the landlord walked up the creek four miles and borrowed two dozen extra whisky glasses from another roadhouse; he ordered an extra stock of case goods from Dawson and, lastly, had made for himself a bar apron, something he had never worn before in his life.

The eventful evening came and with it came the two candidates and every miner within a radius of five miles. The dining room was thrown open for the meeting and into this the sturdy miners strode without cleaning the mud from their big boots, and otherwise enjoyed all the comforts of home by spitting tobacco juice copiously on the floor. Both candidates spoke at length and the very best of feeling prevailed. It was a unanimous meeting and the candidates felt that it was well with them.

At the conclusion of the last speech the landlord hastily slipped out to the bar room, put some fresh goose grease on his hair, slicked it down with a whisk broom, donned his bran new apron and stepped behind the bar where he began to busy himself wiping glasses which were already clean and dry. But the expected patrons failed to come. The candidates and miners remained in the dining room, the latter patiently waiting for somebody to "say something" and thinking all the time of what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina. Nothing was said and the hour of bedtime having long before arrived, the miners began to drop out and away to their various homes. By the time the landlord of the Sickle and Sheaf had gone over his borrowed glasses for the eleventh time one of the candidates sauntered into the bar room and said: "As I have four miles to walk yet tonight, believe I will take a drink before I start."

"Certainly!" said the polite landlord. "I have Scotch, Canadian club, Old Crow, Jesse Moore, three star Hennessy brandy, Pabst and Schlitz beer; what will you have?"

"I don't care for anything but a glass of water," said the candidate for a seat on the Yukon council, "but if you have not got any handy, don't

THE KLONDIKE CORPORATION, LTD. Strs. ORA, NORA, FLORA

The only independent line of steamers between Dawson and White Horse. Light Draft and Swift. No loss of valuable time on account of sandbars and low water. Best dining room service on the river.

SMALL BOATS

Make the Best Time!

Save Time and Money by traveling on steamers which are always reliable at any stage of water.

Office at L. & C. Dock.

R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent



DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

He'll get through all right.
He bought his outfit at

...RYAN'S

Front Street, Opp. S-Y. T. Co. Dock

PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT.

I hereby certify that I am a citizen of the United States and fully qualified to vote in the approaching presidential election. My choice for the offices of president and vice-president is as indicated below:

REPUBLICAN TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WILLIAM MCKINLEY	
VICE-PRESIDENT	
THEODORE ROOSEVELT	
DEMOCRATIC TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WM. JENNINGS BRYAN	
VICE-PRESIDENT	
ADLAI E. STEVENSON	

SIGNED

Instructions: Mark your ticket thus, X in the space opposite the names of the candidates for whom you wish to vote. Each voter is entitled to one vote only. Place ballot in sealed envelope marked "Vote" and mail or send to Nugget office.

BLACKSMITHS AND MINERS

IF YOU WANT

Cumberland Coal, Round and Flat Iron, Steel Horse Shoe Nails, Shoes, Rasps, Hammers, etc., try THE DAWSON HARDWARE CO.
SECOND AVENUE PHONE 38

bother about it, as I can step outside and eat some snow."

Which a neighbor dropped in next morning at 9 o'clock the landlord of the Sickle and Sheaf was still behind the bar wiping glasses in a bewildered way and murmuring to himself ever and anon "Who am I?"

There is one element or feature about local politics that the Stroller cannot understand, but the Stroller may be somewhat dense. The feature to which he refers is the fact that all local speakers when they begin to talk, start out by defending their own past reputations and bragging about their past records, all of which wears an air of unsophisticated way of looking at

things. A record without a spot needs no defence, and when a speaker has to apologize or explain any past acts he invariably weakens his cause. However, it may be the custom of the country to defend past actions, but if it should be changed, making explanations and sending telegrams such as "burn that letter!" prevent James G. Blaine, the greatest statesman America has known in the last half century, from being elected president of the United States. If a record has to be stood over with a club to prevent assaults on it, the owner should keep out of politics and off the stump. Brimstone & Stewart have received their carpet sewing machine. Fur caps, ladies' and gentlemen's

THE OLD HARPOONER'S HEART

Was in the Right Place Although He Was Gruff.

How Old Nat Myers Gave Up His Life and Why Betts's Children Revere His Memory.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)
The ship moved on in silence through the tranquil waves of the north Pacific—the old Arctic, the lucky ship of the whaling fleet. A man was standing near the fore-castle, shading his eyes with his hand and peering out ahead. He was tall and strongly built, his face marked by the tattooing instruments in use in the north seas. Yet he was an American and had the air of a model sailor, as indeed he was—Nat Myers, harpooner in the captain's boat and king of the fore-castle. No man of all the crew had more influence, but it was not the influence of fear, for the men loved him. With the strength of an ox, he had the calm, even temper so often seen in men of giant build, as if, knowing his strength, he would not use it against his weaker brethren.

Standing upon the fore-castle by his side was a boy about 12 years of age—a beautiful lad, with brown, curling hair, sunny blue eyes and delicate face. "How do you feel since you have been in the Pacific?" said Nat.

"I get stronger every day."

"You've been coddled too much and swallowed too much candy and such trash. Once let me get you so you can eat salt horse like a man, and you are all right."

Georgie Betts was the captain's nephew, and the doctors had said that the only thing which would save his life was a sea voyage, and they gave him in charge of Capt. Jacobs. That worthy passed him over to Nat Myers.

"Take care of him," he said.

At first Georgie fairly hated the old salt, who "forced" him to eat salt pork and bolted tough corned beef dignified by the names of "salt horse" and "mahogany," when it was almost impossible for him to eat. He complained to his uncle, who grimly said that he had nothing to do with the matter.

"But he'll kill me, uncle!"

"So, he won't, my boy. He'll make a man of you."

As the days went on, and Georgie grew more accustomed to life on board ship, he really began to like his tormentor. He had gained so much strength that he could run up the rigging like a cat, and the smartest men in the ship could not catch him when he was once upon the ratlines. And at the time they had passed the Sandwich Islands, although a delicate-looking boy, he was stronger than he had ever been in his life.

"Pokee here—we are going to have the worst storm you ever see."

"Haw! There never was a fairer day."

"Loose, my son," said Nat in a threatening manner. "Member what I told you about contending me?"

Three hours later, when the first mate had the deck, and Nat was standing on the top-gang fore-castle, with Georgie by his side, the squall burst upon them with sudden fury. The first wave which came aboard crushed in the rail and swept the deck, and Georgie Betts was carried out into the boiling ocean.

It was broad daylight, and Nat, with a cry like that of a wild beast robbed of her young, leaped himself over the rail, holding in his hand a light plank, the only thing which he could seize. They saw him rising upon the top of a great wave, and then Georgie Betts came into view beyond him, struggling for his life.

"Bear up, my lad," they heard him cry through the roar of the tempest.

"Old Nat is coming!"

The boy, who, slight as he was, was a strong swimmer, tossed his hand in the air as a signal that he heard.

The crew of the Arctic could do nothing, for it required all their strength and skill to save the ship. A dozen voices together volunteered to man a boat.

"No, lads," said the captain sadly. "No man can love his nephew better than I do mine. I will not risk half a dozen lives for two. Besides, the ship would run a boat out of sight in half an hour, even if we could lower one. Bear a hand on the braces—meet her, meet her, you at the wheel; don't let her fall off!"

And the Arctic sped on before the awful gale, leaving Nat Myers and Georgie Betts at the mercy of the angry sea. The old sailor struggled on, and at last, with a cry of joy, he saw the boy clutch the end of the board.

"That's right, my son," he said. "Cheerily, cheerily, lad!"

"The ship is away," said Georgie sadly as he saw the Arctic rush on before the wind.

"Never you mind, sonny." And he passed his arm about the lad, and, stripping off his belt, raised the boy so that he lay upon the board and then bound him to it, face down, but in such a position that he could raise his head a foot or more from the board. He was swimming beside the board, pushing it before him.

"Why don't you get on the board, Nat?" said Georgie uneasily.

"Never mind me," replied Nat. "I'm all right, you see."

But, although he spoke so bravely, he felt in his heart that he had made his last voyage. The weight of his heavy sea clothing was dragging him down, and he knew that the board would not bear them both.

"I'll die for him," he thought. "It may not save him, but I can do that."

He shifted his hold on the board and moved up until his face was close to that of Georgie Betts.

"Kiss me, lad," he said, "and if you escape, don't forget old Nat Myers."

The boy raised his head and pressed his lips to those of the old sailor.

"I love you, Nat," he said.

Then Nat Myers, with a smile upon his face, fell back to his old position. Once Georgie spoke to him, and he answered. The storm had ceased, but the waves were running high, and an hour passed on. Then, a league distant, Georgie Betts saw the white sails of the Arctic returning in search of those she had lost. With a glad cry the boy turned his head to look back at Nat, but the sea was a blank. The brave man had died in silence sooner than bear down the frail support of the boy he loved. And the children of Georgie Betts love the memory of that brave old sailor who died for their father's sake.—Ex.

transport Yakout was sighted and hailed and at the instance of Dadoune-ditch about 30 Russians were transferred from the transport to the Samoa. Dadoune-ditch said the Russians were laborers, but as soon as they were aboard he volunteered the information that he had now 30 armed Cossacks at his back and proposed to depose Mr. Roberts as head of the expedition. He also disclosed the fact that not only was he the representative of the Russian syndicate of which Col. Woularlarsky was the head, but was also an agent of the Russian government, and that the Cossacks aboard were soldiers, some of whom were clothed with administrative powers.

"The Americans armed themselves that night and while a majority of the Russians were asleep below posted themselves in positions of advantage. Two armed men were placed on the bridge, one at the bow, another at the stern and others took their stand at such places as offered good opportunity for effective shooting. The Samoa was then headed for American waters. When Dadoune-ditch learned that he had been outwitted he was furious, but by that time the vessel was beyond Russian jurisdiction and Capt. Johnson, backed by the resolute Americans, asserted his full authority as commander of the steamer. On board the steamer San Pedro, which bears this letter to the Post-Intelligencer, is Mr. White, of London, who will go on to Washington to make a report of the affair. It is believed here that some international complications may arise as a result of the trouble."

Territorial Court.

The case of the Queen vs. Gallagher took up the time of the territorial court yesterday morning, a number of witnesses being examined.

Gallagher was accused of stealing sundry gold nuggets from the claim of John Peterson on Hunker creek where he was employed as a miner. Peter Peterson and a man named Lansman testified to having seen the accused pick something up from the bedrock and put it in his pocket, but the evidence was not strong enough to convict and the case was dismissed.

CREEK NOTES.

Messrs. Shultz, Anderson and Nelson, of Monte Cristo, have sunk a new shaft since the cold weather set in, and are again working a big force of men. The dump next spring will be the largest yet taken out of this claim.

Messrs. McKensy and Miles, of Magnet gulch, have just received their new 25-horse power horizontal return tube boiler, which will be placed at once and a big dump taken out the coming winter.

Mr. Jas. Mitchell, of the Forks, popularly known as "Jimmy," has taken charge of the N. A. T. store on 29 above Bonanza, succeeding Mr. Jackson, who returned to Dawson with his family for the winter.

Mr. Miller, of 9 Victoria gulch, is in town on business matters.

Mr. John King, of 60 above Bonanza, went to Dawson the fore part of the week to look after his winter's stock of goods.

The committee which was sent up to upper Bonanza by the people of Grand Forks made a favorable report regarding the building of a winter road, and a financial committee has been appointed to raise \$2500 for the above purpose. A large part of the amount has already been raised and men will be put to work immediately to complete the road. As the completion of this road will take a large amount of the Indian river district travel via the Forks, the business men of that enterprising burg have taken hold of the matter with a vim that shows they mean business.

Monte Cristo roadhouse, on 29 below Bonanza, has been doing a rushing business lately. Charley says "We had a warm time the other night."

The big crowd of men who were making the road up Eldorado were making fine progress, completing about one-third of a mile each day, when suddenly one day last week something snapped and about 90 men were thrown out of employment and the road uncompleted. Why is this, and what is the cause of the thushness.

Already signs of activity are seen on the various creeks, and a number of claims that were not worked last winter will not be idle the coming season.

Boundary Telegraph Line.

On the 10th of August the telegraph line to the boundary was commenced, and yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the wire was grounded where the Dominion of Canada meets the territory of Uncle Sam, 84 miles north of Dawson. The line from Eagle to the boundary is also nearly complete, there being four miles of wire strung, and eight miles of polls up. It is estimated that in about ten days telegraphic communication with Eagle City will be open.

The telegraph line to Vancouver is not complete nor does there seem to be any good reason for supposing it will be completed this winter.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

M. A. Hammell has opened a men's furnishing goods house at the Forks.

Furs of all kinds at Ladue Co. c20

New Goods & New Prices

We have just received a new and most complete line of
LADIES' AND GENT'S WINTER GARMENTS
Our goods are the best and our prices are low.
We would be pleased to have you call and examine our stock.

THE WHITE HOUSE FRONT ST., Opp. Yukon Dock
Ben F. Davis, Proprietor

Alaska

Commercial Co.

Finest Stock of New Goods
In Dawson.

The Approach of the Holiday
Whettens the Appetite
...For...
Thanksgiving
..Dainties..

WE HAVE THEM FRESH
Cranberries, Puddings, Mince Meats, Pates,
Imported Cheese, and everything the most
fastidious epicure would demand.

We Can Outfit
UNDER OUR ROOF FOR ANYTHING
YOU MAY REQUIRE
For the Claim

"White Pass and Yukon Route."
A BOAT SAILS
Nearly Every Day
—FOR—
White Horse and All Way Points!
J. H. ROGERS, Agent.

More New Goods
BLOUSE WAISTS
In Velvet, Velveteen, Silk, Satin, Sateen and Wool. Black or Colored.
WRAPPERS
In Flannel, Sateen, Silk, Cotton and Elderdown.
DRESSING JACKETS
In Elderdown, Silk and Satin.
NIGHT GOWNS
Flannelette—All Colors and Prices.

J. P. McLENNAN
FRONT STREET, Dawson
Next to Holborn Cafe.
Ladies, \$100 less on the same seal-skin jacket at the Ladue Co. c20
Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

Quick Action By Phone
Use the Phone and Get an Immediate Answer. You Can Afford It Now.
Rates to Subscribers, \$20 per Month. Rates to Non-Subscribers: Magnet Gulch \$1.00 per message; Forks, \$1.50; Dome, \$2.00; Dominion, \$3.00. One-Half rate to Subscribers.
Office Telephone Exchange Next to A. C. O'Brien Building.
Donald E. Olson, General Manager

REMOVED.
BILLY GORHAM, The Jeweler, has removed from the Orpheum Building to a new location on...
THIRD ST., NEXT TO GANDOLFO'S
A Full Line of Souvenir Jewelry in Stock. Special designs made to order.
Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

OUT WITH A BIG MITT

The News Offered To Sell It's Support To O'Brien For \$2500.

CAN IT'S AFFIDAVIT MEN SWEAR AWAY THE LATEST CHARGE?

News Manager Told O'Brien The Wilson-Prudhomme People Offered Him \$1500.

Weldy Young and Many Others Were Present When Offer Was Made and Refused—Would Not Come Out Flat-Footed For The Independents But Would Pledge Silence and Neutrality—Can The News Explain?—Let The Galled Jade Wince.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
It is not in the line, neither is it the policy of the Nugget to thresh over old straw; but when the Nugget of last Saturday stated that the News was bought by the managers of the Wilson-Prudhomme campaign and paid for the same as any other commodity it bought and paid for, it knew whereof it spoke, and was in position to prove and did prove to the eminent satisfaction of every thinking man in the city, even to the News' affidavit men, that the statements made were the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The Nugget stated then, without giving names, it now states, giving names, that the committee in charge of the campaign of Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme, which committee is composed of Messrs. A. F. George, Alfred Thompson and A. D. Williams, came to the office of this paper and submitted the following proposition:

I. That the editorial utterances of the Nugget during the balance of the campaign should be in accord with directions issued by them.

II. That the front page of the Nugget should be turned over to a paid writer of the committee, whose articles

cessfully consummated by the payment of money and the delivery of the goods which is known to almost a certainty to have been the nature of the deal in the case of the News sale.

Will the trio of committeemen deny its offer of one thousand dollars to the Nugget on the terms which the latter declined to accept, because it was not bartering its principle about the street ready to deal with the person who had the longest sack? Why did not the committee attempt to clear its own name by making another affidavit that it had never offered or attempted to buy the support and influence of this paper for \$1000 or any other sum? The question needs no answer.

The whole effort was to relieve the News of the odium, the stigma, the undying disgrace which time will not efface nor palaver obliterate, which will henceforth attach to the paper whose support, it has no influence, is on the market for sale to the highest bidder. Let us see what the reputation of that paper is—that paper to which "no money has been paid nor has been contracted to be paid" for its support of Wilson and Prudhomme.

If the affidavit to the effect that the

Dawson, Yukon Territory, towit.

In the matter of an editorial in the Dawson Daily News, newspaper of October 15th, entitled, "Room for the Leper."

I, Thomas O'Brien, of Dawson, in the Yukon territory, merchant, a candidate for a seat on the territorial council of the Yukon, do solemnly declare as follows:

On or about the 25th day of September last, Mr. J. H. Caskey, business manager of the Dawson Daily News Publishing Company, came to me at the O'Brien Club and stated that, while his paper could not give Mr. Noel and myself an out and out support in the present contest, he could arrange that for a consideration of \$2500 his paper would remain neutral. At the same time he stated that his paper had been offered \$1500 to support the candidacy of Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme. I refused to entertain the proposition in any way whatever. There were several other gentlemen present when this proposition was made and refused.

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and of the same effect as if made under the criminal evidence act of Canada.

THOS. O'BRIEN.

Declared before me, at Dawson, in the Yukon territory, this 16th day of October, A. D., 1900.

H. D. HULME,
A Commissioner, etc.

Dawson, Yukon territory, towit.

In the matter of an editorial in the Dawson Daily News, newspaper, of October 15th, entitled, "Room for the Leper."

I, Weldon C. Young, of Dawson, in the Yukon territory, clerk, do solemnly declare as follows:

I have read the above statutory declaration of Thomas O'Brien, and the same is correct in substance and in fact.

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and of the same effect as if made under the criminal evidence act of Canada.

W. C. YOUNG.

Declared before me at Dawson, in the Yukon territory, this 16th day of October, A. D., 1900.

H. D. HULME,
A Commissioner for Taking Affidavits in the Yukon Territory.

should not be subject to any amendment or alteration from the proprietor of this paper.

III. That a certain number of copies of each day's issue should be furnished for free distribution.

IV. That such printing and advertising as the committee desired should be furnished.

In consideration of the foregoing the sum of one thousand dollars was tendered.

No denial of the truthfulness of the above was embodied in the committee's affidavit as published in the News of yesterday, and why does not the same odium and stigma attach to the attempted purchase of the influence of a newspaper as to the deal which is suc-

News is giving its support gratuitously to the Wilson-Prudhomme ticket is true, perhaps that same trio of affiants can get the News out of the box into which the accompanying affidavits precipitates it:

The affidavits need no comment at present. If anything further is needed to substantiate the statement of the Nugget of Saturday that the News was in the open market with its columns and all that should be sacred to an honest paper for sale to the highest bidder, it can be produced. The Nugget knew whereof it spoke when it said the News was bought, and it is able and willing, if needs be, to further substantiate that statement. Let the galled jade wince.

Le Barge Storms.
The annual storm on Lake Lebarge was more than two weeks earlier this year than last. This year it was on the

26th of September, while that of last year was on the 13th of October, just one year ago Saturday. On the morning of that day 28 scows started from the upper end of the lake to sail across. Of that number 12 had made a contract with the steamer Philip B. Lowe, now Eldorado, to be towed across, the steamer to be on hand at the upper end of the lake at 6 o'clock in the morning. At 9 o'clock she had failed to show up, and the big fleet of scows, with sails spread to the stiff breeze, started to sail across the lake. The fact that the steamer was paid in advance for the towing may or may not have had anything to do with its not showing up as per contract.

The stiff breeze which was blowing at 9 o'clock in the morning, increased to a gale by 12, and by 2 in the afternoon what was then pronounced the hardest storm ever witnessed on the lake was raging. Masts six inches in diameter snapped like twigs under the pressure of small sails, and the only thing that could be done by those in charge of the various scows was to keep them straight with the rolling seas and let them labor it out. At about the middle of the afternoon the steamer Lowe hove down on the laboring scows, having in tow one scow, machinery laden and belonging to Lieut. S. E. Adair. The proffered assistance of the steamer at that late hour was declined and it was well for the fate of the passengers and cargoes of the scows that they were, for before the steamer was half way across the lake she sank the scow she had in tow, and it was only by the greatest effort and good luck that the men aboard were saved from drowning. The scow and cargo went to the bottom of the lake.

Of the 28 scows that started out that Friday, the 13th of October, every one weathered the storm and sailed the lake, not one of them being swamped or losing a pound of cargo; but it was a storm which those who were in it will never forget during their lives.

Have We Hog Cholera?
Dr. McArthur, the health officer at Dawson, has made a report to the Canadian government upon the prevalence of hog cholera among the pork animals shipped in, and in this report he insinuates that the cause is that the pens at the wharf are not kept clean. Consul McCook, of Dawson, brought out the information and has sent a copy of the Dominion health officer's report to the state department at Washington. Mr. McCook did this as he says, in the ordinary course of business, and made no inquiry whatsoever into the facts at this point.

Dr. McArthur charges that for the past year hogs have been taken with cholera 20 days after leaving Skagway, but as pointed out by General Manager Hawkins to Consul McCook on Sunday evening, the pens complained of have only been in operation for the past two or three months, and, moreover, most of the hogs, when taken from the vessel, have been taken to private yards and rested before continuing the journey. Also, the pens at the wharf are regularly washed out with a hose after every consignment of hogs that remain over night at the wharf. So Dr. McArthur will have to find some other basis for the support of his hog cholera report.—Alaskan, Oct. 9.

The Most Ungrammatical.
A literary man who has just returned from the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania says that he found a great quantity of "local color" there. He also says he heard the most ungrammatical sentence while there that ever came under his notice. He was strolling through a mining village in Schuylkill county when he heard a woman calling, and at some distance off saw several children who were playing in the road. When he reached them, he said kindly:

"Your mother is calling you, children."

The largest child, a girl of about 10 years, turned to him and said:

"Her ain't a-calling we; us don't belong to she."—New York Times.

A Child's Experience.
Irene Cartwell a winsome child of five summers, had an experience Sunday morning that the most daring acrobat would not care to undertake. She was playing with her brother and another lad of the same age as herself just north of St. Mary's hospital when the brother induced her and the boy to take a ride on a Yukon basket sled that was standing near; he gave them a good push for a starter, and away they went down the steep incline with the speed of light. The boy, realizing the danger, rolled off at once, but little Irene seated between the handles, could not. At the river bank where there is an abrupt descent of several feet the sled took a flying leap of over 20 feet, dashing on into the Yukon, striking the rear end of a raft that was at that

moment being moved up stream. The shock threw her forward, her face striking a log inflicting a slight wound. Her light weight and clothing prevented her from going through the slush ice on which she lay. The little tot turned at once and crawled toward the shore, within two feet of which she broke through, but managed to get on her feet, standing hip deep in the water she was still struggling to reach the shore when a gentleman who had hurried to her assistance gave her a helping hand, when she said "I must tell pa about this?" He carried her to St. Mary's, where her mother is at present a patient, and placed her in the care of the good sisters. Had the accident occurred five minutes later when the raft was moved further up stream she would undoubtedly have been drowned. Outside of the scratch on the cheek she, was not hurt in the least.

POLICE COURT NEWS.
Yesterday afternoon the case against Fred Sola, of the Central hotel, charged with selling liquor on Sunday in violation of the Sunday ordinance, was dismissed for lack of evidence.

The woman Anné Galina who was charged with having robbed Albert Grant of \$60 while in a cabin on Second street, was sent behind the bars for two months, and the man Dowette, who was found guilty of being supported by the Galina woman, was given 30 days in which he will take daily exercise on the regal-wood pile. It is to be hoped that he will develop sufficient muscle to walk out over the ice.

Business was very dull in the police court this morning, there being but one case before the magistrate for hearing. That case goes toward forming the history of John Case, who, whether or not he drank case goods, was arrested for being under the influence of something of that description, and while in that delightful condition having made more noise than is compatible with the peace and dignity of the city. For these reasons he was elected to pay a fine of \$10 and costs, after which he went his way rejoicing greatly that what had befallen him was no worse.

The "blue laws" of Connecticut which made it an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday are now looked back to as having been the result of legislation which could emanate only from bigotry, ignorance and superstition. But traces of "blue laws" have not wholly been wiped from the statute books of the present day. This morning four men were before the police court for having sat in a social game of cards in a non-licensed place Saturday night until 45 minutes past midnight, for which gross wickedness they each paid \$25 and costs.

Adolph Gessler, of the Olympic saloon, paid \$100 and costs for selling whisky yesterday. This was the second time within four weeks that this house has been fined for selling whisky on Sunday. One more strike of a similar nature will result in the taking away by the court of the Olympic license.

Fred Sola, of the Central hotel, was up on the charge of selling whisky on Sunday, but the case was continued until this afternoon in order that additional evidence may be procured.

Annie Galina, a woman who says her husband is in Nome, was arrested last night on complaint of Albert Grant that she had robbed him of \$60 while he was at her house. Albert had his coat tightly buttoned this morning for the reason that at the time his money is alleged to have disappeared his vest went likewise. Grant seemed very much ashamed of himself, but was instructed to tell his story which was to the effect that a general drunk had been indulged in by himself, Annie and another man. The other man likewise told of various divers and sundry bottles of whisky bought with Grant's money, had been emptied by the trio and still the thirst was of the kind that dieth not and is not quenched. Annie likewise told how Grant had remained in her house from Saturday afternoon until yesterday evening and of how he had repeatedly put up money for the "oil of joy" for her, the other man and himself, and of how he had entrusted her with his pocketbook and told her to go and buy some things for herself, and of how she had done so and brought Grant back his change. As it was thought that another man, who was not in court, could throw some light on the matter of the disappearance of Grant's vest, the case was continued until this afternoon. In the trial, as far as it progressed, it became apparent that Mr. Galina will do well to come back from Nome and guard his vine and fig tree; and that Albert Grant placed himself in a very unenviable position before the public.

Deputy Sheriff Killed.
Houston, Texas, Sept. 28.—A special from Lake Charles, La., says: "Paul Sloan, a deputy sheriff, was shot and killed yesterday while saving the life of a negro from a mob's vengeance. All day there were rumors of the probable lynching of Pierce Scott, a negro, who is in jail here charged with assaulting Miss Oswald, a sister of Mrs. Judge Gorman. About 11 o'clock a mob advanced toward the jail with an iron battering ram. Paul Sloan and another deputy sheriff inside the jail warned them to come no further, and then shot over the heads of the crowd. Someone in the mob fired at the deputies, and Sloan was fatally wounded. He died early this (Friday) morning. The sheriff and deputies dispersed the crowd at the point of revolvers."

Northern Town Destroyed.
Seattle, Wash., Sept. 28.—News has been received here that Solomon City at the mouth of Salmon river, was devastated by the recent storm on the coast of Alaska. All buildings were either swept away by the waves or were wrecked by the wind. The town had a population of 200, all of which are destitute and homeless.

A message from the sea was picked up on the beach by a soldier on September 17th near the military reservation. The bottle was tightly corked and a message was written on a common Japanese paper napkin and read as follows: "Off Port Safety, Sept. 11, 1900.—Who finds this please report to authorities. Eight of us left Port Clarence three days ago and are now sinking, with no hope. (Signed) Jack Delaney, G. L. Myers, Sam Mark, John Dolan, Geo. Thomas and A. M. Dean."

CONCLAVE CALLED
To Form a Society For The Prevention of Cruelty To Animals.
To Take Up The Crusade Instituted By The Nugget
AGAINST GROSS INHUMANITY.
Those Who Own Animals Will Be Forced to Provide Food and Shelter for Them.

Since the Nugget inaugurated a crusade against cruelty to animals a few days since some of the humanely inclined citizens, especially some who are dog owners, as well as fanciers, have been talking the matter over and have called a meeting to be held at the Board of Trade rooms next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

This meeting is for the purpose of forming an organization whose object shall be the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The fact is recognized by many that one of the greatest evils prevalent in Dawson in that respect is the failure of many dog owners to provide food and shelter for their animals, virtually putting them upon the town for support.

Somewhere, probably about some of the deserted cabins to the northeast of town, there is a whole pack of half-starved and wholly uncared for canines who nightly come down to town to forage. The more fortunate and stronger brutes resent the intrusion and many a bloody battle is the result. Some of these dogs are well bred animals, but have been reduced to mere skeletons by starvation.

Whoever they belong to is responsible for their condition, and it will be one of the duties of members of the society shortly to be founded to fix the responsibility of such crimes against humanity and wherever possible let that justice is done. In the city of San Francisco, where the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is particularly powerful, the members, or those who desire them, are furnished with special badges, authorized by the police department, and whenever a breach of law in this respect is noticed an arrest takes place, and the member making the arrest takes his prisoner to the nearest police station and appears against him in the police court in the same way as any other peace officer.

Whether this can, or will result from the forming of the society Thursday evening or not is a matter for future development, but whatever relation the members of the society bear to the police department, it is quite certain that Major Wood is disposed to further the stated objects of the society as far as lies in his power, and it would seem that the movement set on foot is about to bear fruit highly gratifying to all those interested in the matter, and it is to be hoped that the first meeting called in Dawson in such a good cause will receive the hearty support it deserves.

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YUKON RIVER FULL OF ICE

Flora Leaves This Afternoon For Whitehorse.

Anglian Starts With Mail Tomorrow Ora Will Arrive and Attempt Another Trip.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. The Yukon was thick with running ice this morning, and shore ice closed in around all the scows and rafts on the water front and the Marjorie's skipper was seen breaking the ice away from his vessel this morning preparatory to making his initial trip to the other side.

The steamer Monarch has the appearance of having made a part of her last trip overland, and a rough one at that. A quarter section of her side above the main-deck has been stove in, and she looks much the worse for wear. The Anglian is taking on wood and cargo today, and will leave for up river points tomorrow. She will carry supplies for the C. D. Co.'s roadhouses, and the crews of steamers wintering here.

There were two arrivals from up river points, the Gold Star and Flora, arriving during last evening.

The Flora brought mail and the following list of passengers: A. R. Bartrum, S. R. Bonnin, S. Bonnin, L. Hoffman, L. Silvester, V. S. Bressler, L. Latham, Mr. J. Wylie, Miss Wylie, Mrs. McNaught, Chas. S. Rogers, Mrs. C. B. Campbell, Mrs. W. Dulin, Miss McParkin, W. R. Johnson, Miss Nora Stevens, Miss Lillian Arthur, Mrs. E. Hart, Miss Hart, Master Hart, Mrs. H. J. Johnston, Mrs. S. C. Wilkins, Miss Whitney, Miss McPherson, W. S. H. Moore, W. L. Walsh, J. Myers, Col. McGregor, Master W. Sinclair, H. J. Woodside, A. L. Dart, Dr. Thompson.

The Flora leaves for Whitehorse again this afternoon.

The C. D. Co. has its dog teams and drivers out at the various stations in readiness for the coming winter work. The teams will run from post to post this year with two men to the team, till such time as the trail is broken for horse teams, when the dog team service will be discontinued and passengers and mail will be carried by double horse teams and comfortable sleighs as a special bid is to be made this year for passenger traffic.

Some changes have been made this year in the roadhouses of the company. Steamboat slough, just above Selkirk will be a regular stopping place this year, and Ritchie's island, 20 miles this side of Selkirk, will also be a company house. Nine miles this side of Selwyn there will be a stopping place, and island post, completes the list of changes, as the roadhouses otherwise will be the same as they were last year.

The Anglian, leaving tomorrow, will carry mail.

Not many steamers are left up the river, and on account of the closing season nearly all are tied up here, so that telegraphic reports concerning the vessels above grow shorter with each succeeding day.

This morning the Ora is reported as passing Hootalinqua at 4 o'clock, the Sifton passed Selkirk at 5 a. m., and the Quick passed Salmon river at 10.25 p. m. yesterday.

On the morning of the 11th, four days ago, there was less than 300 tons of freight for Dawson remained at Whitehorse and at that time there were sufficient scows there to transport every pound of it with many scows to spare. It seems that when the big accumulation of freight was at Whitehorse three weeks ago that people became frightened at the prospect, and, fearing that their consignments would not reach Dawson this year, did not quibble over the price of scows with the result that almost any demand in price was readily met. On this subject a late issue of the Alaskan says:

"The pernicious activity" to quote Grover Cleveland—in scow building is said to have killed the goose that laid the gold eggs. Speculators came in and paid big prices for scows and there are now more than there is likely to be any demand for. Some of Skagway's enterprising citizens are said to have lost money on scow speculations."

It is very probable that by the present time the Whitehorse warehouses are practically empty, and if there is any freight there it consists of machinery and hay.

Hellsgate is reported to be fully as menacing to scow traffic as to that of steamboats, as the many "draws" lead from the main channel off between islands to the flats as to render it very

hard to keep the scows from wandering from the crooked channel and finding the bottom shortly afterwards. The water at all upper river points is reported as falling very rapidly.

Short Stops.

The population of Seattle as announced by the census bureau for 1900 is 80,671. This is a little less than 10,000 smaller than Portland, and will make Seattle third city on the Pacific coast.

Mayor Harrison rapped a recent meeting of the Chicago city council to order with a Spanish machete, explaining as he did so that that the weapon had been presented to him by a returned soldier who captured it from a Spaniard in Cuba.

President McKinley, having been asked by Joseph Garezynski of Ripon, Wis., to stand as godfather to a seventh son, has acceded to the request, with the careful proviso, however, that nothing further is implied than the use of his name.

James Fisk, of Tioga, Pa., lives to tell of his experience with lightning. His clothing was stripped from the left side of his body and cut into strings; he was rendered unconscious and paralyzed in the left arm and leg and scorched on the back.

Mrs. Campbell, a dressmaker in Wichita, Kan., is a first cousin of Admiral Camara. She was born in Granada, Spain, and while living in this country with her father she eloped with a young Pennsylvanian and has never been forgiven by her family.

The Avenger's Wrath.

The brother of one of the victims of "Jim" Cullen certainly had reason for his wrath. Cullen had backed to death the Presque Isle deputy sheriff and his companion, who went out into the woods to arrest the big, hulking scoundrel. It was a particularly brutal and unprovoked crime, and "Jim" Cullen was lynched by the infuriated citizens of the section—but that is a story that I have no time to tell here.

When the news of the double murder came out to Presque Isle, the brother of one of the victims became fairly frantic in his rage. He stormed, he cursed and raved, and he begged to be allowed to get at the villain who had done the deed.

The people said one to another, "We mustn't have another tragedy. What's-his-name will be sure to kill Cullen if he gets at him, and so we must keep them apart."

Therefore two or three men were detailed to keep guard over the raving brother and look to it that he didn't form any connection with Cullen.

The murderer was guarded in a little store all the day after the crime. He was to be kept there till arrangements could be made to take him to Presque Isle village. The store was filled with curiosity seekers and the posse that had arrested him.

All at once the door of the store flew open and in strode a fierce and wild man. His eyes were rolling, his face was convulsed with rage and grief. It was the brother of the victim. He had in some manner escaped from those that guarded him, and here he was ten miles from Presque Isle looking for the man whom he had sworn to chew into mince meat.

So fierce was the brother's demeanor that the crowd instinctively broke before him. A clear aisle was left between him and the covering Cullen.

The brother strode forward. Some of the bystanders turned away their heads. They expected to see blood fly all over the place. The men were face to face. The brother—the avenger—raised both his fists. Then he shouted: "Whang blank you to blaiknation, I'm a good mind to kick your jaw off'n ye."

That was all there was to it. Then they led him gently away and shut the door on him.

I've seen men a great deal like that myself. Have you?—Ex.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A drill which will bore through solid rock at the rate of 3½ inches per minute, and through a mixture of rock and schist at the rate of 4½ inches per minute, has been at work in the Olpa Arsbeg mine district, Austria.

Dr. Michaelis, an Austrian authority on cements, considers that a mixture of Portland cement, volcanic tufa and granulated blast furnace slag is better than Portland cement alone where structures are to be exposed to salt water.

Some old quarries of oriental alabaster have recently been discovered in the neighborhood of Monte Amiata, near Siena. It now seems very probable that the beautiful columns of that material in the interior of the Cathedral of Siena came from those quarries. The quarries are about to be worked.

The Rhodesia telegraph system, including transcontinental line, consists of 2635 miles of lines, with 3163 miles of wires, says the Western Electrician. The police telephone system consists of 251 miles of telephone; exchanges have been opened at Salisbury and Bulawayo. There are 62 telegraph offices in Rhodesia.

A KLONDIKE ENOCH ARDEN

James Chapman Returns to Find His Wife Married.

She Waited Fourteen Years, and Not Hearing From Her Husband, Supposed Him Dead.

The large manufacturing cities of Akron and Canton, Ohio; the hop fields of Palouse; the cosmopolitan seaports of Vancouver and Victoria; the inhospitable desert of the distant north where the sight of a white man's face and the sound of the English speech, are things to be treasured in memory for days and for weeks—these are the shifting scenes in the story of a new Enoch Arden, the tempestuous, tragic tale that is woven about the adventures of James Chapman, Klondike millionaire and unhappy man.

Eighteen long years ago Chapman was engaged as bookkeeper and traveler with the Whiteman & Barnes Manufacturing Co. at their Akron house, and a prominent worker in the Congregational church. His home life was not particularly happy and he eventually decided to go to Alaska as a missionary among the Indians. His wife consented and agreed to care for their children, Chapman transferring a house and lot to her, with his bank account, ere he took his departure.

Time passed and the husband did not return. Letters from him came regularly for a time—then they ceased altogether, and after a year or two of waiting, his wife concluded that he was dead.

Fourteen years later, or just two years ago, she was married to Charles K. Ives.

Meanwhile Chapman had gone from this city to Juneau, and thence into the Alaskan interior, where following out his original intention, he became a missionary to the Indians—living and working among them—even losing his identity to white men and as a white man.

When the Klondike discoveries were made his Indians brought the news to Chapman, and he joined the rush of the first stakers on Bonanza and Eldorado.

Fortune favored him and this summer he came out with \$53,000 in gold dust and Bank of Commerce drafts.

His heart had through all the years of absence and silence treasured the images of wife and children, as he had left them in smoky Akron in the years ago. Yet he feared to write or telegraph them lest there came back a message of death. He would give them a glad surprise, and in the pretty home to be provided by the treasure wrested from the Arctic snows, the past would be all forgotten and happiness come again.

A ticket was bought for Akron and a week ago the wanderer found himself ringing the bell at the very door from which he had turned his steps northward 18 years before. It was opened by his wife—he knew her in a moment despite the lines by time imprinted on her face. To her, however, he was an utter stranger.

"Don't you remember me?" the wanderer asked with little concealed eagerness. "Aren't you Mrs. Chapman?"

She did not remember—and Chapman was the name of her first husband.

In a moment the truth flashed upon the bearded man of the north.

With scarce a word he turned and left the home that once had been his. Just as it had been 18 years before, his face was set toward the north.

Business keeps him in Chicago for a week, but by next he will be here or in Seattle to take the steamer up to Skagway.

From there it will be but a short journey back into the solitudes of nature, where the very air is eloquent with a myriad of mystic tongues and the flickering, phantom lights of the aurora flutter and fade as do the hopes and dreams of life.—Victoria Colonist, Sept. 28.

Sir Wilfrid's Sayings.

According to one reliable estimate, 20,000 people gathered in Sohmer park, Montreal, to hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier open the campaign. Liberal and Conservative journals unite in conceding to the celebration the maximum of success. Only the extreme Conservative papers, such as the Montreal Star, try to belittle it and Sir Wilfrid. In reply to this, La Presse, the Conservative French organ, says: "What is the good of this unjustifiable childishness?" and heads its report with "a fine speech." La Patrie points out that the spectacle of 16,000 French people

with uncovered heads singing "God Save the Queen" should make "Clarke Wallace and the hordes of Tory fanatics ashamed." The Montreal Witness says: "The name of Laurier is as mighty a power among the masses as ever. The magnetic personality, the silver tongue of this great son of the province have lost none of their influence." Some of the apothems of Canada's premier orator and statesman are reproduced herewith:

For my part, I believe the cause of England a just cause. I do not think that international boundaries are forever immovable, and when a country calls immigrants in and imposes taxes upon them it contracts an obligation to give them all that it would give to its own citizens.

How can it be seriously pretended that they can go to England and ask the British workman to tax what he requires for his daily support for the benefit of the Canadian producer, while Canada taxes British goods for the benefit of the Canadian producer, while Canada taxes British goods for the benefit of the Canadian manufacturer?

I predict that before long we will have a new Quebec. To our north, among the Laurentian mountains is an immense and as yet but little explored region, rich in mines and forests, with great abundance of water power. The time is come to develop this great region.

We are only at the beginning, and if the people of Canada continue to give the Liberal government the confidence extended four years ago, in ten years there will be seen in the harbor of Montreal all the trade of the Canadian and American west.

These young men are our hope. In twenty years hence they will be where we are now. I shall not be here then. I shall be delivered from the cares of politics; but let me remind them of this: Patriotism should never be based on hatred; to love one's own country one needs not hate others.

I am a British citizen; I accept the full responsibility and all the duties of my British citizenship; all my compatriots always claimed their rights in virtue of their British citizenship. If they have accepted the rights they have also accepted the responsibilities.

I am opposed by the most disloyal of weapons. I am prepared to meet my opponents upon any ground they choose if the weapons are fair; but I have only contempt for those who appeal to religious and national prejudices.

Canada has spent more than a hundred million dollars in money and land to open the northwest, and of all the products of the northwest not one-tenth part comes by the St. Lawrence route.

I am ready to have reciprocal preference if it is possible to obtain it under present conditions. But it is not possible unless we are willing to have absolute freedom of trade between England and Canada.

What the government has done I need not repeat. It is written in letters of fire from one end to the other of Canada. It has made this country more prosperous than ever before.

I say once more, that the salvation of the country today, as in 1841, is in the alliance of the English Liberals and the French Liberals of Canada.

For my part, I am one of those who love England. I love my race, but there are other races which have rights as well.

We have done in three years more than our predecessors did altogether.

That is the last word I say—union, peace, friendship and fraternity. That devise I submit to you, my friends, my fellow-citizens and my compatriots.

Distance Lends Enchantment.

When in Dawson two weeks ago, P. C. McNamer, just arrived from the Koyukuk, gave some very flattering reports of Emma creek, a tributary to the middle fork of the Koyukuk. But the stories told by McNamer increased in justice the farther he got away from Koyukuk, and by the time Skagway was reached Emma creek was shrouded in a halo of glory such as was never excelled in mining history. Here are some extracts from a Daily Alaskan interview with Mr. McNamer:

"Emma creek was discovered on July 5," said Mr. McNamer, "and active work commenced shortly thereafter. I left on the 20th of August and we had by that time taken out \$6200 in gold. It represented the work of three men."

"When at work we took out \$100 a day to the man, on the average. Frequently it went over that. The ground is from three to five feet deep and pay is found from the surface to bedrock. It is a summer proposition."

"Emma creek is, so far, the best discovered. There are at least ten miles of very rich ground. We worked in three different places, about the center of each of our claims, and all were found to be very rich."

THE SAVOY AND STANDARD.

Theatres Produce Good Plays of a Different Nature.

You Play Sympathize With Rip Van Winkle or Laugh at Two of a Kind.

"Rip Van Winkle," that dear old Chinese legend with a Dutch name and an American stage setting; the piece which has been made famous the world over by the large personality of Joe Jefferson, was produced in a most creditable manner at the Standard last evening, and it may be said in passing that the stage settings for this play were the best and most artistic ever seen in Dawson. This means a great deal to the minds of any who happen to be familiar with the play and what is required in that direction to give the lines their full effect. Mr. Thorne and Casy Moran are entitled to special mention for their efforts in the scenic and mechanical effects which contribute largely towards the success of "Rip Van Winkle."

As a 20-year sleeper, Edwin R. Lang should be classed at the head of the seven famous in tradition. His rendition of the line, "Here is your good health, and your family's, and may they all live long and prosper," was something good to hear. Mr. Lang is a good actor in any country, and a conscientious one. He not only knows his lines Monday evenings, but he knows the whole part, which shows that he does not believe in letting things go till the last moment and faking the part in the end.

Robert Lawrence as Derrick Von Beekman, and Alf Layne as the nephew, Cockes, played strong supports, in which they were ably seconded by Wm. Mullen as Nick Vedder and J. C. Lewis as Hendrick Vedder.

Frank Gardner doubled the parts of Seth Slough and Jacob Stein.

Julia Walcott is featured as Gretchen, and it goes without saying that she did not disappoint anyone.

The cast is a very strong one, as of course it has to be to produce "Rip Van Winkle" successfully, and there is no doubt about its success.

"Two of a Kind" at the Savoy is a drawing attraction, being just the article to please a Dawson audience.

The scene is laid in New York, and the time, right now. The piece is funny all the way through, and those who have not seen it and do not know the inimitable Jim Post, the fun-making Larry Bryant and the mirth-loving Billy Onslow, may be quite sure that they will get their money's worth of laugh this week at the Savoy.

The piece boasts of more plot than is generally encountered in plays of this class, but it all hangs as usual upon the happening of the unexpected and the duplicity of married men, who, in the estimation of many, are all rakes anyway.

The two of a kind from whom the piece takes its title are of this sort, who, not finding the comforts of home in their proper place, seek them elsewhere, and seem to like the occupation. This gives rise to all the trouble which is greatly augmented by Helene Bell, as impersonated by Kate Rockwell. Helene is apparently the center of attraction for the two married men, and this fact, coupled with a habit which some married women have, of returning inconveniently and without warning, when they are supposed to be far, far away, makes the piece very funny, and, no doubt, because it is realistic, not altogether without precedent in fact, to many who witness its production from the seats.

The play is well and appropriately staged and any theater-goer who does not see it this week misses something well worth his time and money.

Another Suspect.

New York, Sept. 27.—The barge office officials, at the request of the police of Milan, Italy, are watching every ship that comes in for Maurizio Magliani, whose alleged real name is Luigi Granotti, wanted by the police of Milan for alleged participation in the killing of King Humbert. They say he sailed from Paterson for Italy on May 1 last, and is a silk weaver.

Glad to See You, Cap.

Capt. Woodside, of Yukon Sun fame, is again in town looking several years younger than when he left Dawson.

When asked if he was to take charge of the Sun again he answered that he had not made any arrangement as yet in that direction. "I have come back," said the captain, "to grow up with the country."

A BOAT FROM UP RIVER

The Ora Came Last Night and Starts Back To-Day.

Canadian Reported Stuck in Thirty-mile—Nearly One Hundred Scows Stranded.

From Wednesday's Daily
The quiet of winter is settling down on the water front of Dawson and where only a few days ago all was rush and hustle, free and easy idleness now holds sway and the formerly busy clerks now have time for leaning over desks and gossiping about ice in the river, work dogs and other current topics.

The Anglian has given up attempting to make the trip through to Whitehorse, but will leave this evening on a scow hunt which will probably take her as far as Selkirk.

The steamer Ora, Capt. Williams, arrived last night from Whitehorse with 18 tons of freight and the following passengers: Bud Hawkins, J. M. Nelson, H. Paddock, W. S. Paddock, R. A. Briggs, W. L. Gossman, H. P. Richards, Mrs. Richards, J. M. Pill, R. Sim, W. A. Young, W. R. Healy, J. G. Johnson, E. Fuller, J. D. Boyle.

Capt. Williams reports passing 81 scows on bars between Whitehorse and this place and fully as many more afloat which, without accident, will reach Dawson in ample time to prevent being caught by the closing of the river. Very little freight remained at Whitehorse when the Ora left there four days ago.

The Ora left this afternoon for Whitehorse carrying a number of passengers and the royal mail. Capt. Williams does not anticipate any difficulty on the voyage.

The steamer Canadian is reported by passengers coming down on the Ora to be in a precarious condition in Thirty-mile river. She is stuck in the main channel and an obstruction to travel, which it is thought will be impossible to overcome. The Ora had a serious time passing around her, as she takes up the channel from one side to the other. Owing to the light draft of the Ora, together with the advantage of her course being down stream, she got around the obstruction, but to do so was compelled to scrape her way around. It is feared that no boat can pass her going up stream, and if such proves to be the case the passengers on the last boats leaving here are going to have a little experience with Klondike navigation that they will long remember.

The Eldorado has again found a resting place on a bar, where it is thought she will remain this winter gathering strength for other similar adventures in the spring.

The crackerbox craft, Emma Nott, is on a bar also, stuck between two cobble stones. The crew are worn out with the exercise of lifting her from one bar to another.

O'Brien and Roosevelt.
"Ish zish zer place where zer doin' zer votin'?"

The question was asked at the First avenue polling place about 2 o'clock this afternoon by a man who had looked long upon red liquor. On being informed that votes were taken there, the man fumbled around in his pockets and finally produced one of the Nugget's presidential tickets and said:

"I want ter vote fer Thomas Jennings O'Brien and zat rough riding cuss from New York. Don't shink Prudhomme's fitten ter be ze president of United Shates no how."

The ballot was taken and dropped on the table behind the ballot box and the man who thought he had exercised his right as an American citizen passed out and was heard to mutter:

"Zat's twice I've voted for Thomas Jennings O'Brien fer president of zer United Shates, an, if he don't get zere zish time he needn't spehct no more (hic) help from me!"

Not Prearranged.

An accident happened on First avenue this morning which, on the first impulse, was taken by both factions for a mean, low down campaign trick. It was just after the polling booth, which is a small Siwash tent, had been opened for business this morning on First avenue and immediately in front of the Aurora dock on which a steam wood saw is being operated. Voters were crowding around, anxious to deposit their ballots for their favorites lest they might drop dead—drunk—or otherwise become incapacitated for voting, when suddenly and without warning a plug blew out of the wood saw engine with a loud report and that entire neighborhood became enveloped in steam. Men fled precipitately in all directions and

cries of "Noel did it," and "It was a Prudhomme trick" were frequently heard. After awhile it was learned that the engine had no interest in the welfare of any political candidate, and the frightened voters returned and fell into line.

He Wants to Know.

Editor Nugget:
Dear Sir—If possible will you kindly enlighten me on a few points about which I am in some doubt, and find myself not alone in the matter as there are others.

Last evening at the meeting held in the Orpheum, in the interests of Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson, it was stated by one or two speakers that in the event of the election of those gentlemen to the Yukon, they would be unable to accomplish anything in opposition to the present members, as they would be in the minority. This looks plain enough, but Dr. Catto stated as a fact without explanation that one man, or even half a man could block the vote of the council. By what legerdemain of the intellect he reached this conclusion I do not know, nor do I wish to burden you with the unnecessary task of finding out, but what I should like to know is how this can be done. Can you explain?

If you can explain how half a man or even a whole one could accomplish this feat it may make a difference in several votes.

ONE IN DOUBT.

(The action of the Yukon council on any matter whatever has before now been wholly prevented by the opposition of one man, but that was at a time when no quorum was present without W. H. P. Clement, who refused to be present at meetings unless the public was excluded. However that time is now passed, and the Nugget is wholly unprepared to answer your question or throw any light whatever upon the manner by which Dr. Catto arrived at the conclusion credited to him. Give us an easier one.—E.D.)

Gold Area Widening.

The gold era of the north is increasing, in addition to the established certainty of the future of the Alaskan Yukon placer fields, the value of three new mining districts, about which more or less has been written during the last few years, has been demonstrated during the summer just passed by actual development. These are the Porcupine, in Alaska, and the Big Salmon and Stewart river districts in Yukon territory. The great richness of these camps can no longer be questioned. The gold taken out this season speaks for itself, and the preparations being made for next year's work indicate a splendid increase in the production of the north.

Of the three districts, so far as known, the Porcupine, shows up the richer, but there has been more scientific mining done there. As great a placer camp as it has proved itself to be, it is too soon to say that the Porcupine's future will surpass that of the less known Big Salmon and Stewart river.

One of the remarkable things about all three of these districts is that they have not been boomed and have been generally condemned, in fact, while there have been several feeble stampedes to each in turn, none of them were looked upon with favor, until a few confident prospectors demonstrated their value by the actual production of the gold itself.

The history of these mining districts has further exemplified the fact that placer fields in the north are developed slowly. And this inspires the confidence that many more of the strikes which have been turned down by the first stampedes will be added to the list of producers with each succeeding year.

Is it a wonder that those who spent the first two or three years in the north with many forebodings as to its stability and lasting value have become confident and have decided to cast their lot with the world's greatest treasure fields in the proximity of the Arctic circle?—Alaskan.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Notice.
The returns of the election will be received tonight at the O'Brien Club. Members are invited to be present and hear the result from the different polling places read.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

See the display of furs. Ladue Co.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Clothing, mitts, felt shoes, underwear at Hammell's, Grand Forks.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

COMING AND GOING.

One of the objects of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be to secure more complete legislation on the subject.

Dr. Geo. E. Merryman and wife leave this evening on the Ora for the outside. They will visit all the principal cities in the States and will return to Dawson over the ice in January.

People who couldn't get their freight down the river on steamers, are, in many instances, kicking themselves for not leaving it in Whitehorse instead of starting it late in the season on scows.

Engineer, Rush, of the A. C. Co., has transmitted electrical power from the engine room to the company's wharf, where he is operating a fuel factory a little smaller than the one in the other end of town.

Job printer wanted. Apply this office.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Complete thawing plant; one 20 horse power boiler; one 8 horse power double friction hoist. On Hunker Creek. Enquire McDonald Iron Works. C 10-13.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—Large dark brown St. Bernard dog. Apply Chas. Berryman, night bartender Savoy. e17

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DENTISTS.
DR. HALLVARD LEE—Crown and bridge work. Gold, aluminum or rubber plates. All work guaranteed. Room 7, Aurora No. 2 Building.

LAWYERS
BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.

ALEX. HOWDEN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, etc. Criminal and Mining Law. Room 21 A. C. Co's Office Block.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY BLECKER, FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLECKER & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building. Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, First avenue.

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

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers. Telephone No. 48. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C. Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

ASSAYERS.
JOHN B. WARDEN, F. I. C.—Assayer for Bank of British North America. Gold dust melted and assayed. Assays made of quartz and black sand. Analyses of ores and coal.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.
T. D. GREEN, B. Sc., Dominion Land Surveyor. McLennan, McFeely & Co.'s Block, Dawson.

Bartlett Bros., PACKERS AND FREIGHTERS.
Office in Their New Building, Third St., Bst. 1st and 2nd Aves.
A First Class Livery Stable in Connection.
Hay, Grain and Feed For Sale.
TEL. 18. Ed & Mike Bartlett.

Whitney & Pedlar
THE BRICK BUILDING ON SECOND AVE.
Bennett Whitehorse Dawson
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Complete Outfitting for the Mines. An Exceptionally Fine Line of Gents' Furnishing Goods.

The O'Brien Club
FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort,
Spacious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.
The Orpheum
ALEC PANTAGES, MANAGER

GRAND OPENING Sunday, Oct. 21
Special Sacred Concert
Mrs Leroy Tozier; Miss Marion Traic; Miss Celia DeLacy; Miss Lila Sylvester, solo violinist, just arrived; Mr. Arthur Boyle, tenor; Prof. Parkes in new views including special pictures of Earl and Lady Minto, and other specialties.
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