

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 27

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

HEAD
 Cloth Caps, all styles; Fur Caps, Yukon style; Muskrat, Australian Opposum, Electric seal and Beaver, with silk or cloth tops; Stetson and Gordon Hats.

HANDS
 Kid and Mocho Gloves and Mitts, silk or fleece lined; Corticell Silk Mitts and Gloves, Buck and Asbestos Mitts and Gloves, Fur Mitts, Driver Finger Mitts.

FEET
 Polge's Felt Shoes, Slippers and Insoles, Moccasins—elk, moose and Jackboots; Goodyear Rubber Boots, Shoes and Arctics, Slater's Shoes, felt lined and soled; Slater's All-Felt Shoes, Elk Skin Slippers.
 Fine Line of Cashmere Socks, light and heavy weight; Heavy Woolen and German Socks.

SARGENT & PINSKA,
 Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

TRY
MILNE
 For Your Outfit
NEW GOODS.....
 STORE
 111 First Avenue
 WAREHOUSE—Cor. 1st st. and 5th ave.

ARCTIC SAWMILL
 Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
 Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.

Closing Out
 My entire stock of Groceries and Provisions, also about Forty Tons of Hay and Oats, within the next ten days. Closing out to go outside. It will pay those wanting outfits to come and see us at the

Yukon Hotel Store
 J. E. BOOGE, MGR.

To the Retail Trade
 We have decided to offer our immense stock of general merchandise to the retail buyer at jobbers' prices. The stock consists of

\$100,000
 CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, CIGARS, PIPES & TOBACCOS, FURNITURE, CARPETS, CROCKERY, IRON BEDS, STATIONERY, HEAVY WOOL UNDERWEAR, FUR ROBES, FUR CAPS, FELT SHOES, NOCCASINS.
 Come Early—the Greatest Bargains ever offered in the Yukon country
J. & T. ADAIR,
 Wholesale General Merchants, Third Avenue

Do Not Fail To see our Latest Patterns of Ladies and Gents'
Cleveland Bicycles
 Every one is fitted with the finest patent brake, which allows the rider to coast down the steepest hill between here and Dominion and retain complete control of the wheel. The feet remain stationary while coasting. Do not buy a wheel without a brake.
McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO., Ltd.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.
GALVESTON FLOODED

By a Tidal Wave Which Drowns Many Thousands of People

AND DESTROYS MUCH PROPERTY.

Robbers of Dead Taken Red Handed and Shot.

ALL U. S. CITIES WIRE RELIEF.

Kruger Gives Up the Fight and Abandons the Transvaal—Jack Wade Cases on Trial.

From Wednesday's Daily.)
 Galveston, Texas, Sept. 14, via Skagway, Sept. 19.—Since the first terrible effects of the great tornado and tidal wave have died down and cool calculation can be made, it is estimated that 10,000 people perished and over \$18,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. Eight ocean steamers were torn from their anchorage and pounded to pieces on the beach, and while all the wharves were carried away and the entire city devastated.

The government alone claims a loss of \$8,000,000 on its buildings. The tide was 14 feet above the ordinary mark and, aside from the government buildings, the loss to the city generally is estimated at \$10,000,000.

Two thousand bodies have already been found and taken out to sea and dumped over board, all attempts at burial have been discarded. Several thieves caught robbing the dead of jewelry and money have been summarily shot. It will never be known how many lives are lost. Mayor Jones estimates the number at 10,000. Thus far 2000 bodies have been identified. Of the soldiers at the barracks, 200 were lost. A number from the life saving station were lost.

(The above is a startling story, but

it is a fact, well known to the writer that Galveston had but two government buildings, a customhouse and post-office, and the cost of the two could not exceed \$400,000, where they are listed in the telegram at \$8,000,000.—ED.)

A Lower Estimate.
 Galveston, Sept. 15, via Skagway, Sept. 19.—The Associated Press gives the loss of lives at 5000.

Subscriptions are flowing in for the destitute families from every city in the United States.

Kruger Gives Up.
 London, Sept. 14, via Skagway, Sept. 19.—Oom Paul Kruger has abandoned the Transvaal and taken refuge with the minister of the Netherlands at Lorenzo Marques. He will sail for Europe on the 24th.

Jack Wade Cases.
 Skagway, Sept. 19.—In the territorial court now in session here the Jack Wade creek mining cases are being heard. Two of the cases have thus far been decided for the defendants and one for the plaintiff.

Would Number Houses.
 Yesterday a young man about town became suddenly afflicted with an ambition. The seriousness of his attack can better be appreciated when it is said that his great and all consuming desire was to number the happy homes and business houses of the city consecutively, for a consideration.

While he was making a round of visits, conferring with people as to the size, style and price of numbers they should have, someone happened to remember that the Yukon council had some time before granted a three years' franchise for numbering houses to Mrs. Ferguson, and advised the young man with the ambition to call at the commissioner's office before going too far. He did this and Dr. Brown told him that it could not be, that he must desist and cease numbering. The young man with the blighted hopes and the ambitious dream thus suddenly shattered sadly departed.

A Sad Trislap.
 Last night about 8:30 o'clock Mrs. Walter McNabb who had been to see some friends who reside near the corner of Fourth avenue and Sixth street, had the misfortune, owing to the pitch darkness which prevailed, to step into the deep ditch at the point above mentioned and in the fall broke the bones of her left ankle. Her cries for assistance were soon heard and the unfortunate woman was extricated from the deep ditch. When the extent of her injuries were revealed a hand wagon was procured in which she was taken to the Sister's hospital, where proper care and surgical aid were administered. The ankle joint was found to be completely crushed, and as Mrs. McNabb is a very heavy woman, her recovery will probably be slow. She returned from Nome only a few days ago, being a hardworking woman, was out arranging for a place in which to go to work, as cook when the accident occurred which will keep her confined to the hospital for some time. Her husband is in Nome.

The above sad accident brings forcibly to public attention the fact that criminal negligence is being practiced by the powers that be in Dawson, as it is certainly criminal to dig a deep ditch and leave it open on a public street along which there is not even a sidewalk and not provide a street light which will enable travelers to pick their way at night. More than two weeks ago a petition was circulated and generally signed asking for the erection and maintenance of a light at the very point where last night's accident occurred, but as yet it has been non-productive. It is hoped that what has happened will cause the officials to act at once and provide a light by which people may be able to see and avoid this veritable death trap.

As the McNabbs have many friends in Dawson the unfortunate lady will be well cared for during her recovery. Flowers free to ladies Wednesday; candy free to children Saturday; pure home manufactured candies all the time. R. C. Cook's candy factory, 2nd st., cor. Same old price, 25 cents, for drink at the Regina. Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

ONLY FOUR

Candidates for Seats on the Board of the Yukon Council

WILL CONTEST FOR THE HONOR

Of Occupying Chairs in That Illustrious Body.

WILSON, PRUDHOMME, NOEL

And O'Brien the Nominees Who Filed Certificates and Who Will Solicit Suffragists' Votes.

In its wisdom the Yukon council de-nominated today as the date upon which nominations should close for candidates for election to seats on the board of the Yukon council.

At a few minutes past to this morning the sheriff's office and the lower story of the courthouse generally became permeated with an air of business. The hustings were to take place at 11 o'clock, and statesmen with nomination papers signed by ten good Canadian citizens of twelve months' residence in the Yukon territory, were expected to appear and claim for nomination and the sheriff to receive their \$200.

Mr. Auguste Noel appeared, smiling and confident, accompanied by Col. McDonald and asked if commercial dust would be received at \$16 per ounce, to the extent of \$200.

The sheriff declined to take dust, and Mr. Noel counted over the \$200 in coin of the realm.

He also produced a voluminous nomination paper which was signed by 21 citizens as follows: Alex McDonald, Al. D. M. McDonald, J. W. McDonald, A. J. McDonald, Martin Gately, Peter Vochon, L. J. Rimginton, E. Champagne, Arthur Bradner, J. O. Binet, John J. Brady, John McCormack, J. George McKinnon, Horace Dagenais, Herman Candy, Marcel Sheehy, J. C. Gacon, O. L. De Villers, Felix Buzean, Joseph D. Dulnois, J. B. Conolly.

After Mr. Noel had thus been placed in nomination there was a lull in the rush of business, as the statesmen with \$200 and a paper signed by ten citizens desirous of seeing them help the present council to save the country, were a little backward in putting in an appearance. However, at 11:30 Mr. Prudhomme and Mr. Wilson, the choice of the recent convention, came in and placed their money and nomination papers in the hands of the sheriff.

Candidate Arthur Wilson's nomination was signed by Wm. W. McKay, Andrew S. Grant, J. H. Davison, Alfred Thompson, C. M. Woodworth, F. L. Gwillim, Felix Boreleau, Wilfred L. Leureaux, Max Landreville, N. H. Borais, Joseph Cadieux, Daniel McGillivray, A. D. Williams, Thos. Chisholm, J. B. Conolly, J. F. Sugrue, Chas. Garbott, D. McGregor, R. P. McLennan and George D. Duncan.

Mr. Prudhomme's nomination paper was signed by the same names, from Dawson, but Mr. Wilson had in addi-

tion a large number of signers from Grand Forks, Bonanza, Eldorado and Dominion creeks.

Only five minutes before the time set for the closing of the hustings, F. C. Wade appeared, with the nomination paper of Thomas W. O'Brien and \$200 more for the sheriff's keeping.

Mr. O'Brien was signed for by H. T. Wills, E. Morrison, Jas. P. McLennan, J. H. McArthur, C. W. C. Tabor, C. C. McGregor, D. D. Buchanan, H. Marynout, C. H. Nourse, M. Marks, J. Wm. Wilson and F. C. Wade. After this paper had been received and Mr. O'Brien duly nominated, the sheriff on the booming of the 12 o'clock gun, declared the nominations closed, and announced that the election would take place October 17th, and the official canvass of votes October 30th.

A joint meeting of the candidates has been arranged for tomorrow evening in the Orpheum when campaign orders by the four candidates will be in order.

Where Are They?

A few days ago the impression was given out that until the close of navigation all the steamers from Whitehorse would have passengers hanging on by their toes; yet the steamers of yesterday and today came in with only enough to keep their officers company on the way down. It is expected that there will be steady travel right along until the river closes, but indications are that there will be no great rush.

The congestion a few days ago was owing to the fact that there was a landslide on the railroad and travelers remained in Skagway until it was repaired, after which they all reached Whitehorse the same day.

Employment of Labor.

H. Grotchier has established an employment agency at the Aurora building. The principal work done by the institution is supplying the mine owner with competent men and miners. As the season approaches for active winter work many mine owners will be looking for competent men and these can be supplied by the Klondike Miners and General Employment agency which is the institution founded by Mr. Grotchier.

Grochier's Galore.

The member of the Dawson Board of Trade who has business with Secretary Clayton today must needs be equipped with a balloon or a pair of wings, for the reason that the floor of the A. C. Co.'s office building, in which the Board of Trade rooms are situated was all being taken up today in order that the building might be leveled up and put upon a more solid foundation. The A. C. Co. is in the progressive march and when complete its office building will be among the best Dawson affords.

Police Court News.

In the afternoon session of yesterday's police court the man Esterbrook who took a long chance in smuggling in six bottles of porter and a few gallons of bald-faced whisky was fined \$100 and costs. That the police court of Dawson is not in the cats-paw list is now apparent to Mr. Esterbrook.

Only one case called for the time and attention of the court this morning; a member of the family on which the sun never sets, Mr. Smith, was up for having upon his person and to the detriment of peace and quietude imbibed too freely of the compound fluid extract of eye. Ten and costs paid in the coin of the realm kept this particular member of the illustrious family, which statistics tell us amount to fourteen millions on the American continent, from performing menial labor in the fuel reduction works for a period of ten days of ten hours per diem.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Gins and brandies by the bottle or case at Northern Annex.
 Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.
 We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

WHOLESALE A. M. CO. RETAIL
Our Style—The seductive whispering of lower prices at the "sacrifice of quality" has never had a hearing here. Our stocks are unqualifiedly the Best that Money Can Buy. We guarantee every article as represented. We will refund your money and pay the freight on any purchase that proves to the contrary. All we ask is an opportunity to figure on your business. We are sellers. For further proof apply at our store. WE SELL EVERYTHING.
...AMES MERCANTILE CO...

DOMINION ROBBERY.

Claims 9 and 10 Above Lower Discovery Visited by Thieves

AND SLUICE BOXES CLEANLY LOOTED.

Nine Sacks of Dust and Sand Found Where Cashed.

NO CLEW TO PERPETRATORS.

Theft Committed Saturday Night or Sunday Morning—Starnes, Stark and Holst the Victims.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. Word reached the city this morning of one of the most extensive robberies that has yet been committed in the Klondike country. The act was perpetrated Saturday night or early Sunday morning, the property stolen being gold from the sluice boxes of claims 9 and 10 above lower on Dominion, the former being owned by Capt. Starnes, the latter, which is considered the banner claim on that creek, by Messrs. Stark and Holst.

A large gang of men have been employed at summer sluicing, and 75 pounds of gold has been considered an average cleanup. When work ceased Saturday evening the riffles were again full and it was the intention of the claim owners to clean out the boxes before any more sluicing was done, but on going to the boxes Sunday morning they found that thieves had preceded them and relieved them of the work of taking up the riffles and removing the bright yellow gold.

The discovery was a great surprise and disappointment to the owners and those representing them, and for a time they were at a loss what course to pursue as there appeared to be no one at whom the hand of suspicion could point. Finally the matter was placed in the hands of the police who, assisted by men employed on the claims, instituted a systematic and careful search of the surrounding country, which search was rewarded by finding in a densely grown clump of bushes and brush nearly a quarter of a mile from the claims nine gunny sacks filled with dust and sand, the conglomerate that had been taken from the sluice boxes, the contents of the nine sacks weighing 1300 pounds, and being valued at between \$4000 and \$5000.

It is not known whether or not all the stolen property was recovered, but the owners are of the opinion that it was not, as there are points by the riffles where the gold is almost devoid of sand and dirt and it is thought that these places were rifled, the contents placed in separate sacks and carried away by the thieves. However, the owners congratulate themselves on finding and recovering as much as they did.

The police are still working on the case and it is possible that the violators of the law will yet be apprehended and brought to justice.

He Saw Them All.

"To be, or not to be," to take the Keeley cure or go on playing the present system. That is what a business man who recently arrived from Skagway overheard a stranger say on one of the street corners there when the would-be dog drivers of the country was arriving in flocks from the States and bringing with him everything that stood on four feet from a black and tan dog to a center table.

"I have seen," said the stranger who wavered between hooch and the Keeley cure, "everything pretty nearly that wears a collar in harness, since I have been standing on this corner. At least I believe I have, but of course—well, there are times when a man should not have too much confidence in his eyes.

"Dogs in teams, double, tandem and single. Dogs who would work and dogs on a strike, and a few cases where the drivers were doing the striking. Dogs are all right. I am quite sure of them; but I have seen goats. Also I

saw a man working an ox and a mule side by side. I thought this queer and questioned the man who said he was going to Dawson, and when the ox showed signs of losing flesh he would kill him and then the mule could haul the carcass the rest of the way. That explanation convinced me that my eyes were all right up to that time, even if it did leave me with a certain opinion of the man's veracity.

"Then I began seeing a whole procession of things in harness, among them a moose, and the last to pass was a bear. Now, my future depends very much on what comes next. If it's a kangaroo or an ostrich, I go back to get Keeled; if it's anything in reason I shall believe I am still safe to be at large."

Fraternal Societies.

The season has arrived when considerable attention is being paid to the various fraternal organizations. The Eagles held a good meeting last night and the prospects are that the local aerie will grow and prosper during the coming winter in proportion with the growth and impetus enjoyed by it when first instituted.

The Arctic Brotherhood will inaugurate the winter season Friday night of this week with a big meeting to which it is desired that every member and visiting member will lend his presence.

Captain Jack in 'Frisco.

In the issue of the San Francisco Music and Drama of September 1st, appears on the first page of the cover a full page picture of Capt. Jack Crawford, who, after remaining here for nearly three years, left for the outside in June. The paper was sent with the old scout's compliments and beneath his picture he wrote the words: "Once a good scout, now a bad actor." Capt. Jack has written a play entitled "On the Trail," which was put on at the Alta theater, San Francisco, for the first time on the 6d of the present month. He has many friends in the Klondike who hope his theatrical venture may prove a success.

Trouble in Prospect.

There was an ominous look in Mr. Erastus Pinkley's eye, as he inquired: "Is dat bright skinned cullud gemman named Mistuh Rasberry Jabbs gwine to take you to de palnor social dis evening?" "He had spoke for my condescension to accompany him," answered Miss Miami Brown. "I hyuhd 'im say sompin 'bout a kyahridge. I dunno whether we's gwinter ride or walk." "Miss Miami," was the solemn rejoinder, "I kin tell you dis much. I'ze gwinter be on han' tonight. Dat bright skinned cullud gemman may walk going to dat palnty. But when it comes to gettin home ag'in he bafter ride."—Washington Star.

Toombs and Stephens.

Dr. F. H. Orme told me several good stories about our old time statesmen. Among other anecdotes and incidents the doctor gave me some piquant reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens.

Toombs always tried to impress people with the belief that his genius made him equal to any emergency. Even when he studied hard or availed himself of the labor of others he encouraged the idea that his most splendid efforts were the result of the inspiration of the moment, entirely offhand, without any special preparation for the occasion.

Once, when a very important debate was going on in the federal congress, Toombs made a magnificent speech which attracted everybody's attention.

It was not only an eloquent speech, but it was remarkable for its masterly array of facts and figures and its convincing arguments.

"You must have devoted considerable time to its preparation," said one of the statesman's admirers.

"Well, I gave about two hours to it," Toombs replied, with a careless, indifferent air.

Somebody repeated this to Stephens in the presence of several congressmen.

"Two hours!" he exclaimed, somewhat irritably. "Prepared that speech in two hours, did he? I spent two weeks on it. That's all I care to say."

Stephens had patiently and laboriously collected the statistics, and Toombs had merely added the flourishes.

The two great Georgians attended a national Democratic convention shortly before the war, and Stephens was confined to his bed just when he could least afford to be laid up.

After an important caucus Toombs visited his friend and sat down by his bedside.

"Aleck," he said, "it was proposed to nominate you for the vice president, but I told them that you did not want the office and would decline the nomination, so they took the other man."

"Toombs," replied the invalid, "when you told them that you know you were lying!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SHRILL TOOTS

Of Locomotives Drawing Long Passenger and Freight Trains

MAY ECHO O'ER THE YUKON VALE

Before the Sands of Time Have Much Longer Run.

PROMOTER L. D. KINNEY HERE

His Proposition Is to Construct a Line Across Canadian Domain to Eagle City.

Mr. L. D. Kinney, who for the past year or 18 months, has been identified with the history of Lynn canal and who is a promoter of considerable fame and renown, is in the city on business connected with a mammoth railroad scheme, the carrying out of which will go far towards the future permanent development of this portion of the broad white north.

Mr. Kinney is the original promoter of the Chilkoot Tramway, an institution that was a winner in its day and until superceded by the White Pass & Yukon Ry., which diverted the tide of travel and traffic from the Chilkoot to the White Pass. Mr. Kinney, with an unshaken belief that by way of the Chilkoot is yet the best way to reach the interior from salt water, then set to work to capitalize a company for the construction of a railroad from Dyea up the old trail and through the summit by means of a tunnel to Crater lake and Linderman. To connect with the line at Dyea the Skagway & Lynn Canal Shore Line Ry. Co. has been formed and capitalized and a line three miles in length will be constructed which will practically make the salt water terminal of the Chilkoot line at Skagway instead of at Dyea.

In addition to the two short lines of railway above-mentioned the former of 18 miles the latter of three miles length, Mr. Kinney now has on hand the mammoth scheme of constructing a line of road clear across the Canadian territory intervening between the summit of Chilkoot pass and Eagle City, thus having an international railroad, but with both terminals in America, and the international treaties, Mr. Kinney says, are such that Canada can not deny the right of the construction of the line across her territory, as the treaty was made for Canada's benefit in order to allow that country harbor facilities on the Atlantic coast, where, he says, the state of Maine is penetrated by four different Canadian roads.

Mr. Kinney says he is asking from Canada neither subsidy nor bonus, only good will and an opportunity to bring about that development of the country which can never be accomplished by river steamers, as the cost of transporting passengers and freight by the latter method is too expensive when the volume of business handled is considered.

The object of Mr. Kinney's visit to this country at present is for the purpose of putting a corps of engineers at work surveying a preliminary line from that point to Crater lake.

On the other end of the line, the Chilkoot Pass division, considerable actual work has already been done. All the tools are on the ground, twelve commissary houses have been erected and are stocked with supplies, and with the required capital back of the project, there is no reason why the shrill toot of the iron horse, as it travels from Skagway to Eagle City, should not be heard in Dawson within the next two years.

The grade over Chilkoot will be little if any greater than that over White pass, as it is proposed to run a tunnel under the summit a distance of 3600 feet, the bed of the tunnel being 1100 feet below the crown of the summit where the old trail crosses. Mr. Kinney will go to Eagle on the next down river steamer.

The Alaskan Magazine.

The Alaskan Magazine, published at 214 Monroe street, Chicago, by Percival

de Wolf Whitehead, which publication contains a number of Alaskan and Yukon advertisements, is probably one of the greatest fakes ever perpetrated on an intelligent people. The August number of the magazine is illustrated with pictures of alleged Alaskan and Northwest scenes, the use of which are perfectly ridiculous. For example, the old picture of Romeo and Juliet is published and entitled "A Familiar Scene at Cape Nome." Imagine a half-clad, barefooted maiden standing by an old ivy grown stone well curbing at Cape Nome.

Percival de Wolf's next illustration is called by him "Mid-Summer in the North," and is a tropical picture in which a pensive maiden stands among flowers apparently in deep meditation. The picture is a reproduction from the painting of one of the old masters and is wholly foreign to anything ever seen in the north.

Next comes a picture of peasant women wearing wooden shoes and herding cattle, evidently a stock cut representing a scene in Holland. This picture is labeled by the Alaskan Magazine "Haines Mission, Alaska." Another—a picture of Fanny Davenport taken 30 years or more ago, is "An Atlin Belle."

Leaning against an old stone wall that looks as though it is a portion of that which at one time enclosed the city of St. Augustine is a little negro whom the Alaskan Magazine tells is a "Dawson Newsboy." Further on an oriental lady with sandals on her feet is walking down a wide staircase leading, perhaps from the hanging gardens of Egypt, and we are told by the Alaskan Magazine that this beautiful Egyptian maiden is a "Klondike Belle."

P. D. Whitehead, the perpetrator of this alleged magazine which shows on its every page to be a fake of the rankest order, was in the Stickine country in '98 and came to Skagway in the spring of '99, leaving, it was said, a very unenviable reputation on the Stickine. In Skagway he passed as a promoter of everything that would tend to build up the town and develop the country. He was the bane of several newspaper men's lives, as he was continuously making suggestions relative to their work, and of their work he knew nothing. His shady reputation followed him to Skagway and many and wondrous were the stories told of how he had worked Chicagoans who had outfitted him when he came to Alaska. The Skagway Budget once said of him, referring to him as "Percy the Wolf," that he was so crooked he would meet himself in walking around a block. It was while in Skagway that he conceived the idea of publishing what he is pleased to call the Alaska Magazine, but what in reality is a travesty on everything pertaining to decent descriptions of Alaska and the northwest.

PERSONALITIES.

Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, always dresses in black. Even his ties are of that somber hue.

Congressman Bingham of Pennsylvania is said to own more suits of clothes than any other man in Washington.

Gov. Steunenberg, of Idaho, is physically the most impressive governor in this country. He is far over six feet tall and of herculean figure.

Senator Depew is of the opinion that had there been a successful national university at Washington 50 years ago there would never have been a civil war.

Representative Jefferson, M. Levy, of New York, owns and maintains Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, "in keeping with its distinguished traditions."

Lewis Wilkins, a native of St. Paul, is said to be the tallest man in the world. He is 8 feet 11 inches tall, broad in proportion and weighs 364 pounds.

Congressman Charles B. Landis, of Indiana, is a close friend of James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, who is always the congressman's guest when in Washington.

The costume of Senator Platt, of New York, is almost unvarying, except in very warm weather. He always wears a black Prince Albert coat and trousers of striped gray.

George Frederick Williams, of Boston, is a blue-eyed, light complexioned, well dressed bachelor of 44. His father, a German, came to America as George Weinigman, but changed the name to Williams.

Levi P. Morton, of New York, is a firm believer in Friday as a lucky day, contrary to general opinion, and in making big real estate transactions always arranges so that they take place on that day of the week.

William Waldorf Astor was always tolerably skilled with the rapier, and since taking up his residence in England has continued practice under the best swordsmen until he is a match for some of the most noted duellists in Europe.

One English marquis has to work for his living. The Marquis of Normandy, who was a clergyman when he succeeded to the title ten years ago and is now a canon of Windsor, found his estates heavily incumbered. He thereupon turned schoolmaster and opened a preparatory school for the sons of noblemen and gentlemen that has brought him money.

OPENED AT LAST.

All Crown Placer Mining Claims to Be Offered for Sale at Auction

WITHOUT ANY RESERVE WHATEVER

And All Claims Not So Disposed Of Can Be Located

BY ANYONE WHO GETS THERE.

The Information Came in a Letter of Instructions to Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell.

At last, what has been striven so hard for, what has been hoped for so ardently as a sure means of perpetuating the prosperity of the great Yukon territory has come to pass.

The crown claims are virtually open to location, and the time arranged for when staking may begin.

The information came to Assistant Commissioner Bell last evening in a letter from the secretary of the interior department at Ottawa, under instructions from the minister of the interior.

Mr. Bell's instructions are that all crown placer mining claims in the Yukon territory are to be sold at public auction without reserve, and that where all have been offered for sale in the manner prescribed, all those not disposed of are to be listed, and a certificate of the fact that they have been offered for sale at public auction, and have found no purchaser, is to be posted in the office of the gold commissioner, and that after 30 days from the date of posting of such list and certificate, all unsold crown claims will be open to location by the public.

That is the pith and marrow of the matter contained in Mr. Bell's letter from Ottawa, and practically disposes of the vexatious question which has been a thorn in the side of the merchant and the prospector, the capitalist and the laborer alike.

There is an element of fairness discernable in the proposed method of throwing open the claims so long held under lock and key, which cannot fail to receive its just portion of appreciation. The fact that notice is given now of the government's intention in the matter, and that the time when actual staking can take place, although not actually fixed at present, is so nearly decided upon, and in such a way that it is difficult to see where any inside information could be available for unfair advantage, seems apparently to herald the intention of the powers that be to make a bonni fide gift of the privilege of locating, and that there is no string attached to it.

The next regular auction sale day will be October 2d, but as that is the day set for the execution of Alexander King, and the sheriff must officiate in both instances, it is probable that the auction sale will be delayed a day in consequence. As soon, however, as the sale can be finished the gold commissioner's office will put on a large force of help and the lists will be completed as rapidly as possible so that the actual location of the land may not be delayed a moment longer than is absolutely necessary.

When Surgeons Are of No Use.

"The driver of the stage, which was rolling down the Rocky mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it, may have noticed that I was," said the man who was relating his experience, "a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly said: 'No use to grip that railin so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger pint for half an hour yet.'"

"Then it's on ahead?" I queried.

"Yes, three miles ahead, and I may say fur your benefit that the hangin on won't do any partickler good."

"But I don't want to slide off."

"And you won't. If anything goes, it'll be mews and coach and the half caboodle altogether, and as the drop is plump 800 feet you won't hev no use for arnica or stickin plaster afterwards."

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
PUBLISHED BY
ALEX. BROS.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
A NEW DRESS.

The Nugget appears before its readers today in a brand new dress. That is to say, the type from which the paper is printed is entirely new, having arrived in Dawson on Saturday and used today for the first time.

A point upon which the Nugget has always prided itself is the neatness of the paper with respect to typographical appearance. We have always maintained that other things being equal a newspaper which presents an attractive appearance, from a typographical standpoint, will stand higher in public estimation than one which carries evidences of poor mechanical equipment and unskilled workmanship.

Complimentary allusions have frequently been made by the outside press to the high standard of mechanical effect attained by this paper, many newspapers expressing great surprise that Dawson could produce so fine a sample of the art preservative.

It is the intention of the Nugget to maintain this high standard, and to this end we have brought in sufficient new type to produce both the Daily and Semi-Weekly issues without making any use whatever of the old type which has been in use during the past twelve months. It will not be difficult for the reader to recognize the difference in the print. Every letter in the Nugget today stands out clear and distinct. There are no broken characters or blurs to make reading difficult. The best that the printer's art has achieved in the making of newspapers is represented in our issue today, and we feel very much like congratulating ourselves upon what we have accomplished. We think we are not overstepping the mark in suggesting that the Nugget's new dress is becoming to the wearer, and the wearer equally becoming to the new dress.

ANOTHER SCHOOL.

The council, or rather the committee of the council, which is now acting in the place of that body has done very well with the school question, as far as they have gone. The school now in session on Mission street is well equipped and in every respect is most creditable to the town.

It must be said, however, that with respect to location the present school has little to commend it by reason of the fact that the great majority of children are located north of the central part of town, while the school house is almost at the extreme southern part of the city.

As a matter of fact there are a sufficient number of children to warrant the establishment of another school in the North end. We believe there will be no disputing the statement that for several months in winter it will be impossible for the younger children to cross town to the site of the present schoolhouse. In fact many days will occur when there will be no pleasure in such a trip for grown men. The result is certain to be that a proportion of the children of school age will have to remain away. The solution of the matter lies very clearly in the establishment of another school. There is no need to wait until the arrival of cold weather for a demonstration of the above statement. Anyone who has passed a winter in Dawson knows the facts to be as indicated.

If the children of the town are to be provided with school facilities another building is absolutely necessary.

JUSTICE AT LENGTH.

The announcement as published in yesterday's issue of this paper respecting the disposition of placer ground now held in reserve by the crown is the first real, substantial response that has yet been heard to the many appeals for reform that have gone down to Ottawa during the past three years. The plan of placing the claims on sale and allowing public bidding on them is certainly objectionable. The

experience of past sales has demonstrated pretty conclusively that there is no revenue to the government in claims which are put up for auction. As a matter of fact, several of the sales which have been held, failed even to return the expenses involved in conducting the sale. The claims concerned have, in consequence been branded as having little or no value even though many of them by reason of proximity to ground of known richness ought naturally to command a fair price.

The fact remains, however, that all claims in the district are soon to pass from the possession of the government and into the hands of purchasers or locators to whose advantage it will be that they be developed and the gold in them taken out at the earliest possible moment.

The meaning of all this is clear. It means the employment of a greater number of men; the use of more machinery, the purchase of more goods and a large increase in the yield of gold. It means for Dawson a continuation of the prosperity which the town is enjoying at present, with a constant increase in the amount of business transacted.

In a word, this new order is by far the most important announcement that has come from the government during the past year. It indicates a final determination on the part of the Ottawa authorities to allow the Yukon territory to grow and flourish, as by every right it is entitled to do. The case of the Yukon territory has been pleaded with so much vigor and effect that justice, though late in coming, is at length to be done. We hail the announcement of this order to dispose of all crown ground as an omen of the best and most prosperous era that the Yukon has as yet known.

According to the latest advices from up-river there is no possibility of all freight now at Whitehorse reaching Dawson during the present season. Scows are already being brought into use, but with all of them that can be built there is every reason to believe that more freight is now piled up in the warehouses at Whitehorse than can be handled. Meanwhile the railway company is daily adding to the amount by the train load and it is confidently predicted that as much freight will be left above Dawson at the close of navigation as was the case last year. It is understood, however, that all guaranteed freight has been or will be safely delivered in Dawson. The railway company notified shippers early in the season that no freight shipped after the 31st day of August would be guaranteed through to Dawson, and whatever amount fails to arrive will do so through failure on the part of shippers to observe the rules of caution which the circumstances require. In any event, however, there is not likely to be the great loss which happened last year. A great deal of merchandise may be delayed in transit, but little apprehension need be felt that any considerable amount will be actually lost.

If a very small proportion of the 6000 or 7000 claims which are soon to be thrown on the market are worked, Dawson will stride forward next summer at a much more rapid rate even than she has done during the past season. A year ago the town was seemingly in the throes of death and dissolution. The government was furnishing the death part of the program and Nome was looking after the dissolution. Now the outlook is entirely different. The Nome rush has passed into a memory, the government has experienced a change of heart and Dawson is striding ahead at a rate which in another year or two will cause many outside towns of metropolitan pretensions to look well to their laurels. Such, however, are the ups and downs which are the common lot of mining communities.

Strenuous efforts are being put forward by the interior department for the preservation of timber in the western part of the Dominion. The chief inspector of forestry has recently issued a

report in which it is shown that enormous quantities of timber are annually destroyed by fire and vigorous means are being taken to prevent such losses wherever possible. It would be a first-class idea should some of the measures proposed be extended to the Yukon territory. Our timber resources are almost equally valuable with our supply of gold, for without the former the development of the latter would be much more difficult and expensive than is the case at present.

The ticket nominated by the citizens' convention possesses certain elements of strength which are certainly worthy of consideration on the part of any one who contemplates running against it. One of the men selected is from the creeks and a representative miner, the other is from the town. One is a French Canadian and the other of straight British ancestry. These points indicate that the convention acted with no little wisdom and discrimination, both of which are valuable commodities—if they may be so termed—in election time.

Sluice-box robbing is one of the most serious crimes that can be committed in this country. In the first place it is a comparatively easy crime to commit, and in the second place it strikes at the foundation of the one industry upon which the country depends for its continued existence. Apparently a harsh example is required to force men of naturally criminal instincts to understand what they are doing when they seek to possess themselves of the products of another man's claim.

The presidential campaign in the States is progressing very quietly. Apparently the Republicans are certain of victory and don't care to waste any unnecessary money or energy, and the Democrats seeing defeat inevitable are unable to discover any advantage to be gained from throwing good money into a hopeless fight. From a distance of some 2000 or 3000 miles it looks as though both parties have reached a wise determination.

The agitation for the reduction of the accepted standard of valuation of gold dust from \$16 per ounce to \$15 per ounce terminated in a decision on the part of the merchants of Dawson to maintain the old rate. While it may be said, therefore, that little or nothing was accomplished by the discussion there is no doubt of the fact that more care will be exercised hereafter in removing black sand and other foreign substances before accepting dust in payment of bills.

A communication has been received at this office in which certain personal reflections are made upon members of the committee having in charge the campaign of Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson. The Nugget will be pleased to publish legitimate criticisms respecting the actions of the committee or its members, but as has been noted several times, we cannot allow our columns to be used as a means of gratifying personal animosities.

There are few places where wild berries grow more profusely than in the Yukon territory. Blueberries and cranberries have come into market by hundreds of gallons, while other varieties have been found in more or less profusion, and still there are people who claim that the Yukon is a howling wilderness incapable of producing anything with which to sustain life.

Two days more only are left in which candidates for the Yukon council may qualify in order to stand for election. We make this announcement so that there will be no complaint heard after awhile from the man who would have been elected if he had only known the date when nominations closed.

A rumor is abroad to the effect that Dawson has recently received a consignment of hard characters from Nome. If this is the case it may not be out of the way to assure these worthies that they will be treated with

very little ceremony in Dawson. This is not a healthy town for six-shooter demonstrations.

Our more or less esteemed contemporary the News gravely informs its readers in a recent issue that it lost thousands of subscribers during the Nome rush. It would be interesting to know how many subscribers the News had left after losing 3000 or 4000.

According to the ordinary acceptance of things dog days ought to be over, but according to the way the average malamute will look at the matter, dog days are just about to begin.

Election bets throughout the States favor McKinley at odds of two to one. It would be just as safe and a little more appropriate to make the ratio 16 to 1.

Unless our political orators begin to get in their deadly work pretty soon, open air meetings are liable to terminate in distinct frosts.

A man who is naturally crooked will always suspect his neighbor of dishonesty.

The Arizona Kicker.

The coroner of this town has been trying for a week to find out the difference between the rib of a mule and the backbone of a man, and still delving at the "mystery." This is the third or fourth time we have been obliged to call him an ass, and if he doesn't pause in his mad career he'll be hunting for another job before he's many weeks older.

Some six weeks ago we announced that Jim Murdock, formerly of this gulch, had been neatly and thoroughly hanged by a vigilance committee in New Mexico, and that we were glad of it. Three days ago James walked in on us to say that our article had hurt his feelings. As he explains it he was hung all right enough, but after the crowd had departed the rope broke, and in the course of a day or two he got his breath back. While we do not feel that we owe him any apology, we will express the hope that he has profited by his lesson. The ropes used here never break.

We have known Major Bob Wharton for six months, and we have never met him that he didn't boast of the lightning way he could pull a gun. Yesterday he got into trouble with a stage driver and had an opportunity to beat electricity all hollow. He knew what was coming, and yet before he had his hand on his gun the driver had him covered and was making him eat dirt. To cap the climax, the major's revolver hadn't a cartridge in it when it was taken from his pocket. Why certain people in this town don't carry club instead of guns is something we can't make out.

Last week, when we undertook to convince the Blue Front drug store that advertising always pays, Mr. Sheridan started to draw his gun on us. Four seconds later the muzzle of our pistol touched his nose. He came down gracefully. In this issue will be found his two column ad., and our readers are advised to go to him for anything wanted in his line. Aside from being a little impetuous, Mr. Sheridan is a tiptop fellow and an honor to the town.

M. QUAD.

No Place for Them.

Within the past ten days or two weeks Dawson has been the dumping ground of two very undesirable classes of people and the majority of both classes have arrived by way of the lower river, they having presumably come from Nome. It is known to almost a certainty that a late St. Michael steamer brought up a trio of Nomads who are supposed to have experience in swinging sandbags and in afterwards rolling their unconscious victims. These fellows will do well to take the precaution to saunter up and carefully size up the royal fuel works before opening up business in Dawson; for it is the pride of the Yukon that such crimes will not be tolerated within her domain.

The other class referred to is composed of "hop" or "hypo" fiends, a number of whom, with their glassy eyes and tallow-candle complexion, have lately arrived and by the average man are recognized as soon as seen. These people may also have an opportunity to reform in the royal sanitarium for inebriates; but in the meantime the thug and "hop" contingents will do well to ship to the outside where there is more room for them.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

8000 CLAIMS

Will Be Thrown Open and Subject to Purchase or Location

AS RESULT OF THE RECENT ORDER

Sent Forward From Ottawa and Published by Mr. Bell.

NO RESERVES ARE HELD BACK

Everything Not Sold at October and November Auctions Will Be Subject to Location.

The order received by Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell from Ottawa on Sunday, as published in yesterday's issue of the Nugget is of a more sweeping nature than was at first supposed as the order empowers the putting up at public auction everything in the shape of a mining claim or mining prospect not otherwise owned than by the government, and if such property is not sold at the regular monthly auction day in November, which is the 2d of that month, it will all be open to location by duly accredited miners, those having regularly issued licenses. In this list will be included all those claims and fractions on Bonanza, Eldorado and Hunker which were advertised some months ago to be sold at auction but which were withdrawn just before the day of sale.

It is not probable that the last batch of claims and fractions mentioned will be offered at the October sale or until November.

While it is not yet possible for Mr. Bell or any of the employees of the gold commissioner's office to arrive at anything like an accurate conclusion as to the number of claims which the new order will dispose of either by auction or location, an employe of the office who is known to be an encyclopedia of knowledge pertaining to the gold commissioner's office and the entire mining district, stated to a representative of the Nugget that on the various main creeks he thought the number of new claims will be from 5000 to 6000 and with the various pups, gulches and other tributaries the number may run up to over 8000.

The throwing open of all this territory without reserve will greatly increase the work of the gold commissioner's office and until the property is all properly listed it may be that additional clerical aid will be required. It is Mr. Bell's intention to have his books in shape to be ready for the locators just as soon as possible after the auction sale on the 2nd, as after that date everything will be open to location by the first man who stakes and records.

Already the effects of the order published yesterday are apparent on every side. New life pervades the atmosphere and permeates the entire machinery of the local business field. "This is the day we long have sought and mourned because we found it not."

Wanted, a Job.

At no time in the past ten months have there been so many men looking for positions in Dawson as at present. The reason for this is that a great many men are coming in from the outside and an equally large number are down from the creeks where on a vast number of claims work has been suspended until the first of the year. The majority of those coming in from the outside are of the class that prefers to work at something in town instead of out on the creeks. For every position of gold weigher, book keeper and bar keeper there are numerous applicants. The managers of gambling houses are also besieged by dozens of applications for positions as dealers, case keepers and even boosting. While there are in Dawson a great many positions, there is but little doubt but that if every incumbent would resign today, his position would be filled tomorrow by a new man. Too many people are coming here with not sufficient means to live even two weeks without earning something, and vacant positions waiting to encompass the new arrivals are few and obscure.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 10
(DAWSON'S MONITOR PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

ALLEN BROS., Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
DAILY
Yearly, in advance.....\$40.00
Six months.....20.00
Three months.....11.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance.....4.00
Single copies......25

SEMI-WEEKLY
Yearly, in advance.....\$24.00
Six months.....12.00
Three months.....6.00
For month by carrier in city (in advance) 2.00
Single copies......25

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

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1900

Wilson and Prudhomme.

At noon today nominations for the two seats on the Yukon council to be filled by popular election were declared closed. The candidates who will seek the support of the voters of the district are as follows: Arthur Wilson, Alex Prudhomme, nominees of the late citizens' convention, and Auguste Noel and Thos. W. O'Brien, nominated by petition of the required number of voters.

True to the promise made some time ago the Nugget has refrained from indicating a preference for any candidate until all who purposed entering the campaign should qualify and no doubt be left as to the composition of the various tickets. The only desire of this paper is, and has been, that the best men available should be brought forward for the two positions, and certainly no intelligent judgment on the merits of the various candidates could be passed until the close of the nominations.

In view of the fact that the contest has now narrowed down to the candidates as above set forth we have no hesitation in declaring it to be our firm belief and conviction that the welfare of the territory will be best conserved by the election of Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme. It is a straight contest between the men who for three years have persistently and consistently demanded justice at the hands of the Dominion government and those who by reason of favors directly or indirectly received have stood by and upheld the government's attitude.

The results of three years' work are just coming to hand. Little by little concessions are being made by the government to the demands which have so unanimously gone up from this territory. The eyes of Ottawa have been opened to the fact that the Yukon question will never be settled until it is settled right. That fact has been impressed upon the government only by the constant efforts which have been put forward during the past three years.

The time is now at hand when the final bolt should be driven home. A long, strong and united pull for Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme will place those gentlemen on the Yukon council by so strong a majority that even he who runs may read the meaning of the lesson therein contained.

The lines are clearly drawn, the issue plain. We are fighting for measures as well as for men, and in electing the two men nominated by the citizens' convention we have absolute assurance that the measures which the people of territory have so earnestly sought for three years past will be entrusted to the right hands.

MORE REASONS.

Good reasons are coming forward every day why Dawson should become an incorporated town instead of remaining as it is today, an unorganized community. The accident last evening whereby an elderly woman was quite severely injured serves to indicate very forcibly that attention should be given constantly to the streets and sidewalks of this town. Broken boards are of frequent occurrence in the sidewalks along Third avenue, as also on other thor-

oughfares. During the prevailing dark nights these furnish veritable traps for the unwary passerby. The Yukon council is too busy with other matters, apparently, to give attention to such trifles and as a matter of fact the territorial legislative body ought not to be bothered with looking after these local affairs.

It is clearly time that Dawson should become incorporated in order that municipal matters which, under the present system, are necessarily more or less neglected may be given their proper amount of attention.

A COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.

The article published in yesterday's issue of the Nugget, descriptive of the plant now in course of establishment by the electric power company will, without doubt, prove astonishing to many people. The fact that machinery of such enormous capacity has been brought into Dawson is the strongest possible testimonial that the promoters of the power company could give of their confidence in the future of this city.

The story will scarcely be credited on the outside. Three years ago the district, which this winter will be lighted with electricity generated in Dawson, was a wilderness through which it was almost an impossibility for man or beast to travel. This winter, lines will be strung a distance of from 15 to 20 miles, electric lights will guide the traveler up and down the trail and wherever required the wires will be tapped and power secured for mining operations along the entire length of the wire. The untiring energy thus displayed by the men who have fathered the enterprise is worthy of the utmost commendation.

The practical application of electric power to mining operations on a large scale will prove a most important factor in the work of developing the gold resources of the country immediately tributary to Dawson. Every slight reduction in the cost of development work means that a larger area of ground can be worked at a profit. Electric power is safe, sure and economical, three qualities which make it particularly suited to the work for which it is required in the Yukon.

The Onion He Wanted.

A member of congress received a letter from a constituent one day which seemed much like others he had received. Accordingly he rushed over to the folding room and asked for Smith's onion report.

"No such report here, sir," the clerk responded. "The only onion report I know of is the one issued by the department of agriculture."

"Well, you must be mistaken," replied the member. "This applicant is not a farmer, he's a clergyman. Here, look at the letter!"

"Oh," said the clerk after a moment's perusal of the letter, "he doesn't want Smith's onion report; he wants a Smithsonian report. I'll take a cigar."

—Washington Star.

Youngest Miner Out.

Little Pettie Gray came out from Dawson on the train and that was the first time he had ever ridden on a railroad car. He was even unaccustomed to steamboats, but he took it all in placidly and said to himself "I have years enough before me to see still more wonderful things."

Pettie was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but when he was four hours old the miners on Victoria gulch on upper Bonanza assembled around him and laid at his feet the biggest nuggets they had. He was the first white boy born on Bonanza, a little over a year ago. He brought out with him yesterday the largest poke of nuggets there was on the train and is reserving them to complete his education in California.

It may be incidentally mentioned that Pettie brought with him his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gray, who have claims on Bonanza, but who estimate Pettie the nugget of greatest price they ever got out of it.—Alaskan.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

Mrs. Maggie Warnke has opened a first-class restaurant at the Hotel Metropole. Meals a la carte. c20

Information Wanted.

Will any person who knew James F. Brace or was present at his funeral October, 1898, communicate with Undertaker Green, or Wm. Northrop, lock box 410. p19.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

After today the campaign will be duly on, all nominations having been made and all candidates duly groomed for the race. There are various ways of making campaigns with telling success. The candidate who carries good cigars, etcetera, and who makes a point of shaking hands—a long, lingering shake—with all the ladies and of kissing the babies usually plays a winning hand. In the case the voter is a pioneer with a squaw wife, do not draw the color line, but kiss the baby just the same as though its scaly face was a late Carford peach. It is well when a candidate conducts a kissing campaign to carry one or more Bermuda onions to have to bite on between families.

Another mode of winning votes is to hire halls and schoolhouses and make speeches. Here the absence of schoolhouses will make it necessary, especially on the creeks, to do the speech making in the dining rooms, which are the barrooms, of roadhouses. This will make it all the more pleasant to the constituency, as nothing clinches an argument more than three fingers of Old Crow or the contents of a "long lawass," don't you know?

Another system of campaigning frequently marked with great success is what is called a "still hunt," which system is, as its name implies, conducted very quietly. The candidate takes a voter to one side where they sit down on a log and whistle sticks, talk about 'possum dogs and various brands of prepared baby foods. Before separating the candidate slips a \$10 bill into the hands of the voter and says, if the latter is a man of family, "buy something for the children," but if a single man, "treat the boys and while they are drinking put in a good word for me."

As the campaign is now duly on all the above systems will doubtless be practiced between now and election day, and as all are legitimate no objections should be interposed. However, the first and foremost question of the hour is "What will you have?"

"Did you ever notice how riches effect some men when they get a hitch on a few thousand," said R. W. Calderhead, when in a reminiscent mood. "I can name half a dozen men here, who are simply unbearable now, when before they bumped against prosperity were decent fellows to know and had a kind word for their fellowmen and were always willing to help a friend in adversity."

"Now it is just the opposite. Everyone, they think, is their enemy. They have no one to care a tinker's cuss if they live or die for they have antagonized all their old companions by some mean idiocy which has developed with their prosperity. As an illustration take Johnnie Dough. I knew him years ago and a more generous fellow never lived. Many a pleasant time we have had together and if one of us were broke, which in those days was the rule nearly, every Monday morning, the other would dig up somehow, if he had to pawn his clothes. Now this same cuss has a little money; just enough to imagine he's an embryo Croesus and the bump of acquisitiveness has developed so large on his head that his ears are hid in a cave from the protuberance above the ear.

"In the old days when we met, it would be 'hello, old man,' now should I see him in an unusual place he would say 'good morning, sir,' and talk about the trouble he labors under by the demands made by the 'working class.'"

Will Try a Corner.

A. Lalonde and his son F. P., are at the Mondamin on their way into Dawson. Mr. Lalonde is an old acquaintance with Skagway people. He came here from Gananogue, Ont., in the winter of 1898 and packed goods over to Bennett with a couple of dogs. He had but 2000 pounds but he made many trips backwards and forwards to get it over. Now he is a miner on Hunker, and one of Dawson's prominent merchants.

This time he is taking in 15 tons of rubber goods and footwear, which he brought up with him on the Dolphin, and hopes to corner the inside market on them.—Alaskan.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Whiskies at wholesale at the Northern Annex. Rosenthal & Field, props

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

Dr. Holmes' dental rooms, West block; circulating library; 1000 volumes. p20

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

When in town, stop at the Regina. Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

Alaska Commercial Company

NEW GOODS

...In All... Departments

Dawson Post Is Fitted With Public Safe Deposit Vaults.

RIVER STEAMERS Sarah Hannah Louise Leah Alice Bella Margaret Victoria Yukon Florence	OCEAN STEAMERS San Francisco to St. Michael and Nome St. Paul Portland Ranier St. Michael to Golovin Bay, Nome, and Cape York Dora Sadie Fay	TRADING POSTS ALASKA St. Michael Anvik Nulato Tanana Minook (Rampart) Fort Hamlin Circle City Eagle City KORYUK DISTRICT Koyukuk Bergman YUKON TERRITORY Fortymile Dawson
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Strs. ORA, NORA, FLORA

The only independent line of steamers between Dawson and White Horse. Light Draft and Swift. No loss of valuable time on account of sandbars and low water. Best dining room service on the river.

FLORA

—WILL SAIL—
TOMORROW, Tuesday, at 2 p. m.
Save Time and Money by traveling on steamers which are always reliable at any stage of water.

Office at L. & C. Dock. R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent

YUKON FLYER COMPANY

NELS PETERSON, General Manager
Strs. "Bonanza King" and "Eldorado"

Speed, Safety, Comfort. For reservation of staterooms and tickets or for any further information apply to company's office

WILLIAM F. GEORGE, AUDITOR AND GENERAL AGT. AURORA DOCK

"White Pass and Yukon Route"

A BOAT SAILS

Nearly Every Day

FOR

White Horse and All Way Points!

J. H. ROGERS, Agent.

Why Not Dress Well?

It does not cost any more—in fact, it is less in the end than if you purchase shoddy goods. We have now on display Stetson's Finest Hats, Slater's Boots and Shoes, Tailor-Cut Nobby Suits of Imported Tweeds and Wool; English Derbies, and the finest invoice of Gents' Furnishing Goods in the city.

MACAULAY BROS., First Avenue

NEAR FAIRVIEW

40 Cases School Is Open!

A BIG LINE OF

Tablets

25c. Each

...NEW GOODS...
Will Arrive in a Few Days.

I Have Just Opened...
TRIMMED HATS,
FELT HATS,
FLOWERS,
FEATHERS,
BIRDS, ETC.

And a small lot of the Latest Novelties in PARISIAN NECKWEAR

J. P. McLENNAN

FRONT STREET, Dawson
Next to Holborn Cafe.

Bonanza - Market

All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.

TELEPHONE 33
Third Street, Opposite Pavilion

FUR GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.
Third Avenue, Near New Postoffice.

BLACKSMITHS AND MINERS

IF YOU WANT
Cumberland Coal, Round and Flat Iron, Steel Horse Shoe Nails, Shoes, Rasps, Hammers, etc., try THE DAWSON HARDWARE CO.
SECOND AVENUE PHONE 38

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

In the Shape of a Man-Eating Shark He Escaped.

Thrilling Adventure Which Made a Boy's Hair Turn Gray and Caused Him to Quit Whaling.

From Wednesday's Daily.

"It was in 1875," said the old sea captain, "and I was an able seaman on the whaler Rivenok looking for blubber in the south Atlantic, with a seat in the second mate's whaleboat. We had the boats ready to lower and the mastheads manned for over three weeks before we sighted grease, and when the cry, 'There she blows!!' rang out from the fore skysail yard the old man went wild with delight. 'Sperm-whale sure!' he bawled. 'Down from aloft, every one! Stand by to tower!' We got the boats off in good shape, and our boat took the lead, which we held till we came up with the whale. The boat leader let go his harpoon, sending it out of sight into the side of the monster, which started off at a rate of speed that made the boat hum through the water. She kept this up for 20 minutes, and we soon lost sight of the Rivenok and the other boats. And then, as though tiring of pulling us along, she suddenly showed flukes and began to make for the bottom like a load of pig lead. The rope, one end of which was attached to the harpoon in the whale's back, ran out of the boat so fast that it looked like a thread of blue smoke.

"Cut that rope if it fouls," cried the mate, tossing me a hatchet, "and lose no time about it! If you don't, God help us! The beast is going to sound 100 fathoms, sure!"

"I had just leaned forward to pick up the implement when there was a sudden jerk, a crashing, whirring sound, and I knew that the rope had fouled. The next minute I felt myself drawn down through the ocean like a shot from a gun. I caught a brief glimpse of the longboat flashing through the water, a number of struggling forms, and then I began to come up. It seemed ages before I reached the surface, and those blue skies never seemed so welcome before. Only one of my comrades succeeded in getting out of the boat, and he was floating about on a long plank which had been stored in the bottom of the boat for just such a purpose. I swam up and caught hold of the other end of it. Luckily, the water was calm and the plank kept our heads well out of water. Not a sign of our ship or small boats did we see, however, and the thought came over me that we might just as well have been pulled to the bottom by the whale as to die by inches. The hours wore on, however, and we began to grow weak and it got to be a question of how much longer we could hold out.

"Just as we were about to despair of ever being rescued, my companion, Bill Boyce, gave a shout of joy and pointed out over the ocean towards a big steam frigate which was pointing in our direction. We were quite sure she saw us as we must have been plainly marked against the angry colors of the sunset. The vessel looked like a man-of-war, for her spars were clean-cut and rakish and we caught the glint of polished brass work. The smoke was pouring out of her funnel and in a few minutes she was within a quarter of a mile of us. I remarked to Royce that we were very lucky, and receiving no reply I turned to look at him.

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before nor since. It was as white as a sheet, his eyes seemed to bulge out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets. He caught my look and in reply pointed off in the direction opposite to that from which the frigate was approaching. 'Sharks,' he whispered. 'They have been attracted by the whale's blood. It's all up now, for sure.'

"I saw but one shark. He was quite a distance off and was making for us in a leisurely way. The men on the warship saw it too and realized our danger. A single dull boom was heard, and a solid shot struck about 50 feet to one side of the man eater, which paid no attention to the compliment, but continued to make for us with a slightly increased speed. Behind him, about 30 feet in the rear, was another shark. Both were quite near now. So was the warship.

"We could hear the crew manning the davits and falls; we could hear the splash as the small boat took to the water. Again the gun boomed, from the warship, but this time the shot went clear over the shark and struck the wa-

ter a quarter of a mile beyond. Nearer and nearer came the first shark, and we now saw that the small boat could not reach us in time.

The beast made straight for Royce, who screamed with terror. Over on his back turned the shark, with his cavernous mouth open and his long, cruel teeth reeking with froth. The boat was still 20 yards off. Royce in sheer terror let go his hold on the plank and tried to swim for it. The next instant the shark was upon him. I closed my eyes, heard a shriek from Royce, and when I looked the water was stained with blood, but Royce was gone. It was my turn now. The second shark was almost upon me, and I caught a glimpse of his little swinish eyes as he turned over on his back. The yards of the warship were thronged, and nothing could be heard but the splash of the approaching boat. I was paralyzed. I could not have left the plank to save my soul. Nearer came the shark, and again I shut my eyes. I could even hear the snuffling of the beast, and then came the clear, cool command: 'Steady, men! Aim! Fire!' A volley of musketry awoke the stillness, and then I lost consciousness. When I came to, I was on deck of the United States ship. The jacksies in the rowboat had shot the shark when it was within three feet of me.

"Since then, gentlemen, I have never been in a whaler, and I bear an everlasting grudge against sharks, not only because of my close call, but because it made my hair turn as white as you now see it, which was not becoming to a boy of 25."

A Third Reader Story.

This is a story taken from the Third Reader. It may not be just like the conventional Third Reader stories. The only difference is that this is a probable tale, while the usual story in the schoolbooks is not like anything anybody heard before.

"This story is about two boys. Third Reader stories are always about boys.

In novels and in polite literature there are stories about girls, but in Third Readers they are about boys—generally about schoolboys. Third Reader boys always go to school. These boys were named George Jones and Charles Barlow. If their names had been anything but Charles and George, they might have been just as good boys, but they would not have been suitable for Third Reader purposes.

George Jones was an idle boy. He would never study worth a cent in school. All day long he would sit in the schoolroom catching flies. It was winter, and there were no flies, but that cut no ice with George.

His teacher frequently told him if he didn't study more he would grow up without any education, and he would then become a lawyer or a journalist and bring shame upon his parents, although George was an orphan with only one pa and one ma. George would take his books home every night, but he never studied them. But at playing baseball and football and all kinds of athletics there wasn't a boy in school who could touch him.

Charles Barlow was another kind of boy. He was just as industrious as George was idle. Lots of days at recess, when the rest of the children went out to play "Blackman" and "Go, sheep, go," he would remain in the schoolroom and talk about the Copernician system and the nebular hypothesis and the transmigration of souls and many other things about which neither he nor the teacher knew anything.

Charles had a sallow complexion and no appetite. He had to be that way or it would spoil the story. He studied theorems, and George studied new rushes and curves and athletic slang.

Finally both entered college, and George had made such poor use of his time that he would not have passed if his uncle, who kept a grocery store, had not been a member of the board of directors.

After he had got into college he made so many blunders that the rest of the class all laughed at him. They could not help it. Charles stood at the head of his class. He won every prize that was offered as easily as George ate pie or threw curves.

But when George got into the ball nine the scholars in his class began to laugh out of the other side of their mouths. Their school won all the games, and their intellectual achievements "didn't do no good."

When graduation day came, Charles made a fine speech, but his parents and relatives were ashamed of him. He couldn't run half as fast as a horse, and his hair wasn't any longer than other people's. He had a high forehead, but his muscles were not knotty, like a carrot.

George won the prize for being the best all round athlete in school. He

didn't know an isocetes triangle from the specific gravity of a pot of hot mush. But he brought fame and renown to the college by being able to kick harder than one of Andy Harnstein's big mules.

The last we heard of them George was a director in a college at \$5000 a year. Charles was a preacher on a country circuit at \$600. He preached three times Sundays and had trouble with the choir. He had nine children and a fuss with the board of trustees. They didn't like a preacher who brought politics into the pulpit, nohow!

No Caucus Necessary.

A prominent Kansas politician who has been happily married for over a year sent the following unique proposal to the object of his adoration:

"My Dear Miss—: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for your hand, and I shall use all fair and honorable means to secure the nomination. I know there are many candidates in the field, and I hesitated long before entering the race, but now I'm in it to stay. My views on love and matrimony have often been expressed in your hearing in an emphatic way. If you decide to confer upon me the honor I speak of, please fix a date for a caucus with your mother. I have no objection to her acting as temporary chairman provided it is clearly understood that I am to be chairman of the permanent organization. Should the result of the caucus prove satisfactory we can hold the primaries and select the date and place of convention. I never believed in campaigns, so if you decide to honor me I will ask you to make the convention date as early as possible. Devotedly yours,

The following telegram was sent in answer by the young lady:

"Caucus unnecessary; nomination unanimous; come at once and fix the date of ratification."—Ex.

A Creek View.

Last Chance Sep 19, 1900.

Mr Aditor Dawson

Dear Sir—I see on your paper you gone send one mans to parlomont on Ottawa an I want told all my friends for who to votet for Spose you told me in the paper what mans are gon to run there I told to my firinds for who to vot. I like if you told in de paper if dere going be de tird mans in de fiel for I like to pass on Doston an make the speak ike I malke some time on Quebec.

Now I like you to pass this letter on your papr to let my friends no where am I stop. At By gilaa mister I never see moare dam good creek like this already she have it very rich on the side hill just de same like the Banansa My Broder Felix he lave one good clame he take out one pan too once twenty-six peny wate on an twenty nine gravel think if he not be careful he gone be ritch soon.

I receive it from my gurl to day one letter an paper. I gone send you one news from it Next time I gone to rite you long letter for your paper an told you bout my gurl to Quebec Is on your paper dat Lord Pinto he pass on Doston Ise soory I not be dere too received him. Purty soon I think you se pass on las chance one large boom now if you pass this on your paper you do me one oblige. yours respectifly

JOE MOPHREAU.

Thieves on the River.

Some excitement was caused on board the steamer Eldorado while en route from Dawson to Whitehorse, last Wednesday night, by a report that a heavy robbery had been committed.

From passengers arriving in Skagway last night it was learned that a fireman on the boat, whose name could not be learned, missed a roll of bills amounting to \$2050. All search for the money proved unavailing until the steamer reached Whitehorse, where, after a portion of the passengers had been searched as they went ashore, the missing cash was found, having been hidden on a shelf in the boiler room. No arrests were made.

Another passenger missed about \$150 on the same trip, two days out of Dawson. It also, was recovered.—Alaskan, Sept. 14.

He Got the Glad Hand.

Harry Hershberg is again in town shaking hands with his numerous friends. He has spent several months on the outside and returns with another invoice of goods for his store. Mr. Hershberg reports lively times on the outside with intense interest being taken by the people in the coming presidential election. The impression prevails that McKinley will be elected by an immense majority. The Democrats, however, are working tooth and nail to put Bryan in power and if defeated it will not be by reason of lack of effort on their part.

Seattle is crowded again, this time with returning voyagers from Nome, who, in many instances, have lost all

Special Values

IN HEAVY Winter Goods

Of Every Possible Description

HERSHBERG

THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE C. D. CO. DOCK FRONT STREET



DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

He'll get through all right. He bought his outfit at

...RYAN'S

Front Street, Opp. S-Y. T. Co. Dock

The O'Brien Club

FOR MEMBERS

A Gentleman's Resort,

Spacious and Elegant

Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY

Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

their possessions in their mad rush to the north. "This town looks good to me," said Harry. "The buildings erected since I left here last summer is almost beyond belief. I am glad to get back and get down to business again."

J. E. Booge's Bereavement.

Yesterday J. E. Booge of the Yukon hotel, received a telegram freighted with sorrowful news from Chicago. The message told briefly of the death of his wife almost immediately upon the arrival in that city from Dawson. Mrs. Booge spent last winter and the greater part of the past summer with her husband here, where she made many friends and pleasant acquaintances. She left here but a short time since in company with her daughter, and the wife of this morning, bringing the news of her death is the first news received from her by her husband.

A Candidate From Pohick.

I'm feelin patriotic, an I want it understood that I am willin to be active to promote my country's good. They say they want a president who never had a taint. Of politics about him, who has wakened no complaint. Because he'sociated with a syndicate or trust. An such wicked institutions of our social upper crust.

I talked to 'Mandy' bout it. She advised me fair an straight: So start your prinin presses. I am now a candidate.

She took me fairly by surprise when, after I'd explained, she showed enthusiasm which could scarcely be restrained. Says she: "If they are lookin with an ardor so intense.

For a man to run for office who has no experience, who is innocent an guileless as a robin rapt in song.

An is ready fur to buy the first gold brick that comes along. Why, git your speeches ready jes' as speedy as you can.

There ain't no doubt 'bout it. You're the long expected man."

Fling out your stary banners! Start your torch-lights on parade! Fur 'Mandy says it's all O. K. You needn't be afraid.

There is eastern aspirations, there is boom out in the west. But I'm the only feller that kin truly meet the test.

Of course I don't know what it is a president must do, But I'm willin fur to learn it, if it takes a week or two.

So gather round, good people—I'm a prize—an grab me quick! You want to get a candidate from Pohick on the creek.

—Leviaton Journal.

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale. Fine old Scotch at wholesale. The best quality. Northern Annex.

Fresh Vegetables and Meats.

N. P. Shaw & Co. have just received a fresh stock of choice vegetables of all kinds. Also a full line of fresh meats. Second ave., near Bank of B. N. A.

C22

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery. The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD,

WAREHOUSEMEN.

We Are Prepared to Make Winter-Contracts for

COAL

And to insure your supply would advise that contracts be made early. Our COAL is giving the best of satisfaction, and will not cost as much as wood, having the advantage of being less bulky than wood—no sparks—reducing fire risks; no creosote to destroy stovepipes, and the fire risk you take in having defective flues caused by the creosote is great. Call and see us.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

ORR & TUKEY'S STAGE

Daily Each Way

To Grand Forks

On and after MONDAY, September 10th, will leave at 2 p. m. instead of 3 p. m. On completion of Bonanza Road a double line of stages will be run, making two round trips daily.

FREIGHTING TO THE CREEKS.

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Str. Gold Star

CAPT. NIXON, Owner,

Leaves Yukon Dock, Making Regular Trips to Whitehorse.

A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Courteous treatment.

Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager.

City Office Joslyn Building.

Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

Tom Chisholm, Prop.

MANY ANXIOUS TRAVELERS.

Steamers From Whitehorse Are All Crowded.

Bonanza King Stayed Three Days on a Bar—Pulled Off by Eldorado—River News.

[From Monday's Daily.]
There are more people at Whitehorse awaiting the departure of steamers for Dawson than it is possible to accommodate; at least this condition prevailed when the Bailey left that port on its last trip down, there being 150 people at that time clamoring for passage. Passengers are arriving there on every train in large numbers, all anxious to get into Dawson at the earliest moment as the impression prevails on the outside that the river will close earlier this year than last season. There is nothing to warrant the presumption at present as there is a better stage of water now than at the same time a year ago.

The washout on the W. P. & Y. R. which delayed travel and freight for several days has been temporarily repaired, a track being built around the break which, while made for permanent travel, has obviated the delay and cleared the road of the congestion at that point.

It will be noticed in the river news by wire reported below that the Bonanza King and Eldorado are both reported to be on a bar. Agent George of the Flyer line says both boats are now on their way down river, he having a subsequent wire from Selkirk to that effect. The Bonanza King has been on a bar for the past three days and the Eldorado was stopped going down to pull her off.

The Bailey arrived Saturday afternoon from Whitehorse. She brought 60 tons of freight, five sacks of mail and the following passengers: M. Gearlsian, Elgear Gear, J. Blum, N. Soleberte, E. Soleberte, T. Genest, G. Harmondagne, M. Patterson, J. Heckling, Mrs. J. S. Harding, E. Reynolds, F. C. Blucker, J. E. Higgins, Ike Rosenthal, T. Tontin, H. Canier, M. Lania, W. Crotson, I. Martel, Miss Montinere, R. Boular, Jas. Martell, D. Dubois, D. Donais, J. LaFrance, F. Martel, S. Tourisener, Irene Thomas, Mrs. J. E. Binet, Mrs. A. Clark, Mrs. J. O. Chute, David Burr, T. Ames, Mrs. T. H. Craig, Mrs. G. Ames, Mrs. Sammerville, L. M. Loy, Mrs. S. Hickey, C. S. Syville, M. Handel, Mrs. H. I. Hull, Miss Howell, Dan Jones, W. Bower, Mrs. L. H. Ekal, R. Moorie, Mrs. A. Bird, A. E. Moorn, D. Porent, V. Bertrand, A. Soune, Wm. Riester, Flora Riester, F. Dunn, Capt. J. Irvin.

The Canadian arrived Sunday. She brought 160 tons of freight, 22 sacks of mail and the following arrivals: Mrs. V. Young, Mrs. Halm, E. C. Baker, J. B. Baker, Mrs. Baker, W. W. Chandler, P. B. Hulston, W. C. Thomas, Mrs. F. Actuant, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. J. A. Fair, C. Becker, G. W. Kleinfelder, D. G. Kleinfelder, J. Rander, J. Spear, R. Swan, T. Scouse, Jno. Bell, C. J. Adams, Mrs. C. L. Schmidt, Mrs. W. S. Taylor, Master Taylor, Della White, P. Gosseline, Mrs. Gosseline, J. B. Gosseline, Alex. McDonald, A. P. Lapiene, Eimle Perrault, G. Roger, R. Bleck, A. W. Skinner, C. Adams, T. H. McMartin, S. Jayne, E. B. Merman, L. D. Kinney, Mrs. Carpenter.

The steamer Tyrrell from Fortymile with a barge in tow, coal laden, docked at the lower end of town last night. She will sail again as soon as unloaded and continue as a collier until the close of navigation. She brought twelve passengers from Fortymile.

The following came by wire this morning: Steamers Bonanza King and Eldorado are both on a bar near Five Fingers.

Steamer Flora passed Selkirk coming down at 9 a. m. today.

The Zealandian and Ora arrived at Whitehorse last night. The steamer Light left that terminal yesterday evening.

Police Assistance Required.

Some idea can be formed of the anxiety of Dawson-bound travelers to reach here from the experience of the steamer Bailey on her previous trip to Whitehorse. When she arrived there, being the first of the C. D. Co.'s steamers to arrive for two or three days, the waiting passengers crowded ahead to the number of more than double her capacity and, as all had tickets via that line, they were all equal in their rights to passage. But as not over one-half of them could be carried on the voyage down the river, it became necessary to call on the police to clear the people off. After which they were

assigned passage in the order in which they reached the purser's window until all accommodations were filled. When the Bailey left Whitehorse there were more ticket holders left on the wharf than were aboard the steamer. But the C. D. Co. is rushing its boats as well as are all the other river operators, and another week or ten days will probably clear up the passenger business or the greater part of it. In the meantime, the demand for freight space is even more urgent than that for passenger accommodations.

Congestion Feared.

The Bar Association met Saturday afternoon to discuss the plans for the new courthouse, recently submitted by Superintendent of Public Works Fuller, and passed some resolutions concerning the matter which seemed appropriate.

At the time the plans were drawn there was but one judge for the territorial court, and provision was made for but one courtroom. But with the increase in business has naturally come a demand for more work than could be performed by one judge, and when Judge Dugas returns there will be two judges with but a single courtroom, and unless another room is provided at once a great congestion of legal business is predicted.

The Bar's action Saturday was taken with a view to avoiding this if possible, and at the same time, changing the plans of the proposed building so as to devote it exclusively to business purposes. The board of public works was asked to hasten the construction of at least one wing of the new building, so as to provide another courtroom before the final settling down of winter. The sense of this resolution was wired to Commissioner Ogilvie at Whitehorse.

The bar also believes that a more central location for the new building should be sought instead of the present site, and also reminded the board of public works that accommodations should be provided for the judges, the clerk of the court and the sheriff.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Crepe de chine is a popular material for wedding gowns.

Trim your dimity gowns with hemmed frillings of white point d'esprit accordion plaited.

Some very swell bathing suits are made of black satin, with a colored linen collar and yest.

Mohair is the favorite material for bathing suits in black, blue and gray, trimmed with a band of white mohair striped with braid.

A pretty skirt for cycling is made with a rather deep yoke pointing down in front and at the back, the lower part being box plaited on to this.

Jeweled neckband brooches, pins for the hair, which confine the short locks at the back; neck chains and jeweled or enameled belts are all very popular.

Serpentine insertions cut out of all over lace and finished on the edge with either black or white silk cord are used to trim crepe de chine and veiling gowns.

Two piece linen suits in white or colors are all the rage, but their especial chic quality is in the fact that they are tailor made, with exclusive smartness in the finish.

Very pretty fancy belts are made of narrow bands of colored suede leather joined at intervals with gold slides over a satin lining. Velvet ribbon is also used in this way.

One variety of sporting hat made of coarse but tight white straw has a slightly drooping brim, and a scarf of cream canvas with large moons of some light color in silk scattered over it is twisted around the cone shaped crown.—New York Sun.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Grapes are nearly always benefited by thinning.

Fruit for jelly is better if picked before it is dead ripe.

Uncrowded trees are more productive than crowded ones.

Rotation of crops is as necessary in gardening as on the farm.

Care must be taken not to cut the asparagus plants too late.

A good tree or plant takes up no more room than a poor one.

With apples a moderate thinning will cause the rest to hold on better.

With fruit maturity is one stage and ripeness or mellowness another.

Deep stirring of the soil gives moisture, and moisture makes thrifty growth.

Oil straw, bagasse and swale hay are good materials to use for mulching in the orchard.

If the grapes are to be thinned, the work should be done as soon as the growth is advanced enough to show the fruit.

Raspberry and blackberry plants set out this spring should be allowed to grow through the season without check.

In transplanting small plants secure all the roots possible and keep the plants out of the ground as short a time as possible.—St. Louis Republic.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

THE STAGE ROBBER WILTED

When Touched by Little Jim's Innocent Prattle.

An Actual Occurrence in the Stage Coach Days of Dakota as Told in the Butte Miner.

There were five men of us and a boy in the far western stagecoach as it rolled over the rough roads of Dakota. We had been together for four days. We called the boy Jim because his father did. We knew his father to be Colonel Weston, banker, cattleman and mine owner. The colonel wasn't a man to whom a stranger would take at first glance, and even after four days of his company none of us could say we liked him. When you came to study him closely, you saw that he was revengeful and relentless. The boy was frank, chipper and good natured, and you took a liking to him as soon as you looked into his big blue eyes. His age was about 10, and he had wit and knowledge beyond his years. We had yet 20 miles to go to reach the terminus, and the hour was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the coach came to a sudden halt as it tolled up hill. Next moment the driver called to us:

"All you folks what don't want your heads blown off had better get down and line up. We've been stopped by a road agent."

We had arms in plenty, but no one moved to resist. Every bullet fired by the robber would bore its way through the coach and find a target, while the robber had the cover of the horses and was safe from our fire. It seems cowardly when you read it, but to get down and submit to be robbed was the wisest thing to do under the circumstances.

Little Jim was not a bit frightened. On the contrary, he rather enjoyed the situation. It was not so with the colonel. I saw him turn pale and heard him cursing under his breath, and he was the last man to get down.

The robber had a double barreled shotgun in his hands. He cautioned the driver to hold the coach where it was and then advanced upon us. He glanced carelessly into each face until his eyes rested on the colonel. Then he gave a sudden start, drew in his breath with a gasp, and we realized that there was a recognition. The colonel grew white under his look and began to tremble. The boy had no sooner looked into the road agent's face than he cried out:

"Why, it's Mr. Pelton—Mr. Pelton! Say, Mr. Pelton, I'm awfully glad to see you. Where've you been this long time?"

"So it's you, Jimmy," laughed the robber as he held out his hand for a shake. "Well, you have been growing since I saw you last. It's a wonder you knew me at first sight."

"Oh, I used to like you so well I couldn't forget your face," replied the boy. "Are there robbers around, Mr. Pelton?"

With gentle hand the man pushed the boy back in line and then stepped back a pace or two. As he did so his face grew very sober, and I saw a flash in his black eyes I did not like. His voice was low and steady as he finally said:

"I'm much obliged for your promptness in climbing down and lining up, and I think I'll let you off this time. The four of you may go back into the coach and go on. I'm leaving your guns with you, but don't attempt to play me any trick."

The colonel took his son by the hand and attempted to enter the stage with us, but the robber motioned him back.

"W-what do you want of me?" asked the colonel in a voice which quavered.

"I'll tell you later," was the reply. As the coach started on we looked out to see the three standing in the road. Little Jim still had hold of his father's hand, but had reached out the other and caught the robber's sleeve.

When we had gone 200 feet, the road turned and shut them from our view.

At the disappearance of the stage the man turned on Colonel Weston and pointed to the hillside on the right and said:

"Move on that way. Jimmy, give me your hand, and I'll help you along."

The white faced colonel entered the pines and held a straight course up the hill. Behind him came the robber and his son. The boy had been full of curiosity at first, but presently he was awed and frightened by the looks cast upon his father.

Two or three years before he and Mr. Pelton had been great friends. Mr. Pelton had been manager for his father. One day there had been a bitter quarrel, pistols had been drawn, the sheriff had rushed in, and Mr. Pelton had fled to escape arrest. He remembered his father calling the fugitive a thief and of men being sent out to hunt him down. All this came back to him as they followed the father up the rough way, and though he knew nothing of man's vengeance there was a feeling of dread in his soul. Now and then the robber ordered the colonel to the right or left, but these were the only words spoken until they finally

reached a rude camp high up among the boulders. By and by the robber half turned to look the colonel in the face and said:

"I've waited for this for two years. I could neither die nor go away until I had killed you."

"It will be murder—cold blooded murder," replied the colonel as he folded his arms.

"If it was murder a hundred times over, I'd do it. Do you suppose I can forget Rose Harper? Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's grave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from justice on a false charge? I'd kill you if 1,000 men surrounded me."

The colonel was silent for a time. He did not look at his boy, but past him. The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over him as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He turned from his father after awhile to look at the robber.

There was another look strange to him. It was a set determination to kill—the look of a man who had hated and thirsted and waited.

"Take the boy away first," said the colonel with a touch of entreaty in his voice.

"Yes; that will be proper," answered Pelton. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What—what you going to do with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the would be murderer.

"Never mind. Do you see that big rock up there? Well, go up there and see what is hidden behind it. Shake hands with your father before you go."

The boy crossed over to his father in a puzzled way, and the father lifted him up and kissed him. When he put him down, he said to him:

"Run along, Jimmy. If you don't find me when you come back, Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the lad. "I'm awfully glad to see him. Wasn't it queer to meet him 'way off here? I was saying only a week ago that I wish'd he was back with us so that he could mend my wagon and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long, and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?"

Little Jim started off for the rock, but he hadn't taken ten steps before he was back again to say to the robber:

"And I want you to make me a new water wheel, and the handle has come out of the hammer, and nobody will sharpen my knife for me. If you don't come back, I don't know what I shall do."

"Perhaps I'll come back," whispered Pelton as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man and shouldn't have gone away. Mother told me if I ever met you I might speak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are coming back."

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footsteps and his voice as he made his way toward the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees and then turned to the robber and quietly said:

"Before he comes back. And you'll help him to get home?"

"Yes; before he comes back," replied Pelton as he drew his revolver. "It won't be murder, Colonel Weston. It'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive you?"

The colonel sat erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his heart and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from little Jim. Half way to the rock he had turned about to shout:

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think up some new Indian and bear stories to tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The colonel's eyes opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them, there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for death:

"I can't do it. Little Jim would know it some day. When he comes back, take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedarville."

With that he walked off into the brush and was out of sight in a moment. When little Jim returned, he found his father sitting as he had left him and gazing into the woods.

"What is it, father?" he asked. "What's the matter with you and where is Mr. Pelton?"

The man rose up slowly, took his boy's hand in his, and without a word in answer he led the way down to the stage trail and safety.—Butte Miner.

A Decision Yesterday

Judge Craig handed down a decision in the Banks-Woodworth case yesterday afternoon by which ruling the appointment of a new trustee is in order. If the interested parties cannot agree on a trustee the court will appoint one.

TRANSMISSION OF POWER

By Insulated Cables to Take the Place of Steam

In Pumping and Hoisting on the Various Creeks—Some Magnificent Machinery.

The shops and light and power station of the Dawson Light & Power Co. present a very busy, and to the uninitiated in things mechanical and electrical, a somewhat confusing scene just now, as much work is in progress, such as installing new engines, boilers, generators, switchboards and all the rest of the machinery and contrivances used in the working of a plant extensive enough to supply light and power to a city twice Dawson's present size. This is largely due to the company's new departure in the matter of furnishing power for mining purposes to the creeks, and for the increase in the demands of the city for lights.

To meet the new demands, a new compound Ideal engine of 350 horse power has been placed in the power house, and a 500 horse power, water-tube boiler has been placed in position just behind the engine room. This is the largest and most expensive machinery thus far imported. The engine is accompanied by a Wheeler condenser, which, according to Machinist James Lisle makes the running much more economical and raises the power of the engine considerably, by reason of exhausting into vacuum, thereby avoiding the atmospheric pressure. The engine took the gold medal at the world's Columbian exposition, having made a record run there of 171 days without a stop. Of course it is needless to say that there is little danger of a stop being made which would interfere with lights or power when such machinery furnishes the motive power. Given such an advantage to start with, all the running being in the hands of competent men, such as Mr. Lisle and Electrician Walter Emerson, and the whole under the able management and supervision of J. A. Williams, and people may rest assured that the power will be continuous and the lights steady during the long nights.

The new Polyphase transmission of power system now in course of construction between here and the Forks is nearly complete, and in about ten days the entire plant and system will be in readiness to begin its work. It was little thought by the pioneers who first unearthed the yellow metal of the Klondike that within such a brief time the power to hoist the buckets from shafts, and keep them pumped dry would be sent from Dawson over insulated cables, yet such is the fact of today.

One of the machines which is to be a prominent part in all this work is the wonderful compensating Field three-phase alternating current generator, with its vast power of 200,000, equivalent to about 400 horse power, capable of furnishing some 7,000 lamps of 16 candle power. Besides this machine, which is the newest and best that money would buy there are two other generators which make the station's voltage about ten thousand strong.

This big generator with its bewildering power runs without jar and with such a lack of noise that one almost wishes it would rumble and roar, just as an indication of its power.

At present there are seven motors on hand, but 24 more are enroute. Altogether the plant is one which would do great credit to a city twice Dawson's size, and in a country where the transportation of heavy machinery has ceased to be a problem, and where the season for the shipment of freight is the whole year.

Stewart Work Progressing.

A prospector in the new Stewart river diggings at Clear creek reports that district to be all right and very promising for permanent work. "There are now, he says, 'five hundred men in the country and plenty of grub has been sent in to last all winter. Where I am working I have found gold wherever it could be expected to lay, the pans running from three to twenty-five cents."

The creek is not reported to be particularly rich, but gold is taken out in paying quantities. A great deal of the work being done in that country is said to be shrouded in mystery as the men interested do not wish to start a stampede, and wish to keep as far away as possible from the entanglements anticipated by the advent among them of the representatives of the government.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

MEMORY OF THE CODE DUELLA

Of an Old Virginia Episode After the War.

One Little Poem Did Its Deadly Work—The Young Lawyer Brave but a Poor Shot.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

Died.—At his home in Richmond, Va., May 25, 1900, Captain Page McCarthy, aged 67 years.

Capt. Robert E. Lee had surrendered. The confederacy had fallen. Thousands of young southerners had come from the war to find their homes in ruins and their fortunes lost. Nothing but the land remained, and many of them settled down when the first shock of defeat was still fresh to plant cotton and tobacco. Proud young men, the product of the chivalry of the old south, who had never done a stroke of work, they lived for a time the life of field hands. They got up with the sun, hitched the only remaining mule to the rusty plow and worked hard in the fields all day. In the intensity of the labor they were able to forget the bitterness of their lot.

Meanwhile Richmond, the old capital of the "lost cause," became more than ever the social center of the south. Outside of New Orleans, Richmond was the largest of southern cities. To it had gone most of the few old planters who had managed to save a part at least of their fortunes. Naturally the more ambitious and enterprising of the younger generation gravitated in the same direction.

Two years after Lee issued that last sad farewell to the remnant of his shattered army, Richmond was a gay and bustling city. Half the great families of the old south were represented there. And there for a time an attempt was made to carry on the stately and splendid social life which the war had ended forever. Big clubs were opened, and gambling and drinking, both fostered by the excitement and temptation of army life, so recently over, ran high. The mansions of the Richmond gentry were the scenes of nightly hospitality, and each week the fashionables drove in their coaches to a ball.

Gradually the young men who had gone home to their plantations from the war gave up the fight with nature, and one after the other gathered together the little remnant of their fortunes and came to Richmond to practice law or attempt to earn a living in some other way. Hundreds of young men, dependent on their own resources for the first time, and all of them of the highest social standing, added to the excitement and gaiety of the Virginia capital.

Among the fashionable beaux of Richmond at the time was Capt. Page McCarthy, then a young man of 40 and a descendant of a famous Fairfax county family. His father had served several terms in congress and had met and killed his man according to the regulations of the code of honor. All over the south an appeal to the code had always been the first resort of an insulted gentleman, and now, since the four years of war had taught these defeated soldiers how cheap is human life, duels were more common than ever.

The belle of Richmond during this period of unrest and excitement was Mary Triplett. Half the young men in Richmond were in love with her and there was great rivalry among them all for the slightest favor from her hand. She was the nightly toast and at the weekly ball reigned supreme. One of the most fervent of her admirers was Capt. Page McCarthy. Miss Mary, however, did not favor the captain, and finally a quarrel arose between them, as a result of which they passed each other on the street without speaking.

At one of the dancing parties it so happened that Mary Triplett was placed in the formation of some figure directly opposite Capt. McCarthy. She could not refuse to dance with him without creating a scene, so she walked through the figure with great coolness and dignity, only so far recognizing the captain's existence as was necessary under the circumstances. Already Capt. McCarthy was angry, but this treatment made him furious. He left the ball room a few minutes later. In the next issue of a Richmond paper there appeared a little poem of perhaps six stanzas, which set all Richmond in a fever of excitement. Four of the lines were as follows:

When Strauss's queenly form I press
In Strauss' waltz,
I might as well her lips caress,
Although those lips be false.
The poem was entitled "To Mary," and, though everybody recognized the

application of the lines and was morally certain that McCarthy had written them, nobody had any proof that he was the author.

Four of the beaux of Richmond started out to run down the man who had written and printed the cowardly lines, determined to call him to account on the field of honor. Among them was John Mordecai, a newcomer to Richmond and a young lawyer of great brilliancy and learning. Mordecai made it his business to visit all the clubs frequented by Capt. McCarthy and in the presence of the fire eating captain and other club members to forcibly express his opinion of the "coward and cad, whoever he may be," who wrote the offensive lines.

Finally McCarthy turned to Mordecai, with whom he had been on intimate terms, and said, with a threatening manner, "I wrote those verses, Mr. Mordecai."

Mordecai bowed mockingly across the table.

"Your admission, Capt. McCarthy, does not alter my opinion in the least."

Friends interfered before McCarthy succeeded in his attempt to strike Mordecai and forced him to leave the clubhouse. The same day Mordecai entered another club in which McCarthy was playing billiards. The latter commenced at once in a loud voice to comment on the fact that some people are unable to mind their own business, and Mordecai finally walked over to the table at which he was playing and asked if he meant to refer to him.

"Who are you, sir?" sneered McCarthy, staring Mordecai in the face.

In an instant Mordecai had seized a billiard cue, with which he struck McCarthy to the floor, saying as he did so, "I'll show you who I am!"

Of course a duel followed. The two men, with their seconds, met at day break next morning just outside the Oakbrook cemetery, below the city. So deadly was the spirit which animated them that they fought with dueling pistols, heavily loaded, at ten paces. At the first shot both men missed. McCarthy demanded a second shot. This time the aim was better on both sides, and both men fell. McCarthy's right thigh was broken, and Mordecai was fatally wounded, with a bullet through his abdomen.

As Mordecai lay dying he raised himself on his elbow and whispered to his second: "Present my compliments to Capt. McCarthy and tell him he can have another shot if he wishes."

Just as the second shots were fired the police arrived on the scene, too late to do more than arrest the seconds. Mordecai lived but six hours, but McCarthy finally recovered after spending months in terrible agony. Mordecai's seconds were William M. Royall, now a leading lawyer of Richmond, and William R. Trigg, now a shipbuilder. Dr. Hunter McGuire, the personal physician of Stonewall Jackson, was one of the attending surgeons. The whole party was locked up in the Richmond jail, where they were confined for several weeks. During the period of their imprisonment the women of Richmond, who felt that Mordecai had fallen in defense of one of their number, paid them every attention. Fresh flowers and delicious dishes were brought each day to the cells of the prisoners, and on their release they were welcomed back with demonstrations of joy.

Capt. McCarthy, after his recovery, became a recluse and a misanthrope. He lived most of the time in Richmond and was looked upon as a misanthrope, who avoided men and hated women. And the killing of young Mordecai went far toward breaking up the vogue of the duel in the south.

As for Miss Triplett, she married a Richmond lawyer and died suddenly at her home several years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

They're Spotted.

In reference to the article published in yesterday's Nugget in which it was stated that a number of suspicious characters have lately arrived in the city, the officers stated last night that they already have a list of those persons; that they are already under police surveillance and the first crooked step will result in their being run in and held for trial. And if, at the close of navigation, these fellows are still here they will be "vagged" and put to work on the woodpile on sentences sufficiently long to hold them until the river opens in the spring. It is unnecessary to say that those who were "vagged" last year and who worked from three to five months on the fuel works are not here now, one winter's work having sufficed. Those now here, and they very well know themselves if the shoe fits, will do well to shake Yukon real estate from their feet before navigation closes; otherwise the consequences will be very unpleasant—a winter of discontent.

THEY WONDER YET.

For three weeks Chicago listened with delight to the topical refrain, "Everybody Wonders How He Knew." This ditty was the hit of the Burgomaster, and it was enjoyed thoroughly. But now it is wondered what has happened to the catchy ditty, for it is heard no more at the Dearborn, where The Burgomaster is being given.

Report is that Chicago, after laughing so heartily over the song, suddenly became shocked thereat. The city officials announced that the ditty must be suppressed, and these lines are what Chicago now is missing as a result:

There are often little trifles that were better left unsaid,
But are uttered in an unaffected way,
Which reminds me of a funny little matter which occurred
At a social gathering the other day;
The host espied a silk embroidered garment on the floor
And gaily dared the owner to declare
For a jolly looking fellow said, without the least concern,
"Oh, I know it, it belongs to Mrs. Dare!"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
It came as quite a starter,
When he recognized that partner,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
But they didn't hear till later,
That she had got them from his master,
So everybody wondered how he knew.

They were crowding round the baby at a christening; after which
He was handed round for every one to see;
And a circumstance which somehow seemed to please the people most
Was a dainty little dimple on his knee;
Said Cousin Jake, from Oxford, who was staying there just then:
"This looks like a hereditary strain,
For isn't it a funny thing that just in this respect
He's exactly like his elder sister Jane?"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
For everybody wondered how he knew.
When he talked about that dimple,
Yet he chanced to see that dimple
While out he was—ain't it simple?
But everybody wondered how he knew.

Folks were gazing at the very latest painting
Labeled "Beauty Unadorned" upon the list,
When a gentleman remarked to several others standing by:
"It's not true—such perfect beauty can't exist."
"Excuse me, sir," a gentleman remarked, "but you are wrong."
"And if you're right, I'll bet a case of fizz
That this painting here before you is exactly true to life,
And represents the girl just as she is."

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
The ladies blushed and wriggled,
And the men turned round and giggled,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Yet nothing could be quieter,
You see, he was the painter;
Yet everybody wondered how he knew.

They were eagerly discussing different reasons for divorce
At a dinner, when a married man opined
That springing loud on either side should constitute a case,
For it sufficed to drive off your mind.
"Quite right," remarked a smartly dressed young lady to a friend,
"I never score by any chance—do you?"
On hearing which her fiancé absent-mindedly remarked:
"Don't tell such stories, dear; you know you do."

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
It only sounded absurd, and is being sung nearly everywhere by nearly everybody, who wonders why it shocked.

Two Waiters.

If you have traveled, you must certainly have noticed the wide difference between negro waiters of southern and northern hotels.

In the north the waiter is stiff, rigid and supercilious. He takes your order condescendingly and briskly betakes himself to the culinary regions with the same. He stands with folded arms and scornful expression at some little distance, watching, however, for an opportunity to leap forward and pretend to anticipate your wants.

And when he brings your change you are certain to note that it is laid upon a plate and that one particular quarter is noticeably detached from its fellows.

In the south the waiter shuffles back to the kitchen and returns with your meal, to which he has added some little delicacy of his own choosing. He glides about you, leans tenderly over you, his black face filled with anxiety for fear some error of omission or commission may occur.

He hangs about you with fatherly interest. He places the dishes before you with almost a caressing touch, and when you are ready to depart he tremulously, hopefully, lingeringly hands you your hat. In the white brown depths of his eyes there is cute appeal, not unminged with expectation.

Who but a case-hardened drummer or the traveling representative of a fraternal organization could resist that appeal?

You need not fear to give him a quarter—joy seldom kills outright—but you can be sure that a dime will produce a wide grin and an exaggerated bow.

But most people consider it worth a quarter to see that month widen into a smile which sets its owner's ears back an inch and causes his eyes to project like those of a crawling crab.

They're on the List.

Every time a steamer is preparing to pull out from Dawson for either up or down the river one or more members of the N. W. M. P. force can always be seen anxiously scanning the faces of those who cross the gang planks. This is not idle curiosity on the part of the man or men of the yellow stripes. On the contrary, it is the fulfillment of official duty. The actions of many men since their coming to this country

have been contrary to those of Caesar's wife, which were above reproach; but so long as these men do not show symptoms of departing from the country they are not liable to arrest and detention, and it is to see if any whose names are on the list are attempting to depart that the police are on the constant watch. While the police say nothing about what their business around the steamer is, it is known that each member of the patrol force is supplied with a copy of the "suspicious list," and that it comprises a surprisingly large number of names.

In line with the above, a particularly close watch was held on the steamers that sailed yesterday, and as the close of the season approaches this vigil will be increased for the reason that those who are desirous of "skipping" have but little time left in which to attempt to put their plans into execution.

The Deadly Lamp.

The fire department and several thousand people were called out about 9 o'clock last night by the deep tones of the fire bell verberating on the frosty air. The alarm was given on account of the upsetting of a lamp in the residence of Henry Bray on Second avenue. Before the department arrived on the scene, which was very shortly after the alarm was given, the incipient blaze was extinguished, and for the next few minutes several thousand people were wandering around the vicinity of Fourth street and Second avenue inquiring "where is it?"

Child Died on Yukon.

The 4-year-old child of Mrs. Andrew Anderson died on board the Lightning on its last trip between Dawson and Whitehorse. The authorities at the latter place refused to issue a certificate of death until the physician who treated the child at Dawson could be heard from, so the mother and dead child were compelled to remain at that place. The cause of death was nervous stomach troubles. Mrs. Anderson's husband is a member of the Dawson firm of Anderson Bros., painters.—Alaskan, Sept. 17.

Telegraph Building News.

The Dominion Telegraph wire is now complete to Fortymile, but the station will not be ready for transacting business for several days, as the instruments are not in place at present. It is hoped to have the other line completed through to Vancouver by the first of October. This will be an all-Canadian line to the outside and will entirely cut off the service via Skagway to the outside world. As soon as possible, probably the middle of next month, the telegraph office will be moved to the new postoffice building.

A Heavy Cargo.

When the steamer Coquitlam gets away this afternoon, or evening, she will be loaded to her deck line. She is already heavily loaded, and there are two carloads of iron to go on deck before she finishes taking on cargo at Evans, Coleman & Evans wharf. That done she will go back to the Union S. S. Co.'s dock and load two nine-ton boilers for the northern gold country. From present appearances there will be nothing but house and smoke stack visible when she sails fully loaded, and her deck is likely to be awash. Only once before was the steamer loaded so deep. She took a load of steel rails for the White Pass & Yukon railway to Skagway, and her hatches were literally under water. The whole deck was loaded, and everything closed and battened up. To get below to their staterooms and dining rooms, the officers had to go down through the skylight in the poop deck to the engine room, and from there to the cabin. The same route is likely to be used this trip.

The Coquitlam is taking one of the most mixed up cargoes that was ever shipped to Dawson, that place of all places for importing all kinds of goods. There are the two boilers mentioned, hoists and pumps, ore cars for Whitehorse, an athletic club outfit for that same place, groceries, dry goods, hardware, ax handles and everything else for Dawson, and to show that the hearts of the Canadians up there are in the right place, a huge bundle of lacrosse sticks consigned to McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.—Vancouver Province, Sept. 7.

Ketchikan's Business Marshal.

The deputy United States marshal stationed at Ketchikan, Alaska, is determined to keep order in that town even if he has to kill off all the inhabitants before his laudable purpose is accomplished. Some time in August he shot and killed a man who resisted arrest and assaulted him, and three weeks later a canneryman also resisted arrest with a gun and now he, too, sleeps in the silent grave. It is likely that Mr. U. S. Deputy Marshal will have to step down and out, as an officer who fills two graves in three weeks in just a little too dexterous with a gun to suit the present generation.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

In Capt. McDonnell's court this morning the hearing of the case of a man named Mills charged with having stolen wool from claim 4 below on Hunker was continued until Wednesday afternoon, the accused being allowed to go on \$1000 bond.

Emil Bozza, the young man who sets up pins in Geo. De Lion's bowling alley contends that he should be paid for Sunday work while the laws of the land are such that bowling pins and balls must be allowed to cool on Sunday. As the young man was to get \$5 per day and De Lion is only willing to pay six days in the week, the pin adjuster sued for a balance of \$75 alleged to be due. After the evidence was heard the court reserved decision in the case until tomorrow.

Geo. Ames, who has a lay on Cheshako Hill opposite No. 3, was served by Constable Gregory to appear in court this morning and show cause why judgment should not be entered against him and in favor of John Dunn and James Dussett for \$165.75 and \$93.60 respectively, alleged to be due for labor performed. Ames did not obey the mandate of the court and judgment was entered in both cases, ten days being allowed in which to make payment.

Chas. Stevens or Stevenson was "up against it" this morning, there being two counts against him. The first count was not so frightful as it was for a common drunk with a flavoring of disorder mixed in. The second is what would cause a more than ordinarily strong man to quail. It was that Charles was accused of having forcibly broken into the home of Carrie Lowe, the woman who many months has conducted a laundry and told fortunes at \$1 per in the shack just east of the brick warehouse. Carrie is built for tossing cabers, white Charles is an unassuming looking individual whose appearance would indicate a diet of shade soup and wind pudding. Carrie has a voice like an auctioneer and her story as told in the witness box was a gem. "Your honor," she said, "that man and me has been engaged to be married for 27 months." She further stated that he had boarded with her, lain drunk on the floor of her cabin and in many other ways acted the part of a devoted lover; that Saturday morning he had "cussed" the witness and told her he was through with her; that the engagement was off and "he didn't want no more truck with her." That Saturday night about 8 o'clock—it might have been half past eight—Charles, like a lost sheep had returned to the fold but Carrie refused him entrance; he then broke down the door and entered and Carrie stealthily slipped out and secured an officer. The court decided that as Charles had considered the home of his affianced his home in that he had boarded with her, lain drunk on her floor and had in other respects been the recipient of the glad hand at Carrie's domicile that he had a right to go there when he did, but cautioned him to be more circumspect in his mode of obtaining entrance and to not smash any more doors. The charge of "d and d" being sustained, a sentence of \$10 and costs or ten days in the reduction works was imposed. As Carrie vowed "I am scared of my life of that man," Charles will be required to give a peace bond in order that the angel of peace may spread her white wings over the place where fortunes are told without extra charge for the aroma of soap suds.

It was a short session in Magistrate McDonnell's court this morning, only two cases being on for hearing.

Margaret Beltz, who resides on Shady alley, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, had yesterday afternoon imbibed so freely of the oil of joy as to cause her to wander away from her own ward and out onto Third avenue; where she was making a dismal failure of trying to walk when discovered by Constable Stutt. The dark brown taste was in full bloom this morning. A fine of \$50 and costs or 30 days' labor was imposed. She accepted the former.

William Cameron, a large man with a voice like a foghorn, had, after looking upon jag producer when it stood aright in the glass, gone to the Juneau restaurant about 2 p'clock this morning and ordered meals to the amount of \$7. Just as the repast was ready to be served William decided he was not hungry and declined to pay the bill. He likewise exercised his powerful voice in an unbecoming manner. During the hearing this morning the court decided that Cameron was still too drunk to fully understand the situation, with the result that he was ordered back to the guard house until this afternoon to further undergo the sobering process.

The case of Gallagher, charged with stealing gold dust from Johansen, on Hunker, will be heard tomorrow.

What One Dog Can Do.

"It's strange what a volume and variety of sounds can come from the throat of one malamute dog, and all at the same time," said one newly arrived last evening, after the company had had their ears and senses torn almost to shreds by a series of ear-splitting howls and yells which seemed must necessarily come from a combined effort of all the dogs in town.

"That noise," said a sour dough, who had been case-hardened, "comes from one dog, and he is neither choking to death by a slowly torturing process, nor burned with a hot iron as the noise would indicate. He is chained up, and experience has taught him that if he can make things interesting enough for nervous people that his chain will be unsnapped and he will be at liberty to go down town and have fun tripping people up on the street."

The malamute may look foolish, but he's smart for all that.

THE WATER FRONT IS BUSY.

Travel In and Out is Now Almost Equal.

Many Passengers Are Coming In, While Hundreds Are Going Out.—River News.

(From Wednesday's Daily). Yesterday and today are busy days along the water front, a whole fleet of vessels arriving and departing with freight and passengers in the past 48 hours. Travel both ways is now about equal, to and from Whitehorse. The steamer Victorian left last night with an unusually large passenger list. Many people who were refused tickets at the office owing to all berths being sold, even the standers, went aboard the boat and arranged for transportation with the purser.

The Flora also left with a full passenger list at 4 o'clock this morning. The Sybil arrived yesterday afternoon with her complement of freight and the following passengers: Wm. Neil, C. J. Terry, M. Pedlar, Mrs. Pedlar, Miss Duncan, C. C. Hering, Willie Monroe, F. Townsend, Mrs. Townsend, J. Sannborn, T. J. Watson, R. Stern, H. Hershberg, F. Dunlap, D. H. Ross, F. Christian, J. P. Trood, W. S. Plants.

The Columbian arrived last night. She brought but one sack of mail, local, from Whitehorse, 165 tons of freight and the following passengers: J. G. Tache, Miss Tache, C. Carbonneau, W. Barrett, Mrs. Barrett, Alice Barrett, Jeannette Barrett, M. Barrett, Capt. Sharley, J. H. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, W. A. Robertson, E. D. Vaut, R. W. Shepherd, L. E. Shepherd, J. Rourke, Mrs. W. Sherbeck and child, Owen Gattley, Mrs. Wather, Mrs. J. Astone, Allan C. Astone, Miss E. Hirsh, Mrs. A. Anderson and child, D. Atkinson.

The Bonanza King arrived at her dock this morning after an adventurous journey down stream. She left Whitehorse on the 11th of the month, but was unfortunately detained by several bars along the river. She brought a scowload of beef cattle and 105 tons of general merchandise, and the following passengers: Mrs. Ayer, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Sebett, B. Gaughan and R. C. Burke.

The Eldorado is following the Bonanza King and is due to arrive today. The Zealandian is expected tomorrow with a large consignment of mail.

The following was received by wire: Steamer Yukoner passed Hootalinqua coming down at 9 o'clock this morning.

The Nora, Bailey and Canadian passed Five Fingers this morning going up at 5, 7 and 7:30 o'clock respectively.

The steamer Zealandian passed Five Fingers coming down at 7 this morning and was followed by the Ora two hours later.

The Yukoner, Lightning and Anglian left Whitehorse this morning. The Gold Star arrived at that point this morning.

Steamer Eldorado arrived at noon with a large number of passengers. She brought 112 tons of freight. The following is her passenger list: B. R. Preece, E. D. Laman, H. Milne, Mrs. E. D. Laman, H. Miller, Mrs. C. F. Boggs, Mrs. L. Courtney, T. Hegestadt, H. D. Fountain, Master Fountain, Constable Richardson, Miss Mabel Beaumont, Levi Oleson, Noe Pigeon, A. Laneld, Miss Hermine, Miss Rose, Miss Marie Germain, Mrs. King, John King, Morse Pecotte, O. Geronan, J. A. Pecotte, B. C. Johnson, West Fleury, Frank Mascroft, W. Farrell, L. F. Madrie, May Jacobs, Jos. Lyons, A. Pauseler, O. Suter, Andrew Frosted, P. M. Thompson, Mrs. Campbell, Jas. Cunningham, John Rollo, Jas. Wearas, M. Morgan, Chas. Poogue, Benoni Bedard, Prilius Bedard, Dena Krembloy, S. Morotte, S. Moore, B. St. Marie, Aug. Pigeon, Mrs. W. Warren, Miss C. Williams, Mrs. Dr. Hedges, W. J. Weymouth, Arthur Coleman, A. Harmon, B. Johnson, Mrs. J. B. Graudy, Tagish Jim, Tagish Charlie, C. D. Bentley, V. E. Gilmer, E. Ritter, Jas. Nordstrom, J. Nordstrom.

Contraband Booze.

The steamer Flora which arrived yesterday brought her full capacity of freight mixed up with which was a miniature consignment of contraband oil of joy which probably passed detection above on account of its small size. The stuff captured on the arrival of the Flora at this port consists of six bottles of porter and one jar of stark naked hooch, all of which was sur-

reptitiously brought into the country by a man named J. Esterbrook. The goods were taken possession of by the officers and will probably be added to the already large stock on hand of confiscated contraband goods. Esterbrook, the man who took a long chance when the financial benefits accruing could not have been other than a mere "bag-of-shells" had his plans not miscarried.

CHINESE PRONUNCIATION.

Three Simple Rules That Will Help You in the Task.

An acknowledged authority on the pronunciation of Chinese names as transliterated into English assures us that there need be no serious difficulty in sounding the many Chinese names now appearing in the newspapers if the speaker will remember that the vowels in these names are uniformly those of the Italian or continental alphabet—namely: (1) a, always about as a in far; e, always approximately as e in they or then; i, very like i in machine or pin; o, as either the o of song or how, and u, always as the u of rule. (2) Also, it should be remembered, every syllable has an independent value and should be given that value in pronunciation. (3) As for consonants, they are pronounced exactly as written. These three rules will secure us correct pronunciation of Chinese names as can be secured without oral instruction.

For example, under the first rule one would say takoo for Taku, not take-you, as one may frequently hear the word pronounced; lee hoong chahng for Li Hung Chang, not lie hung chang; pek-king for Peking, not peek-in; shahng-hah-ee for Shanghai, not shahng-high; tsoung-lee-yahmen for tsung-ly-yamen, not tsung lie yamen, and so on. Under the second rule Tien-tsin is pronounced teyen tain, accenting the yen syllable, not teen tsin. General Nieh's name is Neeyeh. The Chinese coin tael is not tale, but tab-ale, pronounced quickly. Yunnan fu is yoon-nahn-foo, not yunanyu.

In like manner all words are pronounced with syllable distinctness and with uniform vowel sound. Under the third rule the province name Szechuan is souzahn, not zekuan, but nearly as zehchooahn, touching the choo very lightly; Nganhwei as ingahng-hwayee, dropping the initial i sound, and the German possession Kiau Chau is Keeahoo chahoo.

However, without multiplying examples, the reader of news from the much troubled far east will find his way through the many difficult names he is to meet in his reading in the near future with sufficient safety if he will but observe the three simple rules here given for their correct pronunciation.—Boston Transcript.

The Breach of Promise Record.

Many records of different kinds have been broken of late, but it will take a long time indeed to break the one that has just been made by the Bavarian gentleman, Mr. Alois Frankenberg, remarks the New York Sun. His case came up the other day in the assizes court of Gratz, Austria, in which the testimony against him, the truth of which was admitted by himself, footed up a total of 120 cases of breaches of promises to marry. Young girls, old maids, widows, brunettes and blonds, fat and lean, long and short, all figured in his gigantic dossier. And yet his mode of procedure was simple enough. After he had spent a fortune of 100,000 marks leading a wild life in different countries he returned to Gratz penniless.

His last resource lay in his good looks and winning ways. He put an advertisement in several papers inviting ladies desiring to marry "a gentleman of fortune" to put themselves in communication with him. And they did. His bonnet fortunes were phenomenal, even though his "fortune" was fictitious. In a short time he had sweethearts galore, and, to buy furniture for nice flats in their castles in Spain, he obtained money from them.

That is what brought him into trouble. After sparking all that was profitably sparkable in Gratz he abandoned his beloved ones in that town and set up in business as a matrimonial merchant in Munich, where his success was still more extraordinary. Then he returned to Gratz, where he was denounced, arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for two years and six months with hard labor.

The Old Time Shipbuilder.

The man with the broadax is gradually disappearing. He is very hard to find in Canada, but a few of his tribe are still scattered along the New England coast, mainly on the Kennebec. It is probable the tribe will die out on the spot where the first blow of the broadax was struck. The man with the rivet is the next step in marine evolution. He is a noisy fellow, just a part of a machine, and he can never replace the quiet, contemplative philosopher in the red shirt and overalls who stood in the American shipyard in days that are past.—Boston Herald.

Pabst beer and imported cigars at wholesale. Rosenthal & Field, the Annex.

Rosenthal & Field are selling case whiskies at wholesale. The Annex.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

BRIEF MENTION.

George Sutherland and wife are down from the Yukon.

E. N. Hill, of Gold Run, is in the city today.

H. A. Mann, of Caribou, is over from that place on business.

Chas. A. Dixon, of Duluth, Minn., is registered at the Fairview.

W. C. Leek, of 31 Eldorado, was in the city yesterday.

Chas. E. Severance, president of the Bonanza Water Co., has made an assignment to A. E. Webster.

Warren, brother of Charles Lamb, of No. 3 Eldorado, accompanied by his wife, has gone to Stockton, Cal., to winter.

The Terry Brothers, Fred and Ed, arrived in Dawson yesterday evening where both are well known. They are both old-Seattleites.

Politicians about town when asked for news, are much given to the bland smile and a habit of saying they know nothing.

W. G. C. Belt, of the Bank of British North America, of Bennett, is one of yesterday's arrivals. He is registered at the Regina.

N. Barrett, brother of Joe Barrett, of Dominion creek, recently arrived from Seattle with his wife and daughters. The family will winter here.

Yesterday Attorney White received a telegram from the Whitehorse delegation asking him to represent them in the convention held last week. What's the matter with Whitehorse.

The completion of the plans of the power company will give another impetus to the very prosperous condition of affairs which prevails in Dawson and throughout the Yukon territory generally.

This morning Sheriff Eilbeck received a telegram from M. J. Heeney, announcing his departure from Skagway for Toronto in company with "Little Willie" (Robinson). The telegram was very joyful.

Yesterday, T. C. Healey, jr., received a telegram from his wife from Skagway, announcing her departure from that place. Mrs. Healey recently went to Seattle to bring in her daughter, and is now on her way back to Dawson.

F. H. Beaumont, who is here on business from Fort Yukon, speaks highly of the Chandler country, but says it is suffering for lack of development, as only three or four prospectors at a time ever go in there, and they do not prospect thoroughly.

Creek News.

Messrs. Cooper and Henning have set up a new 30-horse power boiler on their ground on American gulch.

J. W. Frame, of 33 below Bonanza store, was in to meet his family, who arrived from Everett, Wash., last Tuesday.

Mr. H. Day purchased Mr. Willet's interest on 31 below Bonanza and is now getting down a lot of wood for the coming winter.

Stafford & Williams, of Chechako Hill, have worked out their claim and will go to the outside for the winter. They will both return in March to work their claim on King Solomon's Hill.

There was a big dance at the Magnet roadhouse last Saturday evening; the occasion being the completion of the addition made this summer.

M. W. Johnson has opened up the No. 6 store and restaurant at 6 below Bonanza.

FOR RENT

FOR SALE—Fractional hillside adjoining No. 13 1/2 l. l. below lower discovery Dominion; good pay on adjoining claims; price \$1000. Address H. Nugget office. p12-15

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

PHYSICIANS.
DR. J. W. GOOD, Physician and Surgeon; special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear. Rooms 14 and 15, Chisholm's Aurora, 2nd st. and 1st ave.; hours 10 to 12 a. m., 3 to 6 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 32.

LAWYERS.
BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 building, Front St., Dawson.

ALEX. HOWDEN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, etc. Criminal & Mining Law, Room 21 A. C. Co's office Block.

NOEL & McKINNON, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY BLEEKER & FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLEEKER AND DE JOURNEL, Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third-avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, First Ave.

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors; Advocates; Notaries Public; Conveyancers; Telephone No. 48. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McPeely & Co. hardware store, First avenue.

ASSAYERS.
JOHN B. WARDEN, F. I. C.—Assayer for Bank of British North America. Gold dust melted and assayed. Assays made of quartz and black sand. Analyses of ores and coal.

Where to Eat

THE VICTORIA....

Just opened by R. T. ENGELBRECHT from Seattle and NICHOLAS CONDOGEORGE, a chef well known in the States and Victoria and for many years a hotel and restaurant man.

SECOND STREET, NR. FIRST AVE.

Good, Wholesome, Well Cooked Food at Reasonable Prices.

"HIGH - GRADE GOODS."

S-Y.T. CO. SEE OUR STOCK OF

Hardware

NEW GOODS—COMPLETE LINES.

S-Y. T. CO., Second Avenue.

LATEST ARRIVALS

NEW SUIT DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits and Separate Skirts, Underskirts in Silk Moreen or Satin, Fluslin Underwear and Wrappers,

A. E. CO. American Made; New Styles

HOLME, MILLER & CO.,

Boilers, Engines, Hoists, Pumps, Ejectors, Pulsometers, Stoves and Ranges....

TIN SHOP. NEW STOCK. FIRST AVENUE

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.
GEORGE EDWARDS, C. E., Dominion Land Surveyor, cor. Fourth street south and Fifth avenue.
T. D. GREEN, B. Sc., Dominion Land Surveyor, McLennan, McPeely & Co's Block, Dawson.

DENTISTS.
DR. HALLVARD LEE—Crown and bridge work. Gold, aluminum or rubber plates. All work guaranteed. Room 7, Golden Exchange Building.

The Standard

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 17th-22d

The Celebrated Irish Drama

THE SHAUGHRAUN

Also our Olio of Vaudeville Stars headed by

POST & ASHLEY

First appearance in Dawson of

DOLLIE PAXTON

A Charming Descriptive Vocalist. Curtain at 8:30 sharp.

HOTEL GRAND

Cor. Third Avenue and Second Street

First-class sleeping apartments. Rooms by the day, week or month. Newly furnished. Central location. FINGER & STRITE, Props.

D. A. SHINDLER

Hardware, Bicycles, Guns, Etc.

Quick Action By Phone

Use the Phone and Get an Immediate Answer. You Can Afford It Now.

Rates to Subscribers, \$30 per Month. Rates to Non-Subscribers: Magnet Gulch \$1.00 per message; Forks, \$1.50; Dome, \$2.00; Dominion, \$3. One-Half rate to Subscribers.

Office Telephone Exchange Next to A. C. Office Building. Donald B. Olson General Manager

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people: in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper.

Just An Item

IN AN IMMENSE SHIPMENT

GLASS DOORS

With California Redwood Frames

For Stores and Residences.

A. E. CO.

For Stores and Residences.

THE LADIES WELCOMED

Mr. Levine of the Star Clothing House a Close Observer.

server.

"This winter promises to be one of unusual activity in social circles," said A. S. Levine yesterday to a Nugget scribe. "A large number of ladies, the wives of our business men, have come into the city this summer and the result is remarkable from a commercial standpoint.

"It seems but a few months ago since the usual clothing worn by the Dawson public was of the coarsest nature, and mackinaws in all their hideous colors were seen upon men who today are as careful of their dress as the most fastidious habitue of the boulevards in the effete east.

"Fortunately for me, I anticipated just such a change, and in placing my orders for this winter's supply I have made it a point to have shipped to the Star Clothing House the finest wearing-apparel obtainable. At my establishment today I can supply my customers with the swell clothing and haberdashery demanded by the changed conditions to which I have referred.

"Women are a great factor in trade, and the commerce of the world is largely effected by them.

"It would amuse you to see how sharp some of them are in the matter of prices. The Star Clothing House is recognized as a low priced house, and while I have but one price at my store I have almost been tempted by some of these ladies to reduce a quoted price on some of my goods which would be insisted could be obtained at another store at a lower price. This, in some instances, when I had the only stock of that particular article in Dawson.

"I like to see close buyers at my establishment, for these people cannot but notice the difference between prices for merchandise obtained at the Star Clothing House and those of the big companies."

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