

JUDGMENT RENDERED

Involving Claim on Eighty Pup

Wrongfully Staked as a Bench Main Ground Was Part of Crown Reserve.

Commissioner Senkler rendered a decision in a case involving No. 80 on eighty pup, a tributary stream, in which C. M. Woodworth was plaintiff and E. C. Biggs was defendant. Plaintiff purchased the land at one of the government sales and found when he came to possession he was not getting the ground he considered himself entitled to and the protest was made. The commissioner has decided as follows: The claim 7 below discovery on eighty pup was reserved from location under the regulations of January 15, 1898. The shaft marked No. 80 on the stream line of the bench shows bedrock at an elevation of about 26 feet below the general level of the gulch opening. There is therefore no doubt the boundary of this creek claim is over the boundary lines of the bench surveyed by Mr. Biggs. Biggs staked his claim in 1899. At that time the creek claim in question was a reserved claim. If Mr. Biggs had staked his claim he would have succeeded in obtaining a portion of the creek claim. I do not say he did this purposefully, but when it is proved he is on creek claim ground he must be held responsible for his act. The fact that it was nearly two years later that the government disposed of the creek claim does not affect the case. As to Mr. Backe's name being struck off as a party to the protest, I have no doubt that what Mr. Gwillim states in his affidavit is correct, but that was done with the understanding that he was interested in his own claim only. It appearing at the trial that he also had a recorded interest in the Biggs claim, he should be added again as a party, as at the time he was struck off it was done through a misrepresentation of the facts. As the Jephson survey covers a portion of the creek claim in question, it must be amended so as to include only that portion of the location that lies outside the boundaries of the creek claim. The plaintiff is entitled to his costs of the protest. saved From Jail. New York, March 1.—Saved by the devotion of his aged parents from a long term in prison, James Benton Corr has been released under suspension of sentence by Judge Newberger. A condition of the clemency was that Corr should leave the country. Facing exposure in a series of speculations amounting to about \$6,000, from a large dry goods house of this city, by whom he was employed as a bookkeeper, Corr decided on flight last January and was arrested as he boarded a steamer for Ireland, the home of his parents. When they learned of their son's plight, they hurried to America, made restitution and pleaded in his behalf. They were present when the judge announced that their son might go free. Mr. Corr, the father, is a wealthy paint and oil manufacturer of Belfast. Young Corr will accompany his parents on their return home. The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

The Ladue Assay Office

Prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the most equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quartz Mill will soon be in operation and we will be able to develop the values of any free mill-ore. Call and talk it over with us.

The Ladue Co.

Wholesale and Golden Gate Coffee At AVERY'S, 5th Ave. cor. Dugas St.

EMPIRE HOTEL

Printery

STEAM HOSE

Silver Dollar Shovels, Sunset Shovels. Good Goods Is Our Long Suit

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

EXTENSIVE OPERATIONS

Many Men Employed This Summer

N. A. T. & T. Co. Will Work Their Bonanza and Eldorado Claims.

The opinion about town and on the creeks most generally held by everyone is that the coming season will be the one of the greatest mining activity in the history of the Klondike, an opinion that is abundantly borne out by the number of properties now in readiness upon which it is proposed to begin operations just as soon as the sluicing season shall have commenced. Many claims have remained idle all winter for the reason that they can be worked more cheaply in the summer time, a fact that is specially true of those that can be operated by an open cut. Upon others work will begin for the first time, the preceding season having been largely spent in making extensive preparations so the work can be prosecuted to an advantage. Among the largest employers of labor, probably the heaviest will be the N. A. T. & T. Co., which at the height of the season will have no less than 250 men on their payroll and possibly a great many more. The principal work of the company will be confined to Bonanza, a creek upon which they are and always have been very heavily interested. Below discovery their holdings consist of 53, 54, 61, 62, 63 and 69. Nos. 53 and 54 will both be worked but in exact manner in which it will be carried on has not yet been determined. The ground there is comparatively shallow and if it can be done to an advantage open cuts will be employed. On No. 63 extensive operations will be conducted. Last summer the muck to a depth of six or eight feet was ground sluiced off the claim uncovering the gravel for a width of 75 feet and 600 feet long. This will be shoveled in this season, giving steady employment to 30 or 40 men. The gravel in places is rather deep, 20 to 25 feet. There as depth is attained the boxes will be sunk so that the gravel can still be shoveled in without the use of staging, the tailings being elevated out of the cut by means of a sand pump. The same pump will also be used for drainage. A 35-horsepower boiler and 25-horsepower engine will be in use. It has not been decided yet whether 69 will be worked or not. Above discovery the company owns some of the best claims on the creek embraced within a stretch of two miles and a half, from 15 to 40, every foot of which is known and has been proven to be rich. They are the owners of 28, 29, 36 and 39, of which the first three named have in years past produced an enormous amount of gold. On that portion of Bonanza there are two clearly defined paystreaks, one on the extreme left and the other on the right limit of the creek. The run of gold is entirely different in the two paystreaks, that on the left limit being cube gold while that on the right limit is the regular Bonanza run found elsewhere along the creek. No. 28 has been worked this winter, the labor being principally confined to blocking out ground and getting in shape for the summer, and 28,000 buckets are now on the dump ready for sluicing. During the summer two shifts will be employed and the claim will be operated both by open cut and drifting. On the right limit where the bedrock is the deepest a roof will be left and the dirt will be hoisted. From 45 to 50 men will be employed, the machinery in use consisting of two tubular boilers of 30 and 35 horsepower respectively, an upright of 12 horsepower, a 25-horsepower engine, sand pump, etc. No. 36 will be worked entirely by an open cut. Last season the claim was stripped almost its entire length and much of it was worked out, though there is still a great deal of good ground left. No. 39 has not been worked for over a

PRODIGAL RETURNS

Harry Hershberg Blows In This Morning

Spent the Winter in California and Visited Many of the Eastern Cities.

Harry Hershberg, the First avenue clothier and haberdasher, piled off the stage this morning, stretched a kink or two out of his legs, and murmured to himself, "Well this looks good to me." The genial Harry had a beautiful copper colored complexion, made so by the six days' continuous kissing of the Yukon zephyrs and it will require several weeks bleaching before the normal shade has been restored. "I had a splendid trip outside," said he, "but like all others am glad to get back. Strange, isn't it, what an attraction this old country has for some of us. I went outside on one of the last boats and spent the bulk of the winter in California, though I was several weeks in Chicago, New York, Boston and Montreal. I am anticipating an extremely prosperous summer for the entire country, in consequence of which I have bought an unusually large stock in my fine goods of both American and Canadian manufacture. Much of my new stock is following me in over the ice, some of which will be in within a week. "There is a very large number coming inside this year and practically all of those now arriving will be in over the ice. The facilities for handling the passenger traffic are excellent and there is little or no congestion at either Skagway or Whitehorse, the travelers being forwarded about as fast as they arrive. We left Whitehorse Sunday morning and could have gotten in last night had there been any particular object in doing so. The trip down was pleasant and without incident save for a few upsets we had the first day out. When we left Whitehorse there were none of the regular stages in, and we were sent out in a makeshift contrivance which had the happy faculty of turning bottom side up every time we came upon a place the least sideling. We turned turtle three times before reaching Lebarge where we were transferred to one of the regular stages and had no further difficulty in that line." Mr. Hershberg looks well and is living evidence of the benefits to be derived by taking a trip outside occasionally. St. Andrew's Church. The following special music will be rendered at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church at tomorrow evening's service: Mrs. Devig will sing "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," by Ambrose, and Mesdames Boyes and Thompson will sing the duett by Schaecker, entitled "In His Hand are all the Corners of the Earth." To Elect Directors. In all probability on Monday the stock holders in the Lone Star Quartz Mining and Milling Company will hold a meeting for the purpose of electing directors who will arrange for the development of the property on a large scale in the near future. From present indications the Lone Star is one of the finest mining propositions yet discovered in the Klondike. Redistribution. Special to the Daily Nugget. Victoria, March 22.—The redistribution bill presented by Dunsmuir

Another Capias Is Issued

HOPKIN'S DUAL LIFE

Was High Churchman and Class Leader

Also a Paroled Convict and Suspected of Chicago Post-office Robbery.

Chicago, March 22.—Through the shooting of Joseph Hopkins by Dan Kipley, a former policeman, an extraordinary dual life has been disclosed. Hopkins was a paroled convict and suspected of a seventy-five thousand dollar robbery from the Chicago post office last October. He lived in a quiet country village, Palos Park, and was a leader in an Evangelical church, its Sunday school and all charitable works of the village. Bungling Hanging. Special to the Daily Nugget. Hull, Que., March 21.—Lacroix, the murderer who declared he would never die on the scaffold and who endeavored to cheat the hangman recently by starving himself, was hanged this morning. He was strangled to death in the presence of 150 people. Hangman Radcliffe got drunk yesterday and talked foolishly and was mobbed by an indignant crowd. Evidently the incident unnerved the hangman as he bungled the job today hideously. The execution was fixed for 8 a.m., and all arrangements were carried out properly except that Radcliffe had not allowed sufficient drop, and the result was when the trap fell Lacroix's neck was not broken and he slowly choked to death in the presence of the horrified spectators. It was thirteen minutes before life was extinct. Finally Absorbed. Special to the Daily Nugget. Toronto, Ont., March 22.—After an existence of 18 years the Presbyterian Review has finally been absorbed by the Westminster.

Blizzard Bound

Fire This Afternoon

Favorite Scratched

One Terror Less

MARCONI IS JUBILANT

Expects to Congratulate King Edward

On His Coronation Day by Sending Him a Wireless Message From Cape Breton.

Carpenter Lives

Big Overdraft

Redistribution

St. Andrew's Church

To Elect Directors

Redistribution

Big Overdraft

Redistribution

St. Andrew's Church

To Elect Directors

Redistribution

Big Overdraft

Redistribution

increases the British Columbia legislature to forty-two members, reducing Esquimault's representation to one member. It cancels South Nanaimo and combines East and West Lilloet. The rearrangement gives 13 seats to Vancouver Island and 30 to the mainland.

Special to the Daily Nugget. St. Paul, Minn., March 22.—Details of a frightful blizzard that has raged the past three days have just been received by the arrival of 300 passengers on the Great Northern road who were storm bound at Stanley, N. D., consisting only of a side track and a cattle yard, from Thursday night to Monday morning—150 hours. For three days the passengers were unable to leave the train so fierce did the blizzard rage. To add to the distress, the food supplies in the dining car became exhausted and the coal in the day coaches gave out on Sunday.

The cottage on Third avenue near the old News office, owned by Pearl Hall and occupied by a Mrs. White, caught fire at 3:15 this afternoon from a heating stove and as there was no one at home at the time the fire was not discovered until it had done considerable damage. The department responded quickly and the flames were soon extinguished. The damage to the house and furniture will amount to \$150 or \$200.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Liverpool, Eng., March 22.—Shannon Lass won the Grand National today with Matthew second and Manifesto third. The scratching of the favorite, King Edward's Abush II., decreased the public interest and enthusiasm.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Cornwall, Ont., March 22.—Melvin Hall, formerly a terror of Dundas county, was today sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Cape Breton, N.S., March 22.—Marconi, the wireless telegraph wizard, is enthusiastic over the success he has recently attained and is pushing his new station here to an early completion. He expects to have his trans-Atlantic system ready so that a congratulatory message may be sent King Edward from this station on coronation day.

George A. Carpenter is doing as well as can be expected. No amputation of his fingers has yet been made but they will probably be operated upon in a day or two. Mr. Carpenter is suffering considerable pain and his rest is very much broken. Friends and the Knights of Pythias club, of which order Mr. Carpenter is a member, are ministering to his wants.—Nome Nugget, Jan. 23.

Victoria, March 22.—The provincial overdraft at the end of last December amounted to one million, eight hundred thousand dollars.

Victoria, March 22.—The redistribution bill presented by Dunsmuir

THE BANK CAFE. BETTER THAN EVER Dawson's Leading Cafe! HAROLD F. HERR, Prop. Short Orders a Specialty Dinner a la Carte OPEN DAY AND NIGHT KING ST., Opp. N. C. Co.

The Klondike Nugget

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

Subscription Rates table with columns for Yearly, Semi-Weekly, and Single copies, and rows for advance and per month rates.

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

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre - "Northern Lights." New Savoy - Burlesque and Vaudeville.

A BLUNDERING POLICY.

Notices were posted yesterday in the gold commissioner's office setting forth that in respect to certain hydraulic concessions granted by the government, the same will be thrown open to location for ordinary placer purposes unless immediate payment of rentals is made.

The history of the various concessions that have been granted in the territory tells a story which the government should weigh and consider with the utmost care before making any further grants. With scarcely an exception they have been secured for purely speculative purposes. The applicants have been men without capital sufficient to undertake the development of their ground and have relied entirely upon the hope of interesting moneyed men in their various schemes.

Of all the concessions covering several hundred square miles of ground which have been granted during the past five years, not one has been opened up as contemplated in the terms of the grants. In a few isolated cases where any work of consequence has been performed, all operations have been conducted by the ordinary means of placer mining which fact in itself should be sufficient to compel the cancellation of the grants concerned.

It may be said, therefore, that the policy of the government in granting concessions during the early years of the district's development, has been a blunder from beginning to end. It has simply served the purpose of keeping a vast amount of ground out of the hands of practical miners and tying it up in the possession of men who have neither the means nor the ability to develop it.

With the foregoing as the invariable experience of five years, what reason is there for belief that Treadgold and his associates will differ in their policy? Expert engineers have declared that their scheme for placing water on the creeks is impracticable, and by the terms of their grant the same is forfeited if they fail to carry

out the clause covering the delivery of water. If the Treadgold grants are permitted to stand, the probable result will be the tying up of a large area of ground for a period of years while a futile effort is made to carry out the terms of an impracticable scheme.

A PENNY SAVED.

The long stretch of cold weather is rapidly drawing to a close and in a very few weeks the trails leading to the various mining centres of the district will become soft and in many places well nigh impassible. Particularly will this prove to be the case in respect to the more distant creeks where the roads have not been properly graded and the road beds not any too effectively drained.

These facts should be carefully borne in mind by all claim owners who anticipate operating their claims during the coming summer. The coming two weeks will be the best season of the year for moving freight, and thereafter it may be anticipated that the rate for transporting goods to the creeks will advance. It follows, therefore, that the far-sighted claim owner will improve the occasion to move as much of his necessary supplies as possible before the roads begin breaking.

The element of economy enters now into the plans of the practical miner as never before in the history of the local mining industry. The claims which are able to stand an extraordinary expenditure for development work, and still pay a profit to the owner, are not so numerous now as in former years.

The hope of the country rests largely in the successful development of comparatively low grade ground, and to make the working of such ground a remunerative undertaking it is necessary that the same rules be applied which govern in the operation of any ordinary business.

Every dollar expended must be made to go as far as possible and unnecessary leakages stopped. Whatever opportunities for reducing the expense of operation may present themselves should be improved to the utmost, for every cent saved is so much added to the net earnings of the claim.

The difference of a cent a pound in freight rates will amount to a considerable sum in the course of a year. That difference and possibly more may be saved to those claim operators of the district who have their supplies moved before the advent of soft weather.

It is a wise adage that a penny saved is in the end a penny earned.

The present century will in all human probability witness the realization of the hopes of those people who desire to see war abolished. The cost of making war has constantly increased and the means of destroying human life, of recent date remarkably improved. War is therefore more expensive and more productive of casualties than ever before. When a new rifle is invented superior to those previously in use, millions must be spent in furnishing the armies of the world with the new weapon and the old must be abandoned. The same thing is true in respect to the equipment of the navies of the great powers. Common sense will sooner or later come to the rescue and when it does, war as a matter of course will come to a sudden end.

"Did you say that hair restorer is a good thing?" asked the patron. "Yes," answered the barber, with some slight hesitation. "It's a good thing. We sell several bottles a week at a dollar a bottle." "But how do you know it's a good thing?" "Because the profit on every bottle is 75 cents."

EMPEROR'S NEW YACHT

The "Meteor" a Thing of Beauty

Not Constructed for Speed, But Few Will Pass Her - Carries Enormous Sail.

New York, March 1. - The first impression one gets on viewing Emperor William's new schooner yacht is that she has immense strength. She has the lines of a fast boat, but to one chiefly accustomed to judging racing models the absence of some peculiarities of the modern top speed machine inevitably suggests that she could have been made faster if high speed had been a special item in the order - which it was not.

Apart from the question of model, the vessel will be of great weight. As measured roughly with a lead pencil, the deck planking seemed to be nearly, if not quite, three inches thick, and this of itself means that in a vessel of 160 feet in length, with 27 feet of beam, she is carrying a pretty good deck load of timber - not too much for a cruiser of her size, though practically prohibitive for a racer.

The Watson designed schooner Rainbow, owned by C. L. Orr-Ewing, M. P., which is five feet shorter on the water line, carries three inch planking, and in the racing field did nothing, being anchored by over-weight. Yet the Emperor's craft is twenty feet longer on the water line than the Endymion, the American schooner which now holds the record for ocean passage, and with her three feet greater beam and one-foot further draft she has an increased water power that ought to go far toward capturing the blue ribbon of the seas if she has that luck on which all fast ocean passages depend.

There are numerous smart American schooners which in the millpond courses of Newport and Lond Island Sound might steal away from the new Meteor, but when it came to drawing out this boat's enormous power for carrying on sail in a hard wind for a straightaway of 3,000 miles it would be hard to name any sailing craft that could confidently expect to defeat her.

METEOR'S ENORMOUS SAILS.

For broad reaching, when she will be carrying mainmast staysail and balloon jib, together with her largest club topsail at the main, she will hang up 22,049 square feet of sail. This is something like 8,000 square feet greater than the triangular areas measured for the calculation of time allowance on the Shamrock and Columbia. The lower canvas alone of the new boat will measure about 10,000 square feet. The main topsail yard will reach about 150 feet above the surface of the water, and though the sail plan seems to put the canvas well on board, she will have a reach of about 200 feet from the end of the bowsprit to the end of the main beam. That the main sheet crew will need "beef" is shown in the measurement of the main boom, which is eighty-two feet long. When this mainsail is reefed it will be like reefing boiler plate when the canvas is wet.

The chain plates are not bolted in the old way down the frames, but are simply fixed by five bolts to the top strake of the outside plating of the ship, in almost the same way as was found on the Shamrock II. - a method which caused some comment until one discovered the enormous strength of the steel which is in the top strake. There are five chain plates on each mast, showing that there will, in all, be twenty shrouds. The chain plates are all of galvanized wrought steel, which will look less rough when they are painted.

House Furnishings

- Carpets, Art Squares, Curtains, Curtain Poles, Window Shades, Blankets, Pillows, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Etc.

AT LOW PRICES J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET

and they will probably take large bronze turnbuckles to set up the shrouds. The steel bulwarks are about eighteen inches high, over which there is a broad wooden rail. Teak is the wood which has been selected for the deck fittings, skylights, etc., and away aft there is a small deckhouse, or rather trunk, which is merely to give headroom for descent at the companionway. With these exceptions, the decks have a clean sweep from bow to stern, with a moderate sheer that is graceful and easy.

FITTINGS BELOW DECKS.

Inside the vessel it is noticed that the steel frames are spaced at twenty-one inches on centres, and in the forward part of the overhang, right in the eyes of the ship, are oil tanks to carry the whole supply of lighting fluid, back of which there is a fore-castle for twenty men of the crew. Then comes a watertight steel bulkhead that has no opening through it, followed by the stateroom for the captain and apartments for two cooks and a steward. Aft of these is the galley for the owner, and another for the crew, and on the starboard side, rooms for two mates and the icebox. There are three tanks for fresh water, carrying respectively 700, 500 and 150 gallons - 1,350 gallons in all.

The main saloon, running the full width of the ship, comes next, over eighteen feet long, by twenty-seven wide - to be fitted in gold and white. Aft of this on the port side, are three staterooms for guests, reached by a hall. The owner's room, measuring about thirteen feet each way and connecting with a private bathroom, is here, on the starboard side. The companionway here leads down into a "vestibule," which is part of the passageway to the main saloon, and just back of the stairs is a ladies' cabin, reaching from side to side of the vessel, which is here about twenty-two feet, and the room is thirteen feet long, to be fitted with dressing cases, etc. The joiner work for the interior is now about finished in another part of the yard, and will be put in place while the yacht is being spayed and rigged after the launch.

Mr. W. R. Marsh said his firm would not supply the interior furniture of the yacht, as this would be especially made or selected according to his Majesty's views. Wilson & Silsby, of New York, have the contract for the sails, and the spar measurements are about as follows: Total length of mainmast, 105 feet; above deck, 89 feet; foremast, above deck, 85 feet; spruce main topmast, 50 feet; fore topmast, 54 feet 8 inches; main boom, 82 feet, made of hollowed Oregon pine; spinnaker boom, 68 feet 6 inches.

The framing of the keel is of the trough kind, none of the lead being bolted on the outside, but fitted along the keelson and in the bottom of the fin. For a yacht of her size, the draught of water, at 15 feet, is moderate, and she will carry about 120 tons of lead ballast, having a displacement of 315 tons.

In the model, the Rater-line, which is 120 feet, is somewhat increased by a sort of outward bulge in the generally straight line of the cutwater leading from the forefoot of the fin, up to the bowsprit. This gives the boat a much better grip forward for heavy windward work, and the entire front of the boat is at variance with the high speed models of the last eleven years, having none of the spoon-like outcurves at the entrance, but on the contrary, a very marked hollow line, where the forward part drops into the water, this being a distinct, curious and notable return to the designing of former years.

In so capable and experienced a designer as Cary Smith, it unmistakably shows his dissatisfaction with what is now known as the Herreshoff bow - at least for a cruising yacht, and there is no doubt that, although such a model as the Meteor's will plunge easier, she will have none of that heavy banging on the seas which has been one of the banes of latter day racing. The return to the clipper bow will be viewed with pleasure by all lovers of a yacht, as distinguished from the racing machine, and the evident strength of this bow is, indeed, most pleasing. For a change.

En Route to Eagle.

Mr. Wallace Evans, special agent of the United States treasury department, is in the city en route to Eagle, where he goes partly on business and partly on pleasure, the latter being to visit his cousin, Collector Baker of that place. Mr. Evans is a son of Colonel Evans, also of the treasury department, and, although quite a young man, has seen much service for his country, having spent some time in the Philippines during the heat of the late unpleasantness.

While in the city Mr. Evans is a guest at the Regina. He will be here several days before continuing his journey on down the river. He arrived in Dawson Wednesday.

NOTICE. It having been brought to the attention of this paper that one "Billy" Devine is representing himself as an agent for the Klondike Nugget in Alaska, the public will hereby take notice that the said Devine has no such authority, and the said Devine is warned that he is rendering himself liable to prosecution. Signed: THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET

Just received over the ice, fresh turkeys, geese, ducks and oysters. Bonanza Market, next to post office. Job Printing at Nugget office.

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

AMUSEMENTS. The Auditorium. Week Commencing Monday, March 24. "Northern Lights" A Page From American History. 21 - People in the Cast. NO SMOKING - Monday, Thursday & Friday.

NEW SAVOY. Week Commencing Monday, March 24. Trish Aristocracy. Olio Better Than Ever. To conclude with Maurice's Legation. Marconi, the Inventor.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport. OFFICES SEATTLE, SAN FRANCISCO.

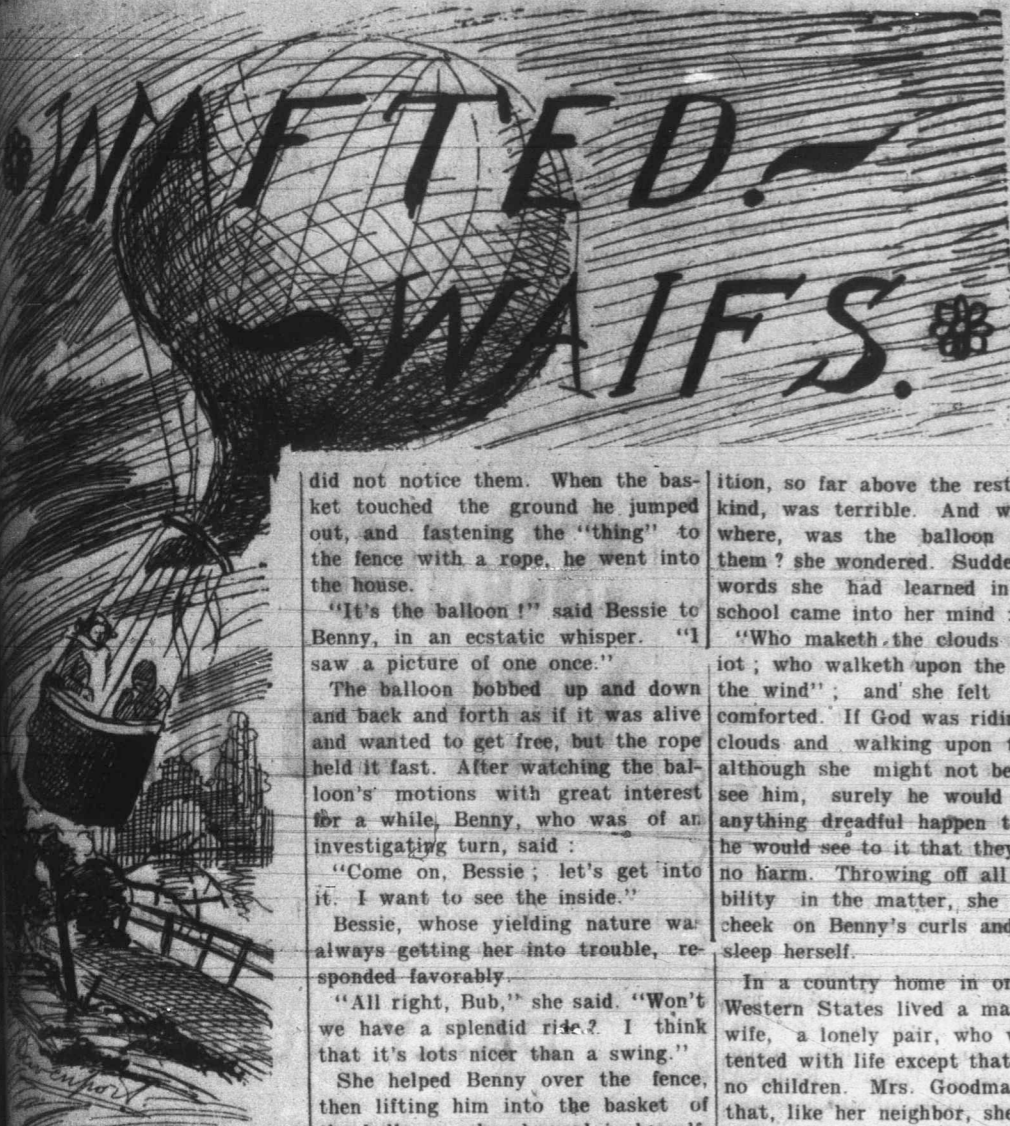
Alaska Steamship Co. ..Operating the Steamers.. "Dolphin" - "Farallon" - "Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska. Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Route for Dawson and interior Yukon points. ...General Offices... 201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

Burlington Route. No matter what point you may be destined, your ticket will read Via the Burlington. PUGET SOUND AGENT M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE.

By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek. By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town. You can hear at any time over our long distance lines. Yukon Telephone System. GENERAL OFFICE: DAWSON, Y. T.

SATURDAY, MAR... The Widow Ar... "dear woman"... "I think you ha... bring them bet... ever," answer... the house is in... there is abou... in the larder... looked after by... everybody's busi... in cases... god man p... with h... "Very well,"... Hastings, as... When she arrive... party she found... had preceded b... some little orp... matter is a cor... the very picture... "The Widow Ar... every to keep... but her e... to give up the... and death ha... neighbors we... should be dec... seemed willin... possibility of the... was not ric... of his own... and felt... he looked a... carried the... she knows... that night... to be sent... "seems a pi... They com... Anderson, w... a hard-work... with it ter... was a farm... old people a... relations tha... a pity."... there the chi... had some... playing... and to... "One day... who were... went to the... some success... there. He... themselves, w... frolic wit... toward, wh... some-looking... toward... sent to... with a wicker... attached b... very much... basket their...

The Nugget's Department for Children.



did not notice them. When the basket touched the ground he jumped out, and fastening the "thing" to the fence with a rope, he went into the house.

"It's the balloon!" said Bessie to Benny, in an ecstatic whisper. "I saw a picture of one once."

The balloon bobbed up and down and back and forth as if it was alive and wanted to get free, but the rope held it fast. After watching the balloon's motions with great interest for a while, Benny, who was of an investigating turn, said:

"Come on, Bessie; let's get into it. I want to see the inside."

Bessie, whose yielding nature was always getting her into trouble, responded favorably.

"All right, Bub," she said. "Won't we have a splendid ride? I think that it's lots nicer than a swing."

She helped Benny over the fence, then lifting him into the basket of the balloon, she hopped in herself. The balloon rose grandly to the occasion, soaring gracefully as high as the limits of the rope would allow, then sinking gently to the ground, often dashing back and forth with vigorous jerks, till the youngsters fairly shrieked in an ecstasy of delight. All of a sudden it gave a terrific tug at the rope, when, lo and behold! Bessie and Benny sailed away toward the sky, on a longer trip than they had bargained for when they got into the balloon. It had worked itself free at last.

The terrified children looked down upon the earth they were fast leaving behind. As they sailed over the house, grazing the tops of the tall poplar-trees that stood at the front gate, they saw the aeronaut and Mr. and Mrs. Hastings run out of the house and look up at them. Mrs. Hastings happened to be looking out of the window, and noticing the moving balloon, told the man who had stopped at the house that his balloon was adrift.

"Why," said the astonished man, "there are two children in the car! It was empty when I left it."

"Then it must be those Anderson children," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, jumping to the right conclusion at once. "What in the world possessed them?" And she flew hither and thither in her helpless excitement.

The little waifs whom nobody wanted were being disposed of in a most marvelous and miraculous manner. Mr. Hastings and the man followed the balloon as far as they could. Some of the neighbors, seeing others running, joined in the chase; but it gradually disappeared from view. It sailed majestically over the town from where it had started with the unfortunate aeronaut. The crowd there, thinking that he was returning, greeted its appearance with cheers, but it kept straight on its course, passing over their heads in its runaway frolic. It went east and west, north and south, as the whim, or rather the wind, impelled it. Pretty soon it was lost to sight.

Meanwhile, the little navigators of the air clung to each other in their sore plight, fearing to move.

"Will it take us to heaven, do you think, Bessie?" queried Benny, anxiously, as they shot suddenly upward.

"I don't know," answered the little woman, soberly. "I most wish it would, now papa and mama are there"; and she gazed upward with moist eyes as if in search of some promised land of the angels.

They were soon chilled through and Benny began to cry with the cold. His sister, with true motherly instinct, forgetting her own discomfort cheered him as well as she could. She took off her gingham apron, and covering him carefully with it, took him in her arms, where, cuddled closely, he fell asleep. Bessie then began to feel very lonely and frightened. As long as she had Benny to think of, she had no fear for herself. The awful loneliness of their position, so far above the rest of mankind, was terrible. And where, oh, where, was the balloon carrying them? she wondered. Suddenly these words she had learned in Sunday school came into her mind:

"Who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind"; and she felt strangely comforted. If God was riding on the clouds and walking upon the wind, although she might not be able to see him, surely he would not let anything dreadful happen to them; he would see to it that they came to no harm. Throwing off all responsibility in the matter, she laid her cheek on Benny's curls and went to sleep herself.

In a country home in one of the Western States lived a man and his wife, a lonely pair, who were contented with life except that they had no children. Mrs. Goodman wished that, like her neighbor, she had two lovely young daughters, while Mr. Goodman often thought how nice it would be if he had a fine stripling of a son like his neighbor Brown's tall lad. He was thinking how helpful such a boy would be to him, one afternoon as he was taking down the bars to let the cattle out of the pasture. Suddenly he became conscious of a gigantic object hovering above him in the air. It remained stationary for a moment, then moved slowly toward the house.

"A balloon!" he cried excitedly, and seeing that it was nearing the earth, he started homeward on a run, leaving the cows to follow at their leisure. Mrs. Goodman, standing at the kitchen door watching for her husband to come home to supper, saw it at the same moment. When it reached the orchard, which was in full bloom, it seemed to waver, like an enormous, tired bird, uncertain where to alight; then it settled down upon the top of a large apple-tree in the center of the orchard. Mrs. Goodman, who ran as fast as she could, was the first to reach the tree.

"John! John!" she cried as her husband appeared upon the scene, breathless and panting, "I believe I saw two children in the car, up there!" and she laughed and cried hysterically in her excitement.

Mr. Goodman climbed the tree and fastened it securely with the rope that was still hanging to it, and then he looked within. Sure enough, there were the children, sound asleep still. The tears were not yet dry upon their cheeks, and Benny was still clasped protectively in his sister's arms.

"Well, if this doesn't beat all!" exclaimed the astonished man.

The exclamation aroused Benny, who, seeing the drifts of pink and white apple-blossoms that met his gaze in all directions, asked drowsily:

"Do you think its heaven, Bessie?"

Then he glanced doubtfully at Mr. Goodman's attire. He had never heard that any but men wore blue jean overalls.

Mr. Goodman caught him up in his arms and gave him a warm hug as he said laughingly:

"Not exactly, my little man." He handed Benny down to his wife, whose arms were stretched eagerly to receive him.

Bessie was now rubbing her eyes in bewilderment, wondering how she found herself in such a strange but beautiful place.

"Oh, I remember now!" she cried. "We came on the wings of the wind, in a balloon. I knew God was going to take care of us"; and she heaved a sigh of relief and content as the loving arms inhaled her.

The news of their strange arrival soon spread through the country, reaching to the home of the Hastings, who came post-haste to see about their little charges. Mr. and Mrs. Goodman clung to the little runaways, saying that the children

had been sent expressly to them, and were rejoiced to find that there was no one who desired to dispute their claim. The wishes of the good couple were at last gratified.

Bessie developed into a sweet and unselfish maiden, the pride and delight of her adopted-mother's heart; and Mr. Goodman learned to lean upon the sturdy lad who grew up to be the stay and prop of his declining years. They were never tired of telling the story of how these waifs were waited to them in a balloon.

Why Dogs Cannot Read.

A great many years ago, even before automobiles were invented, Mr. Dog used to live with Mr. Man, just as he does now. Any one would think that he should have learned company manners and know how to behave almost as nicely as your eldest sister when there is company to dinner, but any one of you who is acquainted with very many dogs will know that he did nothing of the kind. This Mr. Dog of whom I speak did commence to learn a great deal, but he found that there appeared to be drawbacks too much.

One day he was watching Mr. Man churn, when Mr. Mann said that if Mr. Dog wanted to have more fun than he had ever heard of he would better learn to churn. Mr. Dog was always looking for fun, and he said



that would be just the very thing he had been wanting to learn for a long time. Mr. Man rigged a contrivance at once, which made the churn work beautifully whenever Mr. Dog walked up a little row of slats. Mr. Man said that the greatest fun of all was to be tied fast, so he tied Mr. Dog fast to the string. Mr. Dog walked up the slats and had fun for quite a while, and then he found that he was very tired and that it would be more fun to lie down and rest. He called to Mr. Man to come and let him loose, but Mr. Man was busy having fun chopping wood, and so did not hear Mr. Dog, who had to keep on walking, so that the slats would not slide out from under him and leave him suspended by the neck.

After a long time the milk was all churned into butter, and Mr. Man came and let Mr. Dog loose. Mr. Dog did not even say "Much obliged" to Mr. Man, but he crawled off and lay down and slept for two days and nights without ever waking up.

A few days later Mr. Man's son Tommy was working his best at carting apples in a little wagon from the orchard to the cellar. He was very tired and wanted to stop, but he did not dare, for his father had told him to take them all in. He smiled behind his ears when he saw Mr. Dog coming, and he looked just as happy as only a boy can when he smiles that way.

"Good morning, Tommy," said Mr. Dog as he came up. "You look as happy as a puppy with a five-pound tenderloin steak."

"Oh, yes; I am having such fun here," replied Tommy. Then he asked Mr. Dog if he did not want to have some fun, too; but Mr. Dog remembered about the churn, when he could not stop when he wanted to, and he said he guessed he would try to get along without fun that day. But Tommy said that it was just perfectly glorious, and that if Mr. Dog would only try it, he would let him look at his picture book. That sounded nice, so Mr. Dog let Tommy harness him to the little wagon. Tommy piled the apples into the wagon and Mr. Dog had to draw the load to the house, and it was all up hill all the way, too. After four or five trips Mr. Dog became tired and wanted to stop, but Tommy would not unharass him, and so, of course, he had to go on.

Tommy made Mr. Dog keep pulling these heavy loads until they had taken all the apples to the cellar. Then Tommy unharnessed him and asked him how he liked learning to draw the wagon. "I didn't like it one single bit," said Mr. Dog, "and I want my picture book to look at." So Tommy got the picture book and Mr. Dog took it off and sat down under a tree in the field. He was looking at the pictures and having a fine time when Mrs. Cow came along and looked over his shoulder. "My goodness me!" she exclaimed. "Do read to me what it says under that picture of the cat and the fiddle and the cow jumping up in the air." Mr.

Dog could not read a bit, but he was ashamed to say so, so he made up a rhyme. "Why certainly," he said:

Bow wow! Sukey the cow,
She turned a flipflap in the air;
When she landed a cat
Said if she could do that
She could be the prima donna in his
opera troupe.

You see, Mr. Dog was in such a hurry that he couldn't make the last line rhyme, but Mrs. Cow did not know much about poetry, so she did not know the difference.

"How perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if a cat would take me in an opera troupe if I turned a flipflap like that?"

"Of course he would," said Mr. Dog. "He wouldn't be much of a cat if he didn't, and, anyway, whatever you see in books is true." People really thought so in those days, as they were dog days, for surely you have heard grown-up folks say "every dog has his day."

"Do you really think I could turn a flipflap?" asked Mrs. Cow, with a simper.

"I am sure of it. You are so graceful," said Mr. Dog. Mrs. Cow made a very low flipflap, but she only got half way around and landed on the top of her head. Her horns ran so far into the ground that she was stuck fast, and there she was, standing on her head, with her feet wildly waving in the air. She kicked and struggled, but could not get loose, and she was just about to have a rush of blood to the head when Mr. Man came along and helped her turn right side up again. But poor Mrs. Cow was a sight! She looked very pale, and said if Mr. Man would please excuse her she would go sit in the hammock for a while and rest.

While she was in the hammock trying to think how it happened Mr. Cat came along. As soon as she saw him Mrs. Cow remembered all about the opera troupe, and she was just getting up to do another flipflap when Mr. Dog came along. He was afraid she would poke holes in Mr. Man's front porch and that he would get blamed for it, so he shouted as loud as he could "Rubber Neck!" trying to do just as Mr. Man had done. When Mrs. Cow heard this she ran at Mr. Dog as hard as she could, and Mr. Dog remembered that he had urgent business elsewhere. He ran as fast as his feet would carry him, but he was so tired from carting the apples that it was not very fast. Mrs. Cow soon caught him, and she got that crumpled horn under him and tossed him so high in the air that he thought he would never come down.

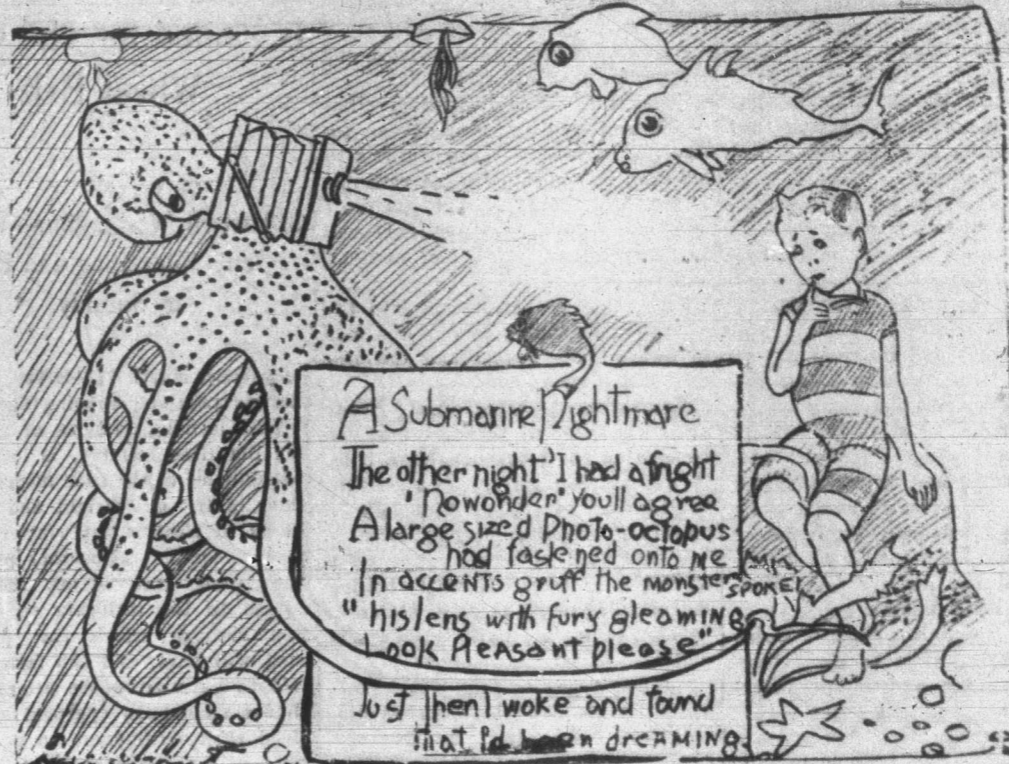
If Mr. Dog had not fallen on a haystack, he would have been killed, but the hay broke his fall, and he was only shaken up. As he crawled down to the foot of the haystack he heard a voice, and then he saw Tommy sitting in the shade and reading out of his picture book: "This is the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that—"

"Is that in the book?" asked Mr. Dog.

"Of course it is, or you wouldn't hear me reading it," said Tommy.

"Well, then," said Mr. Dog, "I am through with books. I don't know how to read, and what is more, I will never learn."

He kept his word, and to this day dogs cannot even say their A. B. C.'s. If you do not believe it, just get your dog to try it.



A Submarine Nightmare
The other night I had a fright
No wonder you'll agree
A large sized Photo-octopus
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Just then I woke and found
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Among the Moonshiners

In the Ozark mountains there is a spring that could tell some startling tales and explain away the mystery surrounding the disappearance of more than one human being.

Jack Warner thought that he had made an important discovery, and the next minute he found that he had made two of them.

In the first place, he had discovered a "moonshine" distillery, which was important, but not interesting to him. In the next place, he was a prisoner in the hands of the "moonshiners" themselves, which was both important and interesting.

For two long hours in the stormiest of nights Jack had toiled wearily up a narrow ravine in the wildest of the Ozark range. He was wet, cold, exhausted and, worse than all else, lost. So when at last a little speck of light suddenly shone out of the darkness he hailed it as a harbinger of shelter and rest and hurried forward with renewed hope.

He had taken less than a dozen steps, however, when he found himself face to face with a tall, determined-looking man and a gun.

The two men scrutinized each other narrowly, while half a dozen ruffians gathered round. The man with the gun finally broke the silence by saying:

"It's a bad business, your coming here, young fellow; but since you have come we'll have to attend to you, I guess."

With that he made a motion to the other men, and they speedily bound Jack hand and foot.

"What does this mean?" Warner demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," the man with the gun replied. "About all it means is that you will have to take a bath in the Big Spring, and anything that goes in there never comes out."

Warner comprehended the man's meaning now and, aghast with horror, cried:

"Great God! Do you mean to drown me?"

"We mean to put you where you won't never tell no tales," was the cool reply.

Warner tried to collect his reasoning faculties and speak calmly.

"Before going any further let's sit down and talk this matter over. There is a misunderstanding," he began.

The other slowly shook his head.

"I guess," he replied, "there ain't no misunderstanding—on our part, at least. You made the mistake when you came here to spy on us."

"Right there you are wrong," Warner said. "I did not come here to spy on you."

"Ah, come! You can't fool us. If you ain't one of them revenuers sneaking round to locate our still, what are you doing here at this time of night and in all this storm?"

"Well, in the first place I am the new schoolteacher in this district. I've been here a week, and you have probably heard of me. In the second place, this being Saturday, I spent the day fishing, remained too late, and with rainstorm I lost my way. In the third place in my wanderings around this morning I accidentally stumbled on this spot. Now there's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me."

After a pause the man with the gun replied:

"That may be so, but still I don't see that it changes matters any. You'd be most sure to report on us for the sake of the reward."

"I'll pledge you my word of honor that I will never whisper to any living mortal a word of all this."

"Maybe you won't; but, you see, we can't tell about that. Sometimes a man's word and honor don't amount to much, and we can't afford to take no great chances. There's no use of all this talk. We know our duty to ourselves, and we propose to do it. Boys, bring him on and let's settle it."

Two men advanced and took Warner by the arms to lead him away to the Big Spring. Pale with terror, he cried:

"Great God! Would you murder me?"

"It is better for you to go that way than for us to go at the end of a rope. Loosen his feet, boys, so he can step along."

They cut the cord about Warner's legs and started forward into the woods. But a woman, her face white and anxious, her hair flying wildly in the wind, barred their way.

"For God's sake, Liz," the man with the gun cried, "what's up?"

"They're here!" she gasped. Then, clasping her hands and looking into his face appealingly, she added: "Go, quick, Jake! Fly before they get you."

"What are you talking about?" Jake demanded. "Who is at? Not the?"

"Yes, yes; the revenuers! The

cabin's surrounded, and they're searching the woods. I slipped away, but most likely they seen me. Don't wait, Jake, but go quick!"

His face darkened, and a dangerous light came into his eyes.

"D—'em!" he said bitterly. "Let 'em come! I'll get some of 'em before they get me." Then, turning to his men, he added: "Stand back out of the light, boys, so that you can't be seen. Wait a minute! This man has been spying on us, and we'll fix him for it first."

With that he struck off into the woods, commanding two of his men to follow with Warner and the others, with Liz, to hide.

After covering about thirty yards along the side of the mountain he stopped on the brink of a dark hole. It was the Big Spring, that greedily swallows up everything that falls a prey to it and gives nothing back.

A cold chill of horror went over Warner as he heard the water boiling and bubbling down there in the dark.

"Throw him in, boys," Jake said coolly.

The men began to push Warner forward. In his struggles the rope slipped from his arms. Finding his hands free, he wrenched himself from the grasp of one of the men and, striking him a quick blow, sent him reeling back toward the spring.

There was a scream, a heavy splash in the water and then silence. Quickly following up his advantage, he struggled to free himself from the other man and had almost succeeded when Jake gave him a push that sent him flying over the brink of the spring and clear to the opposite side, where he struck against the bank.

As he began to sink down into the hole he clutched frantically in search of a support. When half his body was in the water, his fingers grasped a jutting stone that checked his fall. There he hung, his whole weight on his fingers and the waters tugging at him as if angrily determined to tear him away.

By a flash of lightning Jake saw him clinging to the wall and, with an oath, started around to that side of the spring. In another flash Warner saw Jake with his gun raised to strike him.

At the same instant there was a pistol report, and in the darkness Warner felt a heavy body plunge past him and heard a great splash in the water. Then, just as his fingers had begun to relax their hold, a pair of strong hands grasped his wrists and saved him from sinking. For the first time in his life he fainted.

When he returned to consciousness he was lying before a fire in the shelter of the still with a dozen detectives. Three of the "moonshiners" were in irons.

The detectives, guided by the scream of the man who had first met his fate in the spring, had arrived just in time to give Jake to the spring, which no doubt hid much of his guilty past. Afterward they had captured the rest of the gang, killing one in the fight. The woman Liz had escaped.

Want Shorter Hours. Chicago, March 1.—Members of Typographical Union No. 16 have decided to make a demand for an eight-hour day with the present scale of wages in the job shops of Chicago. The shops are run under the nine-hour system at present, but the printers desire a shorter working day.

The propositions were submitted to the members of Typographical Unions through the referendum recently made. The first called for shorter hours at the present scale, the second for a nine-hour day at an increased scale and the third for shorter hours and an increased scale. The first proposition was carried by a large majority.

Takes Zola to Task. Paris, March 1.—A criticism of M. Zola by M. Sienkiewicz is exciting much comment in literary circles. The author of "Quo Vadis" remarked that any one taking the trouble to tabulate the women in Zola's books would find that ninety-nine out of every hundred are abandoned creatures and that such a literature of lies, exaggeration and love of filth was a libel on the French national life.

M. Zola's enemies are more than delighted at the Polish author's denunciation, saying it undermines the tenet that the realist is regarded abroad as France's representative novelist.

"So your horse was distanced, was he?"

"Yes."

"Did you have anything on him?"

"I thought I had a jockey on him, but it seems I didn't."—Richmond Dispatch.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

ELECTRIC RAILROAD

Is Planned for the Great Wheat Belt

Of Eastern Washington—Will Be Sixty Miles Long and Built by Subsidy.

Spokane, March 11.—Sixty miles of electric railroad, tapping one of the richest farming sections of the famous Big Bend country, is one of the possibilities of the near future, if the plans of H. Q. Wright and J. E. Moses of Seattle are consummated, as now seems altogether probable. Their plans have already been submitted to the residents of the section through which the proposed road will pass, and the farmers are said to have given the project their almost unanimous approval and signified their willingness to grant the right of way and pay the subsidy asked for.

The route for the new road as selected will start from Rock Island, on the line of the Great Northern, thence up Moses Coulee to Moses creek, thence to Waterville, thence northeast to within a mile of the town of Bucksport, eighteen miles south of Bridgeport. This will tap a section of the country which is given up almost entirely to wheat raising, and the grade will be an easy one. As to who are behind the promoters of the project or how much capital they expect to employ is not known here, the communications which have been received by the farmers simply bearing the signatures of Wright and Moses. The power for the road will be brought from Chelan Falls, about fifteen miles from Waterville. The gauge will be a standard one, so that the cars for the new road can be run in over the Great Northern. The farmers of that section are to hold a meeting at Waterville next week for the purpose of further considering

the proposition and taking the necessary steps to obtain the required signatures to the contract, the form of which has already been drawn up, but which, it is understood, will be changed in some respects before it is finally submitted for signatures.

The agreement submitted by Wright and Moses calls for a right of way of 100 feet, which must be donated by the property owners along the proposed route. It also contains a provision for the paying of a subsidy, each person owning property within ten miles of the line paying a certain sum, according to the distance his property is from the road. Every quarter section of land lying within one mile must pay \$50, within two miles \$45, within three miles \$40, within four miles \$35, within five miles \$30, within six miles \$25, within seven miles \$20, within eight miles \$15, within nine miles \$10 and within ten miles \$5.

It also binds the farmers to ship all of their wheat over this road for a period of ten years, the rates being fixed as follows: First year, 4 cents per bushel; second year, 3 1/2 cents per bushel; third year, 3 1/4 cents per bushel; fourth year, 3 1/2 cents per bushel; each year thereafter during the life of the contract, 3 cents per bushel.

If the farmers accept these terms it is proposed to begin work on the survey of the road at once, and complete it within thirty days. The grade for the first thirty miles is to be completed within six months and the road for that distance in operation within a year. The entire road is to be completed by December, 1905.

Ripley Breaks Down.

Chicago, March 1.—After being under the care of physicians since the recent meeting of the classification committee of the Eastern Railroad Freight Association, of which organization he is chairman, J. T. Ripley has been taken to the sanitarium at Wauwatosa, Wis. It became evident during the meeting of the committee that Mr. Ripley was suffering from some mental trouble, doubtless the result of too close attention to his work, and while his derangement is not of a violent nature, it has been thought best that he be given a long rest.

Differences between various railroads over classification have given Mr. Ripley an unusual amount of extra work since last December. He

grieved greatly over the Boer war and the Philippine and Cuban questions and was melancholy most of the time. Then came the committee meeting and his breakdown.

Mr. Ripley is 52 years old, a man of family, and a member of the Oak Park Unity Church. He is prominent in railroad circles, having been connected with various transportation lines for nearly twenty-five years.

"I hear your club is going to give an entertainment. Do you think it will be a success?"

"Sure to be. We've arranged it so that every member is chairman of at least one committee."—Ex.

Mr. Timmid—Some doctors, you know, say that, er—kissing is often responsible for the spread of disease. Miss Koy—Is that so? By the way, did you know I had been vaccinated?—Philadelphia Press.

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DOGS OF THE YUKON



A kennel show which was held in New York City a couple of years ago a returning Klondiker who happened to be in the city at that time entered a malamute which he had brought to the States with him as a matter of curiosity and many of the spectators of the event east saw for the first time specimens of the canine which have played so prominent a part in the development of the gold fields of the Yukon - a position which heretofore had never occupied in any of their kind.

An amusing story is told in connection with their exhibition a story in which a sourdough named Dawson played the leading part to his own amusement, and which reminded him of home, and which to the edification of the spectators that had gathered about the place, the dogs were kept. At the time of the occurrence they were taken up to a light basket sleigh as a part of the exhibit, but true to their Indian nature were lying in all kinds of positions, apparently unconcerned at the attention they were attracting. Several well-gowned ladies had stooped over and patted their heads, endeavoring in the meantime to make them stand up in order to get a better view of the strange-looking animals, but to all their appeals, entreaties and commands the brutes remained stretched themselves out lazily, paying no attention whatever to the discomfiture of the ladies and their escorts. About this time the sleigh happened along, half seas on board and properly geared up for any emergency excitement. The moment the team and sled he was

of those of the far north, the malamutes and huskies may be said to be distinctly sui generis, and are found in no other latitudes save those in close proximity to the Arctic circle. The true huskie is a native of Herschel island and the delta of the Mackenzie river and is a cross between the wolf and the domesticated dog, the latter being the descendant of the dogs that accompanied the early French trappers and hunters who a half century ago penetrated the unbroken forest as far north as the Arctic ocean in their search of furs. The malamute, on the other hand, is distinguished from the huskie as a native of the lower Yukon and Eskimo settlements extending from the Kuskokwim north to Point Barrow, and is a cross between the red Siberian wolf and the native dog. The malamute possesses more of the characteristics of a wolf than do the huskies, being larger, with a heavier coat, more pointed nose and in other ways more closely resembling their progenitor. In one respect, however, they are identical, and that is in their thieving propensities. It is a common saying among the old timers that a malamute if hungry and given the opportunity will steal a hot frying pan from a stove, carrying it off by the handle and burying it in the snow until the contents have sufficiently cooled so they can be eaten. It is also said they can open a tin of corned beef with as much celerity as the most accomplished Klondike chef.

In an early day dogs were indispensable to the prospector and miner, and before the advent of horses into the country, which has only been within the last few years, they were

ing upon the supply and demand. At Fortymile and Circle City at the time of the stampede to the Klondike almost everything that looked like a dog brought \$100, and more than once has \$250 and \$300 been paid for an exceptionally well trained leader. During the winter of '97, which was the first year of any actual mining being done in this district, practically all the freight was hauled from the city to the claims by dog teams, and that winter a good string of malamutes was worth their weight in gold. The rate to the Forks was 20 cents a pound and a load of 1000 pounds meant \$200 for the trip to the fortunate owner. It cost 40 cents a pound to get freight hauled to discovery on Hunker and 50 to Dominion. Those who were here that winter will remember the teams owned by Joe Brand and the immense sums they earned. Later in the winter Brand made a trip outside taking a lady passenger, for which service he was paid \$1500. In '98 James McKay brought over a hundred dogs inside, he having gone to the States the preceding winter for the purpose of getting them, with the intention of going into the freighting business on a large scale, but that year there were also quite a number of horses brought in, one of which could do the work of a dozen dogs, it was found they would thrive here if properly fed and cared for, and so they gradually supplanted the canines, though that memorable year the dogs had the last innings, it becoming necessary to kill the majority of the horses before spring on account of there being no feed for them, they thus becoming food for those whom they a few

other side and were never seen again. The winter of '98 a strange sight was presented on the streets a number of times, which will also doubtless be remembered by many. A hunter that summer had captured a young grey wolf which he had raised, broken to harness and made one of his string of dogs. The wolf proved an indifferent worker, however, was always cross and surly and had to be kept muzzled to prevent it from biting everything and everybody who came within its reach. That same winter witnessed a dog race which was as exciting and upon which as much money changed hands as is often done on a Kentucky derby. The race was between Bob Insley's team and one belonging to Joe Binet, the course ten miles in length extending down the frozen bosom of the Klondike from the mouth of Hunker to the old footbridge across to Klondike City. The strings contained four dogs each and were hitched to a light basket sleigh carrying nothing but the driver. Binet's team won the race in something like 40 minutes, though it was claimed Insley's would have won had not an accident to them occurred, making it necessary to stop and cut out one dog.

At the present time the heaviest owner of dog flesh is Ben Downing, the veteran mail contractor on the Tanana route. He has no less than 123 of them and as they are all either huskies or malamutes the amount invested represents no small sum. In the city quite a few dogs are kept merely for pleasure, it being not an uncommon sight to see a little child with a big huskie hitched to a light sleigh riding about, taking the keenest enjoyment possible.



HUSKY AND MALAMUTE.

again in the Klondike, off on a mission, every vein in his body tingling with the excitement. He took the handle bars and let a dog out that caused every one of the dogs to jump to its feet. "Look on!" he yelled, and to the amazement of everyone away they ran half the length of Madison street garden. A turn was made and back they came, every one of the dogs laying down in the collar and making a kink in a tug. When they stopped the driver, who for the moment had forgotten where he was, found himself in the midst of a pack of all kinds of dog cranks and dogs. "How did you do it?" "What kind of a dog was that you spoke of?" and a thousand other questions of like nature were fired at him as fast as time takes to tell it. The driver was with difficulty that he escaped the attention he had so recently brought upon himself. The dogs, needless to say, enjoyed the run as much as did he for the time being was their master, and when it came to the question of the prizes a special trot was bestowed upon them as best of the first of their kind ever entered in a New York bench show.

the beasts of burden in the summer time, many of them being able to carry a pack all day long of 35 and 40 pounds, and in the winter they were the only means by which freight could be transported from the camps to the mines. Of late years with the arrival of many horses and the construction of government roads the use of dogs as draft animals has largely been supplanted, though to reach the more remote creeks they are still employed and probably always will be to a certain extent. In making long journeys in the far north a dog team possesses a number of advantages over horses. They do not have to be warmly housed, for with their great shaggy coats almost like fur they can sleep as comfortably in the snow at 60 below zero as in a warm kennel. Then, too, the matter of feed is an important one, a dog requiring but from three to five pounds a day, his working diet generally consisting of bacon and rice boiled up together. In endurance they can travel a greater distance and in less time than a horse, with a good trail an average of 40 miles a day being not an uncommon occurrence.

Dog teams in times past have upon certain occasions commanded a fabulous figure, the price largely depend-

months before had driven out of the freighting field. The summer of '98 saw Dawson fairly overrun with dogs of every kind, breed and description, the bulk of them being brought inside by the cheechacos comprising the big stampede. On July 4 of that year the first celebration that ever took place in Dawson of America's natal day was held, the city being turned over to the Americans through the kindness of Major Walsh. About noon when the fusillade of firearms and everything else that would make a noise was at the highest some inside dogs that happened on First avenue at the time took fright at the strange demonstration and tore down the street like one possessed. Near the old mining exchange, where they were met with an equally noisy reception, they turned and again bolted toward the A. C. corner. By this time the crowd that lined the street was so great that no avenue of escape presented itself to the now thoroughly crazed malamutes and as they tore up and down the street every mother's son would add to the confusion by yelling at the top of his voice. A hole in the wall of humanity was finally discovered and a half dozen of the brutes bolted for the river, some of them swimming to the

Of the diseases with which the dogs of the Klondike are sometimes afflicted that most dreaded is the rabies. The stirring events of last winter when the malady became almost epidemic, necessitating the killing of large numbers of those found to be afflicted, are easily recalled. Where or in what manner the first dog became inoculated has never been determined, but it is an indisputable fact that a veritable reign of terror for several months existed both in town and on the creeks. Many people were bitten by animals infected, but fortunately only one death occurred, that of a miner on Hunker, who suffered agonies indescribable. The absence of a greater infection physicians ascribe to the bites having been with scarcely an exception administered through the heavy clothing worn in winter, which would tend to cleanse the dog's teeth of the virus before they reached the flesh. This winter the malady did not reappear and it is thought it has been effectually stamped out.

The usefulness of the dog in and about Dawson as a draft animal and beast of burden is practically over. With freight rates to the Forks at but little over a half cent a pound and those to other creeks correspondingly low it is not profitable for

a miner to haul his own supplies even though he may have a team of dogs. With those engaged on creeks more remote, such as some of the tributaries of the Indian river and the Stewart, and also for travel on the lower river, they are still used to an advantage and possibly will be for years to come, but in the city and in journeying to and from the outside their value is at an end. "Every dog has his day" is a trite but true aphorism and the dog of the Klondike has certainly had his.

Wou'd Not Sleep in a Bed.
Paris, March 1. - For six years Paul Bonhomme, a camelot of 63 years, had not slept in a bed. He awakened one morning six years ago beside the dead body of his wife, and thereupon swore he would never sleep

Not being able to charter a cab for his nocturnal slumbers, as did three old maids who recently spent all their money on this method of avoiding burglars, Paul Bonhomme had to content himself with such hospitality as doorsteps and archways afforded. So great was his fear of making acquaintance with a bed that he took extraordinary precautions to avoid being sent to prison or hospital. Finally, however, having gone to sleep last Sunday under a gateway in the Rue Montmartre, he failed to wake when the sun rose. So the police got him. But it was not all of Paul Bonhomme - only his corpse. The old camelot had succumbed to the biting cold.

"My children, bless you! And remember this, lay something by each year, if it is only a few millions." - Life.

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THE TRIBULATIONS OF TWO STAMPEDERS

CONTINUED.



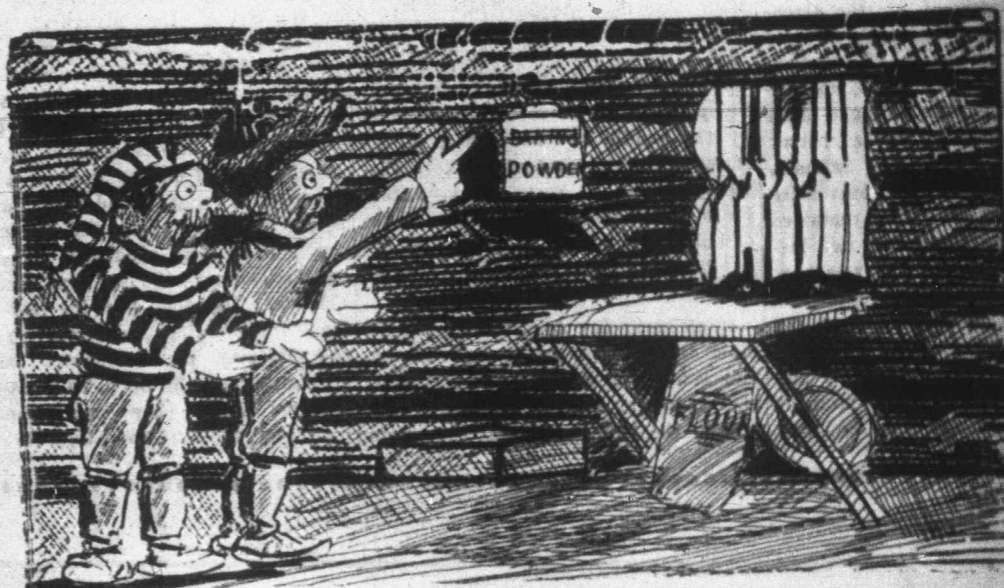
1. AY TANK VE GO STAMPEDIN'.



2. VE BA DE FIRST TO GEET DAAR.



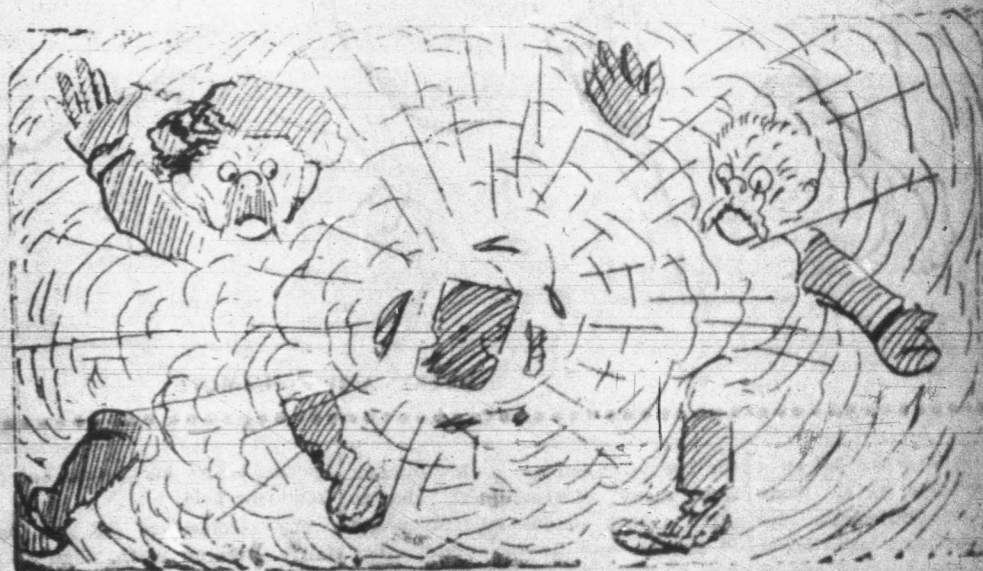
3. DAAR EES CABIN! KOOM ON, OLE!



4. VE CAMP HAAR AN' REST OOP.



5. BA DA YUMPIN' YIMMINY. EET BA COFFEE!



6. EET BA HAAL!

Diggs—Old Noah missed the opportunity of his life.
 Diggs—Enlighten me.
 Diggs—When the ark was about to float, he failed to appear on deck, wave his hand at the scoffers and say "I told you so."—Chicago News.

She—The very next morning after you had proposed to her she confided in me and asked me what she had better do.

He—I hope you were favorable.
 She—Oh, yes. I told her I didn't believe she could do any better. —Town Topics.



7. EEN DA MORNIN' VE GO HAME AN' STAY DAAR.

"Ah, Mrs. Jones, I hope your son may turn out all right after all and mend his ways! He may be at the top of the tree some day."
 "Oh, you don't think they'll hang 'im, do you, sir?"

Justice—Did you throw a brick at this man?
 Mrs. O'Toole—No, sir.
 Justice—Then how was it that you hit him?
 Mrs. O'Toole—Because I t'rowed it at some wan else, yer honor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NO DEB LAST

Good Entert Literary

Edwards Ch Take Place of Lately R

The Dawson Lite Society held one of its meetings in S... night which... to Miss... charge of the... assigned t... of the societ... elected to suc... There was no... entertainment... by reading... paper. "Th... to-date publi... with local ques... The follow... presented:

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 "The Critic"—Sec...
 Solo...
 "The Critic"—Th...
 "The Critic"—Po...

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