

DEBATING SOCIETY

Meeting of Season Held Last Night

Reading 'The Critic' and Phenology Form Interesting Program.

The second edition of 'The Critic' was read, one of its features being the reviews reported to have been given a poetical effusion by the local dailies.

Handsome decorated tea sets. Cheap. Ames Mercantile Co.

Mall Tonight. A White Pass stage with 192 lbs. of mail passed Ogilvie at 9 o'clock this morning and will arrive between 5 and 6 this evening.

Grand fancy dress ball at the Exchange Concert and Dance Hall, Monday night, April 14th.

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

P. B. Butter, have no other.

HOLBORN CAFE R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR

REOPENED 'The Delmonico of the North'

Eagle Cafe FIRST AVENUE

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

PIONEER DRUG STORE

Reopened Fairview Cafe and Lunch Counter

preussions to the organ of vision. The disappearing coin was the professor's first effort, in order to accomplish which it was necessary to procure a half dollar from some one in the audience.

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After a preliminary canter of a few moments a subject presented himself for examination, followed later by another, both of whom were thoroughly dissected.

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QUIET ON GOLD RUN

Work This Winter Principally Preparatory

Biggest Season the Creek Has Ever Witnessed Will Be This Summer.

Percy Reid, mining inspector on Gold Run, is in the city a few days renewing old acquaintances after a winter's hibernation on the creeks.

"In comparison with past years," said Mr. Reid, "Gold Run has been extremely quiet this winter, but this summer will see greater activity than ever before."

Why They Were Cheap. A newsman was selling the latest dates of San Francisco papers on the street today for 25 cents per copy.

Shot by His Son. Astoria, Or., March 21.—Gabriel K. Jarvi, aged fifty years, was shot and almost instantly killed by his son, Matson, this morning.

Wire Still Down. The break in the telegraph wire which occurred yesterday about two o'clock in the afternoon at some point between Selkirk and Five Fingers has not yet been repaired.

Death of Baby Prudhomme. The home of Yukon Councilman and Mrs. A. J. Prudhomme was made sad by a visit from the angel of death yesterday which took from them their baby, Mildred Helena, aged two months and twelve days.

Boers Demand Terms for Cape Rebs—Ten Days May Settle All.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, April 12.—From government sources it is ascertained that peace negotiations are not expected to come to a conclusion so quickly as yesterday's premature reports indicated.

Seattle People Easy. Seattle, March 30.—The police have been notified of the operation of a swindle game which is conducted by culprits in Chicago.

Returned Yesterday. Harry Seymour, ex-member of the N.W.M.P. and later Sheriff Eilbeck's chief deputy for some time, returned yesterday direct from his old home in England.

For Mr. Mullen. At the Auditorium tomorrow, Sunday, night will be given a benefit for Mr. William Mullen, the sordough actor who has never in his four years appearance before Dawson audiences failed to receive the glad hand.

Harry Jones Home. Mr. Harry Jones, of the firm of the Dawson Hardware Co., returned yesterday afternoon from a six months' trip to the outside.

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HONORS FOR AMERICANS

Members of the American Embassy

Will Be Well Cared for at the Coronation of King Edward.

London, March 25.—Now comes England's opportunity to exhibit warm friendship for the United States. In a manner different from that of the German Emperor in making a vicarious visit to the Americans, she is preparing to accomplish equal, perhaps better results.

Seattle People Easy. Seattle, March 30.—The police have been notified of the operation of a swindle game which is conducted by culprits in Chicago.

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Advertisement for various goods including Underwear, Dress Shoes, Reliable Clothing, and Market items.

Advertisement for Handmade decorated tea sets from Ames Mercantile Co.

Advertisement for a White Pass stage with mail.

Advertisement for a fancy dress ball at the Exchange Concert and Dance Hall.

Advertisement for hay, oats, and provisions at Barrett & Hull's.

Advertisement for P. B. Butter.

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Advertisement for a reopened cafe.

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Advertisement for Steam Hose and Seamless Hydraulic Hose by McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 72. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00. Per month, by carrier in city in advance 3.00. Single copies 25. Semi-Weekly. Yearly, in advance \$24.00. Six months 12.00. Three months 6.00. Per month, by carrier in city in advance 2.00. Single copies 25.

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

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—Alabama. New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

TOO MUCH PREJUDICE.

The News endeavored last evening, through the agency of a labored editorial, to convict this paper of expressing contradictory opinions in respect to the mining regulations. The charge thus laid against the Nugget is based upon two editorial paragraphs published in a recent issue of this paper.

The first paragraph in question cited the opinion that the mining regulations taken as a whole are favorable to the miner and the industry which he follows. The second contained the statement that by reason of repeated repealing and amendments of laws, a wholly unnecessary amount of litigation has been brought about.

The News endeavors to argue that one or the other of the two opinions must be wrong. We hold to an entirely different view of the matter. The mere fact that certain objectionable features appear in the laws is not sufficient to warrant their wholesale condemnation. The News should take a broader view of affairs and display less prejudice and bias in its utterances.

The tendency of the laws is toward increased litigation, as the Nugget stated, but that fact does not warrant the statement that the laws are all bad. It is not the fault so much of the regulations themselves as it is the fault of the system by which they have been passed and brought into effect. A proper codification of all the different regulations dealing with the mining industry so that a miner might be able to secure a clear idea of his rights without resort to professional advice would prove a long step in the direction of remedying the evil.

The great difficulty with the News rests in the fact that anything emanating from the interior department in connection with the administration of affairs in this territory, must be, in the opinion of that paper, entirely wrong. From the News' standpoint nothing good can come out of Ottawa, and our contemporary studiously applies that theory no matter what may be the issue at stake.

The News has failed to make its point clear. The two opinions expressed by this paper, to which our contemporary has taken exception, are not contradictory nor do they conflict with each other in any particular. If the News would on occasion permit reason to overcome prejudice it would not fall into such errors.

From freight quotations already made it is safe to argue that a sum

amounting to not less than \$500,000 will be saved to shippers during the coming season as compared with amounts paid for that purpose last year. This simply means that the same amount of work can be done on the various creeks of the district as was accomplished last year and with an expenditure of half a million dollars less than was then involved. The result of cheap freight rates will not accrue to the benefit of the merchant to the extent that it will profit the miner. Competition will force the price of all commodities down to a point where a legitimate profit only is left whether freight rates are high or low. When rates are reduced, prices drop accordingly, and the consumer derives the benefit. The prospect of cheaper transportation increases the value of every claim in the country which is known to be worth working. The fact that the Nugget has borne an important part in securing the concessions that have been made is a source of utmost satisfaction to this paper.

While the council is in the way of appointing inspectors it would be well to incorporate among the duties of one of them, the work of looking out for "short cords" of wood. The cost of fuel forms a very considerable item in the average householder's expense account, and instances are not wanting to indicate that unsuspecting purchasers of fire wood are not infrequently imposed upon. Such cases usually occur when wood is bought under the prevailing market price but that fact does not in any manner exculpate the cheat. A person who buys a cord of wood is entitled to full measurement whether he pays \$5 or \$15 therefor. Some system of inspection which would insure all buyers full measurement would be worth the cost involved.

Any plan for corralling the scarlet women of the town in the residence district will be met with prompt and effective opposition. It is not outside the bounds of common sense to take practical measures for controlling this as well as other evils. Respectable, law-abiding citizens have the right, however, to demand that abandoned women shall be kept from the neighborhood of their homes. We quite agree with the theory that the question must be met by the authorities sooner or later, but some solution may be found other than a plan now said to be in contemplation of quartering the women in the center of the residential district.

The local debating society is losing a very successful and energetic member. The purposes of the society were organized and have been well carried out in the program that have been rendered during the winter, and the fact has been well established that Dawson possesses literary, elocutionary and forensic talent of a high order.

The long continuance of cold weather and the unusually heavy snow fall have occasioned the fear that high water is to be anticipated when thawing sets in. In anticipation of this possibility the drains leading to the river should be opened without delay. When the break comes, warm weather and lots of it may be confidently expected.

Local transportation companies should take up the matter of inducing tourist travel to the Yukon. A summer trip to Dawson and return via St. Michael affords an ideal method of spending a vacation and it should not be difficult to keep a steady stream of tourists turned in this direction during all the months of open navigation.

It is comforting to remember that it is an ill wind that blows good to no one. Otherwise one might feel disposed to object to the zephyrs that have been blowing so steadily for the past several weeks.

Correspondents who indulge in objectionable personalities cannot expect their contributions to be published in a reputable newspaper.

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

Trophies of the Hunt

There is at the corner of Bushwick avenue and Meserole street, Williamsburg, a saloon where hunters assemble to tell of their own prowess and of the skill of friends. Ninety-nine pair of antlers adorn the walls, and to each one of them is attached a story. Then, there is the paw of a bear and a stuffed wild boar's head of enormous size to testify to the prowess of the proprietor, Nicholas Gentzlinger. The trophies represent thirty years hunting in Europe and America.

The collection of antlers by no means tells of all the deer that have fallen before the Williamsburg Nimrod. He has saved only such as were gained after unusual difficulties. Mr. Gentzlinger has proof positive and the evidence at hand for one hundred and one tales of the forest and the plains. The Deer Slayers gathered in his place not long ago to eat venison on an occasion they will remember when they look at a fine head from the Adirondacks, which has just been added to the others. The host had, of course, to tell the story of the death.

"It was a remarkable kill," said Gentzlinger. "I was in a runaway and heard him coming fast. My guide had scared him up, and he was heading straight for me. I did not have time to fire properly, and just let loose. I missed, and it was a hundred to one that I had lost him."

"The bullet must have been mighty close, and its hum, with the accompanying report of the rifle, brought the buck to an abrupt stop. You would not think it possible for anything going at such speed to stop so short."

"He hesitated for the fraction of a second, and I had him. He dropped in a heap. When the guide and I looked him over there was not a mark to show what had killed him. At last we found the wound. My bullet had hit him straight in the mouth and had carried through the brain to lodge in the heavy bone at the base of the antlers."

The venison was good to the taste, the German wine was in abundance and seductive. The company was congenial. The deer story brought forth another. A little old man, spare of frame, but still sturdy, with a keen gray eye and a merely bristling mustache, said:

"We were in Missouri, in the Iron mountain region, where the deer were still plentiful. I don't believe there are any of them there now. They made cheap meat for mining camps. Well, we drove into the woods behind two good mules and with a week's provisions. It was splendid October weather. I had taken my 11-year-old nephew with me to watch the outfit while we were hunting and he had with him an old-fashioned shot-gun. I did not want him to take it, but he did."

"We left him with the mules and about four miles off got a glimpse of a fine buck. I ever you know. There was no chance for a shot at him, but with the dog we meant to get him. Some time later there was a shot from the direction of the wagon. I was mad clear through, for I knew that fool boy had started shooting squirrels with the old gun, which roared like a cannon. I started for him, and I cut a switch on the way. When I got there he asked in an improper style what luck we had found. I started for him, and he dodged around to the other side of the wagon."

"What do you mean, you young imp, by shooting that blunderbuss and scaring off the deer?" I asked.

"'Tain't a blunderbuss, but the best gun in camp," he answered.

"Wait till the others come up and then I'll get you!" I cried in rage.

"Then you won't get any venison he said."

"That boy had the nerve to tell me he had killed the buck. I did not believe him, and thought he was going entirely too far. Finally we compromised, and I agreed to go where he said the buck had dropped. Sure enough, there it was with a great hole just back of the shoulder. He

New Millinery

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

J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET

had not seen the boy, and had stopped on a little clearing on a ridge not twenty-five yards away to reconnoitre. The boy said that he had been too excited to shoot at first and then when the deer made a nervous movement he collected himself, aimed, and sent a heavy charge of buckshot into the animal. To make it short, that boy did not get licked. I propose that boy's health."

A blonde giant, a middle-aged man, bowed and blushed in acknowledgement. Then Nicholas Gentzlinger told of the killing of the boar.

"It was in Germany," he said. "The big beast was at bay and slaughtering every dog that came close to him. They could not get a hold. He was on a raised spot, and in climbing to get a good shot at him I slipped, falling heavily. Just then he went through the circling dogs for me. They were good dogs, and several caught him as he charged but they might as well have tried to stop a locomotive. I fired and I don't know how I did it. I didn't even have the gun to my shoulder, and it kicked me in the head, so that I did not know anything for a little while. When I came to the dead beast and I were close together, and one of the dogs was licking my face, evidently trying to revive me."

"You ask me about the bear's foot and I have told that story to you a hundred times, but if you must have it you shall. We were in Colorado and had a hard day of hunting. There were four in the party and we were all sound asleep in our tent."

"Now, a bear is a curious sort of a fellow, and likes sweets. Maybe he guessed that there was sugar in the camp. At any rate, he came in. He was nosing around when he woke me. Without any noise, I got out a long knife that was in my belt. He was stepping over the sleepers very carefully and sort of tiptoeing around like a skillful burglar."

"He came close to me, and I let him have it in the neck, but missed the jugular. In a second there was the real sort of 'rough house.' The beast gave me an ugly tear in the chest, but did not bite. Man and bear were in the merriest sort of a fight, and the other fellows were shouting and stabbing every chance they got when they were sure they would not hurt me. I don't just know who killed the bear, but I think I did with a solar plexus stab. His hide was ruined. I was not half as much hurt as you would think and lived to enjoy the bear steak. Wish we had some here tonight."

Child Buried at Sea.

Victoria, March 28.—Out in the Royal Roads, where the sailing ships drag at their anchors, Henry Slurgis, a retired man-of-war's-man, formerly a member of the crew of H. M. S. Pheasant, buried his child Thursday. The Rev. W. D. Barber of St. Saviour's church officiated. The funeral party started from the warship's pier at the Esquimalt harbor in a dingy, hired from a boatman. In the bottom of the boat lay the body of the child and in the stern sat the minister, robed in his full canonicals and the sorrowing mother, father and nurse of the dead child, who were as the boatman piloted the silent party from the harbor. A mile at sea the boat was stopped and as the minister read the Anglican burial service the father lifted the body, which was wrapped in canvas and weighted with a big stone, and lowered it into the sea.

Proposed Canoe Corner.

In anticipation of a spring freshet that will cause residents on the Dawson flat to move into the second stories of their houses and in the absence of second stories to take to the hills, it is reported that an attempt is being made to corner the canoe stock of the city as the prediction is freely made that for a week or ten days after the thaw sets in Dawson business will be transacted a la Venice.

It is apparent, however, that chachacos are more scared over the prediction than are sourdoughs, who say they have no fears from high water.

Chance for Quartz Miners.

In answer to an article in Dawson Weekly News of April 4th, 1902, signed "Australian Miner": If any quartz miner owning a quartz mine in the Klondike district will bring quartz to the Munger Mill which will run \$5.00 to the ton it will be milled FREE of charge.

Notice—The miner MUST be present in the mill during the entire time of milling his quartz.

EDWARD SPENCER, Manager Munger Mill.

Public Notice.

All hotels and restaurants wishing to employ cooks, waiters, bakers, dishwashers and yard men can do so by applying to the International hotel.

Mr. J. E. Prop. Job Printing at Nugget office.

WANTED 100 MINERS to purchase their Hardware at the Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. SECOND AVENUE. PHONE 38.

RENT OF 'PHONES Beginning April 1, 1902. DAWSON. Class A—Independent service, per month \$20.00. Class B—2 parties on same line, per month 15.00. Class C—3 or more parties on same line, month 10.00. CREEK TELEPHONES. Bonanza Creek and Grand Forks, per month 10.00. Eldorado Creek, per month 10.00. Quartz Creek 12.00. Sulphur Creek 12.00. Hunker Creek 12.00. Dominion Creek 12.00. Gold Run Creek 12.00. Yukon Telephone Syndicate, Ltd. GENERAL OFFICE THIRD, NEAR S. C. STORE

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY ESTABLISHED 1891. Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. Fire Proof Safes Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

AMUSEMENTS. The Auditorium. Week Commencing Monday April 7. Alabama. NO SMOKING. Monday, Thursday & Friday.

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

WINTER MAIL SERVICE. On and After March 20 Dawson to Whitehorse, \$125.00 BY THE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE. Making through trip in five and one-half days, stopping at Whitehorse, Dawson, and Yukon. Travel only by an established line, both day and discomfort. Stagis Leave Dawson Every Tuesday and Saturday, at 7 a. m. For reservation apply at the White Pass & Yukon Route. J. H. ROGERS, Agent.

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

The Northwestern Line. Chicago and All Eastern Points. All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul. Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wash.

The Nugget's Children's Department

The Foolers Fooled.

Four little girls, Al... Elsie and Lena, dressed in... Richley, a wealthy and am... lady, who walks with a... A room or out of doors... May and Lena are dancing... Oh, look at your dress, Brown! won't your mother... No such thing! April Fool!

Chick's Complaint

All: No, and we are very glad. We want to tell you— Elsie: Never mind telling— just think of the fun we will have at the party. With arms over each other's shoulders they dance from side to side, as the curtain falls.

Aunt Kate's Penny Lecture

Easter day! Doesn't that sound beautiful and joyful, and make you think of lovely flowers and music and budding trees and green grass and kind thoughts?

Ye Pigge Book

Any clever boy or girl can make "Ye Pigge Book" of drawing paper or any unwrinkled paper about five by six inches in size, and containing about fifty pages; cover it neatly with brown linen on which can be painted, in black or gilt or colors, fanciful designs together with a picture of a pig in the lower left hand corner.

That Rogers Boy.

That boy of Rogers', Lord spare me From rasin' such a one as he! Ef ever mischief was boiled down Into a freckled, red-haired clown, And turned loose on two spindlin' shanks,

East Shot of the War.

"I alone, sire, am the rear guard of the Grand Army!" exclaimed Marshal Ney as he fired the last shot at the Cossacks on the banks of the Berzina.

He Had One Trial.

I heard at Uncle Jim White's, at the base of the Cumberland, that they had trouble with a preacher at Thompsons Cove, half way up the mountain, but I did not get at the rights of the case until arriving at the Cove.

England has created a great stir in naval circles and is generally commended by the press.

England has created a great stir in naval circles and is generally commended by the press. One of his colleagues, however, Vice-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, has written to the London "Times" a criticism of Lord Beresford's utterances.

Beresford's Speech.

London, March 22.—Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford's outspoken criticism of the methods of the British Admiralty since his return to

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Richmond, at the same time inviting them to come in and lay down their arms, as the war was certainly over. Gen. Slaughter refused to act in an affair of such importance until he was better informed.

He Had One Trial.

I heard at Uncle Jim White's, at the base of the Cumberland, that they had trouble with a preacher at Thompsons Cove, half way up the mountain, but I did not get at the rights of the case until arriving at the Cove.

gerald maintains that the Admiralty is quite able to meet an international emergency.

gerald maintains that the Admiralty is quite able to meet an international emergency. He admits that some minor reforms may be desirable, but says: "It is not necessary to upset the coach because one of the wheels want greasing, nor is it desirable to wash our dirty linen in public, supposing we have any."

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Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including various notices and advertisements.

The Specters of Wolfville

"Specters? Never; I refooses 'em my beliefs utter," and with these emphatic words the Old Cattleman tasted his liquor thoughtfully on his tongue.

"But about the ghosts?" I persisted.

"Ghosts?" he retorted. "I never does hear of but one; that's a apparition which enlists the attentions of Peets an' Old Man Enright a whole lot. It's a specter that takes to ha'n'tin' about one of the Bar-B-8 sign-camps, an' escaurin' up cattle; drivin' 'em over a precipice, an' all to Enright's disaster an' loss.

"It's over mebbly fifty miles to the southeast of Wolfville, some'ers in the fringes of the Tres Hermanas that thar's a sign-camp of Enright's brand, the Bar-B-8. Thar's a couple of Enright's riders holdin' down this angle of the Bar-B-8 game, an' one evenin' both of 'em comes squanderin' in—ponies a-loam an' faces pale as paper—an' puts it up that they don't return no more.

"'Cause she's ha'n'ted," says one; "Jim an' me both encounters this yere banshee an' it's got fire-eyes. Also, itsef' an' pony is likewise built of blood flames. You can gamble! I don't want no more of it in mine, an' that's whatever!"

"It looks like on two several occasions that a handful of cattle gets run over a steep bluff from the mesa above. The fall is some sixty feet in the clear. An' when them devoted cattle lights, it's pretty easy to guess they're sech no longer, an' that thar's nothin' left of 'em but beef. These beef drives happens each time in the night; an' the cattle must have been stamped complete to make sech a trip. Cattle, that a-way, can't be relied on to go chargin' over a high bluff unless their reason is first onhinged. No, the coyotes an' the mountain lions don't do it; they never chases cattle, holdin' 'em in fear an' tremblin'. These yere mountain lions pounces onto colts like a mink on a settin' hen, but never calves or cattle.

"An' it's mebbly second drink time after midnight," gasps the cow puncher who's relatin' the adventures, "an' me an' Jim is experimentin' along the aige of a mesa, when of a sudden thar comes two steers, heads down, tails up, locoed absolute they be; an' flashin' about in the r'ar of 'em rides this yere flamin' cow sperit on its flamin' cayouse. Shere! he heads 'em over the cliff, I hears 'em hit the bottom of the canyon jest as I falls off my bronco in a fit. As soon as ever I comes toan can remember into that Texas saddle agin, me an' Jim shaly hits the high places in the scenery, an' here we-all be! An' I don't go back to that Bar-B-8 camp. I ain't ridin' herd on no apparitions; an' whenever ghosts takes to romancin' about in the cow business, that lets me out."

"I reckon," says Enright, wrinklin' up his brows, "I'll take a look into this racket myself."

"An' if you-all don't mind none, Enright," says Peets, "I'll get my chips in with yours. Thar's been no one shot for a month in Red Dog an' Wolfville, an' I'm plumb free of patients."

"You're lookin' for trouble, Doc," says Col. Sterret, kind o' laughin' at Peets. "You reminds me of a onhappy sport I encounters long ago in Looneyville."

"An' wherein does this yere Bloo Grass party resemble me?" asks Peets.

"It's one evenin'," says Col. Sterret, "an' a passel of us is settin' about a table in the Galt house baf, toyin' with our beverages. Thar's a smooth, good-lookin' stranger who's camped at a table near. Final, he yawns like he's shore weary of life, an' looks at us—sharp an' cur'ous. Then he speaks up sort o' gen'ral, as though he's addressin' the air.

"This is a mighty dull town!" he says. "Which I've been yere a fortnight an' I ain't had a fight yet." An' he continues to look us over some mournful.

"You-all needn't gaze on us that a-way," says a gent named Granger; "you can put down a stack on it, you ain't goin' to pull on no war with none of us."

"Shore, not!" says the onhappy stranger. Then he goes on apologetic: "Gents, I'm onfortunatly constituted. Unless I has trouble at least once a month, it preys on me."

"If you're honin' for a muss," says Granger, "all you has to do is go a couple of blocks to the east, an' then five to the north, an' thar on the corner you'll note a mighty prosperous s'loon."

"But can't you come an' p'int out the place," coaxes the onhappy stranger of Granger.

"At that Granger consents to guide the onhappy stranger. They drives over an' Granger stops that

outfit, mebbly she's fifty yards from the door. He p'int it out to the onhappy stranger sport.

"Come in with me," says the onhappy stranger as he gets outen the keeriage. "Come on; you-all don't have to fight none. I jest wants you to watch me. Which I'm the dandiest warrior for the whole length of the Ohio!"

"But Granger is firm that he won't. He's not inquisitive," he says, an' will stay planted right thar on the r'ar seat an' await developments a whole lot. With that, the onhappy stranger sport goes mournfully for'ard alone, an' gets into the gin mill by the said "family entrance." Granger sets thar with his head out, lookin' an' listen'.

"Everything's plenty quiet for a minute. Then slam! bang! bang! crash! the most flagrant riot breaks forth! It sounds like that store's coffin down. The racket rages an' grows worse. Thar's a smashin' of glass. The lights goes out, while customers comes boundin' an' skippin' forth from that family entrance like antelopes. At last them uproars dies down; final, they subsides complete.

"Granger is beginnin' to upbraid himsef for not gettin' the onhappy stranger's address so's he could ship home the remainder. In the midst of Granger's sef-accosations, that a-way, the lights in the gin mill begins to burn ag'in, one by one. After awhile she's reilluminated an' ablaze with old-time glory. It's then the door of the family stranger sport emerges onto the sidewalk. He's in his shirt-sleeves, an' a angelic smile wreathes his face. He shore looks plumb content!

"Get out the keeriage an' come in, pard," he shouts down to Granger. "Come on in a whole lot! I'd journey down thar an' get you, but I can't leave; I'm tendin' bar!"

"You're shore right, Colonel," says Peets when Col. Sterret ends the anecdote, "the feelin' of that onhappy stranger sport is absolutely parallel to mine. Ghosts is new to me; an' I'm goin' pirootin' off with Enright on this demon hunt an' see if I can't fetch up in the midst of a trifle of nerve-coolin' trouble."

"The ghost tales of the stampeded cow punchers excites Dan Beggs a heap. After Enright an' Peets has organized an' done p'inted out for the ha'n'ted Bar-B-8 sign-camp to investigate the spook, Dan can't talk of nothin' else.

"Them's mighty dead game gents, Enright an' Doc Peets is!" says Dan. "Which wouldn't go searchin' for no spitts more'n I'd fondit rattlesnakes! I draws the line at intimacies with fiends."

"But mebbly this yere is a angel, says Faro Nell, from her stool alongside of Cherokee Hall.

"Not criticizin' you none, Nell," says Dan, "Cherokee himsef will tel you sech surmises is reedle'ous."

"It's the next day, an' Peets an' Enright is organized in the ha'n'ted sign-camp of the Bar-B-8. Also, they've been lookin' round. By ridin' along onder the face of this yere precipice they comes, one after t'other, on what little is left of the dead steers. What strikes 'em as a heap peccoliar is, thar's no bones nor horns. Two or three of the hoofts is kickin' about, an' Enright picks up one the coyotes overlooks. It shows it's been cut off at the fetlock j'int by a knife.

"This yere specter," says Enright, passin' the hoof to Peets, "picks a bowie; an' he likewise butchers his prey. Also, onduubted, he freights the meat off some'ers to his camp, which is why we don't notice no big bones layin' round loose." Then Enright scans the grass mighty scrupolous; an' shore enough! thar's plenty of pony tracks dented into the soil. "That don't look so soopernacheral neither," says Enright, p'intin' to the hoof prints.

"Them's shorely made by a flesh an' blood pony," says Peets. "An' from their goin' some deep into the ground, I deduces that said cayouse is loaded down with what weight of beef an' man it can stagger onder."

"That evenin' over their grub, Enright an' Peets discusses the business. Thar's a Jim-Crow Mexican plaza not three miles off in the hills. Both of 'em is awar' of this yere hamlet, an' Peets, partic'lar, is well acquainted with a old Mexican sharp who lives thar—he's a kind o' school-master among 'em—who's mighty cunning an' learned. His name is Jose Miguel.

"An' I'm beginnin' to figger," says Peets, "that this yere ghostly rider is the foxey little Jose Miguel. Which I've frequent talked with him; an' he saveys enough about drugs an' chemicals, that a-way, to paint up with phosphorus an' go surgin' about stampedin' them cattle over the

bluffs. It's a mighty good idee from his standp'int. He can argue that the cattle kills themse'ls—sort o' commits suicide inadvertent—an' if we-all tracks up on him afterward with the beef, he insists on his innocence; an' puts it up that his cuttin' in on the play after them cattle done slays themse'ls, injures nobody but coyotes."

"Doc," coincides Enright after roominatin' a lot in silence. "Doc, the longer I ponders, the more them theories seems shore sagacious. That enterprisin' greaser is jest about killin' my beef, an' sellin' it to the entire plaza. Not only does this yere ghost play operate to stampede the cattle, an' set 'em runnin' cimmaron an' locoed so they'll chase over the cliffs to their ends, but likewise it serves to scare my cow-punchers off the range, which last, onduubted, this Miguel looks on as a desideratum. However, it's goin' to be good an' dark tonight, an' if we-all has half luck I figgers we fixes him."

"It's full two hours after midnight, an' while thar's stars overhead, thar's no moon; an' along the top of the mesa it's as dark as the inside of a cow. Peets an' Enright is Injunniin' about on the prowl for the ghost. They don't much reckon it'll be abroad as most likely the plaza has beef enough.

"However, by tomorry night," says Enright, in a whisper, "or at the worst, by the night after, we're shore to meet up with this yere marauder."

"Hesh!" whispers Peets, at the same time stoppin' Enright with his hand, "he's out tonight!"

"An' thar for shore is something like a dim blood light movin' about over across the plains, mebbly it's half a mile. Now an' then, two brighter lights shows in spots like the flames of candles; them's the fire eyes the locoed cow boys tells of. Whatever it is, whether spook or greaser, it's a quarterin' the plains like one of these yere huntin' dogs. Its gait, that a-way, is mebbly a slow canter."

"He's on the scout," says Enright, tryin' to start a steer or two in the dark. But he ain't located none yet."

"Enright an' Peets slides to the ground an' hobbles their broncos. They don't aim to have them go pirootin' over no bluffs in any blindness of a first ghostly surprise. When the ponies is safe, they bends

plumb low an' begins makin' up towards the ground on which this yere blood-shimmerin' shadow is ha'n'tin' about. Things comes their way, they has luck. They ain't crope forty rods when the ghost sort o' heads for 'em. They can easy tell he's comin' for the fire eyes shows all the time an' not by fits an' starts as former. As the blood shimmer draws nearer, they makes out the vague shadows of a man on a hoss. Son, she's shore plenty ghostly as a vision, an' Enright allows later, it's no marvel them punchers famesech harrowin' scenes.

"How about it?" whispers Peets. "Shall I do the shootin'?"

"Which your eyes is younger," says Enright. "You cut loose; an' I'll stand by to back the play. Only aim plenty low. You can't he'p over shootin' in the dark. Hold as low as his stirrup."

"Peets pulls himsef up straight as a saplin' an' runs his left hand along the bar' as far as his arm'll reach. An' he hangs long on the aim, as shootin' in the dark ain't no cinch. If this yere ghost is a bright ghost, it would be easy. But he ain't; he's blood an' dim like washed out moonlight or when it's jest gettin' to be dawn; Enright's twenty yards to one side so as to free himsef of Peet's smoke in case he has to make the second p'ay.

"But Peets calls the turn. With the crack of his Winchester, the ghost sets up sech a screech that it proves he ain't white; an' also that he'll live through the evenin's events. As this yere specter yelps, the blood cayouse goes over on its head an' neck an' then falls dead on its side. The lead, which only smashes the specter's knee to splinters, goes plumb through the pony's heart.

"As Peets foresees, the ghost ain't none other than the wise little Jose Miguel, schoolmaster, who's up on drugs an' chemicals. The blood glimmer is phosphorous; an' them eyes is two of these yere little lamps, like miners packs in their caps. Enright an' Peets strolls up; this Miguel is groainin' an' mournin' an' cryin' Maris, Madre de Dios! When he sees who downs him, he drags himsef to Enright an' begs a heap abject for his life. With that, Enright silently lets down the hammer of his rifle.

"Peets, when the sun comes up, enjoys himsef speshul with that operation. Peets is fond of ampytations that a-way, an' he hacks off said limb with zwst and gusto."

"Which I shore deplores it, Jose," says Peets, "to go shortenin' up a fellow scientist like this. But thar's no he'pin' it; fate has so decreed. Also, as some comfort to your soul, I'll say that I explains to Sam Enright as to how you won't ride no more when I gets you fairly trimmed. Leastwise, when I'm done prunin' you; thar won't be nuthin' but one of these yere women's saddles that you'll fit, an' no gent, be he white or be he greaser, can work cattle from a side saddle." An' with that, Peets, hummin' a blithe roundelay, cuts merrily away at that wounded member."

Swept Through a Sewer.

New York, March 24.—Edward Boyle, a plumber's helper, fell into a sewer in East 53rd street yesterday and was carried into the East river, where he was rescued. For three

quarters of a mile he was swept helplessly through the dark by a rush of water running like a mill race. Overhead the rattle and roar of the busy streets went on. At last he was thrown, dazed and bewildered from the mouth of the sewer into the East river. Men on a scow moored near by hauled him out, and brought him to land again. For a time he could not speak, for the shock of his terrible experience had paralyzed his nerves. Then, while the little crowd that had gathered about him still were asking where he had come from, he found his tongue and asked for a "smoke." Half an hour later he refused the assistance of the ambulance surgeon, who had been summoned, and had started on his way home, seemingly none the worse for his strange adventure.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902

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PROSPECTS FLATTERING

Conglomerate Creek Is Yielding Well

Work Being Done Between the Mouth and Forks With Good Results.

Mr. Brown, one of the best prospectors in the Klondike, a source of the spring of '97, left this morning for his claims on Conglomerate creek after a stay of several days in town. Mr. Brown's trip to the city was primarily for the purpose of procuring a small prospecting outfit and additional supplies for summer use which accompany him to the creek today. During the winter Conglomerate has been vigorously prospected and upon almost every claim where holes have been sunk pay has been located. The creek is staked, it will be remembered, under the new regulations, each claim being 250 feet in length and in width 100 feet on each side of the center line of the creek regardless of whether the side lines extend into the hillsides or not.

At the mouth of the creek is a bar probably a mile square and under the zero claim, the first on the creek, good prospects have been located, the gold being quite fine. No. 1 is not working, but 2, owned by W. Tennant, has just completed its representation. The boiler which was employed in the work has been removed to 16. No. 3 and the fractions are owned by Mr. Brown and his partners and the work they have done so far has been confined principally to the hillsides where they are about 35 feet and in fair pay with a thickness of 14 feet. The bedrock in the hillsides is found dipping in the hill at an angle of nearly 45 degrees and is a theory of Mr. Brown's that something much better may be anticipated if a hole is put down some 100 feet further up the hill, a theory he intends putting into practice later in the season. A shaft sunk on No. 4 by the owners but 20 feet from Mr. Brown's upper line obviated the necessity of doing any work on his property in the creek at present as No. 4 has hit the paystreak. The ground is 40 feet deep with 30 feet of black and four feet of pay gravel that runs from 2 to 30 cents. No. 5 is in litigation and not working. Nos. 6, 7 and 8 have been represented this winter. Mr. Brown is interested in 9 and intends sinking at the far over on the left limit. Above there is nothing doing until 16 is staked, owned by Captain Milligan and son. Last fall they sold their claim for \$1000, the purchasers putting up a bond of \$100 which they later forfeited upon deciding not to complete the deal. During the winter good pay has been struck and it would take \$5000 to buy the ground and then possession would not be given until after the clean-up. There are six feet of gravel running from 2 to 30 cents and the owners have out 200 buckets of pay dirt.

Walker, formerly of Gold Run, was 30 and he and his partner have taken out 8000 buckets this winter. On his Gold Run claim Walker says he has taken out bedrock pans running as high as \$50, but on account of being compelled to handle so much waste he can do better on Conglomerate with dirt of much lower grade. No. 22 is owned by Ray Allen and is the claim where pay was first struck last September. It has 6000 buckets out. Pontius owns 26 and has good prospects. He is using a 13-horsepower boiler which he brought over from Dominion and has many others on the creek besides the real paystreak is yet to be located, notwithstanding the location of pay now that is of sufficient value to handle. The Turner brothers own 27 and upon which a 50-cent pan has been gotten without any trouble. No. 28 is the property of a Mr. Maguin who is now en route to his claim with a boiler and supplies above the forks, which occurs at 38. There is not much doing and what has been done has not been of an encouraging nature. Near the mouth of the left fork, formerly called Stowe creek but which has been held by the gold commissioner to be the continuation of Conglomerate, there is a party of six Italians who have done considerable prospecting. They recovered half of what was formerly 2000 feet and dritted 45 feet but found

nothing better than two cents. The Italians own adjoining claims a short distance above the forks but have not succeeded in locating any pay so far. There is also some work being done quite a distance above but with what success is not known. No work whatever is being done on the right fork.

Conglomerate is a tributary of Montana entering from the left limit at 91 below, 44 miles from the city. In that vicinity of Montana there has been considerable work done, but only with small success. On 96 four-cent dirt has been found, which is about the best so far located. The creek valley there is quite wide and on account of Conglomerate entering from the left limit all the prospecting so far done on Montana has been on the same side of the creek. Many of the miners believe, Mr. Brown among them, that the indications on the right limit are far better and this season will doubtless see several holes sunk on that side of the creek.

Two things that Montana and Conglomerate are greatly blessed with are plenty of water and fuel. Robinson's saw mill at the mouth of Bismark, also a tributary of Montana three-quarters of a mile below Conglomerate, is supplying the miners with sluice lumber, delivering it anywhere on Conglomerate below the forks at \$100 per thousand. The mill is also supplying considerable to Eureka. The timber is excellent and plentiful, trees three feet in diameter being not an infrequent occurrence. On 16, 20, 22 and 26 over 2000 feet have been delivered and preparations for sluicing the winter dumps are well under way.

Mr. Brown expects to remain on Conglomerate all summer prospecting and working the several properties in which he is interested.

PROMISED TO REFORM

H. Langlier Will Change His Course

According to Verbal Pledge Made Magistrate Macaulay This Morning.

If everyone would heed the good advice imparted by Judge Macaulay it would not be long before the criminal department of the police court would exist only as a memory. The judge is a student of humanity as well as of law and when a prisoner faces him from the lonesome box he does not require more than one glance to determine whether or not the culprit was born for better and higher things. In case he sees a latent spark of respectability the offender is usually asked in a kindly tone to turn from the path he is treading and seek to live an honorable and upright life, and in nine cases in every ten he succeeds in eliciting a promise of reformation. And in the majority of cases it is but justice to the makers of the promises to say that, for the time being, at least, the verbal pledges are given in good faith.

Such a promise was this morning freely given by Harry Langlier who was before his honor on a charge of having been drunk and disorderly in a South Dawson cigar store conducted by Lucille Le Braus. Langlier pleaded guilty, promised better conduct for the future and paid a fine of \$5 and costs.

Played Butcher.

A story comes from Marshlands, Lycoming county, Pa., that a 6-year-old boy of that place tried to imitate his father's method of slaughtering cattle and thereby killed his 4-year-old brother. The boy's father is a butcher and they had often watched him at his work. A few days ago, it is said, the elder boy put a rope around his younger brother's neck and led him to the slaughter house. Fastening the rope to a ring in the floor he picked up a piece of iron and dealt his brother a blow on the head. Then lowering the windlass rope he tied the rope around his brother's feet and drew him up, as he had seen his father do with beef.

Going to the house the boy asked his mother for a knife, saying that he had the cow killed and was ready to skin it. She ran to the barn to investigate and found her son hanging by the feet, apparently lifeless. It required several hours' work to resuscitate him.—Ex.

Food properly cooked prevents dyspepsia—try the Northern Cafe.

EX-JUDGE J. W. PRATT

Of Denver and Leading Alaska Attorney

Now in Dawson En Route to the Koyukuk—Extensively Interested at Porcupine.

Judge J. W. Pratt, who at one time occupied the bench in Denver, but for the past four years a leading practitioner of Skagway and Alaska, is in the city en route to the Koyukuk country, where he will devote his time to mining, legal practice being a secondary matter. Judge Pratt has spent much of his time during the past two and a half years in the Porcupine country, where he still owns considerable valuable property. He expects to get away for the low-country tomorrow, or as soon as the storm which for several days has been raging, ceases.

Judge Pratt is just back from a visit to his old home in Denver and it was while en route from Skagway to Seattle with Peter Dow of the Koyukuk that the latter sowed seeds that are now bearing fruit in the Judge's trip to the new Mecca. He says that as a missionary for a country Peter Dow is a past grand master.

There was in the early history of Skagway one element with which Judge Pratt was not popular, and that was the "Soapy" Smith crowd. The Judge during his tenure of office in Denver, where many of "Sapolo's" gang home-ported for many years, was frequently called upon to hand out a bunch of justice to some of them, but one appearance before Judge Pratt was never forgotten by a culprit.

The Judge has many friends in Dawson who wish for him all kinds of good luck in his new venture.

Secretaries of the Navy Representative Moody, the new Secretary of the Navy, who is to succeed Mr. Long on May 1, is a native of Newbury, Mass., and the district he now represents in congress includes the part of Massachusetts which is most notable for its maritime interests, including the cities of Gloucester, Newburyport and Salem and the towns of Marblehead, Swampscott and Ipswich.

Massachusetts has had, since the foundation of the government, a sort of lien on one place in the cabinet, and quite often the office chosen has been that of secretary of the navy. The first secretary of the navy was George Cabot, who was a Massachusetts man, and Jacob Crowninshield of the same state was secretary of the navy in the cabinet of Jefferson and held the same office in the cabinet of Madison.

Tyler had as his secretary of the navy David Henshaw of Massachusetts, and Polk had George Bancroft of the same state.

By a well-recognized political law, operative for many years, secretaries of the navy were chosen from the Atlantic seaboard states, notably Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina and New Jersey, until the administration of Hayes, who departed from this rule, choosing his first secretary of the navy from Indiana, from a town on the banks of the Wabash, and the second from West Virginia, the maritime interests of which are not extensive.

After the close of the Hayes administration the former policy of selecting secretaries of the navy from states bordering on the Atlantic ocean or the Gulf of Mexico was resumed and it is observed by President Roosevelt in his appointment of a secretary.

The states of the west and of the Pacific have not been recognized in the selection of secretaries of the navy, and it is a somewhat curious fact that from 1857 until 1869, a period of great activity for the American navy, there was a Connecticut man at its head, whereas before that time and since secretaries of the navy have been chosen from other states of the country.—New York Sun.

Fortunes Lost at Cards. No less a sum than \$100,000 was recently lost at one single sitting at cards by a Russian aristocrat, Count Joseph Potocki. This is the largest sum ever lost at cards. This colossal plunge has never been surpassed in the history of gambling. The count lost this huge fortune in playing baccarat at the rooms of the Vienna Jockey Club. In the space

of only four hours he squandered this vast fortune. As he sat at the table his fortune vanished at the rate of \$600 a minute, or \$240,000 an hour. He lost more in a quarter of an hour than an ordinary working man earns in a lifetime.

It appears that Count Potocki had lost heavily on two previous occasions, and one evening at the beginning of this year went to the Jockey Club with the deliberate intention of retrieving his loss by a grand coup. He played first against the Hungarian deputy, Herr von Szemere, and the latter not being a particularly wealthy man, the stakes at first were moderate. Later they were raised by Prince Braganza. Both the prince and the deputy won heavily from the outset. Then the unfortunate and reckless count forced the high play and plunged desperately. His opponents, having won so largely, could not refuse his demands to increase the stakes.

They rolled up by thousands and tens of thousands. Potocki was greatly excited. His face was pale, his eyes fevered and gleaming, his hands clinched, his hair disordered. Crowds of Austrian noblemen gathered about the table, looking at the tremendous play in astonishment. They were horrified at Potocki's losses. Some of those present endeavored to induce him to leave the tables, but without avail. That the game was conducted in a regular fashion has not been questioned. When the party rose from the table Von Szemere was the richer by \$100,000 and Prince Braganza by \$20,000.

No one individual has ever lost such a large sum as did Count Potocki in a single game of cards. Chas. James Fox, the noted orator, boasted of a unique gambling record, if such achievements are anything to be proud of. He once won and lost again \$27,000 in a single night. Fox was a notorious gambler and managed to get through several fortunes. He always took his beating like a man; he was the coolest gambler of a gambling age, and watched the turning up of a card upon which thousands depended with an apparently stoic indifference.

The late Marquis of Hastings spoke truly when he said, "I simply can't keep money; it positively melts in my hand." In one year he lost over \$100,000 on the turf and \$70,000 at cards, and when his money did not vanish quickly enough to please him he would cut a pack of cards for \$100 or \$200 at a time.

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BUTLER WAS DISMISSED

Charge of Stealing Hay Not Sustained

Misunderstanding as to Outcome of Negotiations Regarding Its Purchase.

In this country where relentless winter fastens his clutches on the throat of the commonwealth early in October and hangs on until the first of the following May, or possibly a few weeks longer, hay is hay. Even the portion of it that, when growing, was rag weed or thistle, is hay in this country.

The above explains why many roadhouse mattresses owe their bulkiness to spruce bows.

In Judge Macaulay's court this morning John Butler was up on the charge of stealing from claim 36 above on Hunker 3000 pounds of hay to the value of \$120. The hay was of the native quality, otherwise it would have been valued at more money. Ownership of the hay was claimed by two Italians whose names sounded like Hot Tomale and Amonia, but really were Eselso Tomilli and Jas. Omene.

The evidence showed that Butler had negotiated with the Italians for the purchase of the hay and so far as he was concerned a deal had been made. With that understanding he removed the hay to his premises and regaled his steeds with it.

The original owners did not consider that a deal had been made, and when Butler removed the hay, had him arrested for theft.

After hearing the evidence Judge Macaulay promptly dismissed the case.

Value of Scenery.

Mr. Henry Gamott, the geographer of the United States geological survey, in a recent article on Alaska uttered a most appreciative word for the wonderful scenery along the Alaskan coast. He says that its "grandeur is more valuable than the gold, the fish or the timber of the country, for it will never be exhausted."

Every year the number of tourists going to Alaska is increasing. When they come home they are full of enthusiasm for the landscapes they have seen, the wonders of the snow mountains and the glaciers and the exhilarating and healthful influences of the air. Alaska is a preserve of natural grandeur and beauty which will always be sought by many who love nature and seek a few weeks or months of rest and recreation.

The scenes at the wharves of Seattle and Vancouver when commodious steamers start north on summer voyages to Alaska would have been impossible a few years ago. Photographs of these vessels crowded with passengers and of the throngs on shore witnessing their departure are scarcely surpassed by views at the New York docks on sailing days. Many of the passengers, of course, are not bent on pleasure. A great many are gold seekers, a hundred of whom now start for Alaska where five or six prospectors sailed ten years ago. The tourist business has increased in almost equal proportions and so between miners and pleasure seekers the passenger traffic to and from Alaska has become large.

It was estimated that in 1898 the tourists who visited "Switzerland" to enjoy its incomparable mountain landscapes, waterfalls and glaciers left \$38,000,000 in the country. Scenery is Switzerland's largest source of wealth. Many of the tourists, particularly Americans and some Englishmen, spend a great deal of money, but the larger part of the sum left annually by tourists is derived from the excursion parties from France, England and central Europe. These parties are numerous, are organized on a cheap scale and the expenditure per capita is not very large. These tourists remain among the mountains only a short time, but there are so many of them that though each person spends only a comparatively small sum the aggregate is enormous.

The tourist business in Switzerland, however, is by no means clear profit, for Switzerland does not begin to raise food enough for its summer visitors. It has to buy from other lands, chiefly Austria and Italy, about fifty thousand head of beef cattle every year. It imports from Russia, Hungary and the United States nearly three times as much wheat as it produces. It is compelled to buy a great deal more

wine from the surrounding countries than is grown in the Swiss vineyards. As Switzerland thus imports a large part of the supplies it sells to tourists, a great deal of the money it receives from them is sent out of the country.—New York Sun.

Monday's Council Meeting.

Monday night's meeting of the city council promises to develop considerable interest. The salary by-law will come up for third reading and final passage unless something intervenes to prevent. There is some talk among those who opposed the majority of the council during the election of contesting the legality of the bylaw should it pass as now amended. The council undoubtedly possesses the authority to pay salaries, but the point has been raised as to their powers in the matter of fixing the same.

Bids will also be opened on Monday night for the publication of the bylaws and notices for the city. The matter was to have come up at the last meeting but action was deferred owing to the fact that the Sun had not offered a tender.

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

CAN YOU GUESS IT?

Speculation as to When the River Opens

Many Are of the Belief That the Ice Will Move Early in May.

Considerable speculation is now being indulged in as to the day and date when the ice will move from in front of the city. Many old timers are fixing the date early in May, one man having bet \$50 today that it will move on or before six o'clock p. m. of May 5th.

The belief that the ice will move early this year is based on the fact that, notwithstanding the advanced season, none of the snow has as yet melted, and there is a belief that when the weather turns warm it will be very warm and the snow will go all at once, carrying the ice in the river with it.

Two years ago nearly all the snow was gone by April first and the ice went out on the morning of the 8th. Last season the snow left early in April but the weather continued cold with the result that the ice did not move until the afternoon of May 14th. The fact remains that there is more snow on the ground now than has ever before been known at this season of the year, and if it should turn very warm there may be more than the ice and garbage heaps move down the river at the break-up.

Physician Too Previous.

Henry Lokey, of 311 Cherry street, a stalwart-looking plumber, has had the experience of being given up for dead by the physician he employed, and then seeing his wife receive a bill from the physician's lawyers for medical attendance and medicines supplied to her "deceased husband."

A reporter saw Lokey yesterday and the latter said: "Don't I look healthy for a man who is supposed by his physician to be dead? The story is this: A short time ago I was sick with tuberculosis and employed a physician whose name I will not give, as it might hurt his practice. He gave me some medicines which nearly filled a room, and then told me I could not live much longer. In reply I sent word to him not to call any more, and I employed another physician who made me well. Some time after this my wife received a letter from a firm of lawyers in the Chamber of Commerce building, reading as follows: 'Mrs. H. Lokey: There has been placed in our hands for the purpose of collecting the same in due and legal form on the estate of your deceased husband a bill of Dr. — for professional services amounting to \$10. We have looked over the records and see that the administration of the estate has not yet been arranged for. We have written this letter for the purpose of enquiring whether or not the estate will go through the Probate Court.'

"Am I well now? Fairly so. I went to the mountains after I got through with the second physician. But whenever I feel sick I just look over the letter which states that I'm a dead man."—Oregonian.

TO ELECT SENATORS

By Popular Vote is Being Agitated

Twenty Nine States Favorable to the Proposition—Old System Condemned.

Washington, March 25.—A search of the records of the senate committee on privileges today disclosed the fact that twenty-nine states have petitioned congress for an amendment to the constitution providing for election of senators by a direct vote of the people. The states that must be added to the list published are Iowa, Wisconsin and Wyoming. If all these states had complied with the letter of the constitution it would require only one more state to force the constitutional convention where the proposed amendment could be adopted and afterward ratified by three-fourths of the states.

The senators who favor the amendment believe, however, that it will not be necessary for thirty states to approach congress for a constitutional convention to amend the constitution so that senators will be elected by direct vote. They are hopeful that the committee on privileges and elections will report the house bill within a few days, and if they can once get the matter out of committee they are sanguine that they can either pass it or bring the matter so prominently to the attention of the people that no difficulty will be experienced in securing legislation authorizing the amendment at the next session of congress.

The publication this morning of the fact that almost thirty, or two-thirds, of the states had petitioned congress in favor of the proposed amendment, caused considerable comment in Washington today.

It is realized by a number of senators that if no action is taken by the senate on the proposed amendment at this time, the matter will eventually come before congress on account of applications from thirty states for a constitutional convention, and it is desired by the Republicans and the administration to avoid such a convention. It is, therefore, probable that many recruits will be added to the ranks of those who favor the amendment.

Public Notice.

I take this method to stop false rumors now spread in this city that I am selling out all my mining property and real estate in this camp preparatory to moving to the Koyukuk. The simple fact that I have bought a controlling interest in the Townsite of Coldfoot does not mean that I intend to sell either my business or properties, on the contrary, if any one has any Dawson business lots to sell at a sacrifice I will buy all I can get, providing, of course, that the sacrificing part is plainly shown to me.

That another great mining camp has been discovered in the Koyukuk I firmly believe, and I have backed my opinion by investing heavily there in both mines and real estate. It does not seem to me either reasonable or possible that this vast empire does not contain other, equally as good camps as this, especially when good prospects and plenty of colors are to be found everywhere you see fit to try. I shall continue to do business and make my home in Dawson as long as I remain in this northern country. However, in the meantime I shall keep my eyes on Coldfoot and the Koyukuk country, because after a thorough investigation I have found out that there are many other more wise men than myself that are doing the same.

J. R. GANDOLFO.

Of Interest to Shippers.

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

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

FOR SALE.

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

Chechiaco grub for Sour Doughs—Northern Cafe.

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

Try the "Old Crow" at Sideboard.

Dinner a la carte—Northern Cafe.

This Contest is FREE TO ALL!

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

This Contest is FREE TO ALL!

GUESS WHEN IT WILL GO THIS YEAR

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

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

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

FIRST AVENUE
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CHURCH NOTICES.

The following special music will be rendered at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at tomorrow evening's service: Mrs. Devig will sing "A Dream of Paradise," by Hamilton Grey, and the choir will sing Woodward's anthem, entitled "The Radiant Morn Has Passed Away." The service will be conducted by the Rev. John Pringle of Bonanza.

St. Mary's Church—Low mass at 8 a. m. High mass at 10:30 a. m. At the offertory an "O Salutaris" by Wiegand, baritone solo, will be sung by Mr. Daignault. Vespers at 7:30 p. m., followed by the reading of Father Dumeu's lecture on the "Real Presence." During the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the following special music will be rendered: "O Salutaris," by Stearns, alto solo by Mrs. Parker; hymn sung by Mrs. Mullen and Mrs. Parker; "Tantum ergo."

Methodist Church—Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class 3 p. m. Subject for evening discourse will be "Gray Hairs." Anthem, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," by Emerson, by the choir. Mrs. Frank Maltby will sing the Offertory. Week-evening services—Monday, 8 p. m. Young People's Society, semi-annual election of officers. Wednesday, 8 p. m., prayer-meeting-reunion. A full attendance requested. It is desired that all be prepared to represent their home church.

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HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel—Dr. Carper, city; Chas. Dareknig, Cliff creek; John A. McKay and wife, King Solomon Hill; John Lind, Bonanza.

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- German Sliced Potatoes, 10-lb. tin, \$2.00
- Best Grade Desicated Potatoes, 6 lbs., 1.25
- Fresh Spuds, 5 pounds, 1.00
- Native Carrots, 6 pounds, 1.00
- Native Turnips, 7 pounds, 1.00
- Evaporated Fruits, 6 pounds, 1.00
- Genuine Imported Soup Vegetables, 3 pkgs., .25
- Genuine Imported Sardines, .25
- Good Bacon, per pound, .20
- Good Hams, per pound, .30

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