



The Klondike Nugget

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1901

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Joseph Lancaster seems at length to have been pretty well cleared up. The story of his wanderings as published briefly in yesterday's Nugget appears well high in credit, but at the same time there seems to be no other explanation which can possibly explain the strange circumstances which attended his sudden disappearance.

For more than a year, the relatives and friends of the lost man sought for him in every place where it was thought a possibility existed that he might be found. Detectives were employed to trace his movements, and newspaper articles containing descriptions of the missing man were published broadcast throughout the cities of the United States and Canada.

All these efforts, however, were without avail, and the missing man was not discovered until his mind, the power of which had in the meantime almost entirely vanished, returned to him, and enabled him to realize his surroundings and communicate with his family.

The fact that he is now with his wife and children, and in all probability will recover the use of all his faculties, will be learned with the greatest degree of satisfaction by the people of this community.

Mr. Lancaster was recognized as one of Dawson's leading and progressive citizens, and his business ability is well attested by substantial enterprises which he and his associate, Mr. R. W. Calderhead, carried on for several years in this city.

It will be the hope of everyone who is acquainted with his sterling qualities as a man and his unusual capacity as a business man, that he will shortly be able to return to Dawson again and resume again his position in the commercial life of the town.

EASY TO CONSTRUCT.

It appears almost certain that construction work will be undertaken on the Valdes road within a very short time. As was stated in our telegraphic advices of yesterday, the route of the line has been covered by an exhaustive survey, and the various obstacles necessary to overcome are now well understood.

According to the engineers' report, the highest point of altitude to be reached is 1700 feet above sea level, and there is but one bridge of any size to be constructed on the entire route.

It would appear, therefore, that the enterprise in question should present features of a very attractive nature to holders of capital looking for investment. Beyond question, a railroad from Valdes to Eagle City would open up a country which in itself would furnish the road with sufficient business to make it a paying proposition.

All authorities are agreed that the country through which the line would be constructed possesses marvelous resources in copper and other minerals, and the rich valleys which the line would pass through would be the centre of stock raising and agricultural pursuits on a large scale.

the greatest satisfaction the prospect of being able to give their business to a competing railroad and thus, release themselves from the hold which the White Pass route now has upon them.

We confidently anticipate that before another spring arrives that actual work upon the proposed line will have been undertaken.

AIDING DEVELOPMENT.

In a review of the business outlook for the coming winter, to be found in another column of this issue, Mr. TeRoller, manager of the N. A. T. & T. Co., takes a hopeful view of it and brings some consolation to the hearts of the consumers in the expression of his opinion that there will be no corners in commodities, no shortage of general merchandise, and that no advance in prices is to be apprehended. This is good and cheering news in itself, and it is to be hoped that Mr. TeRoller proves to be a true prophet. But what is of far more importance is the suggestion of this experienced merchant that business methods are changing, that they are no longer to a great extent speculative, but are begun to be based on steady, permanent lines. This is but a natural outcome of the proven stability of the mineral resources of the Klondike, and it is well to know that the men who have the largest amount invested here have assured themselves of this fact.

But Mr. TeRoller goes a step further, and makes the excellent suggestion that the merchants might materially aid this development of the country, and in so doing enlarge and extend their own operations, by being satisfied with fair profits. Mr. TeRoller assumes that other merchants have come to this conclusion and are ready to act upon it. This must mean in the course of a short time a general reduction in the price of commodities in the Dawson market. And then there will be a howl from some that we do not want a cheap town. Certainly not, the Nugget is with them in this. But, to paraphrase Mr. Micawber, what shall it profit a man if he gain by the sweat of his brow \$10 per day and it costs him \$10.50 per day to maintain himself and family? Besides, his employer has to be considered. He cannot employ labor at such terms and also pay the highest price for all his supplies and material. But if the merchants accept fair profits the employer will be able to work many mining propositions that are now lying idle, and the demand for labor being increased good wages will be the rule.

No doubt, as Mr. TeRoller says, every reputable merchant is just as earnest in building up a business as in securing an immediate profit, and with this condition of affairs the prosperity of the district, and more rapid strides in its development are assured. Can the merchant reduce the price of his goods, however? Will existing condition permit him to do so? If, by the lessening of risk in doing business here there is an added margin of profit which the merchants are willing to concede to their customers, don't you think the White Pass will be after that margin? They are doing business "for all there is in it" on a public-banned policy. Before our merchants are able to treat the public as well as they would wish to do, they must obtain some assurance on freight rates from the grab-it-all railroad company.

It is pleasing to learn that the merchants are well disposed to do the fair thing, and that they can see future profit in doing so, but when the freight rate is more than double the cost of the goods, the reduction has to come in the freight rate first before any general reduction in the price of commodities can take place. However, let us be thankful that we are to have more steady and reasonable prices for goods this winter.

Winter does not approach more gently or more gradually in the central and eastern states than it is doing in Dawson this year. The first of November is almost at hand and as yet there is but little indication of the sort of cold weather we are accustomed to experience at this time of year. In 1898 the most severe weather of the winter occurred during the month of November and October was also what would be considered a cold month. The mild season which we are now enjoying is as surprising as it is agreeable.

It is a remarkable thing how grim, gaunt poverty stalks abroad in the community when the tax collector comes around.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

Shippers in Dawson would hail with



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

EQUALIZING ASSESSMENTS

Continued from page 1.

"And the only knowledge you have of that value is the contractor's estimate?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you know what the profits of the company has been this season?" "Yes, \$75,000."

"How do you arrive at those figures?" "I wired to Mr. Berdoe, the auditor, for them."

"Then you don't know of your own knowledge?" "No, sir."

"Do you know what the receipts of the company in Dawson have been?" "No, sir."

"And you don't know how Mr. Berdoe arrived at that \$75,000?" "No, sir."

In this way the traveling auditor was cross-examined over and over, but very little information was gleaned from him. When asked if the company had a regular freight rate down the river from Whitehorse he answered "several rates" at which response the audience had a hearty laugh.

In reply to Governor Ross, who also took a hand in the questioning, the witness could not tell either the amount of freight or number of passengers carried, but the Governor said the board must have them. Then the Governor asked: "What is the average rate of freight?"

"I think somewhere about"—and somewhere about that point he made a long pause and earnestly regarded Mr. Davey, who gave an explanation that did not explain what the average rate was.

After some more fencing Mr. Davey promised to procure affidavits containing the information desired by the board. His concluding remark was in regard to the company having its headquarters at Whitehorse, and that therefore it should be taxed there, or certainly not at Dawson and Whitehorse both. And then he added, as if he thought it was not already sufficiently apparent, "We do not want to evade taxation; nobody does, of course," and he smiled a beaming smile upon the other adjourned for the production of the promised affidavits.

Colin Chisholm appeared against the assessment of \$30,000 on the Hotel McDonald, claiming that it was \$10,000 too high. "I am prepared to sell it for \$20,000."

"But what do you value the lot at?" asked Mr. Newlands. "I don't know the value of the land, but I am prepared to sell the buildings and all for \$20,000."

It was stated to the court by others that \$20,000 was a fair estimate of the value of the hotel property, although the hotel alone cost \$40,000 to build some years ago, and the matter was taken under further adjournment.

Mr. McMullin, president of the Dawson Warehouse Co., appeared on behalf of his company to appeal against an assessment of \$18,000. He made a sworn statement that the profits were only \$7,500 last year, and would be about \$8,000 this year. He couldn't state the receipts and expenditures, and the matter was therefore adjourned for the production of the company's books.

ARRIVAL OF MARQUIS ITO

Great Japanese Statesman Visits Canada and the U. S.

Talks of Friendly Relations With Western Powers and the Future Prosperity of His Country.

Marquis Ito, one of the greatest statesmen of the far east, arrived in Dawson October 4 on the steamer Kaga Maru, after a most delightful trip. He is traveling for the benefit of his health, which has been failing for some months.

It is now about four years since the marquis passed through the city en route to the public celebration in London. In personal appearance he has changed but little since then, though aging, he still possesses that quick turn and indomitable spirit that is so characteristic of his life.

The marquis' career is almost too well known to all the world's greatest politicians, among whom he occupies a very high place. He left his parents when he was 15 years old and visited all over the country, and subsequently became a most prominent person in the time of the revolution at Iku.

He was one of the earliest visitors to Europe and introduced Western civilization to Japan. He was sent to foreign countries quite often as an ambassador of Japan, and each time discharged his duties quite successfully. He was also prime minister at the time of the Japan-China war and succeeded in introducing Japan to Western countries. He has a very good knowledge of English and is very sociable.

The marquis is now about 50 years of age. He is attired in the regulation European dress, and wears a somewhat heavy beard. Accompanying him is a party of prominent Japanese, including Hon. K. Tsuzuki, advisory minister of the department of education.

On his arrival here he was met by a party of distinguished Japanese, among whom were Consul Shimizu, Vancouver, Consul Hayashi, of Seattle, and Messrs. Yamamoto and Sakio.

When asked what he thought of Russian aggression in the Far East, the marquis stated, at the outset, that this morning, that he did not consider any steps in this direction now being taken by the czar were hostile to Japan. His country was not opposed to any present movement of Russia, in fact, he stated that the relationships between the two countries were now of the friendliest.

Just before leaving Japan the marquis said in a speech: "Affairs of the Far East have become the subjects of the closest attention on the part of the European and American powers during the last few years, and there are indications that the Far East will be brought into closer touch with foreign countries in the future. For these reasons I deem it most necessary that Japanese should make exhaustive inquiries into the affairs of Europe and America by means of personal inspection. I hope my trip abroad will help me in furthering the welfare of our country. Looking into the present state of Japan, political circles seem to be enjoying temporary political tranquillity, as there is no important political question about requiring the immediate attention of politicians. The policy of the government, it may be radical, will not undergo any radical change to that which is now pursued. As to the attitude to be adopted by the senjutsu towards the government it is advisable that they should exercise sufficient deliberation and circumspection on all questions, and not resort to any reckless and thoughtless action. The present government being composed of men who are not interested in any political party, there is no occasion for the senjutsu to regard it with any hostile intention. With regard to the attitude assumed by our party towards the government I spoke to you when I resigned the premiership, and it seems that nothing has since happened to change this attitude. I would advise you, gentlemen, that you should assist the government with all possible kindness and good intention for the good of the country. Of course the government can hardly be tolerated if it acts contrary to public interest, but the fundamental aim of politics being the promotion of the well-being of the country, it is to be hoped that the interest of the state will not be sacrificed for party considerations. I must repeat my advice that you should exercise the utmost precaution and deliberation on all political questions and refrain from taking any reckless and ill-aided steps, but rather aim at the consolidation of the party's influence and induce people to regard our party with more esteem and consideration."—Victoria Times, Oct. 4.

North-End Protests. Dawson, Y. T., Oct. 20, 1901. Editor Nugget: Dear Sir—We poor north end residents are a patient lot of people. We have to be, that is why. The commissioner told us long time ago that he would do the best he could on the garbage question and his arrangements during the summer have given fair satisfaction, barring the fact that the N. W. M. P. and one or two others could dump night soil at any old time.

But recently the understrapper—bed pardon—the official who takes cognizance of the garbage matter, got afraid to leave the precious garbage scow out of his sight and so has had it put away into winter quarters—(as though its location wasn't in one of the very best places for next spring's high water). But, to resume: The dumping goes merrily on. The stack of refuse, tin cans, and night soil, already towers above the water and I suppose will go on heaping up indefinitely. The aforesaid official when approached about it says "What can we do? We ought to have had a road around the bluff," etc.

They could have waited at least until the ice came before retiring the scow from business, and it will be "up to them" pretty soon to do something. It must be five or six weeks before the river stops running, and if we should have a mild winter, all the doctors in town scold us from a scourge of diphtheria from this cause by-and-by. Of course, I can remedy my own individual case by moving away from the vicinity, but it does seem too bad this system of "acting firm" and thinking after "wards" should so prevail on this garbage question. Of course the council, or I suppose the commissioner, can do what they please with the foot of the streets. Their subordinate's last action has practically "knocked" the Standard Oil Co.'s water frontage abutting Eighth street, and now the garbage is a menace to the health of the whole city. It's in a worse fix now than in Governor Ogilvie's time. Then the garbage was in a scow. Now it's being dumped into the water, and hardly that—the offending pile is not more than a foot or so from the dry land, and in no current.

Is there no remedy for this foolish state of affairs? "North-Enders."

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Mr. Goope—Wasn't there some kind of a hitch about the wedding of Mr. Spooner and Miss Mooney? Mr. Woop—No, the groom did not show up and so there wasn't any hitch at all.—Baltimore American.

He offered to act as her escort, but she declined the offer. "You are as full of airs as a hand organ," he spitefully observed. "Possibly," she returned, "but just the same I don't go with a crank."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Miss Ann Teek—Yes, I've been quite ill, but Dr. Wise says I'm looking myself again, how. Miss Amy Abel—How thoughtful of him to put it that way for you. Miss Ann Teek—Thoughtful? How do you mean? Miss Amy Abel—Why, whenever I recover from my illness he always tells me I'm looking my "old" self again.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Browning—I hear young Tom Jenkins is desperately in love. Bacon—Glad of it! Hope he gets the girl. He's a whole-souled, generous, jolly good fellow. Who is the lady? Miss Browning—Your sister Kate. Bacon—What! That irresponsible, hair-brained, impetuous lobster in love with Kate? I'll put a stop to that right off.—Judge.

I. O. O. F. Notice. The regular meeting of Dawson Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F., will be held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, at Masonic hall. Initiation of candidates and other important business. J. A. GREENE, N. G.

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When the River Freezes.

To the one coming nearest the exact time when the river closes in front of Dawson we will give the following outfit:

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A Pair of Dolge Shoes, Value 7.00
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Total \$100.00

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PARLEZ VOUS

The Question the Unable to

Spring, Summer and Were Accosted Sound of the B

A midwinter night cold, not so much as had an arctic along the face like the blood and alive cry out, as if he were Three of us, just a reporters, were Mail street, half rim warm place. We low, trying to about a man who recently murdered present—Johnny

Well, the City He enough. The wind of the hall, with the steps, stood up. Not a hum would stay a night. The lights in the park row and in the Hubcock's ever the house were on.

It was late, well night. That made us. Uncle Sam's down and wagon and in the Mail box the grain store copies of mail matter for world else bundled disappeared out of was no sound of the calling all the bags. We reached the street of the procession.

Out of the show came a man. It's that night wind was used I ever heard of one hand in "Parsons' Free the you speak Free it was a strange," to some waiting at a stairs. I turned this in honest and "My God, you French in the night drink for a and fulfilled the requirements of a N I had a deep sea French people and to the French tongue. These in that were hours that quiet

was a hold in fact the direction, which his pet a old sea. I saw sweet valley, one alone, thin, that France, a st which land, upon which ought to be set of doors.

It was just asking the first twenty to some one to go and a syllable of the two other re along. I looked

of \$9, and the little, stop around of an overcoat, a small part his head was such as fooling was a woful hearing there to with the

had come that the "The panna money. A fellow who smacked his hands all his work, and that "Caldie" was the large of two children who were hungry and an honest, of very

was a report that with \$50. I had all to him. I was possibility, of I directed him, and after he had walked to 623 street, in the right

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**PARLEZ-VOUS, FRANCAIS?**

The Question the Reporter Was Unable to Escape.

Spring, Summer and Fall, His Ears Were Accented by the Plaintive Sound of the Beggar's Voice.

A midwinter night and bitter, bitter cold, not so much snow, but a wind which had an arctic anger in it; it blew the face like vitriol and froze the blood and almost made a fellow shiver, as if he were in pain.

Three of us, just common newspaper reporters, were scurrying through the street, half running, to get to a certain place. We had been at work all day, trying to find certain facts about a man who had been mysteriously murdered in the Tenderloin district—Johnny Spellman.

At the City Hall park was bleak and cold. The wind shrieked across it, and the hall, with its old white marble steps, stood over yonder, pallid and cold.

Not a human being in sight; the lights in the tall buildings in the city were on, and in the low entrance to the hall, ever blessed old cellar, the house were happy, cheery beacons.

It was late, well on toward midnight. That made us hurry all the more.

Uncle Sam's lagged out old coats and wagons which forever clogged the Mail street alley behind the grim stone coping, where big bags of mail matter for all parts of the world are bundled in and out, had disappeared out of the cold. There was no sound of the mail clerk's voice talking off the bags.

We reached the middle of the Mail street block. We were on the north side of the street. I ran in the rear of the shadows of the park and a man. In a voice which upon that night was the most piteous sound I ever heard he cried, stretching out one hand in a supplicant way: "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

"Do you speak French, sir?"

It was a strange, courteous question to come waiting amid the howling of the wind. I turned and stopped—and in honest amazement and pity said, "My God, yes!" I had learned French in boyhood, then had drunk for a Paris boulevardier and fulfilled the dubious linguistic requirements of a New Jersey college. I had a deep seated love for the people and a deal of fondness for the French tongue.

It was in that wretched night, when I saw the last thing which I saw.

Summer makes Gramercy park pretty, and the lights of the Players' club shine out and men drink there and say cynical things in the small hours.

An August night I was passing through Gramercy square homeward. There was just the distant murmur of Fourth avenue, with the occasional footfall of a late fellow walking along Irving place. I could hear the fountain's drippings fall into its still basin. The air was sweet with the fragrance of blossoms, wafted out through the tall iron railings.

Out of the shadows of the park came a man. In a voice which that soft night was the most utterly piteous sound I ever heard he cried, stretching out one hand in a supplicant way: "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

It was a strange, courteous question to arrest a home going chap at such an hour. I turned, then stopped. Then I closed my right eye tightly, as Bob Turnbull had showed me how long ago. Then I answered, "My God, yes!"

I had learned some French in boyhood, then had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier and fulfilled the dubious linguistic requirements of a New Jersey college. I had a deep seated love for the French people and a deal of fondness for the French tongue.

There in that sultry night, hearing that question, I saw the honest peasants—simple, sturdy folk—tolling a field in far Provence. I saw the Breton fisher, singing as he—Lord, and what was this genius of gall, who with his pale, beggar face and dismal, beggar voice kept stalking out upon me from dark places?

Was he going to be like Mr. Dick's head of Charles I? Could I know no refuge from this garlic-breathed Picard and his two children and his roll of money lost in the steerage of La Bretagne?

Proft, cried I, thing of evil. Proft still, it bird or devil.

I hit him very hard. Assuming that his face was France in profile, my fist landed in the Northern territory.

He moaned and muttered something in French. I paused while he lay and waited for me to go away.

It was enough. There was no light in him. It was an ecstasy of meanness I walked off, whistling loudly the "Marseillais." "Allons, allons, mes braves!"

The air was filled again with December snows. Gray looked the tall buildings through that sifting cloud

of white. The street lamps were dim and dull, like the eyes of poppy eaters.

Far down a shabby, narrow west side street in the purlieus of old Greenwich village the shop windows gleamed gay, with the frost upon them.

Men and women and children—with bright faces leaped against the storm's great harsh breast, and laughed. Street cars, with their merry bells, bundled along.

A white door, with the snow heaped about it. Some tracks up the steps and the already nearly obliterated evidences that a wagon had been at the curbstone told that the undertaker and the coroner had been there. It was a coroner's case, suicide from despondency, they said.

There was no carpet in the dusty hall. A blowsy landlady showed me to the second floor. In the rear room a fire, not much of a one, burned in a tiled stove. The room was chill. An oil lamp shed light over a form upon the low bed in the corner, covered, face and all, with a sheet.

At a table sat a child, a girl of not more than a dozen years. She was reading when I entered. She laid the book down gravely. I noticed that it was a French prayer book.

Her eyes were big and very dark, and there were tears in them. She

**LADY IN WHITE OF BERLIN**

Strange Legend of the German House of Hohenzollern.

Joachim I Tore Down a Widow's Hut and Ever Since the House Has Rested Under His Curse.

Rumor in Berlin says that the "white lady" the mysterious ghost that foretells disaster to the house of Hohenzollern, has once again walked in the long halls of the imperial palace in Berlin. What does the appearance portend? ask the people.

There are nods, winks, mutterings, significant looks, eloquent silences, when the apparition is mentioned.

"She has walked, poor lady! Ah, I say nothing—nothing—you understand! Any yet—what hearest thou of the Empress Frederick today?"

The Empress Frederick! The dowager lady of the dead Kaiser Fritz? The English mother of the German emperor?

Is it she whom the "white lady" later and not thin only, but that of all thy successors to the remotest posterity!"

And the story goes that she has done it. The great Elector William saw the ghost. His son Frederick, first king of Prussia, saw the "white lady" in very truth, though in his case it was his young wife, his third, wandering about the palace in her night robes two days before her death.

There are many famous cases where the "white lady" is said to have portended misfortune. On the night before Saxe-Weimar Prince Louis of Prussia and his adjutant, Count Nostitz, were chatting in the Schloss Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt when a white robe figure glided before them.

The prince turned pale. He had been confidently talking of victory, but after that he despaired.

Neither he nor Nostitz was surprised when next day the "white lady" again appeared just as the Germans tell back defeated.

Nostitz's own son told this story to Kaiser Fritz, father of the present emperor. Curiously enough, Kaiser Fritz's death also was foretold by the specter.

When the French officers of Napoleon were quartered in the castle at Baireuth, the "white lady" appeared

to them, and General Espagne cried out that he was doomed. Shortly afterward he died.

Napoleon, who had all a Corsican's superstition, wouldn't sleep in the castle. Later, when he was to be buried in Paris a palace for the king of Rome, a poor man's house stood in the way. Napoleon did not demote it, like Count Joachim, or even apply to it the right of eminent domain, but bought it, though the owner raised his price several times and in the end got about ten times its value.

He then expected to fund through the Eagle, a dynasty of long renown, and he didn't want his successors persecuted by ghosts—Eh.

Her Little Brother.

The ability of the small boy to rouse discomfort in his elder sister's breast has been the theme of more than one story. Ten-year-old Ned had peculiar talents in that direction, and in the month of two before his sister's engagement he made many embarrassing complications between her and the estimable young man who at last succeeded in winning her.

Ned was much interested in the engagement and very fond of his prospective brother-in-law. One day he was taken by the young man, who was a lawyer, to a courtroom where

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**To Stop a Feud.**

As we sat smoking our pipes by the fireplace I ventured to say to mine host that I had heard of the feud between the Johnsons and the Robinsons and asked him to tell me how it came about. He scratched his head and looked puzzled and finally said: "It's a good way back, and I've dun forgot. Reckon it was about a day."

Dr. Hansman is famous as the taker of so called "spirit photographs." He avers that the "white lady" appeared to him and stood for a picture, probably the only one of its kind in the world.

Dr. Hansman says the "white lady" told him she was the sweetheart of a noble by whom she had several children, though his real wife was living. At the death of the wife the woman, angered that the marriage would not marry her, killed her children, thinking that they stood in her way. She was buried alive, in pleasing manner of those days, and swore to haunt the deathbeds of all generations of Hohenzollerns, an oath she is believed by many to have kept.

The royal house of Prussia dates from the tenth century, when a baron of Wurtemberg fortified "High Zollern," a hill from which comes the Hohenzollern name.

From Conrad of that ilk has descended the long line of electors of Brandenburg, of one of whom the more usual legend of the "white lady" is related.

It was Joachim I who, wishing to enlarge his castle, found himself blocked by the tiny hut of a window which stood just where one of the walls of his keep was planned to rise. So he gave orders to tear down the cottage.

The widow did not believe that the injustice was done by Joachim's order, so she went to throw herself at his feet to ask justice.

But when he saw her he directed that she be thrown out by his guards, and this was done with unnecessary brutality. Then the widow turned upon the elector.

"Prince Joachim," she said, "you have taken all that I possess, and now you refuse me justice and order your people to drive me away."

"But, remember, you must die as other men, and in thy last hour thou shalt see me again to announce thy

