

Go to Work Hunker

the "Boys" at ... Many Will Come In Soon.

we, better known ... arrived on the ... yesterday afternoon, ... on a force of men ... Hunker. He has ... expected during the ... says that he has now ... and thinks that ... out getting anything ...

Lowe in San Francisco ... the opening of mining ... health has not been ... the winter, or ... had a much sayer ... saw most of the ... are gone out, and ... those who bought ... on which to settle ... rain this summer ... Pasa Roubles he ... and Jack Gregor, ... the baths there and ... generally. In San ... whole horde of Kl ... McPhee, Bill Leg ... Frank Physcator, ... shortly, and a number ... Los Angeles he met ... has a fine residence ... also James Rogers, ... the Monte Carlo ... Healy, who is ... capitalists, and talking ... had strongly to them ...

ages in and out.

Pass stage arrived ... yesterday afternoon ... passengers, five sacks ... some express and freight ... were: R. R. ... Mrs. D. Bargon, ... Mrs. Leonard, A. G. ... & McCrae, who has ... in Victoria in the ... G. Wilson vs. the ... Mrs. Pitthian, who ...

ing at Nugget office.

BACK

with Our ... month We ... PORTED ... R in the ... er Cent.

y Bros. FIRST AVENUE

in Wheel Barrows ... ame, Steel Tray. ... fittings, Etc.

OR CO. EVERI TELEPHONE

POTATOES Waste.

PANY

OF INTEREST TO STAKERS

Concerning the Lapsing of Claims

When Such Revert on Sunday They Cannot Be Staked Until Midnight Monday.

A phase in the relocation of a claim arose today in the gold commissioner's office which it would be well to bear in mind when about to stake a claim that has reverted to the crown. It refers to the date upon which it lapses when such happens to be on Sunday, it being held by the department that when a claim becomes vacant on Sunday it can not be staked until after midnight on Monday. Such ruling is expressly provided for in the statutes, which in the majority of time takes no cognizance of Sunday being in existence at all. In other words, if a claim falls vacant on Sunday the day is treated as though it doesn't exist and Monday is shoved forward a day, the claim then becoming open to entry Monday morning at midnight, instead of Sunday night at the same hour. The same law applies to commercial parcels when about to be protested. A sale falling due on Sunday can not be offered for protest until after midnight hours on Monday. This ruling in no way affects the staking of a claim on Sunday. It is just as legal to stake on that day as on any other day in the week.

"This matter first came up about three weeks ago," said Acting Assessor Gold Commissioner Pattullo this morning, "and I think if it is given some publicity and the position fully explained it may perhaps save

The Ladue Assay Office

is prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the finest equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quartz Mill will soon be in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free milling ledge. Call and talk it over with

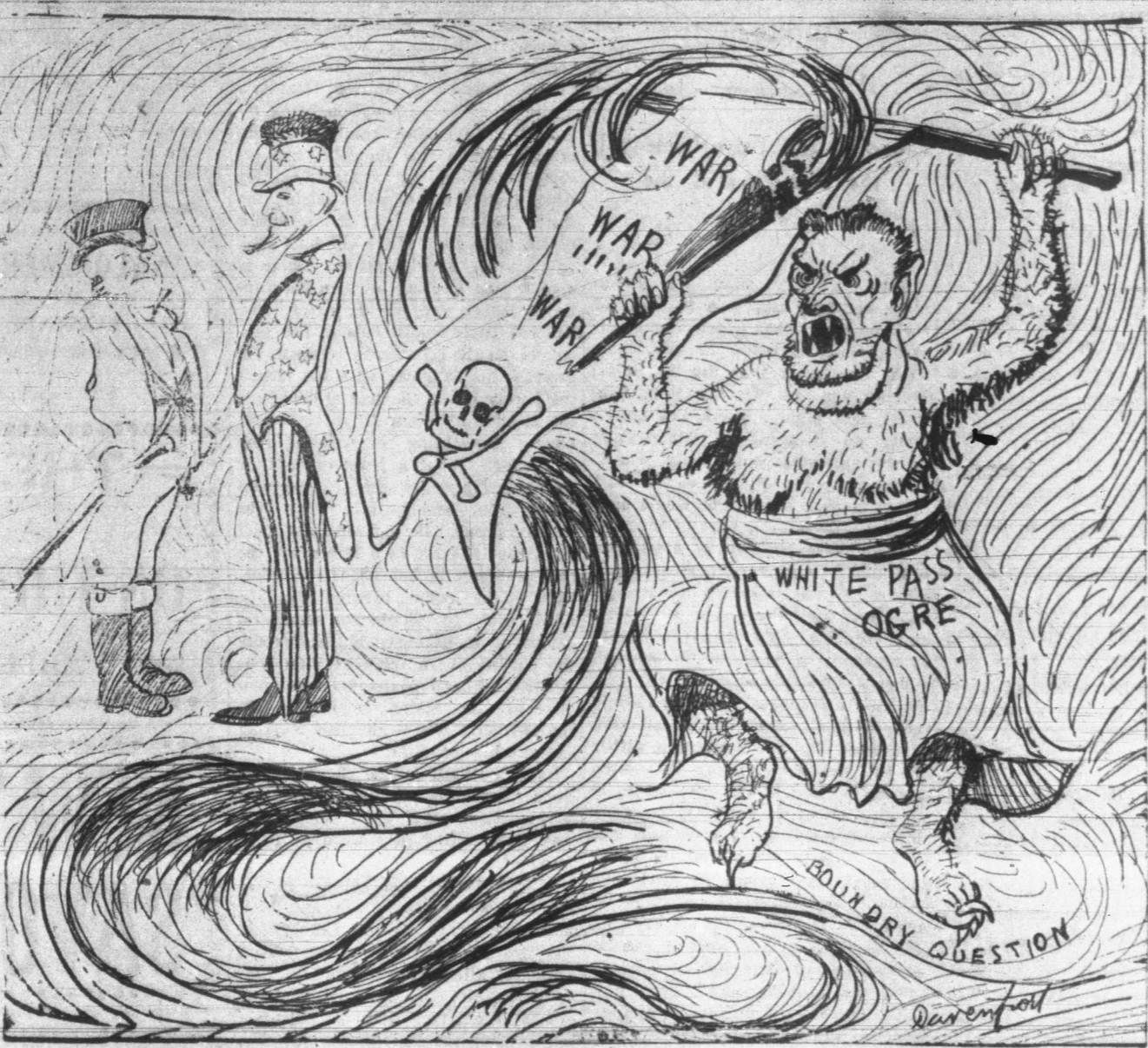
The Ladue Co.

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

EMPIRE HOTEL... JAS. F. MACDONALD, Prop. and Mgr. Everything New, Elegantly Furnished Well Heated, Bar Attached. SECOND STREET. Near Second Ave.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

The Sunset Range For home comfort. The famous double oven Hotel Range Specially adapted for restaurants and hotel use. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT On Air-Tight Heaters of All Kinds. McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



THE WHITE PASS COMPANY IN A NEW ROLE.

FLOODGATES OF HEAVEN

Are Still Open In Eastern and New England States Where Damage Exceeding One Hundred Million Dollars Has Already Been Wrought.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 4.—Reports from the New England states and adjacent sections, as well as from down the Atlantic coast, indicate no diminution in the serious character of the floods. In northeastern Massachusetts and all along the Connecticut river the mills are closed and thousands of people are deprived of the means of livelihood. In Vermont bridges over the Winooski river at Montpelier are swept away, to replace which will require from \$25,000 to \$30,000. There are also heavy losses to the railways in that locality. Near Rochester all is flooded. At Genesee it has burst through the Lehigh Valley Railroad embankment, filling the streets of the city to a depth of four feet, necessitating the rescue of residents in boats. At Paterson, N.J., all the silk mills are closed and thousands of operatives are out of work. The East Jersey Water Company's new plant

is a total wreck, the loss represented being upwards of \$1,500,000. It is roughly estimated that the flood will occasion a loss equalling that by the recent fire and there is no insurance against loss by water. Trains on all railways into Albany are being run as they can without regard to schedules. The Hudson and Mohawk rivers are far above the usual high water mark and on the New York Central even the famous Montreal special and Empire State Express have been abandoned for the present. During the past 24 hours a total of 216 tons of water to the acre has fallen over the Hudson watershed. Near Utica the tracks are washed out in many places and it will be days before regular traffic is resumed. The Connecticut river is far above the highest previous mark at Bellows Falls. Happily there is no fatality as yet, although the financial damage will necessarily exceed one hundred million dollars.

day too soon. It necessitated him making the long trip again in order to properly stake, and in the meantime he is compelled to run the risk of some other person getting in ahead of him."

In Control Arabia

Washington, March 4.—By cable it is learned that Abdul Aziz Ben Feysul, a descendant of old Wahbi Amcers, with an army of 2000 men, has captured the city of E'Raid, Central Arabia, having entered by stratagem at night with fifty followers who rode to the palace and killed the governor and thirty of his retainers, whereupon the garrison surrendered. The Wahbi dynasty is endeavoring to regain its supremacy and overthrow Iby Rashid, Ameer of Nijid, by capturing the latter's city. Many tribes are flocking to the banner of Abdul Aziz Ben.

PUBLIC SPANKING

Administered to Boys at Kearney

For Breaking Into Freight Cars and Stealing and Destroying Their Contents.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Kearney, N.J., March 4.—Two strong-handed policemen were masters of ceremony at a public spanking today administered to six youthful

delinquents from 10 to 12 years old who were before the police court for opening box cars and stealing and destroying their contents. Recorder Kribs sentenced them to "a good, hard spanking," and they got it.

Disease on Board

Special to the Daily Nugget. San Francisco, March 4.—The U. S. transport Meade put back to port, one case of small-pox and one of scarlet fever having developed.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE

Is Not Overlooked By Gen. Kitchener

Even Having Refractory Officers and Men Courtmartialled and Shot Down.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 4.—Reports have been cabled from South Africa, to the Tribune that Australian officers took matters in their own hands with Boers charged with firing on the wounded by trying them by court martial and shooting them.

London, March 4.—It is reported here that the Australians who took the law in their own hands and court martialled and shot Boers have themselves been court martialled and shot by Kitchener's orders.

President Retaliates

Washington, March 4.—In retaliation for the withdrawal of the invitation to him to present a sword of honor at Charleston, Roosevelt has decided not to visit that city. Senator Tillman has indignantly denied that he advised the president it would not be safe for him to do so.

Swimming Record

Special to the Daily Nugget. Boston, March 4.—Harry Lemoyne of Brooklyn made a new world's swimming record here last night when he swam 60 yards in 35 4-5 seconds.

KITCHENER'S LAST REPORT

Tells of Heavy Losses to British Troops

Who Lost 632 Men in Defending Empty Wagon Train—Admires Boer Tactics.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, March 4.—Kitchener reports officially that the British lost 632 killed, wounded and prisoners in their defense of an empty wagon train. Commandant Limes was among the Boer killed. The enemy had a force of about 1200, while the British had 850. Boer tactics were admirable.

Sultans Troubles

Special to the Daily Nugget. Constantinople, March 4.—A formidable force of rebels besieged the seaport of Avionia, Turkey. Twenty-six Albanian towns have resolved to demonstrate their independence of the rule of the Turkish sultan by refusing to pay taxes. Anarchy prevails in the districts of Elbassan and Tirana, where insurgents have compelled a general jail delivery.

Disabled Steamer

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 4.—The Cunard liner Etruria was picked up 500 miles west of Azores with a broken shaft by the British steamer William Giff. They should reach Azores tonight.

Missing Purser.

Seattle, March 4.—The mysterious disappearance of Purser Echols of the steamer Skagit Queen is causing much anxiety. Foul play is feared.

BUILDING WRECKED

In New York Yesterday by Explosion

Entire Front Blown Into Street—Woman and Two Men Fatally Hurt.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 3.—An explosion today wrecked the five story building at Canal street occupied by the Aste Press Co. Half of the Canal street front of the structure was blown into the street and the interior was instantaneously a mass of flames. Mrs. Kurranto received injuries which subsequently resulted fatally. H. W. Shilliard and Elwood Quimby jumped from a fifth story window and are probably fatally injured. Loss, \$75,000.

New Bill

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, March 4.—A government bill respecting telephones and telegraphs, which is to be laid before parliament this week, contains a clause that after two months notice, the government may assume possession of the property of any company.

No New Contract

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, March 4.—No new mail contract is contemplated for the present with the White Pass road. The Canadian Development Company has been permitted to transfer its contract to the railway company.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER IS (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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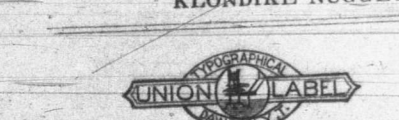
NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

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

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"On the Rappahannock." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

THE LATEST MOVE.

The Nugget desires to draw particular attention today to the latest move on the part of the White Pass & Yukon Company. Failing in its effort to bluff the Dominion government into endorsing its prohibitive tariff sheets, the company is now endeavoring to play upon American feeling in order to enlist support from the other side of the line.

With this action of the Dominion government as the sole basis upon which they are working, the company has sought to create the impression in the United States that the Canadian government is asserting claim to jurisdiction over the strip of territory lying between Skagway and the summit of White Pass, where the provisional boundary line is located.

It appears to this paper, however, that some representations should be made to the American government setting forth the exact situation and defining the motives which must have actuated the White Pass Railroad Company in taking the extraordinary action credited to it in our telegraphic advices of yesterday.

It appears quite plain that no stone will be left unturned by the company in its endeavor to again fasten its prohibitive freight tariff upon this community. It has failed signally in securing the assistance of the Canadian government and now is looking to the United States for assistance. The Nugget believes that its efforts with the latter government will also fail if steps are taken to inform the proper authorities of the facts as they actually exist.

We are pleased to note the fact that the project of constructing an overland trail from Dawson to Selkirk has not been permitted to lapse. The necessity of such a road was never more clearly proven than by the unsatisfactory system of mail delivery which has prevailed for a large portion of the present winter and a repetition of the same thing may be confidently expected for several weeks after the breaking of the ice begins.

The Treadgold concession is only one of a number of grievances which should be presented before the government by Messrs. Sugrue and Wilson. Once local government is secured, all the ills to which the territory is heir will speedily be cured.

The city fathers have taken to the task of fashioning legislation as naturally as a duck takes to water. If every meeting of the council goes off with the ease and lack of friction which were apparent last night, the first administration of the newly-created municipality of Dawson will certainly be known in history as a successful one.

The failure of F. C. Wade to secure an appointment to the supreme bench of British Columbia will occasion very little regret in this community.

Caught By Fish Hook. Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 17.—Suspended on the cable of a steam winch with a large halibut hook through his hand, was the extremely painful position in which R. Thompson, a fisherman on board the halibut steamer Capilano, found himself when the vessel was at the fishing banks off the north end of Vancouver island.

Advertisement for Swell Shirts, New Cies and Collars, J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT STREET

THEATRES THIS WEEK

A Military Play at the Auditorium

Vaudeville and Farce Comedy Is the Attraction at the New Savoy.

Rarely if ever since the present stock company has been playing at the Auditorium has a first night performance gone better or wild, more dash or ginger than did the initial presentation of "On the Rappahannock" last night. There was not a wait, no dragging of uninteresting scenes, nor, strange to relate, was it necessary to prompt any of the characters in their lines.

"On the Rappahannock" is a melodrama with a prologue and in four acts, the plot of which is familiar to many theatre-goers under another name; in fact, the play may be said to be but an English adaptation of "Un Cause Celebre" with American trimmings and a local setting.

John Carter, a private in the federal army, on the battle field comes across a man wounded who turns out to be Henry Suratt, proscribed and fleeing for his life. He fears the wound he has received will prove fatal and confides to the care of Carter a quantity of valuable papers, jewels and a sum of money as a personal reward with the request that he forward the papers and jewels to his sister in France.

Between the prologue and the play proper there is an interval of 15 years. Marion, Carter's child, has, through the intercession of Sergeant O'Brien, of Carter's company, who alone knows her identity, been adopted by Col. Carroll, commanding officer of Carter's regiment, the man who passed sentence upon the supposed murderer, and who later becomes governor of Maryland.

nizes in him the face and voice of him whom she had seen and heard while in the delirium of a fever. The recognition is later made complete and the daughter convinced of her father's innocence makes it her task to secure the evidence to prove it.

In the meantime Wayne the real murderer had escaped to France, assumed the character of Henry Suratt. The real Suratt had a daughter which as a child was placed in a sister's convent in Baltimore, where she was reared and educated, becoming a bosom friend of Marion, Carter's daughter. The proscription being removed the impostor returns to America to claim his daughter and secure possession of valuable estates which had been confiscated during the war.

Ray Southard in the character of John Carter is proving a revelation to his friends, his work being what may be described in a word as being excellent.

Of Miss Lovell, who appears in the prologue as Carter's wife and later as Helen Suratt, nothing can be said but words of praise. Her death struggles after being stabbed by the murderer are wonderfully realistic and in the scenes with her supposed father after she has discovered what to her is ample proof of his guilt there is portrayed an intensity of dramatic power seen only in an artiste.

- John Carter.....Ray Southard Col. Lee Carroll.....Wm. Bittner Philip Wayne.....Harry Sedley Sergeant O'Brien.....Wm. Mullen Corporal Jones.....Harry Cummings Capt. Knott.....Fred Lewis Capt. Thompson.....R. E. Dundon Mary Carter, John's wife.....Miss Lovell Marion Carter, John's child.....Claire Wilson Mrs. Jones.....Miss Forrester Mrs. Brown.....Miss D'Avara Character in the Play (Note—Fifteen years are supposed to elapse between prologue and play.) John Carter, Federal prisoner condemned for life.....Ray Southard Henry Suratt, Returned from exile.....Harry Sedley Col. John Lee Carroll, Governor of Maryland.....W. W. Bittner Lieut. Geo. Whitney, in love with Marion.....Alf. T. Layne James O'Brien, servant in governor's house.....Wm. Mullen Capt. Jameson.....Fred C. Lewis Pete, Negro servant.....H. F. Cummings Marion, the governor's daughter.....Miss Howard Helen Suratt, Marion's school companion.....Miss Lovell Sister Josephine, directress of St. Mary at Baltimore.....Miss D'Avara

At the New Savoy vaudeville and farce comedy continue the attractions; the curtain raiser this week being a laughable skit in one act and five scenes entitled "The Country School" with the following cast: Prof. Inkpen.....John Mulligan Ellick Macgostem.....Dick Maurettus Patsy Killpuffcake.....Billy Evans Ruben Cox.....Chas. Brown Mrs. Cox.....Dorothy Campbell Nelly.....Cecil Marion Fanny.....Kate Rockwell Mamie.....Dollie Mitchell Bertie.....Olie Delmar Mulligan as the school teacher and his mischievous pupils create an hour's fun so ludicrous that the audience is kept in one continuous roar of laughter from the time the curtain goes up until the close of the last scene. In the olio which follows, Dorothy Campbell, a little lady with a very sweet sympathetic voice, first appears in a choice selection of ballads. John Mulligan, the Swedish magician follows in mystifying feats of necromancy and legerdemain made all the more entertaining by a strong vein of comedy introduced by the prestidigitateur. Kate Rockwell, on the

Thespian Hamlet.....Dick Maurettus Harold McGinty.....John Mulligan Arabella Jones.....Olie Delmar Change of Base. Mr. Geo. A. Hunter, formerly with the Ames Mercantile Co., is now with Sargeant & Pliska, and will be pleased to have his many friends call upon him at the latter place.

LOST.—From Dominion stage, about October 29, 1901, one Canvas Telescope, size 16 by 30 inches, marked "Knittle." Finder return to Or & Tukey Co., Dawson.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures a once. Pioneer Drug Store.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY. Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail at Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

THE AUDITORIUM. ALL THIS WEEK, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. BITTNER STOCK COMPANY. Week Commencing Monday, March 4.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. Steamer Newport.

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin"—"Farallon"—"Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska. Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railway for Dawson and interior Yukon points.

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

By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek. By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town. You can have at your ends over 200 speaking stunts. Yukon Telephone Sys. Co.

Lost... On a certain day there was a great... many men... thought... the even... developed... James S... Light... was... himself... did not for... their... But... of h... and h... broke Jim... the enemy... might... Had he r... not have... could not... in his... did not... ever inside... turned... common... as an older... level voice... could... could... in fact, he... owned se... for ord... and a h... private... by a... strength. He... things... worked... accurately... which seem... stood... body is swam... speered lo... regular sequ... of any giv... over... and blit... So he fou... which... of a... to clear hi... the shank... was all goi... no control... hands, he w... and this... every... rein o... and a pa... hundreds of y... devoid of... one spoke... "For G... as... as... adjectiv... any n... overlooked;... promptly a... not... but for ob... St... beyond... at... witness... his field... re-adjusted... He was the... also t... turn the... An... the call o... to kil... and him... not given... was in due... hospital... days p... only... he had... time... touch... to see his... Married... waiting... into... dropped the... read... and said... Jimmy... words... made for... them... on the... his lod... on... a girl... iron in... packed be... the... for not ha... but w... of the... for the... now the... real... in... of his... and... through

Cost More Than His Life

On a certain day in the year 1900 there was a great and fierce battle in which many men lost their lives and many more were wounded.

Among the events of that day had been the death of a young man, Lieutenant James Smith, of the First Midland Light Infantry, fresh from England, who was sent out in charge of a reconnaissance party.

He reconnoitered himself into a nest of Boers, who did not for the moment consider it worth their while either to shoot at him or to take them.

But the slowly acquired knowledge of his position, and the realization of his helplessness, and the realization of the moral pain of cold steel, made him morose in two.

The enemy rushed him then, and he might have stood against them. Had he rushed the enemy they would not have stood against him.

He could not give the order. His hand was in his throat, choking him, and he did not know why; he shook and over inside his skin, and his imagination turned round and mocked his common sense.

All he wanted was an older, steadier head above him, a level voice whose orders he could obey mechanically, a hand which could watch and find it did not shake, the moral pain of cold steel, in fact, to the hysterical paralytic, instead he had at his elbow a sergeant waiting impatiently for orders which were not given, and a handful of softly blaspheming privates, the whole being surrounded by an enemy of unknown strength.

He thought of quite a number of things expedient to do; his hands worked freely and well, registering accurately the cold waves of fear which seemed to rush out of the ground he stood upon, up through his legs in swamping eddies. There was a peculiar focus for his fear, no particular sequence of it; he was not afraid of any given thing, he was just afraid—overpoweringly afraid.

He was blimed by sheer physical force. So he found himself shouting words which should be outside the vocabulary of a soldier, and struggling to clear his pocket handkerchief from the shank of his sleeve button.

He was all going on beyond him; he had no control either of his voice, or of his hands, he was only conscious suddenly—and this was a new development—of every tingling nerve and throbbing vein of the acute fear of a moment and a painful death.

Years passed, aeons of time devoid of any meaning, then he spoke in excited Cockney accents. "For Gawd's sake sit on 'is seat and 'as an afterthought—'ram and 'advised rag down 'is throat if 'e alters any more." Some one did.

There were moments of great excitement rank and order; the order was carried promptly and with spirit. Subsequently another order connected with the fixing of bayonets was issued, but for obvious reasons not by Lieutenant Smith. The result was successful beyond the most reckless expectations, and had not a staff officer witnessed the whole incident through his field-glasses, things might have been adjusted themselves for Jimmy.

It was the best half-back in the regiment, also there were others who had known the rush of uncontrollable fear. As it was, he got a bullet through the calf of his leg, and with it the power to kill every one within reach and himself last of all; but it had given him to make reparations.

Following nature, he fainted, and was in due course removed to the hospital, where he remained for several days, praying with his whole heart, only for that death from which he had shrunk, but for one a hundred times worse, if the gods would, to shake it.

The colonel saw him and was reticent, so he hurried out the whole story, waiting to cover his baldness with his hand, because he had not expected the honor of his regiment to be so cleared.

The colonel cleared his throat and said—no, never mind what Jimmy was beyond the common words, though not beyond the words for the spirit which he had from them. His own particular attention, who had escaped with a bullet in the finger, also came and looked at his bed and asked him questions on irrelevant subjects. Seaton was a fool in some ways. But it was not of these things that mattered.

There was a girl at home who had driven him in hardest. Her last letter had been written with a pen, and she had sympathized with him, but when you "any of the usual sweet boastings" of the man she loves.

Now the reality—oh, God, the reality! His own voice was in an unintelligible fear, the smell of his men, the acrid smell of gunpowder from the hand which closed none too gently over his head, and, running like a red-hot iron through the torment of his being, the knowledge that he was an officer and a gentleman. Could a man have such recollections and live? A man—well, no, perhaps not. But he, Lieutenant James Smith, of the First Midland Light Infantry, had other qualifications. The bullet which broke the spell of fear laid upon him never hit so hard as the calmest of his thoughts those days.

Then came telegrams, anxious and congratulatory, from his people, and three swift words from the girl—yes, she telegraphed—and Jimmy exhausted himself anew in reassuring answers which wrung his soul to write. He could so well guess the sort of thing that had got into the papers, written by some zealous scribe who had only seen half there was to see; the other half, which had to be explained later to his people and to the girl, spread itself out panorama-wise before him. He could see it and hear it all, to the smallest detail of the hole torn in his handkerchief by the button shank, and some minor but picturesque terms employed by the sergeant in issuing orders. In fact, the panorama became a fixture at the foot of his bed, so the doctor, with some grasp of the situation, pronounced him convalescent. Then he was ordered to proceed home in a trooper, in charge of a draft of sick and wounded, and for twenty-one days he speculated continually on the end; how it would come, what shape it would take, and its general relation to and possible effect upon his family. The girl had a separate torture chamber of her own. There was no one at all to comfort him on board. The others were full of exultation, and one of them was recommended for a V. C. Their talk was largely of bullets and things that hurt Jimmy to hear of, so he brooded by himself, pretending his wound bothered him; so it did, but not the one reported in the casualty list.

On the twenty-second day out the trooper lay at Southampton quay, and Jimmy's father and his younger brother, Frank, from Sandhurst, were there to receive him. The home was in Hampshire, within a drive of Southampton, and the girl was there waiting with palpitating pulses. Jimmy's white face, the strained line of his mouth, and peculiar look in his eyes would have told his mother or the girl in less time than it takes to think it that there was something wrong; but his father merely wrung his hand, told him he was proud of him, clapped him on the shoulder and blew his own nose loudly. Then he took another look at his boy and remarked as an afterthought that the wound must have pulled him down a bit. "A little country air and your mother's cossetting, eh? That's what you want." Jimmy groaned aloud and said it was a twinge in the leg. Then he heard a voice, "Lieutenant James Smith? Yes, on your right," and a moment later a saluting orderly handed him an envelope. Jimmy returned the salute and took it. It had come. He made an excuse of having forgotten something and went to his cabin. He could not open his death warrant in public. What was the use of opening it at all? He knew the very shameful wording—shameful to receive, not to write. There was no hope in his heart, not the tiniest glimmer, yet the shock was none the less keen when he read the curt merciless sentence—such a few words—merely that Her Majesty had no further need of the services of Lieutenant James Smith, therefore he was removed from the army. He crushed the paper into a ball, pitched it through the porthole and laughed. Then he pulled himself together and went back to his father and brother, any subsequent poverty of speech being made chargeable to his lowered physical condition. Yet how cheerfully would his body have borne the equivalent of his mental ills had the exchange been possible. He had, as it were, no pivot to work from. His family, in ignorance not at all blissful, was according him hero's praise, and it was for him to tear the glory from himself, exposing to their stricken sight the craven truth. The bare notification of his dismissal from the service thrust into his father's hand would have been the cruellest and quickest method, but the paper had gone through the porthole; there was no help outside himself.

What were they talking about? Fireworks! Tenants' dinner! "And you'll jolly well have to make a speech and tell them all about it!" Yes, he would tell them all about it—not the tenants. He stopped his brother desperately. "Oh, shut up!" he cried. Then he told them in quick, gasping sentences, and I think his expiation must have nearly run its course. The carriage was not more than a mile from the house. Frank, with a foresight quickened by his pride, jumped out and dashed ahead. If there were any villagers lurking about contrary to orders, they had to go—that's all. There were only a few; he sent them unceremoniously to the right about, clearing the road for—the hero's return. Then with a short sob in his throat he plunged down a green alley in the woods. Jimmy sat with a white, fixed face staring at his father and waiting—waiting for the sting of wrath. There was nothing to wait for. In his tense condition Jimmy bitterly resented the absence of criticism. For his part, his father felt there was nothing to say. The boy had lost his head at the critical moment in his life, and had possibly suffered disproportionately since; that was the inner side, the outer side had further-reaching issues, which would better bear thinking of on the morrow. For the present there was silence or the useless bewailing over spilt milk to choose between; also there was the boy's own anguish of spirit to allay, and that after all was the most important point at the moment. Again, as a man sows he reaps. Jimmy was his father's son, but the compassionate silence left him dissatisfied; the bitterness of Frank's young scorn would have been more to his liking.

He faced his women somehow, suffering their caresses and their exclamations. When the mists cleared from before their eyes and they saw the boy's face sharp in the high light they guessed a little of the price paid though too full of anxiety for their loved one to inquire even in their own hearts of the sale effected. He never knew how, but his father had a hand in it; he found himself alope with the girl, and she had tight hold of his hands.

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Then came telegrams, anxious and congratulatory, from his people, and three swift words from the girl—yes, she telegraphed—and Jimmy exhausted himself anew in reassuring answers which wrung his soul to write. He could so well guess the sort of thing that had got into the papers, written by some zealous scribe who had only seen half there was to see; the other half, which had to be explained later to his people and to the girl, spread itself out panorama-wise before him. He could see it and hear it all, to the smallest detail of the hole torn in his handkerchief by the button shank, and some minor but picturesque terms employed by the sergeant in issuing orders. In fact, the panorama became a fixture at the foot of his bed, so the doctor, with some grasp of the situation, pronounced him convalescent. Then he was ordered to proceed home in a trooper, in charge of a draft of sick and wounded, and for twenty-one days he speculated continually on the end; how it would come, what shape it would take, and its general relation to and possible effect upon his family. The girl had a separate torture chamber of her own. There was no one at all to comfort him on board. The others were full of exultation, and one of them was recommended for a V. C. Their talk was largely of bullets and things that hurt Jimmy to hear of, so he brooded by himself, pretending his wound bothered him; so it did, but not the one reported in the casualty list.

On the twenty-second day out the trooper lay at Southampton quay, and Jimmy's father and his younger brother, Frank, from Sandhurst, were there to receive him. The home was in Hampshire, within a drive of Southampton, and the girl was there waiting with palpitating pulses. Jimmy's white face, the strained line of his mouth, and peculiar look in his eyes would have told his mother or the girl in less time than it takes to think it that there was something wrong; but his father merely wrung his hand, told him he was proud of him, clapped him on the shoulder and blew his own nose loudly. Then he took another look at his boy and remarked as an afterthought that the wound must have pulled him down a bit. "A little country air and your mother's cossetting, eh? That's what you want." Jimmy groaned aloud and said it was a twinge in the leg. Then he heard a voice, "Lieutenant James Smith? Yes, on your right," and a moment later a saluting orderly handed him an envelope. Jimmy returned the salute and took it. It had come. He made an excuse of having forgotten something and went to his cabin. He could not open his death warrant in public. What was the use of opening it at all? He knew the very shameful wording—shameful to receive, not to write. There was no hope in his heart, not the tiniest glimmer, yet the shock was none the less keen when he read the curt merciless sentence—such a few words—merely that Her Majesty had no further need of the services of Lieutenant James Smith, therefore he was removed from the army. He crushed the paper into a ball, pitched it through the porthole and laughed. Then he pulled himself together and went back to his father and brother, any subsequent poverty of speech being made chargeable to his lowered physical condition. Yet how cheerfully would his body have borne the equivalent of his mental ills had the exchange been possible. He had, as it were, no pivot to work from. His family, in ignorance not at all blissful, was according him hero's praise, and it was for him to tear the glory from himself, exposing to their stricken sight the craven truth. The bare notification of his dismissal from the service thrust into his father's hand would have been the cruellest and quickest method, but the paper had gone through the porthole; there was no help outside himself.

What were they talking about? Fireworks! Tenants' dinner! "And you'll jolly well have to make a speech and tell them all about it!" Yes, he would tell them all about it—not the tenants. He stopped his brother desperately. "Oh, shut up!" he cried. Then he told them in quick, gasping sentences, and I think his expiation must have nearly run its course. The carriage was not more than a mile from the house. Frank, with a foresight quickened by his pride, jumped out and dashed ahead. If there were any villagers lurking about contrary to orders, they had to go—that's all. There were only a few; he sent them unceremoniously to the right about, clearing the road for—the hero's return. Then with a short sob in his throat he plunged down a green alley in the woods. Jimmy sat with a white, fixed face staring at his father and waiting—waiting for the sting of wrath. There was nothing to wait for. In his tense condition Jimmy bitterly resented the absence of criticism. For his part, his father felt there was nothing to say. The boy had lost his head at the critical moment in his life, and had possibly suffered disproportionately since; that was the inner side, the outer side had further-reaching issues, which would better bear thinking of on the morrow. For the present there was silence or the useless bewailing over spilt milk to choose between; also there was the boy's own anguish of spirit to allay, and that after all was the most important point at the moment. Again

Return of the Prodigal

The air was growing chill in the early twilight when Mary Hamerton opened the little garden gate and went swiftly down the path to her father's house. How familiar everything looked. How few changes fifteen years had wrought. No doubt the greatest change was to confront her within the old home. She slipped through the unlocked doorway into the kitchen. There was a young woman there, a young woman who looked up with startled eyes when Mary entered. But Mary explained her presence in a few words, and the young woman, whose heart was tender, listened with a suspicion of tears in her eyes and gladly seconded her suggestions.

And Mary learned that the young woman was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who had come over to care for Gilbert Blair and his home. No, the old man was not, as Mary had feared, in failing health. He was feeble, it was true, and kept to his chair and his reading more, but he was not ill. Yes, he was in the sitting room now in the old rocker by the fireplace. The young woman had just fixed the lamp for him and he had taken up his book. Would Mary go to him now? No, Mary would wait a little.

As she looked about the familiar room memories rushed upon her that filled her eyes with tears. The gentle mother who had passed away when she needed a mother most; the aunt whose rigid rule had embittered the child's life; the father, whose iron will had found in her a will fully as strong, and whose harsh words had driven her from his door and into the great world beyond. Perhaps she had been wrong to brave him as she did, but her soul rebelled against the narrow limits of her life in the dull little hamlet, she wanted knowledge, she wanted society. There had been a wordy strife, and she had gone forth.

Later on, when she had established herself in the city by the lake, and the cruel days of the early struggle seemed passed, she had written to him, but he had not answered. She wrote again. Her letter was returned. He was very hard and very unforgiving. Occasionally she heard of him in indirect ways. Once she met a man from the neighborhood and he told her that her father never spoke of her, and never permitted her name to be mentioned in his hearing. And so the years passed, fifteen of them and then a great longing to see her father came to her. It came to her after the death of her child. And so she was here.

Mary put a huge apron over her traveling dress and went to work. She had not forgotten her cunning. The abiding places of the dishes came back to her. The recipes of long ago were swiftly recalled. The young woman watched her quick movements with fascinated eyes. Mary wanted to prepare the evening meal alone and she had her way.

Presently she glanced a little anxiously at the clock. Then she smoothed down her apron and went forward to the sitting room door. The old man did not hear her approach. She looked at him a moment before she spoke. No, he was not greatly changed. Grayer and thinner, that was all.

"Father," she said. He looked around.

"Why, it's Mary," he said, "I was just dreaming of you. I had fallen asleep. So you have come back?"

Mary did not move from the doorway.

"Yes," she said. "I have come back." A whimsical smile fluttered across her face.

"Do you want wheat cakes for supper tonight, father?"

The old man started a little. Then he nodded and turned and looked closer at his prodigal daughter. But she did not wait for him to speak.

"Very well," she said, and vanished.

She laughed as she came back to the kitchen. There was a suspicion of sadness in her merriment, but she nodded as if satisfied with her reception.

"It is the right way," she said. She was busy with her cakes when a slight noise in the doorway drew her attention. She turned and saw her father looking at her.

"I dreamed just now that you came to me and said you had come back," he cried in a querulous tone.

"Yes, I have come back," returned Mary, as she bent again over her cakes.

"It's really you, Mary, is it?"

"Yes."

Muttering softly to himself the old man turned from the doorway and sought his accustomed place by the fireside.

As he seated himself a smile crept over his features. It was a smile of triumph.

When Mary had the meal quite

ready she left affairs in charge of the young woman and sought her father. He looked up as she paused in the doorway. He had been nodding at the fire. The smile of triumph still lingered on his wrinkled face.

"So you've come back, Mary," he said, again, as if he loved the sound of the words.

"Yes, father."

"I knew you would," cried the old man. "I knew you would! I told you you'd be glad to come back."

"I am glad to come back, father."

The old man nodded as if with satisfaction.

"It's a bitter world, Mary. A bitter world for those that disobey, and rise against their elders, and flaunt their foolish pride."

"The world is very much what we make of it, father."

"And what have you made of it, Mary?"

"I have tried to make the best of it, father."

"And you have come back?"

"Yes, father."

The smile of triumph deepened and widened.

"You have come back, as I said you would," cried the old man. "You have had your day of pride and folly and you have come to the husks and the humiliation. Then you thought of the dear old home, the one place where you would find a welcome and a shelter, and you have come back. I knew it all these years. I knew the punishment of the prodigal would break your haughty spirit. I knew you would come back."

His voice had risen as his vehemence increased, but it dropped at the closing words, and he sank back in the chair, nodding and trembling.

Then Mary went around the little table and faced her father.

"Father," she said, and her voice was clear and calm, "you are quite wrong. Your dream has been a false one. Look at me, my father." And she drew herself up before him and his smile faded as he gazed up at her with troubled eyes.

"Do I look like the prodigal suppliant? Do I look like one whom the world has cast off? No, my father, I am an honest woman and a good woman, and there is naught in my past of which I should be ashamed. It is not the story of a prodigal that I am about to tell you. It is the story of a woman who went out into the world and fought her way upward and kept herself unsmirched through through the struggle. Your dream was all untrue, my father."

She paused and leaned her hand upon the table.

"When I went from you," she resumed, "I was determined that I would not return until I had shown my independence. You called it a wicked pride, but it was that that kept me up and spurred me on."

"The great city seemed cold and forbidding, but I did not despair. I found a place where honest work was honestly rewarded. I was faithful and loyal and my services were appreciated. I made friends as I rose, one of them a young man in whose ambitious hopes I became deeply interested. Perhaps it seemed foolish, but we fancied we could be of greater help to each other if we were married. Now we know that we were right."

She paused again. "Your dream was all untrue, my father."

The old man's smile had quite faded. But there was no tenderness in his voice.

"Your pride is still your master," he said. "But you are a married woman?"

"Yes, father."

"You have a home?"

"Yes, a beautiful home."

"Children?"

"I had two, but God took one from me. It was that, I think, that turned my thoughts to you. We have a boy, a sturdy fellow of twelve. Do you care to know his name? It is Gilbert Blair Hamerton. Some day you shall see him."

The old man winced a little.

"Your husband's name is Hamerton?"

"Yes, father. Philip Hamerton."

The old man nodded his head.

"I shall not forget that name, he muttered. "It is the same as the new senator's."

Mary smiled.

"The same name and the same man, father."

The old man started up.

"Your husband!"

"Your son-in-law, father."

"Your husband," the old man murmured, "the idol of the public, the man who may be president."

"Yes, father," said Mary. "And when he comes he will tell you that in all he has accomplished I have been his adviser and his faithful helper."

"Coming here!" cried the old man.

"Yes, father, I left him behind at Judge Northmore's with instructions

Shady Advertisements

Complaints are heard at times of indecent or at least objectionable advertisements in Canadian newspapers. The evil here, however, is slight compared to its gigantic proportions in Berlin, Germany. The correspondent of a London paper goes fully into the subject.

An examination of the advertisement columns of some of the leading Berlin newspapers (he says) proves that these journals are either extremely careless regarding the notices they accept, or that their proprietors for mere gain permit whole columns of advertisements to appear which no self-respecting British newspaper would think of publishing. Some of these advertisements may be innocent and perfectly legitimate, but I hope I do not pass too harsh a judgment

when I maintain that the majority of them are inserted by persons who are engaged in nefarious practices which decent men and women cannot countenance.

In one largely-circulated newspaper, a journal which is widely read in the families of the lower and middle classes, the Sunday edition usually contains four or five columns of the most nauseous advertisements conceivable. These advertisements are widely read by young and old alike, and their influence must be pernicious in the extreme. Women, evidently persons of dubious character, advertise, for example, that they can secretly take charge of a child; that they can give advice and assistance which is both cheap and secret; that they send no reports home to the parents of girls seeking their assistance. Such notices appear by the score, and anyone reading between the lines knows what a world of iniquity lies hidden behind them. Among these women were the friends of Sternberg and other monsters of his class.

More numerous still are the advertisements inserted by the masseuses and manicure women. The police watch these advertisements and endeavor as much as possible to mitigate the offensive nuisance, but with only indifferent success. Women and girls who take up this occupation are in too many cases the refuse of the city. In their notices they call themselves Madame So-and-So, and Mademoiselle So-and-So, adding mellifluous French names, Seraph, Leon-tine, Blanche, Cora, Lili, and the rest, with the object, apparently, of giving their clients the notion that there is something exceptionally attractive about their operations.

The number of advertisements euphoniouly described as "Matrimonial" is also indicative of a very grave state of affairs. No one believes that the majority of these notices are genuine. The law demands that in advertisements of this class the words "with a view to matrimony" must appear, and in order to avoid the attentions of the police the newspaper offices insist on the insertion of this masking clause. So general, however, is the belief in the malafides of the majority of the advertisers, that in not a few cases we find the words "seriously intended," or "genuine," or "strictly genuine," added, presumably as a warning to adventurers of either sex. These matrimonial advertisements are sprinkled

up and down the columns of even the more respectable journals, and one is amazed that it does not occur to the leaders of newspapers like The Vossische Zeitung to close their columns once and for all to such pestilent stuff. The leading Radical newspaper with its great wealth, its undoubted influence, its high tone, should be above accepting the suspicious notices of "Rich young ladies," "Rich Israelites," "Ladies with good hearts," "Educated ladies with good figures," "Imposing widows who are amiable and 35 years old," "Dear and tender girls of 25 with pleasant appearance," "Educated Evangelical gentleman with 20,000 marks income," and a score of others.

Other journals tell their readers of a "Dressmaker with an elegant figure," of a "Domesticated young lady of good family and well looking," of a beautiful lady, educated, who wishes to correspond with a gentleman "with a view to matrimony," of two sisters, good looking, with fine figures, who would like to make the acquaintance of two gentlemen, "with a view," etc., of a "successful journalist" who is looking out for a lady with "lofty ideas on art," of a "Jewish lady," "pretty and coquettish," whose relatives want for her a well-to-do widower. It is added that the Jewess has a beautiful and rich trousseau. Finally, there is a gentleman of "highest mental culture," and "most ideal in his views," who wants to correspond with a lady with the intention of marrying her later.

Another class of advertisements is concerned with widowers and gentlemen of mature years who require housekeepers, and with housekeepers of goodly presence, musical, and who speak French, who are on the lookout for widowers and gentlemen of mature years. Were such advertisements to appear in obscure journals read only by the class of people who insert them, it would perhaps not so much matter, but they occupy prominent places in newspapers with the very highest pretensions.

The advertisements of quacks I will pass over. One cannot touch this subject very well. Besides, on this point the Berlin police have brought about a better state of affairs than existed some years ago. But what are we to say to the journal which inserts advertisements from dealers in books that are quite obviously immoral? One of these is headed

"Father will not see it," another "these women." They are described as "Peppery pictures for good children," as "Paris albums."

Among the widely-circulated journals of Berlin there is, perhaps, only one, the Socialist journal, Vorwaerts, whose columns are clean in this respect, and which consistently raises its voice against the evils I have indicated. The journals whose circulation is limited are not patronized by advertisers. But the great advertising mediums deserve the severest censure for permitting their columns to be degraded by matter which is wholesome and impure. — Canadian Printer and Publisher.

Choicest cuts, beef, mutton and pork, at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service to the Coast.

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers.

TRAVELERS TO KOYUK

TAKE NOTICE

That the N. A. T. & T. Co. at Fort Yukon has a stock of goods for outfitting at reasonable prices. In shortages arising will be ported to their Circle City station.

INVEST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

Lone Star Stock Is the Best Investment Ever Offered to the Public.

We claim we have the mother lode. Can you deny these facts. The mines are situated at the head of the two richest creeks on earth—Eldorado and Bonanza. Gold is found on every claim on Bonanza creek, and up Victoria Gulch to the quartz mines. If it did not come from this ledge, where did it come from?

The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge.

The gold is found in slide matter on Seven pup. Where did it come from?

The best pay found in Gay Gulch is at the head of the gulch, below the quartz mines. There are eight gulches heading at the Lone Star mines. They all carry gold. Where did it come from?

Lone Star stock is the best investment ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp.

Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp, LEW CRADEN.

LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.

LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.

Stroller's Column.

Stroller's Heart to Heart talks in a manner that was the surprise and admiration of all the miners of the diggings thereabouts.

"And now," continued the young woman, as the Stroller assumed a half convinced look, "just to show you that other women sometimes envy dancehall girls, I will read you a letter I received by the last mail from a married woman who was my room-mate for two years at Mills' Seminary." And producing a voluminous letter from the pocket where she carried her percentage checks, she read as follows:

"My dear —

"Talk about a flower being born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air, I am it.

"When we left the seminary we little knew what the future had in store for us. Two years later and after we both had failed as actresses even to tomale joints, and you decided to go to the Klondike, you remember I declined to go with you because Jack



SHE READ FROM A BOOK OF STATISTICS.

and I were engaged. How I wish I had broken off the engagement and gone with you. We were married early in '98 and here I am anchored at home day and night by two squalling kids, both lusty-lunged boys. Talk about a sweet-scented layout, I have it. I do my own work and Jack has developed into a perfect bear. He wears flannel shirts, shaves only once in two weeks, and stays out every night till after 12 o'clock, while I am at home pouring paregoric first into Junius Brutus Booth and then into Richard Mansfield Bittner. Being wife

of a small book from the pocket of my dress, she turned to page 14 and read:

"I was succeeded by every observing woman in Butte that Miss ———, formerly known as 'Six-foot Sal,' who for 25 years could out longer and kick higher than any woman in Montana, is now the best woman in the state, her success being found in doing good others. She is a devout class member, president of seventeen charitable and temperance societies, never takes a drop and is beloved by all. Sarah is all that is embodied in expression: an exemplary woman."

"I said the Stroller, "do you think it is ever possible for a girl to be frequented dancehalls for dancing with every Tom and Jerry who comes along, to again have her head in what the world, perhaps, calls good society?"

"I said the young woman read: "From 1865 to 1890 every German mile of Fargo, North Dakota, was led by Judge ——— and the judge having met his wife for the first time when she was before him in court on the charge of robbing a Black Hills mine in a dancehall where she was engaged on account of her light-colored proclivities than for her and swan-like curves in the dress she wore. Mrs. Judge ——— still wears all the fashions in a large part of country, her reception at home days are invariably attended with the elite of the city. She is a loving wife and mother."

"THE DUTIES OF A WIFE AND MOTHER ARE NO CAKE-WALK."

and mother, my dear — is no cake walk.

"When you write, tell me all about your rice dresses. You might send me one of your old ones.

"Yours, half the time in the wash tub and always in grief.

"KATE."

"Now," said the Stroller's companion, "you see dance hall girls are not such objects for commiseration and pity as some folks believe. By the way, you have monopolized my time for thirty minutes in this conversation, causing me to miss no less than five dances on which my percentage would have been \$2, so

please remit." The Stroller remitted and as he wandered out into the night air he thus soliloquized:

"All flesh is grass, but few go to a butcher shop for baled hay."

The following alleged poetry was forwarded to the Stroller from San Francisco, and as it refers to a Dawson affair he will publish it "as she lays." If the writer escapes being sandbagged in Frisco, the Stroller hopes he will get his "needins" when he reaches Seattle on his way to Dawson. The effusion, of rather confusion, is as follows:

I'd been to Monte Carlo, and watched the girls in dance, I'd tried my luck at faro, to win I had no chance. So I sauntered up the chilly street to Sanis, my luck to try. Oregon Jeff I chanced to meet, who said "Look me in the eye."

"Twill surely be a great big play," so said the Oregon Jew, "I haven't got a check today, stake me to play for you." Just then came Handsome Goldie and pushed the squeaky door, Harry Woolrich followed slowly, and half a dozen more.

Ward and Jim were off that shift, the night was very cold. The up-creek boys had quit the drift and all were spending gold. Cherokee Bob was on a drunk and couldn't deal the bank. Behind the bar the silent monk dealt but never drank.

Around the table all the boys played their checks and pokes. They had their share of woes and joys but the losers cracked no jokes. Then it was come, that big deal you've heard so much about. No man had a slicker pile than Sam when the deal was out.

The soda was the king of spades, Woolrich bet a stack; Jeff followed with his black old spades, Sam Turner on the Jack. Each man played the limit with a determined vim. But he either wasn't in it or he'd take Sam's bank roll in.

Holden copped on the duce, the bets were very high, Oregon Jeff got double shot and said "Look me in the eye." And so the fortunes varied until the cases came. Some had even tarried for the last turn of the game.

The rubbers! how they stretched their necks and pushed and swayed about. Some climbed upon the others' backs and some were crowded out. Fish, I think it was, led off with fifty on the six. "If these cards double out," he smiled, "I'll have him in a fix."

All now copped on the ace a thousand bucks or more. The queen she showed her smiling face

"I enjoyed myself very well while outside," said Mr. Smith, "considering that I was more or less busy all the time. One thing I observed, the people on the coast no longer regard Dawson as a boom town, but consider it permanent, a fixture here to stay. As to the future, the great problem seems to be cheaper transportation which, when secured, will permit of working cheaper ground. No, I know nothing of the Treadgold concession or how it is regarded outside. The order-in-council which has caused so much consideration here I did not hear of until I was well on my way inside.

"The trip down the river was very pleasant and I notice a vast improvement in the road houses this year over last when those at which the mail stages stopped were operated by the C. D. Co."

Mr. Smith's face bears the usual fuddy tinge common to those who make the long trip over the ice.

is an Anarchist.

Tacoma, Feb. 17.—The police today arrested Joe Baker, a troublesome anarchist, who has been giving residents of Tacoma much annoyance. Baker peddles anarchistic literature from house to house, and when people refuse to buy his questionable reading matter he becomes abusive, and numerous complaints reach the central station from indignant householders. The man was arrested a few days ago, but was released with a warning from Judge Griffin. Failing to take heed to the injunction given, he made trouble again today and was promptly arrested. On the way to the police station Baker threw a bundle of his literature out of the patrol wagon, and when Sergt. McCoy, who was in charge of the wagon,



jumped to the ground after it, Baker leaped from the wagon and started racing down the street with Sergt. McCoy and the patrol wagon in hot pursuit. The man ran like a deer, and would probably have escaped had he not run square into the arms of a plumber, who collared and held him until the police arrived and handcuffed him. Baker claims to be an "altruistic anarchist," or "philosophical communist." He is a butcher by trade, but lost his job at Rockford, Wash., at the time of the agitation against anarchy at McKinley's death. The police are in somewhat of a quandary, not knowing what to do with him. When brought into the police station Baker tragically held out his hands, bearing the handcuffs, and shouted, "There is coming a day when these will be relegated to the museums."

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

"These are pretty hot passes, twenty to one for a while. "Ace to lose and four to win," and a blue stack placed he there. "What in the world's come over him?" said the others with a stare.

Harry's only answer was, "It sure looks good to me."

And there was hardly time to pause till the callers numbered three. Goldie followed Harry and Holden got there too.

But the dealer copped off many of those colored checks of blue.

The silence was intense as Sam the cards withdrew. The ace of hearts loomed up immense and the four of spades wins too. And thus the play went on in that big deal you know. The game took place in Dawson, the mercury sixty below.

The last turn came, the cases wrong, the boys cashed in quite bold. For they were thirty thousand strong of Sam's Bonanza gold. Then Sam first spoke across the board as calm as an old buck fox. "Tomorrow night come in, my boys. I'll be behind the box."

HAD BUSY VACATION

Barrister A. G. Smith Returns

Two Important Cases Before the Court of Appeals Took Most of His Time.

Mr. Arthur G. Smith, of the well-known legal firm of Smith & Macrae, returned Sunday evening from a trip outside lasting several months. Unlike many of the other members of the fraternity who have enjoyed their vacation this winter in a less vigorous clime, Mr. Smith's excursion to the coast was one almost wholly of business. Two very large cases in which his firm was interested came up before the British Columbia court of appeals sitting at Victoria, both of which required his presence. The cases were first set for trial in November, then adjourned to January, with the result that Mr. Smith did not once get away from the coast. The cases referred to were those of Wilson vs. the C. D. Co., in which judgment was rendered in the territorial court in the sum of nearly \$30,000 and later appealed by the defendant, and D'Avignon vs. Jones, the famous 13 Gold Run case heard before Mr. Justice Craig last summer. In both cases judgment by the court of appeals was reversed and will be handed down at the next sittings of the court. The hearing of the two cases occupied nearly a fortnight.

Regina Hotel...

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

HICKS & THOMPSON..

PROPRIETORS

FLANNERY HOTEL

First Class Accommodations

Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals.

BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.

Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE

HUNKER AND DOMINION

Freighting to All Creeks.

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only.

FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Carmack's and home 9 a. m.

FOR GRAND FORKS 9 a. m. 1 p. m. and 3 p. m.

FOR 32 BELOW LOWER DOMINION Chase's Koonhouse via Hunter Creek, 9:30 a. m.

FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND ELDREK'S CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, sun days included.

Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.

Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

THEY ARE GOOD.

You will say so after trying them. Beef Croquettes. Can be procured nowhere in Dawson but at The Family Grocery, F. S. Dunham, proprietor, corner 2nd Avenue and Albert street.

Electric Power.....

Most Economical, Efficient and Dependable.

Dawson Electric Light and Power Co.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

W. M. THORNBURN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, Notary Public, Commissioner, Proctor of the Admiralty Court. Office, Bank Building, Rooms 3, 4 and 5. Telephone 118. P. O. Box 88.

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First Class Accommodations

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Freighting to All Creeks.

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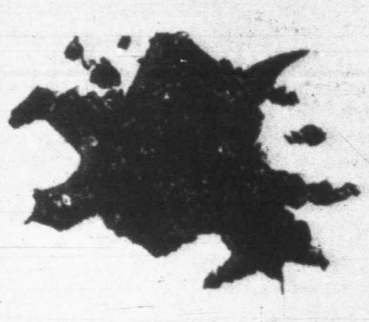
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How Are You Fixed

If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call, we can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book.

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DAWSON'S FIRST COUNCIL

Held Its Initial Meeting Last Night—Standing Committees Appointed—Manly and Business-like Address of Mayor Macaulay—Policy Outlined.

The city council had deliberated whether it would hold its first meeting in the territorial council room or the gold commissioner's court, and when it had taken seats in the latter it was immediately seen that the council chamber would have been none too large to accommodate the large crowd desirous of being present at this first meeting. There were many in the hall unable to obtain admission to the court room, which was packed with people, fully one-half of whom stood throughout the whole proceedings.

But these proceedings were by no means lengthy, and by half-past nine when an adjournment was taken to Wednesday evening an extraordinary amount of preliminary business had been dispatched. As the members of the council will sit in the same positions at all future meetings the order in which they sat is here given:

Acting City Clerk Ward Smith.
Ald. Macdonald Ald. Murphy
Ald. Norquay Ald. Adair
Ald. Wilson, absent Ald. Vachon

The mayor opened the proceedings with a rather lengthy address which reminded one of a budget speech. It was devoted entirely to the question of the city's finances and was in many respects exceedingly able. It was not a prepared but an extempore address, with a reference to notes of the appropriations coming to the city prepared by Acting-Comptroller-Hinton. The mayor said:

Ladies and Gentlemen (there were two ladies present): "It is a source of great gratification to me tonight to find so many who have come here and thus shown their interest in the first meeting of the city council, and I can assure you also that it is a great gratification to occupy the high position which has been given to me by the taxpayers of the city of Dawson.

"One of the first and most interesting matters to take up tonight will be that of finance, which is the essential of city government. In opening this subject I have here a statement rendered by the accountant of the territorial government, showing the proportion of the taxes which we shall take over to the city government and the unexpended credits we have to draw against from day to day, from now until July 1st. This sum of money, amounting to \$34,008.93, will still remain in the hands of the territorial government, which will meet our appropriations on the same as they come up until the total amount has been expended.

"One of the largest items of the city's expenditure will be the fire department. For this the Yukon council made an appropriation of \$70,000, of which \$52,096.01 has already been expended during the past eight months, leaving a balance of \$17,903.99 with which we will have to carry on the department until July 1st. But, while there is a credit of only \$17,000 for this department it will probably carry us through. The expenditure per month has averaged during the past eight months \$6512, and at this rate we should have a shortage in this one account alone of \$8,000 on July 1st.

"But one of the principal items of expense in this department is horse feed, and of this there is a large quantity on hand, probably enough to carry us through. Then there is the item of fuel, of which there is a supply. We hope further to save something by centralizing the department under one roof and also it may be possible to run the department with less men during the summer months. At any rate this matter will receive our careful consideration and any saving that can be made without lessening the efficiency of the service will be attempted. So that, although there may possibly be some shortage, yet, owing to the amount of supplies on hand and the economies here suggested, it will not be anything like the sum named.

"Then comes the expenditure for streets, garbage and lighting. The year's appropriation for this amounted to \$60,000, and up to March there had already been expended \$48,011, or an average of \$6,000 per month, leaving a balance of \$11,989, which would be at the rate of about \$3,000 per month from now until July. This is going to be one of the hardest of the appropriations to finance to the best advantage, as not only will we have a shortage of \$12,000 under the present rate of expenditure, but in April we will have a large extra ex-

penditure for cutting ditches, repairing roads, and so on. On the other hand, we shall soon be able to cut down the bill for lighting.

"In the matter of handling the garbage we also hope to make a large saving. We have a scheme that seems very feasible and very economical as compared with the present system of a garbage scow. This scow was built at considerable expense, and it costs from \$15 to \$20 per day to run it, as refuse contained therein has to be dumped out into the current of the river. The item for wagon and horse hire to March 1st was no less than \$26,157, and the wages account was \$4,715.

"We propose building a road around the water front to a point below St. Mary's hospital, and at this point the carts can be dumped directly into the river, there being a strong current there at all times that will carry everything away. This would be an advantage to the city over the present system in many ways. It would also cut off the day and night men on the scows, and other savings would be made, while the road, although I do not at present know exactly what it would cost, I am assured it would entail but a very small outlay comparatively.

"The question of roads will be one that will require careful consideration this spring. In no other city do we have this glacial matter to deal with, which is always sinking and giving trouble. To deal with this means a large outlay if we are to have our streets thoroughly well made.

"Returning for a moment to the fire department, I would say that the centralization of the force in one hall will enable the department to be run at less cost, as it will take a smaller number of hands, especially during the summer months; and, by giving this matter our particular attention we shall be able to save the city considerable in the matter of insurance by obtaining a lower rate. One of the firemen we propose to make inspector of flues and chimneys, and by a careful carrying out of his duties many fires may be avoided. There will probably be an additional expense for hose which I had overlooked, the Yukon council having given to the town of Grand Forks from 1000 to 1200 feet of hose to start them with, and this may have to be made up. I can assure you again that the aldermen will give the closest attention to all matters in connection with the fire department.

"As to the policing of the city, we have held several informal meetings in order to thoroughly discuss this, and we all went down and called upon Major Wood to get his views in the matter. At that meeting it was decided that we could most easily cope with the situation by employing the present town force. Major Wood was quite agreeable and said the city might have the fourteen men now on city duty, paying them what the city should decide—\$10, \$20, or \$50 each per month as we thought fit. Probably we would require to appoint a chief of police, but that, and the whole matter, is left entirely in our own hands by the courtesy of Major Wood.

"With the present amount of money we have to deal with, and the shortage in sight, we will have to shut down on one matter very hard, this is the lighting of the city. At the end of this month we may be able to shut it off altogether for the summer. Then, in regard to sanitary arrangements we shall see that the bylaws are most rigidly enforced, as we think that in this regard the city officers have heretofore been very lax. The present accumulations of filth it not cleaned up at an early date might produce an epidemic that would cost the city thousands of dollars, and we are determined to take action in regard to this at the earliest moment possible.

"To recapitulate, the accounts of the new council are as follows:—

	Appropriation	Expended	Credits
Fire Dep't. m't.	\$70,000.00	\$52,096.01	\$17,903.99
Streets, Lights and Garbage	60,000.00	48,011.79	11,988.21
Contingencies	8,000.00	6,088.27	1,911.73
Assessments and Coll. Taxes	6,510.00	4,400.00	2,110.00
	\$144,000.00	\$110,591.07	\$33,408.93

"Now, we contemplate making the assessment this year at a much earlier date, and it is my intention to have it made about the latter part of August, and have the court of revision as early as possible so that we may possibly get our taxes before the end of September. If assessments were made at a later date a great many people would be out of the

country and thus avoid contributing to the revenues of the city. We have a new limit placed at our disposal, which takes in all north of the hospital to Ogilvie bridge, and this will add a little to the amount to be collected.

"But, as I said, we have very heavy expenses to be met and it may be necessary to make a loan on one of the banks here, as the amount we have now will certainly not be enough to carry us through until we collect our own taxes. I would like to have had a plan prepared on this head, but Mr. Ross being out of the country it cannot be done. There is the revenue from liquor licenses; I think we ought to get from 60 to 75 per cent. of that, and we may probably get it all, because it should go to the benefit of the city. But this we cannot decide until Mr. Ross' return.

"Also, in addition to the present taxation, the council will endeavor to find where other taxation can be properly laid so that the burden may be evenly distributed and generally lightened. So-called pedlars, for instance, who come here with their goods and pay not a cent in the treasury, will be carefully looked after by our license inspector, and they will be made to pay a fair percentage of taxation to the city.

"I find it will be necessary to pass a few bylaws this evening, but in the future all bylaws will be read three times in order that the public may know what is going on and, if they desire, enter a protest while the measure is under consideration. Also, a few officials will have to be appointed now, but in regard to the appointment of others we shall proceed slowly, so as to make our work efficient and justify the confidence placed in us by the people of Dawson."

Acting Clerk Smith read the following applications: For street and garbage inspector, 5; inspector of chimneys, 2; for re-instatement on present fire brigade, 4; chief of police, 6; city stenographer, 5; city auditor, 4; city surveyor, 3; city clerk, 3; miscellaneous, 5.

Alderman Murphy moved the adoption of ordinance No. 1, providing for a seal of the city of Dawson. The design approved shows two miners rampant on either side of a windlass, with a gold pan couchant. The bill went through all the forms of first, second and third reading and final passage.

Alderman Norquay moved bill No. 2, as to the terms of service of city employees, and fixing the hours of labor in the city offices from 9 to 5, except Saturdays, from 9 to 1. This was carried.

Alderman Macdonald moved bill No. 3, as to the duties of city solicitor, and carrying with it the appointment to that position of D. Donaghy, at a salary of \$3,000 for the balance of the present year.

Alderman Murphy introduced bill No. 4, of rules and regulations, a document which embraces 36 clauses and a number of sub-clauses. This was also duly passed, with an amendment by Alderman Adair that the mayor only vote in case of a tie. Alderman Macdonald was then elected president of the board of aldermen and made a little address.

Then came the election of committees, each being formally proposed and seconded. The following are the standing committees:

Finance—Adair, Vachon, Wilson.
Public works, streets and city property—Wilson, Norquay, Murphy, Adair.
Bills and printing—Vachon, Murphy and Wilson.

Licensing and police—Macdonald, Murphy, Norquay.

Fire, water and light—Norquay, Murphy and Macdonald.

On the motion of Alderman Macdonald, the mayor was made an ex-officio member of all committees.

The meeting then adjourned to 8:30 on Wednesday evening.

Usual Price of Drunks.

There were but two cases before Judge Macaulay today in the police court. W. R. Lapp was up charged with being drunk and impeding peaceable passengers on First avenue. He pleaded guilty and was assessed the nominal sum of \$5 and costs, which was paid. Wm. Elliott went to the Standard library last night in company with a bright, lurid jag. He was looking for knowledge, but after juggling down and clawing over half the books in the library was unable to acquire that which he sought. He became a pest to the other habitués and seekers after more light, a condition which closely resembled a disturbance and upon a limb of the law arriving he was escorted off to the bastille. This morning he pleaded guilty to being drunk and he, too, was commanded to deposit \$5 and costs in the royal exchequer.

Aldermanic Banquet.

Mayor and Mrs. Macaulay have invited the aldermen to dinner at their residence this evening, and a few other guests are also invited to meet them.

EVENTS OF THE CREEKS

Bonanza and Eldorado Are Prosperous

No Cessation of Social Happenings—Otto Anderson Boasts an Heir.

Last Saturday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey was the scene of another happy gathering, the occasion being the party given in honor of their guest, Miss Martin of Dawson, who has been visiting them the past week. The evening was very pleasantly spent in games, singing and music. Mr. Fried gave some sweet music on the guitar and Mr. Ullman played some choice pieces on the zither. Miss Martin proved herself quite a talented young lady, her singing being the feature of the evening. Mrs. Kinsey's singing of "The Singer and the Song" showed her to be the possessor of a beautiful sweet voice, which is aptly suited for the parlor. At 12 o'clock a bounteous repast was served, after which there was singing and games, the party not breaking up until far into the morning. Among the invited guests and those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Frey, Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey, Mrs. Price, Miss Martin, Messrs. Longton, Link, Friend, Johnson, Truitt, Ullman, C. Kinsey, and Anderson.

Notwithstanding this being the Lenten season the dances given by the Grand Forks Social Club continue to be the event looked forward to. The dance given last Friday night was a brilliant affair. Besides the elite of Grand Forks and vicinity there were a number of visitors from Dawson; in fact it is becoming quite the rule for sleighing parties from town, after enjoying a ride up Bonanza or Eldorado creeks, to attend the club dances. The reception committee leave nothing wanting in looking after the interests of visitors. Excellent music was furnished by Mr. Foster, pianist, and Mr. Davis, violinist. The floor was in the very best of condition and a very enjoyable time was spent. The club will give another dance next Friday night, March 7th.

Yesterday noon the tar paper on the roof of Vant & Kolb's tin shop caught fire around the stove-pipe. An alarm was turned in and the volunteers promptly responded with the chemicals and succeeded in putting the fire out before any headway was gained. The damage done was trifling.

The second series of games played by the Grand Forks Progressive Whist Club ended last Wednesday evening and the prizes were awarded as follows: Mr. Peterson of Gold Hill and Miss Langreth of Grand Forks first prizes, and Mr. Bowhay of Gold Hill and Miss Daring of Grand Forks booby prizes. Mr. Peterson for first prize received a very nice silk necktie and Miss Daring for booby prize a toy sled, and inside was a card with the words "Slide right along." It will also be remembered that Miss Langreth received first prize the month before and Mr. Bowhay the first.

Mr. Otto Anderson of No. 28 below Bonanza has been wearing a broad smile the last few days. The cause was not known until a few days ago when it leaked out that he was the proud father of a bouncing boy which was born February 19, 1902. Mother and child are doing well.

Manager Mizner Talks.
Manager Mizner, of the N. C. Co., said this morning that he returned with the idea of very extensive im-

NEW GOODS!
We have just received a Full Line of Ladies' Suits, Silks, Supplies, Etc.
JOHN McDONALD
FIRST AVE., Opp. S. Y. Dock

A NEW CIGAR!
CUBAN HAND MADE

provements, but he did not at present know how many of them would be carried out this season. He found that he had rather overestimated the business outlook, but certainly many of the changes projected would be immediately carried out.

"One thing the company was desirous of doing was to have all its retail stores under one roof, so to speak, and the idea was to get the hardware department in the same building as the grocery department and to sell the A. E. building where it is at present. For the latter the company had received several proposals, and as one of these was a proposition to turn the building into a hotel he supposed that was how the story had got about that the N. C. Co. was going into the hotel business. As a matter of fact it had no intention of going into the hotel or any new business, but was simply planning to get all its present business together.

Objects to Wade.

Editor Daily Nugget:
Dear Sir,—I have noticed in the press dispatches of late several references to the fact that F. C. Wade is an aspirant for judicial honors and is being urged for an appointment to the bench of the Yukon territory. I wish to enter a protest against the appointment of Mr. Wade to any such position for the reason that I regard him—and I believe this view will be concurred in by a large majority of the people of Dawson—as wholly unsuited for the office he seeks. His record in Dawson is that of a man of prejudiced mind and of almost entirely lacking in the judicial qualities requisite in a just and impartial court. There are other objections of a more personal nature which might be entered against him, but the above should be sufficient to defeat his purpose.

If there is any danger that an appointment to the local bench will be offered Mr. Wade, I think a petition should be circulated against it. I believe that his selection for such an office would be nothing less than a calamity.

GEORGE DE LION.

Water Main Frozen.

The first freeze-up in the water service that has occurred this winter was reported this morning. It was in the 6-inch main running from the Cascade Laundry on Second avenue to Albert street. Mr. Matheson, the manager of the company, was at work on it today with a thawing machine, and was a much-veered manager at that. He said the freeze-up would never have occurred but for the carelessness of the engineer in not keeping up the pressure on this particular main. When it would be thawed out he was unable to state. He said the thawing was a slow and expensive process and that he was determined not to have any more mains frozen up this winter.

Small Debts Court.

The next sittings of the small court has been fixed to March 14. Judge Morawski will preside as usual.

Kelly & Co., Leading Tailors.

If your clothes need pressing or repairing see R. I. The Tailor, at Hirschberg's.

CLOSED TO LOCATION

Concessionaire Pays Ground Rent

Word Tract on Indian Which Was Open Last Now Closed.

From a notice recently issued by the gold commissioner's office it is evident R. L. Word, owner of a concession in Indian river, has paid ground rent, the lapse of which had closed his tract of ground to be open for entry from February 28. Last week there was a notice posted to the effect that Word complied with the regulations imposed by the department and ground was open to prospectors to file a claim on it, but there is another notice on the tin board which states that the applicant having complied with the conditions of the regulations for hydraulic mining, asking restrictions from the department, the interior location is now closed to further entry. The Word concession joins that of F. W. Word, and one-half miles below the mouth of Quarta creek and extends to Indian river a distance of two and one-half miles.

Increase in Customs.

There may be an impression that the customs officials of Dawson follow the custom of bear, and simply hibernated close of navigation until the start in the spring. Officially, however, are evidence to the contrary. The collection of duties for the months of January and February just ended, show an increase in amounts collected in the corresponding months of last year of more than \$14,383.06. This result is a surprise to many laymen who would like to draw a picture of the customs service during the winter and pretend to be a mine owner the sun gets hot enough to be

China.

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Big Ap.

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Kelly & Co., Leading Tailors.

If your clothes need pressing or repairing see R. I. The Tailor, at Hirschberg's.

TIME GOES BACK

But We go Ahead With Our Discount Sales. This Month We Offer the **FINEST ASSORTED STOCK OF UNDERWEAR** in the City at a Discount of 20 Per Cent.

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Macaulay Bros. FIRST AVENUE

DAWSON HARDWARE CO. Second Ave. Phone 36

Pan-American Wheel Barrow Wood Frame, Steel Tires. Steam Fittings, Etc.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO. CHEAPER THAN EVER! FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Dock. TELEPHONE

A NEW KING HENRY CIGAR! CUBAN HAND MADE

Just Arrived Over the Sea. Finest in the Land. \$125. per 1000.

N. A. T. & COMPANY