

VALDES-EAGLE RAILROAD

Will Be Constructed in the Near Future—Route Is Feasible and Country Easy With but Few Obstructions.

The railroad from Eagle to Valdes is now an assured thing. That is the statement of M. J. Heney who arrived at Eagle City yesterday afternoon, with five members of his engineering party. He entered from the trail onto the parade ground just as the baseball game was being concluded, and was immediately met with a host of questions. In reply to them he put a question himself: "Where can I get a drink of beer?"

Mr. Heney left Valdes on June 26, and on the long trip much of the preliminary survey work for the railroad has been mapped out and it is believed that actual construction work will be begun as soon as Mr. Heney gets back to Valdes. He will leave Eagle for Dawson by the next steamer.

The Eagle people were very enthusiastic in their reception of Mr. Heney and his party and the price of corner lots went up sky high as soon as he had drunk a bottle of beer and briefly stated that the Valdes railroad was now an assured fact. He had very little to say, however, as to his actual plans and the real estate boom is a trifle languishing because of the doubt in some minds as to the exact point the company will select for its terminus on the Yukon.

Mr. Heney will have nothing to say on this point until he reaches Dawson and perhaps not then.

RECEIVED BY WIRE STRIKING TAILORS

In New York and Newark Throw 60,000 People out of Work

New York, July 27, via Skagway, July 29.—The tailors of this city and Newark went out on a strike today throwing 60,000 men and women out of employment.

Baden-Powell's Health.

London, July 24, via Skagway, July 29.—General Baden Powell will return to England at once in the hope that his health may be restored.

HAWKINS TO RESIGN

Mr. Graves Statement to Contrary Notwithstanding.

Seattle, July 24, via Skagway, July 29.—Private advices received here state that General Manager Hawkins, of the White Pass & Yukon Route, is to resign his position to engage in private business in Alaska.

RECEIVED BY WIRE SCHLEY INCENSED

Hero of Santiago Objects to "Low Flings and Abusive Language" Printed In

HISTORY OF SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

And Has Court of Inquiry Appointed by Secretary.

ADMIRAL DEWEY THE HEAD

History Used as Text Book in Annapolis Naval Academy—Baden-Powell's Health.

Washington, July 27, via Skagway, July 29.—Secretary Long today received a letter from Rear Admiral Schley requesting the appointment of a court of inquiry to investigate his (Schley's) conduct during the Santiago campaign. After consulting with his staff the secretary decided to grant the request. Admiral Dewey, by request of the secretary, will be president of the court of inquiry which will meet here in September. Schley's request for an investigation is based on statements made in Maclay's Text History of the Spanish-American War, which history is one of the best books of the Annapolis naval academy. Schley says:

"I admit that it is a historian's right to fairly criticize every public official but I cannot submit to low flings and abusive language."

Our films arrived and have all been marked way down; all sizes. Goetzman.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor Pioneer Drug Store.

RECEIVED BY WIRE INTENSE SUFFERING

And Many Deaths Occur From Heat in St. Louis.

St. Louis, July 24, via Skagway, July 29.—Intense heat still prevails here and elsewhere throughout the middle west, the mercury today at noon registering 102. Thirty deaths from heat occurred last night, and many persons are crazed from the same cause. Prostrations by the hundreds are reported.

VERY RICH STRIKE

A. E. Co. Stakes Big Quartz Discovery.

The A. E. Company has made a rich quartz strike on Nation creek, the best ore from it running as high as \$400 a ton. The lode is 20 feet wide with a pay streak of white quartz said to be free milling. Between it and the walls the rest of the rock is highly mineralized, principally iron and copper pyrites, but this is refractory ore. However, there is in the neighborhood any amount of good fluxing material, and the company's coal continuing to improve with depth, the erection of a smelter near the terminus of Heney's new railroad is a possibility of the near future.

Birth Party.

Mrs. J. O. Hestwood of 21 above Bonanza gave a birthday party to Robert Melvin Crawford, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ron M. Crawford, who reached the dignified age of 2 years Saturday. Mrs. Crawford and son had been spending a few days with Mrs. Hestwood and Mr. Crawford made a trip to 21 above Saturday to join the festivities. A number of friends were present in the evening.

Challenge.

I hereby challenge Frank Kenntedy to wrestle me a catch-as-catch-can for \$5000 a side in public or private, and have deposited \$250 with Klondike Nugget as a guarantee of good faith to be covered on or before five days from date July 29. If challenge is not accepted I will ignore all further bluffs.

GLENN MARSH.

Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

POLICE MAKE BIG SEIZURE

Str. Sarah and Quantity of Liquor Taken Into Custody—Ship Released Under Instructions From Gov. Ross.

Quite a little flurry of excitement was caused Saturday by the seizure of 120 barrels of beer and 20 barrels of whisky on the Sarah consigned to the Ames Mercantile Company, and the tying up of the steamer for 14 hours for having violated the customs regulations. The causes which led to the seizure is somewhat of a dog-in-the-manger affair in which Governor Ross' office, the customs department and the N. W. M. P. are mixed up, with at least one of the three resenting the infringement upon its authority and dignity by the others. The N. N. Co., as common carriers, and the Ames Mercantile Company as consignors find themselves in between the triangular scrap and compelled to bear the brunt of the blows biffed right and left from each direction.

During last winter the A. C. Co. prior to the amalgamation entered into a contract with the Ames Company for the transportation of several thousand tons of general merchandise. Among the lot was a quantity of liquor and other freight to be shipped from Canadian ports. In order that foreign goods of that character might be transported in bond through the United States territory, the company as carriers was compelled to give an enormous bond for the delivery in Dawson of foreign goods so shipped. The making of this contract was done before any liquor permits were issued in Dawson, the Ames people considering their application for such permit would be favorably acted upon, as they had had one last year. In this, however, they were disappointed as none was issued to them and they found themselves in the unusual predicament of knowing liquors were on the way here for them and they without authority for its being landed.

Several weeks ago the manifest of the present shipment, aggregating altogether about 400 tons, was received via Skagway and as soon as it was seen a consultation was at once had with Governor Ross and also the customs department. Manager Mizner, of the N. C. Co., was notified that the liquor could not enter the territory and must be discharged at Eagle, but upon those in authority here being shown that such a course could not be possible as it would work a forfeiture of the company's bond to land Canadian goods shipped in bond in the United States territory, it was finally decided to allow the goods to be discharged here and placed in a bonded warehouse under charge of the collector of customs until such time as the matter was adjudicated. Upon the arrival of the Sarah at Fortymile, Capt. Looney reported to the officer in charge that he had liquor aboard and particularly asked him if he desired the ship's manifest or if any other documents were necessary for the ship's entry and clearance. He was told to proceed to Dawson where the matters would all be attended to. The Sarah arrived Saturday morning and early in the forenoon dropped down to the lower dock to discharge a number of boilers. While there a police officer acting under instructions from Superintendent Primrose seized the liquor aboard

and also the ship itself. A protest was made on account of the seizure and the superintendent was informed the liquor was brought in under instructions from both Governor Ross and Collector of Customs Davis. To all appeals, however, Superintendent Primrose remained obdurate saying the Ames Mercantile Company had no permit and he had received no notification of any such action either from Governor Ross or the customs department.

In the meantime while the wires were being kept hot with messages to Governor Ross, that portion of the Sarah's cargo intended for the lower dock had been discharged and as the water there is very shallow and the river was falling rapidly Capt. Looney prepared to bring the Sarah back to the upper dock. His surprise can be better imagined than told when informed by the police in charge that he could not move the boat. Manager Mizner was appealed to and he told Superintendent Primrose if he did not allow the boat to be taken out into deeper water he would call off the captain and entire crew and throw the boat into his hands. At this critical juncture a long telegram was received by the police from the governor instructing them to release the boat forthwith and turn over the liquor seized to the customs department. This was done and it was thought the incident had ended. The police was notified that the Sarah would sail today at 1 o'clock and they in turn told Manager Mizner that as far as the boat and his company was concerned there would be no further interference. At 12 o'clock, however, only an hour before the ship's sailing time, Manager Mizner, Capt. Looney and W. H. Parsons, manager of the Ames Mercantile Company, were placed under arrest and notified to appear before Inspector McDowell at 2 o'clock this afternoon. From the office of the N. W. M. P. a letter was at once dispatched to the officer commanding the N. W. M. P. notifying him that such action was an interference with the dispatch of the United States mails. The warning was without avail and at 1 o'clock the three gentlemen appeared in the police court to answer to the charge of having failed to report in a proper manner at Fortymile. They each entered a plea of not guilty, the Parsons case being enlarged till August 2, that against Manager Mizner till the return of the Sarah and that against Capt. Looney until the return trip of the Sarah.

Those in a position to know say the end is not yet and that serious complications may possibly arise. The action of Manager Mizner in notifying Governor Ross, Chief License Inspector Bliss and McKinnon of the shipment of the liquor and the securing from them of a permit to have it landed here and turned over to the customs department is considered to have released him from any possible charge of having acted illegally in the matter.

Our films arrived and have all been marked way down; all sizes. Goetzman.

Perinet & Fils Extra Sec Champagne, 55, Regina Club hotel.

West the newdealer just received 2000 late books, 310 Third avenue.



STRANGE ANIMAL CAPTURED LAST NIGHT.

Number of Sideboard is "113" Front at Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Columbia Bicycle \$35 Boyle's Warf. Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's.

Hotel McDonald

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON.

C. W. HINES, Manager

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STRANGE ANIMAL

Excited Late Dawson Pedestrians Last Night.

It was at about 1 o'clock this morning, the darkest hour of the night, that a most peculiarly shaped animal was noticed on Taird avenue. It seemed to have the body of a wolf, the neck of a giraffe and no head. As it passed along the avenue a number of nightawks saw it and followed at a distance. Others, including a number of policemen joined in the pursuit. After chasing the strange animal for a number of blocks one man, bolder than the rest, succeeded in grasping it by the hind leg. Then the mystery was solved. A malamute had gotten its head fast in a stove pipe consisting of two joints and was unable to get out. In fact, it was necessary to proce a pair of tinners' shears and cut the pipe away before the canine could be released. How the dog got into the predicament has not been explained.



SUNDAY IN AND AROUND DAWSON IN FISHING AND BLUEBERRY TIME.

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HE SPOILED AN EGYPTIAN

The Tramp Paid for His Dinner in a Substantial Way.

The Kindness of the Farmer's Wife Caused Him to Think of His Own Mother—An Old Banco Trick.

The tramp sank his spade deep in the earth, and as he drew it up and flung the dark, rich earth aside voices came to him through the nearby window. He straightened up and listened for a moment. His mouth slightly parted; his lips half closed. He crept nearer the window and leaned on the sash. For fully ten minutes he scarcely moved. A dark scowl crossed his face and lingered there.

When he came limping up to the farmhouse that morning, the farmer had looked at him askance, and the farmer's dog had blinked up at his master as if awaiting the word to hunt the stranger down the lane.

And then the farmer's wife had come to the door, a gentle faced woman with a soft voice, and she listened to his story and brought him bread and meat and told him to rest in the shade of the apple tree. And somehow the gentle-faced woman reminded him of the mother whose precepts he had disregarded and whose heart he had broken, and such a lump had risen in his throat that for a time he found it quite impossible to eat. And when he finally disposed of the food and drank a cup of water from the cool depths of the ancient well he wandered down to a little brook that flowed in the ravine that skirted the orchard and bathed his face and hands and straightened his tangled hair. Then he came back to the house and, rapping at the door, asked the gentle-faced woman if she had any work he could do.

"Art still here?" she asked in a soft voice. "I thought thee had gone."

"I'm still here," said the tramp, as he drew his tattered hat from his head. "I have a chronic way of wearing out my welcome. But if you have any work to do that will enable me to pay for the food you gave me, I'm in the humor to do it."

She looked at him a little doubtfully and said the secret of his downfall in his very visage and softly sighed.

"What I gave thee, I gave willingly," she said, "and without thought of recompense. But if there is really in earnest about desiring work, thee can take the spade that leans against the well box yonder and spade up my flower bed here."

The tramp replaced his hat and found the spade and set to work.

And while he was working he heard the sound of wheels, and looking through the vines at the house corner saw a horse and light wagon stop in front of the farm house. Presently a man came up the pathway—a man of light build, with bright eyes and a heavy black mustache. He was dressed in a rather extreme style, and even the tramp—who was once a gentleman himself—knew that this was not a gentleman.

Presently the farmer, busy in the barn, was summoned to the house by his wife's call.

It was nearly a half hour later that the tramp heard the loud voices within.

It was the voice of the farmer that was raised.

"You got that note by a scoundrel trick!" he cried. "Your partner asked me to sign an order for ten bushels of Belgian oats, and now you say I signed a note—a note for \$500! God, man! it would ruin me to pay it!"

"It's for value received, all right enough," said the stranger in a cool, even voice. "I don't know anything about your signing it, but the signature is yours and that's all we care to know. If you refuse payment, we will simply have to sue and sell you out."

The tramp listening at the window could hear the farmer pacing heavily up and down the room, and he thought that he heard the farmer's wife sobbing.

"I'll see a lawyer," said the farmer doggedly.

"Certainly," said the stranger. "See him, and he'll tell you fast enough that there's no help for you. No, my man, you are in for it. Better sell something and settle."

"I'll see a lawyer," groaned the farmer.

"Very well," said the stranger. "We are disposed to be as lenient as possible. See your lawyer, and if you are not willing to pay up promptly when I come for satisfaction day after tomorrow, at this hour, why, we will have to commence suit. Good day."

The tramp heard the door open and peering through the vines saw the stranger walking down the pathway. Then he turned and rapped at the door. There were tears in her

eyes as the farmer's wife opened it.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I have reconsidered my willingness to spade up your flower bed. There's your spade."

And before she could reply he had turned and was walking quickly along the lane that led to the woods as soon as he was out of sight of the house he broke into a run. Just before he entered the woods he looked over his shoulder and saw the stranger leisurely driving along the road below.

The tramp knew that the road over which the stranger was driving dipped to the left to cross the little ravine and then wound round the woods to the right in a long curve. He knew he had plenty of time to put across and reach the road before the stranger and his deliberate horse arrived.

The tramp, familiar with human deception in many forms, knew all about the particular system of swindling of which the farmer was the victim. It was an easy game when played by a clever sharper on an unsuspecting and unsophisticated countryman. All it required was a glib tongue, a little flattery, a pretended business mission and a substituted sheet of paper. Then in due time came the confederate with his bold front and the fatal note.

The tramp was lurking by the roadside as the man in the light wagon came up. He lounged out into the high way.

"Hello, Bill," he said.

The driver drew up suddenly and started at the figure at the horse's head.

"What's that?" he cried.

"It's your name," laughed the tramp.

"Bill—Bill Sutherland, sometimes called 'the Gopher.' How are you, Bill?"

The stranger scowled darkly.

"What do you mean?" he snarled. "I don't know you."

"Glad of that, Bill," said the vagabond. "Three years of tramping change a man. But I know you, and that's enough."

"What do you want?" growled the stranger.

"Bill," said the tramp, "I want a little assistance. You might not think it, but I'm hard up."

He had come to the side of the wagon as he spoke and stood with one hand on the dashboard.

"Is this a holdup?" said the stranger and, shifting his whip to his left hand, slipped the right behind him.

"Steady, Bill," said the tramp as he reached forward and caught the stranger's arm. "None of that. Your pocketbook isn't there; it is in your breast pocket. I'll trouble you for it."

"Curse you!" screamed the stranger. "Let go of me!"

And he struck the tramp with all his force across the head with the whip. The vagabond shrieked with pain and the next instant had grappled the stranger and with a remarkable show of strength drew him from the wagon and hurled him heavily to the ground.

The startled horse ran a little way and then, turning sharply, started into a fence corner and stood there trembling.

The tramp stood by the prostrate and unconscious man and drew from his pockets first the loaded revolver and then the long pocketbook. He hastily opened the latter and assured himself that what he wanted was there. Then he thrust the book into his own ragged breast pocket and drew himself up. The stranger was rousing from his swoon.

Presently he sat up and looked around with a confused air. The tramp, a few feet away, was quietly regarding him, revolver in hand. The stranger put his hand to his breast pocket.

"Curse you," he growled, "this is highway robbery!"

"You ought to know," said the tramp quietly. "It's one of your leading accomplishments. Get up."

The stranger arose.

"Pick up your hat," said the tramp. "Now go and get your horse into the road."

He followed close behind as the stranger backed the light wagon into the highway.

"I'll kill you for this," the despoiled one snarled.

"Don't trouble yourself," said the tramp. "Just climb into the wagon and start your horse. I'll see you off. Step lively, please." And he flourished the revolver.

The stranger obeyed. He gave the tramp a look that was meant to be malevolent, and the tramp returned him a smile. Then he touched the horse with the whip and drove away.

The vagabond watched until a curve in the road hid him from sight, and he then darted into the woods again and swiftly retraced his steps. Presently he recrossed the ravine, and then he paused. He slipped the revolver into his inner pocket and then took a slip of paper from the stranger's book. A moment or two later he knocked at the farmer's door.

It was opened by the farmer's wife. Her eyes were still red with weeping.

"There here again?" she said.

"Yes," replied the tramp. "I've come back to pay you for that good dinner." He pressed a little forward

and she gave way before him, and he passed into the house.

At the window at the farmer with his head bowed over a huge volume that lay open across his knees. He looked up wondering as the tramp entered. The vagabond raised his hand to his hat, and then remembered and let his hand fall again.

"I am glad to see a little fire in your fire place," he said, "because I want to add to it." He moved a little nearer the window. "See, dear lady," he softly said, "here is your pay. Look, but don't touch it."

Impelled by his earnest manner the woman came closer and glanced at the slip of paper he held before her eyes.

"Father!" she gasped.

The old man started and arose with the book in his arms.

"What is it?" he asked. The vagabond pushed the note nearer him.

"My note!" he cried. "Wh-where did you get it?"

"I spoiled an Egyptian," laughed the tramp. "It tells about the process there, and he pointed to the big book. 'Now watch me.' He stepped quickly to the fireplace and held the note in the flame until it was entirely consumed.

"Thank God!" murmured the old man, with a sigh of relief.

"There has been hurt," cried the woman; "these is blood on thy forehead."

"It is nothing," said the vagabond.

"There, you see, the debt is paid. I won't ask for a receipt. You'll be troubled no more. Goonby."

"Stay!" cried the aged couple in one breath.

"No," said the tramp. "I cannot stay. The Gopher may be looking for me, and I wouldn't have him see me here."

"And why has thou done this great service for us?" the old lady asked.

"You were kind to me," said the tramp very softly, "and you made me think of my mother. Goodby." And he was gone. He hurried down to the brook in the ravine and, tenderly re-

moving his hat, carefully bathed his wounded head. Then he started again for the woods. "I fancy the prayers of that dear old lady will do me good," he said as he gave a last backward glance at the farm house. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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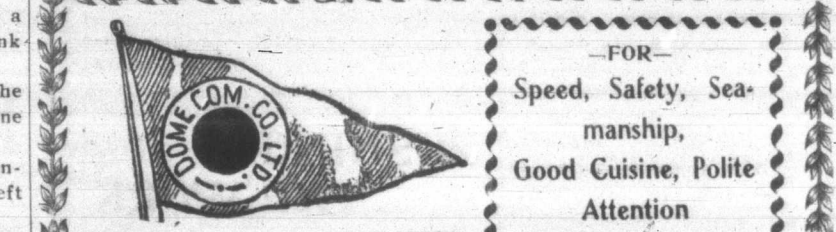
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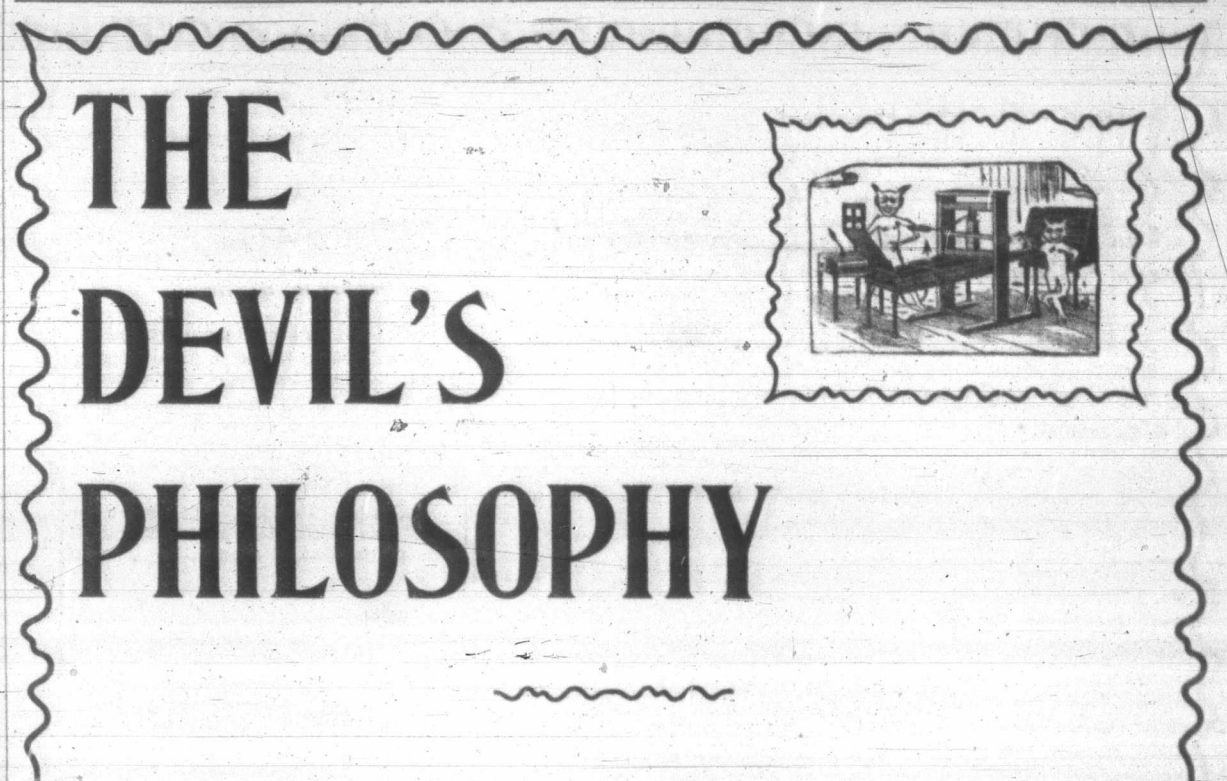
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