

ASBESTOL, CORDOVAN, HORSEHIDE. GLOVES. Are Proof Against Heat, Steam, Boiling and Cold Water and will give excellent satisfaction.

The Ladue Co. NO COMBINE FOR US. And all the favors we ask is for the people to call and we will show you goods at prices that will meet any competition.

THE LADUE CO. IF YOU BUY IT OF LADUE CO. IT'S GOOD.

Patent Preps Toilet Articles Reid & Co. Miners' Drug Store - Front Street. Hotel McDonald THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON.

Orr & Tukey. FREIGHTERS. ON AND AFTER MAY 6 DAILY STAGE TO AND FROM GRAND FORKS.

The O'Brien Club Refitted and Handsomely Furnished. First Class Bar Is Run in Connection for Members.

Marshbank & Murray. Detective Killed. Pittsburgh, Pa., April 12.—The murder of Kahney, the grocer, was reported by the police department, and this afternoon several officers came upon the three burglars on Fulton street.

PACKING GARLOCK, TUCKS, Round and Square ALL SIZES. Rainbow Sheet Packing and Square Flax. McL., McF. & Co. LIMITED.

IT IS DOG COUNTRY. According to Decision Given in Police Court This Morning.

SHEEP RESPECTED ONLY AS MUTTON. A. C. Co. Awarded \$100 Each for Two Malamutes. SHOT BY SHEEP MAN AUTHIER.

Who Thought His Flock Was in Danger of Being Eaten—Fined \$15 and Costs. The question propounded some days ago by Manager Mizner of the A. C. Co. as to whether this is a dog or a sheep country has been answered and answered favorably to the dog.

The dogs boasted illustrious ancestry in that they were full-blooded, blue-tailed malamutes, being sired by a Malay from Mute. To say that the representatives of the A. C. Co., and especially Mr. Menzies, were much cut up over having two of their fine dogs ruthlessly slain is putting it mildly.

After hearing the evidence the magistrate withheld judgment until this morning when a verdict was announced which awarded Menzies for his company \$200 damages, \$100 for each dog. For taking the law into his own hands by killing the dogs, Authier was fined \$15 and the costs of the suit.

Correction. Dawson, May 7th, 1901. Editor Nugget: I wish you would please correct an item in your paper of last evening, in which it was stated that I had presented each member of the Civil Service Hockey Team with a pair of gold cuff-buttons.

DESERTED BY HER PEOPLE. An Aged Squaw Found Sick on the Street. Constable J. S. Piper this forenoon found an aged squaw sick and helpless on First avenue, she having through sheer lack of strength sunk down in a heap on the sidewalk.

VALDES COUNTRY. Reported Very Quiet by Captain Waltz. Capt. Sam Waltz, who has been running the freighter L. J. Perry at Valdes, has returned to Seattle. The Copper river country, according to him, is now pretty quiet, but everybody is hopeful for a good season this year.

The case of D'Avignon vs. Jones, Rultedge and Davis which involves the ownership of 13 Gold Run, one of the richest claims on the creek, and which has been on trial before Justice Craig for the last three days is developing into one of the most intricate and interesting cases ever brought to trial in this court.

Interesting developments are expected to be produced as the trial proceeds. In the judgment which Justice Craig gave in the case of McKay vs. V. Y. T. Co., the amount of \$289.05 as stated yesterday was given on extras the total amount of the judgment given was for \$11,500 for the plaintiff.

Opening of "The Office". Mr. Harry Phillips, having had to move from his former business home, the Portland Bar, will reopen this evening in "The Office," an elegant new place just in the rear of the Portland and on Second avenue.

Thousands for a Dog. New York, April 13.—For the care and maintenance of a little black and tan dog, which lay at her feet when she was dying, Miss Helen Anne Griffin left \$20,000 by her will.

Exports for Africa. New Orleans, La., April 13.—Judge Pasjange, in the United States superior court today handed down a decision dismissing the suit for injunction brought by Boer representatives with a view to preventing the shipment of mules and horses out of New Orleans to the British army in South Africa.

Miners Strike. Cumberland, Md., April 13.—A strike is on at the mines of the Maryland Smokeless Coal Company, in the Meyersdale region. The men, who had been receiving 50 cents a ton, demanded 55 cents a ton, the scale rate at other mines. The mines are closed.

CLAIM 13 GOLD RUN. Is Being Contested Before Judge Craig as to Ownership. D'AVIGNON WAS ORIGINAL STAKER. And Left It With Agent to Go Outside.

CASE DEVELOPES INTEREST. Judgment Against V-Y. T. Company Amounts to \$11,500—Levine Must Pay Furrier Rinehart. The case of D'Avignon vs. Jones, Rultedge and Davis which involves the ownership of 13 Gold Run, one of the richest claims on the creek, and which has been on trial before Justice Craig for the last three days is developing into one of the most intricate and interesting cases ever brought to trial in this court.

The sports committee consists of W. McKay, chairman; W. F. Burritt, secretary; H. G. Wilson, W. H. R. Lyon, Capt. Scarth, Capt. D. B. Olson, James Macaulay, Alex McFarlane, Jake Klein, Sheriff Hilbeck, J. Dougherty, George McLeod, A. D. Williams, J. A. Clarke, Hugh McKinnon, P. C. Stevenson, W. O. Robertson, R. C. Senkler.

Had Right of Way. A small shepherd dog, frothing and bloodflecked, traveled along Third avenue this morning at a rapid gait, pausing only sufficiently long to snap at every dog he met and nearly every snap produced a howl which was evidence that his teeth were doing destructive work.

Fight With Gypsies. Johnstown, Pa., April 12.—In a fierce fight on the mountains near Lilly last night between a band of gypsies and a posse of officers, one gypsy man was killed outright, and a gypsy woman shot through the shoulder. Division Foreman Tittle of Galitzin was wounded in the month, and his assistant was shot through the body. The latter is expected to die.

Rubber gloves for slining. Cribbs & Rogers. Try Allman's scrub baths. Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

TAKES MORE THAN MUZZLE ANY OLD CANINE. To Immune Dogs From Catcher These Days. It requires more than an imitation muzzle over a dog's nose to immune him from the dogcatcher these days, the tag law having gone into effect on the first and all dogs, muzzled or unmuzzled, are now subjects for the catcher provided they do not wear tags to show that license has been paid on them.

COMMITTEES SELECTED. To Arrange for Proper Observance of May 24th. The general committee appointed Saturday night to make arrangements for the celebration of Victoria day, the 24th of this month, held an enthusiastic meeting last night at the Board of Trade rooms, a large number of the members being present.

The following were elected a printing committee: Capt. H. J. Woodside, chairman; F. W. Clayton, secretary; H. P. Hansen, T. Townsend, Col. MacGregor, D. C. McKenzie, F. R. G. Berry, H. D. Hulme, W. P. Allen. The following were elected to the finance committee: Chas. McDonald, chairman; H. S. Tobin, secretary; E. Cowan, H. Lewis, Thos. Chisholm, Thos. O'Brien, George Vernon, D. Doig, H. T. Wills, Alex McDonald, Leroy Tozier, Adolph Spitzel, Dr. J. N. E. Brown, Thos. Hinton, L. R. Fulda, J. J. Delaney, E. A. Mizner, R. P. McLennan.

The printing committee meets Thursday and reports of the other committees are set for the same time. The sports committee is requested to meet at the rooms of the main office of the Bank of Commerce at 8:30 this evening. Business to secure the program as drafted by the sub committee appointed for that purpose.

Kodak tripods; \$5.50 Goetzman's. Fresh eggs. Selman & Myers. Ever shown in Dawson and at Most Attractive Prices.

ANY OLD CANINE. Can Present Some Points Required at Coming Bench Show. MUST NOT STAND PIGEON-TOED. And Must be of Cheerful and Gay Disposition. SHOW TO BE HELD MAY 23-24.

Entries May Now be Registered With W. D. Bruce, in Orpheum Building—Special Prizes Offered. A meeting of the S. P. C. A. was held in the Board of Trade rooms yesterday afternoon at which it was decided to hold the proposed bench show on the 23d and 24th of this month in one of the A. C. Co.'s warehouses on First avenue.

The committee appointed to report the standard by which the dogs entered should be judged, made the following report on native dogs: Head—Wolfish and lean; not cheeky but well filled up. Ears—Short, just tipped over or pricked. Eyes—Dark hazel or black, small well set in head and close together; expression animated, not slow or dull. Teeth—White and even. Jaws—Evens; undershot, very objectionable.

Fore legs—Strong and straight; greatness and quality of bone to count for a great deal. Feet—Cat-like in shape; toes well arched; anything approaching splayed to disqualify. Pasterns—Straight and strong. Coat—Dense and short; slightly harsh to the touch. Color—No particular color can be laid down. Stems—Long bushy and gaily carried over back or slightly to one side; never otherwise. Ribs—Well sprung and strong. Loins—Slightly arched and exhibiting great strength. Neck—Short and well set on. Hind quarters—Very muscular and very compact; anything approaching straightness of hocks to disqualify. Weight—From 30 pounds upwards. Condition to count for a great deal and should always be considered first. The dog should present an independent, gay appearance, and the natural gait should be a fair trot.

The prizes so far offered are for heavy weight and light weight dogs and heavy weight and light weight bitches. Light weight and heavy weight malamute teams of three or more. The best heavy weight and light weight teams of huskies and other dogs not malamutes. Special gold medal for the best dog of any class or breed. Special prizes will be given to the representatives of each class of outside dogs. Special prizes will also be given for team work. Everyone having dogs to enter are requested to register same as early as possible with Mr. W. D. Bruce in the Orpheum building. The owners of all dogs entered are expected to furnish collars and chains for their respective entries. F. A. Cleveland is prepared to do heavy or light freighting and packing to Montana and Alaska creeks, the Black Hills country, and the conglomerate mines across the Indian river. cri. Show, the Dawson Dog Doctor. Pioneer Drug Store. Spring clothing to order. Brewitt's.

AMES MERCANTILE CO. Hotel and Restaurant Keepers. We call your special attention to this sale. AMES MERCANTILE CO.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone number 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BRADY, Publishers

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Single copies	25
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Six months	12 00
Three months	6 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	2 00
Single copies	25

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

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Credits by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Plunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1901.

PREDICTIONS NOT REALIZED.

The flow of gold dust from the creeks to Dawson has already begun. Each day offers a little longer time available for sluicing and it is now only a question of a very short time until every creek in the district upon which dumps have been taken out will be the scene of the utmost activity. The Klondike's harvest time is at hand, and from every indication the harvest will be more valuable this year than ever before.

The pessimistic predictions so freely volunteered three years ago are no longer heard. It was quite the thing at that time to hear the life of the Klondike as a profitable field for mining operations placed at three or four years. Old miners who claimed to have all the history of placer mining at their fingers' ends, from the days of the California discoveries down to the present time, were accustomed to look wise when talking of the life of the Klondike and many of them did not hesitate to place the limit under five years.

Time has amply demonstrated, however, that all such predictions were entirely without foundation. At the end of three years of constant development work it is now the almost unanimous verdict of those who are in closest touch with the actual conditions surrounding the mining industry of this territory, that it is as yet only in its infancy.

Not only is it a fact that a larger number of men are now at work than ever before but it is likewise true that each man under present conditions represents the accomplishment of a much greater amount of work within a given time than was the case when the old methods of operation prevailed.

The actual working area has increased so rapidly that at the present time when—according to early predictions—the mining industry should be on the wane, a larger amount of ground is under actual process of development than ever before.

In this connection it is a significant fact that the largest holders of Klondike mining properties are today our heaviest investors. It is none the less significant that the government has now under construction or in contemplation a system of public improvements based entirely upon the conviction that the Yukon is a country of stability and permanence.

It may be set down, therefore, as a proposition incapable of dispute, that the early predictions that the mining industry in this territory would be short lived, are entirely erroneous. Three years of increasing growth and expansion have served to disprove such theories entirely. It is not now a question as to how many years the Yukon will live. The question now is how long it will be before we outstrip some of the older territories. It would not be surprising in the end should this territory cause British Columbia, even, to look well to her laurels.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

The very best way to keep your friends on the outside posted about affairs in Dawson and the adjacent mining district is through the Nugget's Semi-Weekly edition. The Semi-Weekly Nugget contains in each issue a volume of information which exactly fills the requirements of the parties on the outside who desire to keep in touch with local and territorial affairs. Each number contains eight pages—forty-eight columns—of bright, newsy matter and no event of interest or importance

is omitted. The Semi-Weekly is mailed regularly to outside subscribers without extra charge. Send it to your friends and save letter writing.

Traffic across the Yukon should be discontinued until the ice is out of the river. Yesterday one of the fire department horses broke through the ice and was drowned, and the driver had a narrow escape from meeting a similar fate. The incident is sufficient to prove that the ice is no longer safe. The best way to avoid such accidents is to run no risks of their occurrence.

Let everybody join in and make the celebration of Victoria day an event long to be remembered in Dawson's history. The various committees which have been appointed are in every respect capable of carrying out the different tasks allotted to them and if proper support is received from the public, Dawson will be assured of a successful celebration.

The situation with respect to the needs of Hunker creek was by no means magnified in this paper yesterday. Corroborative reports have since been received which make it appear that the facts are even more serious than was set forth in these columns yesterday.

Chronic Stampeders.

Editor Nugget:
It is but natural that, having gone to the trouble and expense of reaching the Klondike from the outside, a man should endeavor to get hold of as much property here as possible; but the idea of a man turning all his attention to stampeding without ever stopping to put a pick in the ground he acquires thereby is not the best thing for the country. Men get the stampeding craze the same as the gambling craze; they are wild to be off on the mad rush to stake a claim and in many cases that is all there is to it, all interest appearing to wane as soon as a claim is staked and recorded. In more than the half of these cases the representation work will never be performed and the claims will be open to re-location in another year. Less stampeding and more development is the greatest present need of the district.

SOUR DOUGH.

Self-Denying Priest.
Father C. F. Fevre, who looks after the Catholic church interest at Whitehorse came into the city from here yesterday. He is going to Victoria and Vancouver to purchase material for a fine house of worship which will be erected at Whitehorse this year. The venerable father is a character in his way and it is one of the reporters on the big dailies on the Sound gets a hold of the reverend gentleman he will regard it as a great find and will be sure to make several columns of the story. His life in the north has been full of romance and if it were published would be as fascinating as any fiction.

Twelve years ago Father Fevre left the comforts and prospects of a life in civilization to become an exile in a land of ice and snow. No thirst for gold actuated him to leave friends and fire side and brave the terrors of a life in Alaskan wilds and no hope of returning home with riches inspired him in the trials and struggles of a dozen years. It was a plain sense of duty—nothing more.

When Father Fevre first came to the north he was in the prime of life and buoyant with hope. He went into the far McKenzie river country to carry the faith to the Indians. For eleven long years he remained among them and they almost regarded him as one of them. About a year and a half ago he bade them what will undoubtedly be a final farewell and worked his way to Whitehorse, where he has been for the last 12 months.

On the next boat he will go south and in a few days will be in the midst of the whirl of life again. He anticipates great changes. When he left the Sound cities were not equipped with all of the accessories of civilization that they now are and the father will behold for the first time an electric car. Of gold he has seen and heard much in the north but down there they have another kind. A smooth-faced, slippery-tongued gent peddles it around in big hunks one or more of which he will leave with anyone for a loan. It is a "gold" brick and of all such the missionary needs to keep very shy. He may also find out some thing about bunco men, sure thing men, three-card monte men, shell men and the other fungus growth of the down country civilization who have great schemes to make money quick—for themselves. The reverend father needs to be very, very careful to whom he displays his well-filled pocket book.

Father Fevre loves life in the north. His work is bearing fruit and if business had not called him away it is probable he would never have gone out. But once out he will take some time to hunt up old friends and review the scenes long past. Time has dealt with him very sparingly and he is yet in good health.—Alaskan, April 26.

For a fine bath try Allman's.

BEAR WAS DECIDED WINNER

And Both Other Claimants for Honor Retired.

Question of Championship More Interesting to Zeb White Than Story of Jonah and the Whale.

"One winter's evenin'," began the old possum hunter of Tennessee, as I asked him for a story, "I was sittin' by the fire with the old woman and hearin' her read about Joner and the whale from the Bible, when I heard a rooster crowin' outside. It wasn't no time fur roosters to crow, and I didn't hev nary one about the place, and tur a minit it give me a queer feelin'.

"'Mebbe yo' hear that?' says I to the old woman.

"'I shorely did,' says she, 'but I aint' takin' it fur no ghost. Yo' jest listen to Joner and let the rooster alone.'

"There was two more crows, and I was thinkin' of spooks dodgin' about, when a voice speaks out and says:

"Does Zeb White, the famous possum hunter of Tennessee, inhabit this yere cabin?—If he does, then I want a word with him.

"It was the voice of a critter named Tom Bownes, who'd lately moved into the neighborhood, and thought hisself a mighty man. He'd bin braggin' around that he could out-run, out-jump, and make me holler, but this was the first time he'd showed up.

"It's that boastful critter Tom Bownes, and I'll just step out and drive him into the airth," says I to the old woman.

"Yo set still, Zeb White," she says in reply. "He's only shucks of a man, as everybody knows, and I don't want no row round here tonight. Let him blow all he wants to."

"And then the critter crows some more and flaps his arms and cries out: "Cock-a-doodle-doo, I'm a peaceful, good natured man, but I'm so constituted that I must be champion of the state of Tennessee or take to my bed and die. Zeb White, yo old kuss, come out and break my neck, or let it be known that I've driv yo' into yo' hole."

"I can't stand that," says I to the old woman. "Yo' keep that place whar Joner is about to be swattered, and I'll be back in five minutes."

"Now, Zeb, what's the use?" she answers. "This yere Bible says thar shant' be no rows between man and man, but all shall live in peace. Jest treat the critter with contempt, and he'll go away arter a bit."

"I wanted to hear the rest about Joner," said Zeb, "and I wanted to make that man's heels break his neck. I was hesitating what to do when he crows and flaps and sings out ag'in:

"Zeb White, yo' never done met up with a good man befo', and the grittin' of his teeth makes you chill. I'm waitin' fur yo'. I'm right on yo' own land, and I'm hopin' yo' old woman will drive yo' out with a broomstick to fight me. I won't paralyze yo', Zeb. I won't leave yo' a cripple for life, I'll jest give yo' a

"'He was a lusk critter,'" said Zeb, "but I reckoned on lickin' him in a bout three minits. When my eyes got used to the darkness I spit on my hands and cracked my heels together, and next minit we was engaged in mortal combat. I reckoned to rool him over at the first rush, but he dodged me and got in one that almost cracked my head. I went a bit slower after that, and I was jest workin' him into position when he yells out:

"Zeb White, ain't this to be a fair bout?"

"'It is,' says I.

"Then call off yo' dog what's bitin my legs."

"I could see the dog or suthin' jumpin' around, and I yelled at him to take a sneak. He didn't go, though. He riz up and snorted, and then I seen it was a powerful big b'ar. He wanted to be counted in on that row. I hadn't time to yell out when he clinched one of his claws into my breast and the other into Tom's back, and he bring our heads together in a way that made 'em crack.

"In the Lawd's name, but who's mixin' up in this yere row?' howls Tom.

"It's a b'ar," answers I, teelin' his claws like so many knives.

"We both turned on him, but we was barehanded, yo' see. That b'ar had jest 99 chances to one, and he was hog enough to keep 'em. He bumped us together and slung us about as if we'd bin babies, and shuck my hide if we wasn't both licked men when the old woman finally come out with a fire-brand and skeart him off. We was that paralyzed that we could not stand on our feet for ten minits. When we

New Spring Millinery
At 33 1-3 Per Cent. Discount

This is not '98 stock but new stock this spring. We need the room.

J. P. McLENNAN

ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD
FIRST ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

Savoy Theatre **Friday May 10**

The Camp will present its original, specially arranged extravaganza
"Arctic Brotherhood Exposed."

Original libretto and special scenic effects. 30 trained male voices. The Arctic Queen will appear in her golden chariot. For the first time, Svengali; the talking bear, one of the mysteries of the order. He will amuse, mystify and astonish the audience.

General Admission \$2.00. Orchestra and Balcony Seats \$5.00

THE POWER OF DRESS

A Few Timely Suggestions to Those Matrimonially Inclined.—Hershberg.

A little advice by one experienced in affairs of the heart may prove opportune just now, when rumors of approaching nuptials are current. Cupid gets a double pull on a man in here—a strong drag on the heart strings and an awful pull on the purse strings. The little chap whipsaws a man on every turn and only the fortunate escape without a serious set-back. Affairs of the heart can be governed by practical judgment the same as the purse if you are only put next. For instance, it naturally follows, that two people enamored to each other before marriage, desire to retain each other's affection after the knot is tied. Here is where we can help. Keep well dressed—make the girls envy your wife. Don't sluff off on clothes just because you are sure she's yours. Come down and talk it over with the old man who will show you the finest line of clothing ever imported into this country, and then you know you save money besides.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK **HERSHBERG**

shake and a twist and a flop, and as soon as yo' yell fur mercy I'll let up.

"Durn Joner and the whale!" says I as I riz up.

"Sot still, Zeb," says the old woman.

"I never will. I'm going out and make dog's meat of that critter."

"She was ag'in it, but I went. As I stepped out door I found it a dark night, but Tom wasn't fur off. He had his coat off and was jumpin' up and down on his hat, as he ketchted sight of me he yells:

"Now may the Lord be praised! I was thirstin' fur gore, but I thought to be disappointed, Zeb White, does yo' call yo'rself a man?"

"I reckon," says I.

"A man what's got teeth and toenails?"

"The same."

"A man what's got blood instead of dishwater in his veins?"

"That's me."

"Then I've come to the right place at last, and tonight I shall sleep like a new-born child. Drot my hide, but I was afraid yo'd crawl under the bed at my hollerin' or that you'd send the old woman out to fight me. It's yo'rself, ain't it, Zeb."

"It's all me."

"Bekase I don't want to make no mistake, and pulverise a ten-year old boy. Yes, I reckon it's yo', and now come fur me, Zeb. Put on steam and sail in and defend yo'r reputashun. Thar ain't room in this yere state fur but one champion, and that champion 'll be me. Whoop a whoop, Zeb, and pile on to me!"

could crawl about, the old woman says to Tom Bownes:

"Stranger, mebbe yo' are most dyin' to be champion of the state of Tennessee?"

"I was, marm," says Tom, 'but I've changed my mind. About all I wants at present is to git home to my humble domicile."

"Any mo' crowin' befo' yo' go?"

"Not a c.o.w, marm."

"And Zebe White," says she as she turns to me, 'mebbe makin' a fool o' yo'rself is better'n hearin' about Joner an the whale?"

"I don't reckon so."

"Wall, yo' kin crawl in, and the stranger kin crawl fur home, and I reckon yo'd better shake hands and let go on that championship and decide that it belongs to the b'ar. He's

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THIS STORE CAN FILL YOUR EVERY WANT

From the most complete and extensive stocks in the Yukon Territory, and at prices that

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SPRING ATTIRE AND AT REASONABLE PRICES

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AMUSEMENTS

Savoy Theatre

WEEK OF **Monday, May 6**

Flynn's Astronomers, introducing Jennie Guichard and her

GAIETY GIRLS

LIVING PICTURES

POST'S COMEDY

"Loye Will Find a Way"

SADIE TAYLOR in *Con-Song*
CEDIA DELACY will sing her favorite song
"The Death of Nelson."

The Standard Theatre **Second Week Monday, May 6**

Second week of the big thing
SHORE ACRES

By Special request of Dawson's best citizens. Ladies' Night Thursday. Secure seats early and witness the best play ever produced in Dawson.

Ladies' Night Thursday. SEATS NOW ON SALE

ORPHEUM THEATRE **TO-NIGHT!**

HEARDE in "A Lucky Jack" Beatrice Lorne, Madge Melville, Dolly Mitchell

DOLAN'S "A Klondiker in Search of a Wife" Don't Miss It

Three Shows in One.

THE DEATH BIRD'S MISSION

To Warn Travelers of Impending Danger.

Has Never Been Seen and Its Voice is Heard Only at Night—M. Quad's Experience.

Long enough before I, a lieutenant of infantry, made my first trip across the great Staked plains of Texas as a escort to a couple of civil engineers I had heard of the death bird of the desert. No living man had ever seen it, but there were plenty who had heard its notes, and its notes always meant danger. One might travel for miles over the Staked plains for a year and never see a bird of any sort except about their edges. The only living things to be met with are serpents, lizards, scorpions and skulking wolves. The aridness and desolation are too much even for the buzzards.

The death bird, so the legend went, appeared only at night, and then no man saw him. His notes were peculiar, and no hunter could imitate him, but one hearing them in the silence of the night and the desert could make no mistake. Before making the trip an old hunter said to me:

"There is but one danger to look out for—the Apaches. They may follow you clear across the desert. They will not attack you by daylight, but at night, without your having seen a sign of them, they will creep upon you as softly as serpents and spiders. Listen for the notes of the death bird, and when you hear them take instant warning."

There were 16 of us in the party. Fourteen soldiers were supposed to constitute a force able to take care of itself anywhere. There was more anxiety as to our water and rations than as to the Indians who might dog our footsteps. It was midsummer, and the heat on that great surface of sand and alkali soil was simply terrific. After the first day, when we were clear of shelter, a march of six or eight miles was all any one was capable of. The nights brought cold breezes and recuperation, but they also brought a loneliness no person can describe. Men afloat on the wide ocean in a small boat hear strange sounds at night and are made afraid. Men on the desert are almost made crazy by the uncanny surroundings.

There is a chirp of a cricket or the howl of a coyote, it is not company. It simply adds to the loneliness. If the night is unbroken, then it is as if a heavy blanket had been thrown over your head to shut out the living world. We saw nothing of Indians. No one believed that a party took our trail. A faithful watch was kept, however, but after a few nights when I had come to realize how helpless we really were I found my self depending on that legend of the death bird. If we were menaced, he would warn us. We had been out a week when there came the blackest of black nights. It was black because it was moonless and a storm was gathering. Our tents were set up in a cluster, but they could not be seen at a distance of six feet. Three sentinels were on duty, but they could not see the sands at their feet. If the Indians had followed, there would never be a better night for a surprise. It would be no trick at all to creep within striking distance of the sentinels, and a volley of arrows and bullets sent through the tents must wound or kill most of us.

I was sitting in the door of my tent an hour after midnight, wondering how the storm would break, when there came to me from a point not far distant the notes of the death bird. They sounded a bit like the call of a hawk, and yet they were unlike. They were like words instead of notes. They were soft and clear, and from the very first they said to me:

"Look out! Look out! Look out! Danger! Danger! Danger! Death! Death! Death!"

I repeat that the bird seemed to be talking instead of crying out in its natural notes. I may have got this idea from my state of nervous apprehension, but so it was. I turned and woke up the two sleeping engineers and asked them to listen. They did not make any words as I did, but one of them whispered:

"That's a danger cry, or I never heard one. I tell you we are menaced by some great peril!"

Thrice the death bird called its notes, and then all was silence as before. A soldier was sent creeping away to call in the sentinels. A few rods to the north of us, as we had noticed when going into camp, the sands had been trod with by some strong gale until the ridges almost formed a natural fort. With the greatest care and in the deepest silence we left tents and baggage, and, taking nothing but our water bottles and muskets, we crept out of camp to the north and by and by reached the fort. It was so dark that men had to be led for instead of spoken to, but at the end of half an hour we lay in line with our muskets resting on a sand ridge and pointing toward camp. One could tell by the feeling in the air that

the storm would soon break and that the first break would be a vivid flash of lightning. The men were instructed to fire with the flash in case it revealed Indians about.

At last, when we were all in a tremble with anxiety, the flash came. For a few seconds it was as if a great searchlight had fallen upon the desert. It was so blinding that every eye was closed for a second. When opened they beheld a band of 20 Apaches on hands and knees within 25 feet of the tents. A volley was fired straight into their faces and a second as another flash showed a few in retreat, and then we lay there in the pouring rain till daylight came. There had been in the band, as near as we could figure it, 21 Indians. We had fired without aim and the destruction wrought was due to luck or accident, but there were 16 redskins lying dead on the sands around the camp. Among these were a full chief, a subchief and five or six noted warriors. Our volleys had accomplished more than a year's campaigning with 600 soldiers. Indeed they brought peace for two years. Said one of the survivors to me afterward:

"We had planned to kill the entire lot of you. We heard the notes of the death bird and knew you would hear them also, but we didn't believe you would understand the warning. Had you not understood and moved away not a man of you would have escaped."

For many days subsequently—aye, for many months and years—as I was posted along the desert or journeyed across it I looked for the death bird at morning, noon and night, but I never got sight of him. His mission was to fly only at night and to tell of peril.

Lucky John H. Baronett.
Tacoma, April 17.—John H. Baronett, the Englishman for whom a fortune is awaiting in England, and who was supposed to have sailed from Tacoma last December on a wheat ship, proves to be one of the best known characters in the Northwest. Baronett is the brother of an English nobleman, who was recently killed in the South African war, his fortune reverting to Baronett. This nobleman at the outbreak of the Boer war, it is reported, raised a company of yeomanry, paying and equipping them himself, and taking them to South Africa.

The story of Baronett reads like that of the Wandering Jew. He is 70 or more years old, has apparently known poverty for many years of his life, and for years and years has lived in different parts of the west. Part of his life was spent on the sea where he was injured to all of the hardships met with by the sailor before the mast. For many years he lived in the Yellowstone National Park where he owned a toll bridge. Some ten or twelve years ago he sold this bridge to the government and since that time he has been mining in Alaska, Montana and Washington. He is an old-time typical western prospector, always carrying around a small piece of ore in his pocket to interest capitalists in his prospects, that have an extraordinary surface showing. Unfortunately he never seemed able to strike the "pay streak."

Baronett left England with a party of friends forming an expedition of adventurous characters who were seeking fortunes and pleasure in his small vessel named the Royal George. This vessel was wrecked on the coast of South America and Baronett and his companions were picked up and taken to Valparaiso. Baronett came on to Washington. His present whereabouts are unknown. Some months ago he left the Sound cities and it was thought he had gone to California, but investigation proved this to be untrue. It is now reported he is in one of the mining towns of Montana. A man by the name of Thomas Steele, from San Francisco, has sent word to Baronett's friends here that he is positive he can find the missing man within a few days stating that Baronett was an old comrade of his in Alaska and that he intends to come and assist in the search.

C. P. R. Looses Officer.
It is announced that R. A. Corbet, chief clerk to E. J. Coyle, assistant general passenger agent of the C. P. R. between Ft. William and Vancouver, has tendered his resignation to accept the position of assistant to Henry Darling, manager of the White Pass & Yukon railway company's steamers on the Yukon river, between Whitehorse and Dawson. Mr. Corbet has been connected with the C. P. R. for a number of years and acted as its agent in Dawson and other places. He has always been on the alert and was ever awake to the company's interests. His departure from Vancouver will be regretted by a large circle of friends. Mr. Corbet's headquarters will be at Whitehorse. Mrs. Corbet and Miss Corbet, his mother and sister who reside on Berrard street will remain for the present.

Mr. Darling will have quite a staff of bright young men from Vancouver. There is E. A. Quigley who has been employed for a number of years in the customs service. He will act as purser on one of the company's steamers. "Chubb" will be much missed by a large number of friends and his loss will be felt by the Vancouver lacrosse club, of which he is the general secretary. Then there is Harry A. Johnson, one of the best known and popular

young men in the city, who with J. J. Hiller and William Cameron will also go north to act in the capacity of pursers on the company's steamers. Mr. Hiller resigned his position of general baggage agent of the C. P. R. several weeks ago. Mr. Johnson was his chief clerk. F. Victor Austin goes up from Victoria to also take a position as purser. Mr. Cameron has been for some time in the employ of the Union Steamship company. It is understood that a farewell supper will be tendered Messrs. Quigley, Hiller and Johnson by a number of their friends—Vancouver World.

Giving Him a Rest.
The energy of one of the oldest inhabitants of a Massachusetts town is a byword among his neighbors and a trial to his grandchildren, who have not inherited their tuff share of his active temper.

His grandson John in particular suffers from the old man's untiring industry, for John is his assistant in the little grocery shop, where everything, from codfish to brooms, may be found. A purchaser of gingersnaps lingered one day to hear the noontime address delivered to poor John by his grandfather.

"Now, Johnny, I'm a-going home for my dinner," said the old man briskly, "and on the way I'll carry up these pails to Miss Manson and fetch back her kerosene can. I shall be gone upwards of half an hour. You'll have plenty of time to eat your luncheon, and while you're resting after that I wish you'd saw up that little mess of wood that lays out by the back door and split it up for stove kindling, for the weather's turning sharp a'ready."

"Most likely I'll be back 'fore you get out of work, and anyways I don't want to keep you at it all the time, so if there's a few extry minutes jest set down and make out a bill or two. The fust of the month'll be upon us 'fore we know it."—Youth's Companion.

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The Remedy.
The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was one day gambling at the Doberan tables and was betting on the same numbers as a rich master potter who stood next to him.

Both having lost their money, the grand duke inquired, "Well, potter, what shall we do now?"
"Oh," replied the master potter, "your highness will screw up the taxes, and I shall make pot!"

Notice.
The public is hereby notified that all water taps so far as possible will be removed from the public streets. The company is prepared to make hose connection to the mains without delay at a very low rate, charging only for the cost of the material and labor, so that all who wish can have water in their houses, by making application at the company's office at once. So as to avoid a rush or delay all persons holding keys to winter hydrants will please return same to the company's office and receive another in exchange as the locks are to be changed.
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