

VOL. 6 NO. 88

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

LIBERAL LEADERS DENY IT

They Say No Meeting Has Been Called by Their Organization to Ask Government to Resign on Account of Bad Management of Boer War and Other Matters.

From Friday's Daily. London, Oct. 26, via Skagway, Nov. 1.—Leaders of the Liberal oration deny that any meeting was held, as was called by a news agency in the United States, to consider the advisability of issuing a manifesto to the country calling on the present government to resign, call a special session of parliament to discuss the Boer war situation, the dismissal of General Buller and other timely questions. Leading Liberals claim the unfounded rumors were started by London papers favorable to Buller and only for the purpose of making political capital.

NO EMOTION.

Shany, N. Y., Oct. 26, via Skagway, Nov. 1.—Leon Coogoss, who is to be elected for the next President McKinley, showed not a

CONTEMPT FOR RESTAURANTS

Effect of New Brand of Hootch Now on Tap.

Last night was a "whoop-em-up" for James E. Sloan, who proposed to warm things up regardless of the decline in mercury. After filling up to the top vest button on the treacherous brand of home brew James decided that he would dine at the restaurant which, after eating, he returned to play for and then, as if to show a contempt for restaurants in general, he went out and proceeded up the street to the Gift Edge restaurant where he proceeded to smash a window glass, the value of which was \$25. In court this morning James was the embodiment of humility, nor did his countenance illuminate perceptibly when confronted with the following expense account:—

For being drunk \$ 5.00
Dinner incident to trial..... 5.00
Total ordered at Aurora 1.00
Gift Edge restaurant glass 25.00
Total, \$36; not mentioning the outlay in cultivating a dark brown.

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

DAWSON TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. FREIGHTERS DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS DOUBLE SERVICE

EMPIRE HOTEL The Finest House in Dawson. All Modern Improvements.

J. J. MORGAN J. F. MACDONALD

Ammunition Shot Gun, Rifle, Pistol. Wheels Rambler, Cleveland, Monarch. SHINDLER, THE HARDWARE MAN

Metaline Bushed Sheaves.

These Sheaves are specially adapted for use in the mines in cold weather. They are run without the use of Oil or Grease and are the Only Self Lubricating Sheave on the Market.

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED

WERE ROUTED.

San Juan, Oct. 26, via Skagway, Nov. 1.—The Venezuelan troops in Castro were completely routed by the insurgents.

WITNESS VAWTER.

Skagway, Nov. 1.—Ex-Marshall Vawter of Nome, arrived here on the Dolphin yesterday to give testimony in the Homer Bird murder trial which, before his arrival, was postponed until next June. Vawter is just from San Francisco, to which place he recently went from Nome to testify in the Judge Noyes investigation.

ALL CLASSES WERE THERE

Was Big Turnout at the Fire This Morning.

Notwithstanding the fact that the mercury stood 10 degrees below zero at 10 o'clock this morning many hundreds of people turned out to witness the Hotel McDonald fire, many of whom stood on the street and shivered until two hours later when the fire was under control. Men, women and children were there, also the people who know how a regularly ordained fire should be conducted. There were those who said the firemen were doing good work, and there were those who said school boys could give the volunteer brigade put out a four fire was under control. Men, women, times larger fire right in the middle of a block the spring of '99, with only two streams, and another man told of how a squirt gun brigade once saved Toronto. "Twas ever thus.

SMALL FIRE IN POSTOFFICE

When the furnace in the basement of the postoffice was put in position the matter of putting asbestos beneath it was neglected with the result that the boards beneath the furnace and the sawdust beneath the boards caught fire this morning about 10 o'clock, and but for the fact that it was noticed in the incipient stage its effects would have been disastrous. The basement of the building in the locality of the furnace has been made fire proof today.

The Flannery hotel was fortunate enough to escape today's conflagration. It is now the only first class hotel in the city. Special rates.

When on Dominion STOP AT THE

Gold Run Hotel. J. R. FOWLE, Prop.

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"DEL MONTE" J. W. Marchbank, Proprietor.

Drinks and Cigars - 25 Cents Only First-Class Goods Carried in Stock.

First Street Opp. Yukon Dock

GIGANTIC RAILROAD DEAL HOTEL McDONALD BURNED

Jim Hill and Pierpont Morgan Arrange for Consolidation of C. B. & Q., Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads—New Company Incorporated in Iowa.

Burlington, Iowa, Oct. 17.—What is believed to be the first tangible move in the Hill-Morgan deal for the consolidation of the Northwestern roads was taken here when articles of incorporation for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company were filed in the county auditor's office. The capital stock of the new company is \$100,000,000, and its object, as set forth in the articles of incorporation, is to acquire the Burlington system and other roads and to maintain a railroad in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota, Montana, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The life of the corporation began Oct. 1, 1901, and will continue for fifty years, with the principal place of business in Burlington, Iowa. It is said that the corporation will take charge of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company and the many lines leased and controlled by that company, and then transfer them all together to the Hill-Morgan syndicate. This new corporation is legally separate from the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company. The old company is incorporated under the laws of the state of Illinois, while the new one is controlled by the laws of the state of Iowa. There is but one change in the name of the company, the old is a "railroad" company, and the new a "railway" company. The incorporators, J. C. Peasley, J. M. Deering, J. D. Connell, W. W. Baldwin and E. M. Shelton, met in Chicago, Tuesday and formed the articles of incorporation but nothing was then given out about the matter. The same papers will be filed in the secretary of state's office at Des Moines. The first meeting of the incorporators of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy "Railway" Company will be held in Burlington. The new incorporators will probably meet on Saturday and elect officers and the steps contemplated for taking control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad by the new company, may then be disclosed.

HOTEL McDONALD BURNED

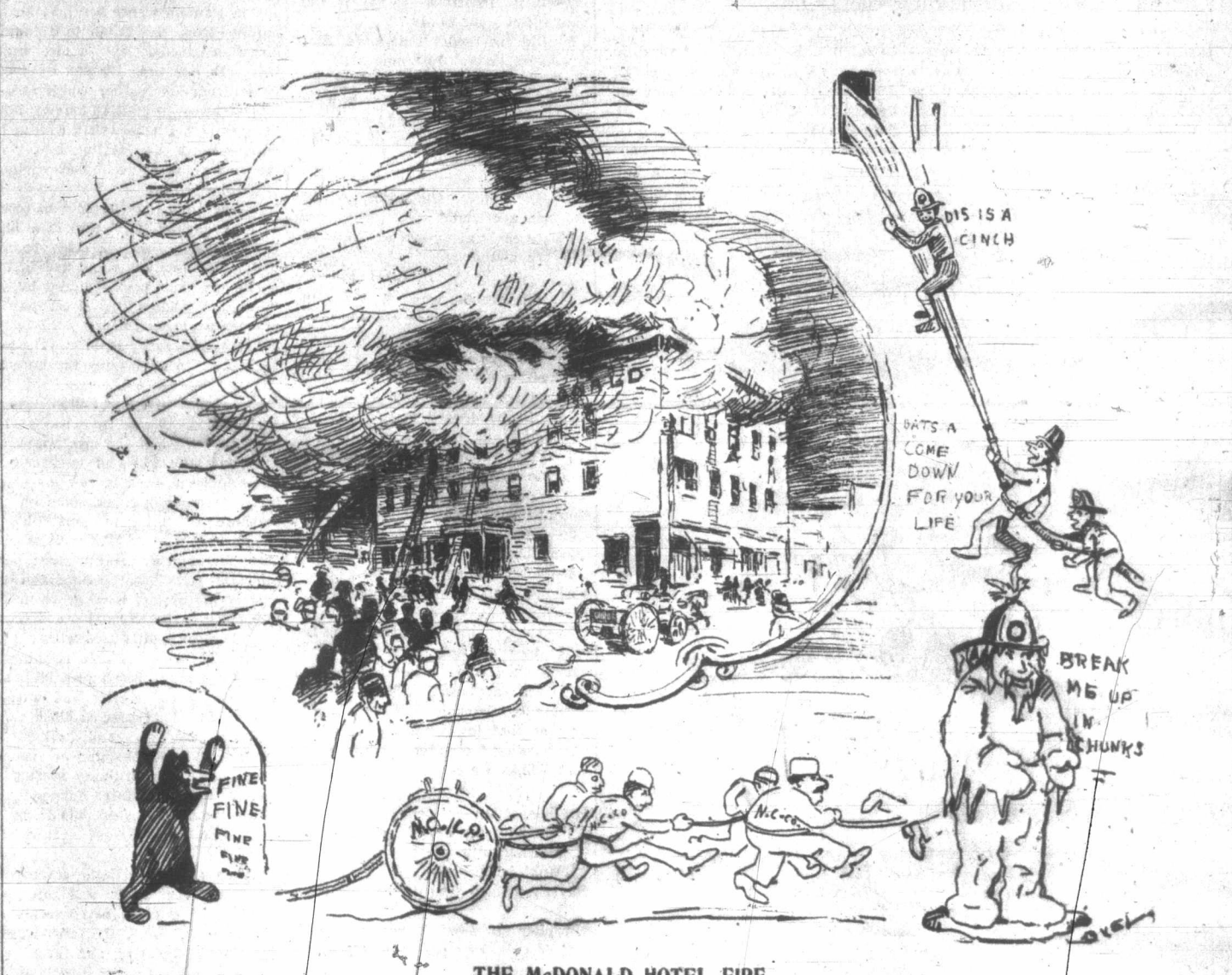
Fire Originated From Defective Flue in Rear Part of Building at 10:15 This Morning—Many Guests in House at the Time—List of Losses—Happenings on the Scene.

After an exemption of six months from any serious conflagration, the city was this morning again visited by a disastrous fire which left the McDonald hotel, one of the handsomest and largest structures in Dawson, well nigh gutted, and which for a time threatened to become even more serious in its extent. About 10 o'clock in the morning one of the porters discovered a small blaze in the east end of the building in the apartments utilized as toilet rooms, the fire it is believed, having caught from a defective flue leading from the small stove used for heating the rooms. He quickly gave the alarm and while waiting for the fire department to arrive the employees of the hotel valiantly fought the increasing volume of flame as long as the water supply held out. At the time the alarm was sounded in the department was at work on a fire in the basement of the postoffice building and had exhausted one and a portion of the other barrel in the big chemical. Quickly transferring their attention to the more serious blaze it was at once noted that the remaining charge in the chemical would prove

CHAMBERLAIN AFTER IRISH

Colonial Secretary Says They Insult and Outrage the House of Commons—Ireland's Representation Is Proportionately Too Large—New Rules to Be Made.

Edinburgh, Oct. 26, via Skagway, Nov. 1.—Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain in an address to 8000 people at Waverly Market in Edinburgh today announced that the government proposes to frame new rules for the house of commons so as to limit Irish obstruction. He said: "We propose to bring forward new rules which shall give to the majority in the house of commons greater control over those who insult and outrage it. We shall endeavor to protect the mother parliament from those who would destroy her reputation and usefulness. The present representation of Ireland in the house is an abuse, a scandal for which there is no alternative that can be immediately anticipated except in general dissolution and we do not contemplate that. But when we get nearer to the time we shall ask you whether you think Irish representation so valuable to national interests as to allow Ireland representation which is enormously in excess of that proportionately allowed both England and Scotland." The colonial secretary went on to point out that on a basis of population Ireland has fully 30 members too many in the house of commons and on a basis of her contributions for imperial purposes as considered at the time of her union her present representation is 40 or 50 in excess of what it should be. The heaviest individual loser is Harry Sedley, who had taken apartments on the third floor but a few days previously. Mr. and Mrs. Sedley were asleep when the alarm was given and by the time they had dressed the halls were so full of smoke it was with difficulty they made their way down stairs, carrying in their arms only such articles of wearing apparel as they could hastily pick up. After seeing his wife out of danger Mr. Sedley attempted to return to his rooms, but was driven back by the smoke. Nothing daunted, he climbed up the fire escape, kicked in the window of the room adjoining his own, made his way around the hall to his room and then threw out the window a number of articles. The heat finally became so intense he was obliged to leave, but found his passage through the hall cut off. Calmly and without heeding the cries of those in the street below climbed out through the window, grasped the sill firmly and by sheer strength swung himself over to the fire escape in safety. "Four out of five of my trunks were saved," said Mr. Sedley, "including my manuscripts and most of Mrs. Sedley's apparel, but I personally have I am now standing in. My loss is about \$1,000, included in which is \$250 in currency which I placed in the trunk I lost only last night." Leroy Tozier saved the personal effects of Mrs. Tozier, but sacrificed his own, also losing a quantity of furniture and bric-a-brac which he had in his rooms. His loss is about \$500. R. P. McLennan, Dr. McArthur, who moved into his new quarters but yesterday, Jack Smith and Dr. Clendennan, succeeded in saving all their personal effects. Lockie McKinnon lost a quantity of wearing apparel and a number of valuable papers, including several insurance policies. L. C. Anderson, of the firm of Anderson Bros., was one of the first at the scene. He gives the following account of it: "Myself and brother Heiman were passing the alley between the hotel and the Flannery when we noticed smoke issuing from one of the rear windows. He ran inside, and from and so being familiar with his gener-



THE McDONALD HOTEL FIRE.

HIS TRIAL IN PROGRESS

Murderer Vance Fighting for His Life in Tacoma.

Tacoma, Thursday, Oct. 17.—The Vance murder trial continues to draw large crowds of spectators. The proceedings are very slow and characterized by considerable bickering among the attorneys. Judge Snell has threatened to hold night sessions unless faster progress is made. Mr. McAnally, attorney for the defense, occupied the most of yesterday in the cross-examination of the state's star witness, became somewhat confused under his questioning about a revolver which Williams had, according to the question asked by the defense, gone back into the store for.

The state introduced three new witnesses yesterday. The first of these was little Jimmie Franklin, the 14-year-old son of the murdered man. While he was telling the story of his father's tragic death as he saw it, it was noticed that the defendant was moved as he has not been before during the trial. His muscles twitched and he moved restlessly in his chair. Mr. White, the bartender at Eaton-

ville, was the next witness. He told how Vance came into the saloon a few minutes before the shooting and asked for a drink of brandy. He said that Vance was in a violent temper and said he was going to kill some one before night. He quoted more of Vance's language, which was so vulgar and immoderate that the court sent out of the room all women and children.

C. W. Tanksey, the next witness, proved a surprise to the state. He was in the saloon at the time White testified Vance had used the threatening language, but did not remember of having heard any such conversation. All he remembered hearing Vance say was that he would drink as long as he had any money left. The trial was continued this morning, Miss Manchester, the school teacher, being the first witness. She was an eye witness of the shooting and told a very graphic story. She was followed by the Hon. T. C. Van Eaton, a personal friend of Franklin, the murdered man. Tears frequently shone in his eyes as he told of the murder of his friend. It is not likely that the case will reach the jury this week.

Freese Lowmyer's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

NEW SAVOY PRESENTS "TRILBY" TONIGHT.

regret to say. Our loss we estimate at \$15,000."

The fire had crept through these cracks and ignited the dry wood between the inside and outside sheathing where it could not be gotten at and that was the great difficulty." The fire department worked to its utmost in handling the fire and there were many individual efforts worthy of special mention. The N. C. Co., with Mr. Fulda as its guiding hand, also rendered excellent service. After their work was finished, General Manager Te Roller, of the N. A. T. & T. Co., entertained the firemen at luncheon. Chief Stewart received the following testimonial from Mr. Chisholm, proprietor of the McDonald:— To Hector Stewart, Chief Dawson Fire Department, Dawson: I personally, and on behalf of the management of Hotel McDonald, hereby express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the services you and your department rendered at today's disastrous fire. I consider you did all that was possible for any fire department to do and although our loss is great it would have been much worse both for ourselves as well as the adjoining blocks, were it not for the quick response and the able manner in which you and your boys controlled the flames.

COLIN CHISHOLM, Hotel McDonald.

The McDonald hotel block is owned by Mrs. Alex. McDonald, to whom it was given as a present by her husband on the second anniversary of their wedding. It cost originally \$50,000, and was built two years ago last summer.

The Flannery hotel was fortunate enough to escape today's conflagration. It is now the only first class hotel in the city. Special rates.

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

Ames Mercantile Co. Great Overcoat Sale... Men's Fur Coats in Astrachan, Persian Lamb, Russian Lamb, Walloby, Raccoon, Wombat, Marmot and Bulgarian Lamb. Handsome Fur Lined Beaver Cloth Coats, small sizes, \$33.00. Black Bulgarian Lamb Coats 30.00. A Great Special in Fur Coats at 25.00. Ask for Our \$15 Storm Uisters.

The Klondike Nugget

KLONDIKE NUGGET (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly in advance \$24.00. For months by carrier in city in advance \$2.00. Single copies 5c.

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

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

From Friday's Daily. THE MAIL SITUATION.

Letters were received yesterday which were written twenty days ago in Whitehorse. This is not the mail contractors fulfil the obligations which they have undertaken.

Ordinarily when an individual or company undertakes the performance of certain specified tasks, compliance must be made with the terms of such contract or a forfeit of some nature paid.

It appears that the White Pass is the exception to this very general rule. Under the conditions which have prevailed thus far, there has been no reason why a single mail should fail to arrive on time.

As for the mail—sometimes it has arrived and more often it has not. Opportunities for forwarding the mail on safe and reliable steamers were passed over by the company's agent at Whitehorse and the entire community was compelled to wait, until waiting grew almost unbearable, while a tub of a craft was forced into service and took its uncertain passage down the river.

The people of this city and territory have always displayed a disposition to make allowance in such matters and in many instances have suffered uncomplainingly, when in point of fact they were submitting to a reasonable excuse to justify the condition which has prevailed during the past three weeks in connection with the carrying of the mail.

THE TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

The continued failure of the telegraph line to give an effective service is decidedly disappointing. The prospect of having the news of the world sent in over the wire each day has been something very pleasant to contemplate.

For hundreds of miles the wire traverses a trackless wilderness where snow falls often to a depth of 15 and 20 feet. Wind storms are of frequent occurrence and trees are continually falling across the wire.

the route of the line and keep it in repair under such circumstances is a task of herculean proportions, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the line has been out of order during the greater portion of the time since communication was opened.

The arrangements perfected by this paper last summer for supplying its readers with all the news of the world exactly as it is done by the evening papers of the coast have necessarily been frustrated, and the Nugget and its patrons as well must suffer in consequence.

The Skagway line, however, is still in operation, and from that source we shall continue to furnish the reading public of Dawson and the adjoining mining districts with the very best service obtainable.

Meanwhile, we shall continue to hope that the through line will eventually be repaired and patrolled in such a manner that it will give a permanent and continuous service.

ARRESTED IN NASHVILLE

Woman Connected With Montana Express Robbery.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 16.—The woman, Annie Rogers, alias Maude Williams, under arrest here charged with attempting to pass forged bank notes supposed to have been stolen by the gang that robbed the Great Northern express near Wagner, Mont., last July, was arraigned in a magistrate's court today.

Lepers at Molokai

Washington, Oct. 16.—There are now 909 lepers and 164 clean persons at the Molokai leper settlement in Hawaii, according to a report just received from Chief Quarantine Officer Coker, in charge of the marine hospital work in Hawaii.

Missing Man Wa. ted.

An inquiry has been received from T. H. Cann, lawyer, 311 Pioneer block, Seattle, for Thos. Franklin, who is described as being a man about 66 years old. Parties knowing him or his address will communicate with the inquirer.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

W. B. Corsets. A Full Line in Colors and Sizes Just Received. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET.

Stroller's Column.

It may have been the following letter to the Stroller that detained the Emma Knott on her memorable trip down Whitehorse with the mail.

Dear Stroller: Any time you should happen in the capital, I would be pleased to have you dine with me.

The Stroller, tall so proud on receipt of the above invitation that for three mornings he refused to get up



SO LONG AS TEDDY PLAYS HORSE WITH BOOKER HE MUST EXCUSE THE STROLLER.

and build the fires and in the meantime he insisted on his wife speaking of him to the neighbors as "The Colonel."

MISLED BY THE NAME, THEY BOUGHT A YUKON STOVE.



president had thrown the dining room of the Whitehouse open to all comers with a stipulated preference for an Alabama coon, one Booker T. Washington.

GUESS When the Emma Nott Gets to Whitehorse. Contest Closes First of May. The Lucky Miner Can Take Choice of Any Garment in Our Stock at Astonishing Prices. SARGENT & PINSKA. SECOND AVENUE, Opposite S-Y. T. Co.

Teddy, you may have rough ridden over a lot of Cubans, but you can't rough ride over the sentiment of the people of the land or which wave the Stars and Stripes.

Teddy, the Stroller will not likely be in Washington during the present presidential term, hence, by the time he does visit the Capital you will probably be occupying your ancestral home in New York, unless you should decide to accept a tutelage in Booker's college and move to Tuskegee Alabama. Yours severely, STROLLER.

The old saying "There is nothing in a name" does not hold good at all times. For example the recent windy, cold weather demonstrated that it is all in the name so far as a chechaco couple who are just entering their first winter in the Klondike are concerned.

A certain dance hall girl in Dawson was lately in receipt of a letter from a loving sister in California. The sister in the south gave the Arctic sister some good advice as to taking care of herself.

Dear Stroller:—Will you please answer the following questions and oblige one who is sorry your affections have been bestowed on another:

- 1.—Is the hole in macaroni punched or bored?
2.—Is it re-re-re-re-re to say in company "Bet your boots"?
3.—Did the report that Lord Minto is contemplating resigning the governorship of Canada have anything to do with Mayor Woodside leaving for Ottawa?

She's a Queer Fairy.

The name, at any rate, has at last been discovered of the mysterious and beautiful lady who, as recorded in the Express a week or so ago, has lately been making her home on the seashore in a lonely spot on the Argylshire coast.

When at leisure, the correspondent says, "she knits and knits; and the ball of worsted never seems to decrease in size. She talks English and Gaelic fluently, and even converses in several other languages, to suit the person talking to her.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. WADE, OGDON & AIKMAN. FATTULLO & RIDLEY. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge No. 75, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall, 1150 Broadway, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon.

Make a Guess When the River Freezes.

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

- A Fine Coat, Value \$60.00
A Beaver Cap, Value 20.00
A Pair of Doige Shoes, Value 7.00
A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves 3.00
A Suit of Heavy Underwear 10.00
Total \$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

Ice Guessing Contest Closed Last Night.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

AMUSEMENTS. The Standard Theatre. Lady of Lyons. The Great Cast Ever Put in Dawson.

WINTER TIME SCHEDULE

The Orr & Tukey Co., Ltd. We have made the following winter schedule for our stage lines, to go into effect as soon as winter roads are practicable.

Grand Forks stages, week days: Leave Dawson 9 a. m., 1 p. m. and 4 p. m.; returning leave Forks 9 a. m., 2 p. m. and 5 p. m.

Dominion stage to 65 below lower discovery, Dominion, daily except Sunday—Leave Dawson 9:30 a. m.; returning leave 35 below for Dawson, via Hunker, 7:30 a. m., connecting at Caribou for Williams, Dome, Carmacks and Grand Forks.

Four-horse teams will be used on all stages running over the divide a good time is guaranteed.

FOUND—Vest memo book with papers, belonging to D. H. Holder. Apply Nugget.

FOR SALE—The best located roadhouse on Hunker creek. Apply Nugget office.

SEE SVENGALI AT NEW SAVOY.

DAWSON FIRES

Can be Prevented if Equipped with KILFYRE. A dry powder compound the never freezes and ready for instant use.

STANDARD COMMERCIAL

SECOND AVENUE.

If You Pay In Gold Dust

AT \$15 You Will Come Out Ahead. Shaw's Meat Market. 1500 Y. in First Main Street, Dawson, Y. T.

Iowa Creamery Butter

L. A. MASON, Agent, Second Ave., Rear of Fairview.

STANDARD FREE READING, WRITING, SARGING, CHESS AND CHECKER ROOMS.

LIBRARY WORKINGMAN'S LUNCH, DINNER AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

The White Pass & Yukon Route

Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers: "Victorian," "Columbian," "Canadian," "Selkirk," "Dawson," "Yukon," "Klondike," "Zerklandian," "Sybil" and Five Freight Steamers.

British-Yukon Navigation Co., Ltd.

Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers: "Victorian," "Columbian," "Canadian," "Selkirk," "Dawson," "Yukon," "Klondike," "Zerklandian," "Sybil" and Five Freight Steamers.

STAGE LINES

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

TO GRAND FORKS—Daily except Sunday, 9:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m. TO DOMINION & GOLD RUN—Via Bonanza and McCormack's Forks, 7:30 a. m. TO HONKER—Daily (except Sunday) 2:30 p. m.

ALL LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. TELEPHONE 214.

By Using Long Distance Telephone

You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek.

By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town

You can have at your expense and over 500 speaking party lines.

Yukon Telephone System

GENERAL OFFICE: 214 N. C. CO. BLDG.

The Klondike Nugget

ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily. MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP.

Dawson's fire department is clearly in a demoralized condition. At the beginning of winter when a well organized department is absolutely essential to the protection of the city from fire, the discovery is suddenly made that the firemen and the chief of the department are at complete loggerheads.

The former served notice upon the committee of the council, having the fire department in charge, that they will serve no longer under the present chief. The committee upon investigation has found that no reasons exist for removing the chief, and in consequence, the men with one accord have tendered their resignations.

The status of the affair briefly summed up amounts to this: Either the chief must go, or the men must go, or the difficulty must be covered by making a clean sweep of everyone.

In the opinion of this paper, the last proposition defies the course which should be pursued. The interest of the Nugget in the matter is the interest of the public generally. We are desirous of seeing the city provided with fire protection which will as nearly as possible minimize the risk that every property owner assumes in this city.

So far as the members of the department are concerned, they submitted their ultimatum to the fire committee which left that body scarce, any choice but to take the action noted above.

In consequence the firemen have resigned in a body and have asked to be relieved immediately. The Nugget believes that their wishes should be complied with, and further, is of the opinion that a change in the head of the department should be made at the same time.

The fact that the entire department has resigned rather than serve any longer under the present chief is proof positive that whatever the latter's other qualifications may be, he is not a success in the matter of handling men.

We submit therefore that the time is ripe for a reorganization of the department from the chief down. There is altogether too much at stake to waste time endeavoring to settle differences which events have already proven cannot be satisfactorily adjusted.

The fire department needs new blood and the sooner a complete and radical change in the organization is made the better will the interests of the city be served.

HEROIC MEASURES NECESSARY

It is to be sincerely hoped that there will be no temporizing in the matter of settling the trouble in the local fire department. A well disciplined fire corps is more essential to Dawson than any other branch of the public service. Loss by fire during the short life of this city has amounted to millions of dollars. A large share of the property thus destroyed would have been saved had the town been provided with an efficient fire department. Recognizing the importance of protecting the town from its chief enemy, there has been no objection to the expenditure of great sums of money for the improvement of the department. The taxpayers have borne their part manfully and there has not been the slightest objection raised when ever new appropriations for fire protection were required.

The public, until within a short time, has been under the belief that the fire department was composed mainly of competent and efficient men, and that the organization and discipline of the company were everything they should be. The events of the past few days have proven this to be a mistake.

A breach between the chief of the department and the men under him exists, which it is clear to everyone must entirely destroy all discipline and tend to discourage the esprit de corps so essential to the successful working of all such organizations.

All the facts in the case have not as yet been given to the public, but sufficient is already known to warrant the statement that the present situation cannot continue. The seventeen men who constitute the department have united in a statement, in which they declare their refusal to serve longer under the present chief. The fire committee has decided that it cannot submit to dictation from

the men under its charge, and in consequence the men have resigned.

In view of these circumstances the Nugget advanced the opinion yesterday, and we reiterate the same today, that the entire department from the chief down should be reorganized.

It appears evident to us that it is a case where heroic measures are necessary. Neither the removal of the chief nor the acceptance of the resignations of the men will alone accomplish the results which it is desirable should be attained. And it is quite evident that the breach now existing cannot be healed.

We are not interested, nor is the public, in the quarrel between the chief and his men. What the Nugget desires to see accomplished is the reorganization of a fire department which will work effectively and harmoniously to give the city the protection which it requires and for which it pays.

The best way to obtain this end is to begin immediately the work of reorganization.

NO NEED TO HURRY.

It is a little early in the game to begin grooming candidates to represent Yukon in the house of parliament. There will be plenty of time to select candidates when the right to elect a member is accorded the territory.

In this connection, however, it may be stated that the alarm expressed by the News a short time ago in reference to the census returns being forwarded to Ottawa, has proven unfounded.

When our contemporary was taken with the "congressional" fever a short time ago, it stated on several occasions that the census returns could not be in this year and that representation must be granted outright or it would not come at all within another twelve months. Events have proven that in assuming the above position the News had no knowledge of the facts in the case or else purposely disregarded them.

The census commissioner is now en route to Ottawa bearing the returns with him and it may be counted on in perfect safety that within another month they will be in the hands of the proper authority in Ottawa.

The premier will then have at hand the necessary data required by him in his statement to parliament last year to justify him in taking action.

The News gave itself needless apprehension in the matter and as usual accomplished nothing. The premier has not broken the promise made by him at the last session of parliament and until he does so, there is nothing to be gained by openly questioning his sincerity.

Meanwhile, as noted above, there will be ample time to select candidates after the knowledge is received that our right as a territory to representation has been granted.

"The difficulty between the governor-general and members of the cabinet upon the question of bestowing imperial honors is one that might very readily be adjusted. The cabinet has nothing whatever to do with the matter. All such distinctions are conferred upon the initiative of the governor-general acting through the colonial office. As a matter of courtesy recommendations receive the attention they deserve, but to permit the matter to be the cause of strained relations is to confess ignorance of the modus operandi in such cases."

"Our contemporary should open a school for the instruction of premiers and governor-generals in the duties of their respective offices. Advice to 'congressmen' might also be included in the curriculum.

If there has been no hitch in the program, Assassin Czolgosz has here this paid the penalty of his crime. He was to die on the 28th inst. at 10 o'clock in the morning. The system of determining the date upon which criminals condemned to death in New York actually meet their death is peculiar. They are ordered to be electrocuted during the week beginning at a certain date, and the exact day and hour is not known to the criminal until the actual time arrives. It is altogether probable that Czolgosz did not know when he was to die, until within an hour or two of the time.

Mr. Sam Dunham, the well-known journalist who for several years represented the United States census bureau in Alaska, has given some strong evidence against Judge Noyes, whose official acts at Nome have been the occasion of such widespread comment. Dunham is probably as well posted as any one concerning the circumstances connected with Judge Noyes' administration of affairs at Nome and as he is known to be a

man who possesses the courage of his convictions, his evidence will, without doubt, carry much weight.

The council has determined the new system of street nomenclature, and in the future the Nugget will use the new names exclusively in mentioning the thoroughfares of the town. As was said when Uncle Sam began to make specie payment after the close of the civil war, "the way to resume is to resume," and the way to become accustomed to the new designations is to use them.

A meeting has been called to arrange the preliminaries for St. Andrew's ball. This function has always been the great social event of the year in Dawson and it is anticipated that even the splendid affair of twelve months ago will be eclipsed on the coming occasion. As per notice elsewhere in this paper, the clans are asked to assemble and the work of preparation will be undertaken immediately.

Some very practical suggestions have been made of late in reference to the fact that England and the United States constitute asylums in which anarchist refugees from other countries almost invariably take refuge. It is probably a fact that the gravest crimes attributed to anarchists have been hatched either in Great Britain or the United States.

A movement to deny admission of anarchists to either country would be popular and just.

The Arctic Brotherhood hall will be a most imposing structure and one which will answer admirably the purposes for which it is intended. The brotherhood occupies a strong position in Dawson which the objects of the organization well entitle it to hold.

When the rate of assessment is fixed everyone will, we believe, breathe a little more freely. The assessments are undeniably high, and in consequence the rate should be very low.

Voicists Discouraged.

Recorder Hughes is entitled to a niche in the hall of fame. A few mornings ago he finished young me \$3.50 or 20 days each for singing "When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear." Perhaps there is no statutory law prohibiting the singing of "When Reuben Comes to Town," "Annie Moore," "Goo-Goo Eyes" and other sentimental songs, but there should be.

Three or four young men will go out to have a good time. They will mop up a few highballs and then begin to imagine that the pragmatic stage has lost a few stars out of its constellation because they did not adopt the profession. One of them will go to him to read a chapter from the Bible and pray. On this occasion we had a Baptist minister. Old Cap. Cox sent for him to come up on the hurricane deck and told him he didn't want religious services in the cabin that night, as it would interfere with the pleasure of the passengers. The preacher agreed that he couldn't offer a proper invocation while there was a race on, and so there was no service. Old Cap. Cox told me afterward that he had sent word to his steward to hide the Bible, as a precaution.

"It's a hard story to ask you gentlemen to believe, but it's a fact that the bar on the Monongahela shut up that night. Every body was on the hurricane deck. But this won't seem quite so hard a story unless I remind you that in those days most travellers carried their own bottle for fear the bar stock might run short.

"Next morning we had to run in to wood up. Everybody who could turned out to help. Even the passengers helped. The Lucas hove in sight while we were there. She was marking the heavens with black clouds of smoke. The Monongahela 'adn't tied up, but the current was so swift that a lot of us held the rope on the shore to keep the steamer steady. We barely made the boat when we let her go, and again she was off like a shot from a rifle.

"We had some passengers to discharge at Lexington. Old Cap. Cox ad tried to persuade them to stay aboard, offering to take them to the next port, wherever that would be. But they refused, and the Monongahela lost about two minutes at Lexington. Some of the baggage had to be thrown overboard. The last I saw of it it was bobbing up in the water like a bobber on a fishline.

"At another landing there was a party of several to come aboard. It was a hurry of the moment, for the Lucas was still in sight, and man and family were divided. The mother and her children got aboard all right, but the husband and the baby and a nurse were left on the landing. And so it was all the way down. Some of us took our meals on the hurricane deck. Old Cap. Cox never shut his eyes all the way down to St. Louis. He had hardly time to eat, but occasionally he took a swig out of some passenger's black Betty.

"Did we beat the Lucas to St. Louis? That's my recollection, gentlemen. During a meal, the first on the trip, after we got in, somebody came in and said the Lucas was whistling for port. But it created no sensation. Nobody cared. Old Cap. Cox threw his arms around the Baptist preacher and told him he could pray, but nobody could find the Bible. The steward said he threw it down to the stoker, who pitched it into the furnace. That always gave Old Cap. Cox a chance to say, when telling of his triumphs, that the Monongahela beat the James H. Lucas because the Monongahela was the fastest and the best boat, and because she was ably assisted in the transaction by the Word of God."

RACING ON THE MISSISSIPPI

In the "Way Back Days" Was Full of Excitement

How the Monongahela Beat the Lucas From St. Joe to St. Louis—Bible Used for Fuel.

"I reckon it was a great race," said the visitor who came up from the first day's meeting of the yachts. "It was the first yacht race I ever saw. Bless if I can see, though, how you people can get so excited over such sport."

"This coming back is more to my fancy than the yachts. It reminds me of the good old racing on the river, wayback. I know you say the boats bound up for the city aren't racing, but it seems to me they are. If you ever saw a steamboat race on the Mississippi or the Ohio on the Big Muddy, as we call the Missouri, you have lost more fun and excitement than you will ever be able to stock up during the remainder of your natural born days.

"There was the James H. Lucas race with the Monongahela, for example, on the Big Muddy. The Lucas had won the horns—answering to your America's Cup—for making the quickest trip from St. Louis to St. Joe. The Monongahela was a chippie, but she never competed for the horns. I was a passenger on the Monongahela on the occasion of her triumph over the Lucas.

"We had been loafing along and had put into Quindaro, Kan., for a passenger. I was on the hurricane deck with old Cap. Cox. He was more like a Presbyterian preacher in appearance than a boatman. He looked up stream and saw a cloud of black smoke in the bend of the river. Then he looked up at his pilot and asked what boat it was that was swooping around the cotton-woods. The pilot said it was the Lucas. Quicker than I can tell you Cap. Cox yelled out to the deckhand on shore to cast off the headline, and then to the mate to haul in that stage plank, what you call a gang way, gentlemen.

"It was always the custom for a steamboat to whistle just before she pulled out from her landing. Old Cap. Cox turned to his pilot and told him to lose no time whistling. The bells jingled to back the Monongahela hard. Well, gentlemen, she turned amid stream so quick that she changed the course of the wind. She was bound down before you could count ten, and her paddles were turning up the sand on the bottom of the Big Muddy as if a thousand devils had been after us.

"The night came on and the big smokestacks of the Monongahela spouted more sparks than there were stars in the Milky Way. Now it was generally understood there was to be no racing down stream at night. But everything was fair in a steamboat race in the "Way-back time."

"It was usually the custom to tie up at night. There was always somebody aboard to read a chapter from the Bible and pray. On this occasion we had a Baptist minister. Old Cap. Cox sent for him to come up on the hurricane deck and told him he didn't want religious services in the cabin that night, as it would interfere with the pleasure of the passengers. The preacher agreed that he couldn't offer a proper invocation while there was a race on, and so there was no service. Old Cap. Cox told me afterward that he had sent word to his steward to hide the Bible, as a precaution.

"The close of navigation never found Dawson looking healthier and more prosperous than it does at the present time. The amount of work now contemplated or in actual progress on the various creeks is far beyond all expectations. One thing has been established beyond all doubt, viz: the Klondike is not exclusively a summer camp.

If cold weather does not set in very shortly, we shall begin to believe that the earth has tipped again on its axis and that the Klondike has been shifted somewhere into the tropics. It would not be surprising to hear that alligators have been discovered in neighboring sigger head swamps.

Our old friend, the Sun, comes to the rescue of the thrifty councilman who took advantage of the slump in real estate which occurred while the equalizing process was going on. There was nothing particularly heinous about the offense, but it was decidedly undignified.

The advantages of a reduced telegraph rate, when the telegraph line is not working, are not exactly apparent. About the same benefit is being derived therefrom that would come during the next six months from a reduced freight tariff.

The possibility of a change in the governor generalship of Canada may have something to do with Major Woodside's departure from the outside, but that has caused the shipwreck

CRIPPLE'S STORY OF LOVE

Watched the Reflection of a Little Maid in Water

And Grew to Love Her as She grew in Years—Her Happiness Not for Him.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow who for many years past has been confined to a bed or a sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room giving on to one of the side canals of Venice and having no one about me but a deaf old woman, who makes my bed and attends to my food, and there I eke out a poor income of about \$30 a year by making water color drawings of flowers and fruit (they are the cheapest models in Venice), and these I send to a friend in London, who sells them to a dealer for small sums. But, on the whole, I am happy and content.

It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather minutely. Its only window is about five feet above the water of the canal and above it the house projects some six feet and overhangs the water, the projecting portion being supported by stout piles driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the advantage—among others—of so limiting my upward view that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although by reaching as far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see for a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed 15 feet in width. But although I can see but little of the material house opposite, I can see its reflection upside down in the canal, and I take a good deal of inverted interest in such of its inhabitants as show themselves from time to time—always upside down—on its balconies and at its windows.

When I first occupied my room, about six years ago, my attention was directed to the reflection of a little girl of 13 or so—so nearly as I could judge—who passed every day on a balcony just above the upward range of my limited range of view. She had a glass of flowers and a crucifix on a little table by her side and as she sat there in fine weather, from early morning until dark, working assiduously all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by needlework. She was certainly an industrious little girl, and as far as I could judge from her upside down reflection, neat in her dress and pretty. She had an old mother, an invalid, who, on warm days, would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid wrap the old lady in shawls, and bring pillows for her chair, and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work for half a minute and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection went down, and at last she was quite a little woman of, I suppose, 16 or 17. I can hardly work for a couple of hours or so in the brightest part of the day, so I had plenty of time on my hands in which to watch her movements and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her and to endow her with a beauty which, to a great extent, I had to take for granted. I saw—or fancied I saw—an interest in my reflection, which of course she could see as I could see hers, and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking at me, I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded in reply, and so our two reflections became known to one another.

It did not take me very long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could make up my mind to do more than nod to her every morning when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window and again in the evening when the little maid led the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at me, I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal. She nodded several times in return, and I saw her direct her mother's attention to the incident. Then every morning I threw a flower into the water for "good morning" and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered that I had, not altogether thrown them in vain, for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands when she saw the two flowers join forces and float away together. And then every morning and every evening she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met she clasped her hands, and so did I; but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not catch the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty indication of despair, which I tried to imitate, but in an English and unsensational fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola, which happened not infrequently, she pretended to cry, and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky to tell me that it was destined that had caused the shipwreck

CRIPPLE'S STORY OF LOVE

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And Grew to Love Her as She grew in Years—Her Happiness Not for Him.

One day the little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and, although I threw my flowers as usual, no flower came to keep it company. However, after a time, she reappeared, dressed in black, and crying, and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead, and, as far as I knew, she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for many days, nor did she show any signs of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she roused herself to nod to me, and then her flower came, day, day, and my flower went forth to join it, and with varying tones the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good-looking young gondolier, standing right end uppermost in his gondola—for I could see him in the flesh—worked his craft alongside the house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out, he held her by the hand during the whole of their interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pushed off, and left my heart heavy within me. But I soon took heart of grace, for as soon as he was out of sight the little maid thrust her two flowers growing on the same stem, an allegory of which I could make nothing until it broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that he and she were brother and sister, and that I had no cause to be sad. And thereupon I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time, for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I should see each other no longer, and, worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even hinting to her that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and 50 plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died, and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after during my three weeks of bedkeeping, a flower was found every morning on the ledge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one in a boat, and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on my sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her toes, so to speak, and clasped her hands upside down with delight that was as eloquent as any word of awkward congratulation, and he left me, singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow at their returned from church.

"For," said he, "my Angela has known you very long, ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who was a good Catholic and who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she had said ever and ever again how dearly she wished she could speak to him and comfort him, and one day when you threw a flower into the canal she asked me whether she might throw another, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy for one sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity, and not love, except indeed such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my infirmity, and there was an end of it all.

For the two flowers that I thought were on one stem were two flowers tied together, but I could not tell that she and the gondolier were not nearly so pretty, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time and that perhaps tomorrow our flowers would be more fortunate—and so the innocent courtship went on. One day she showed me her crucifix and kissed it, and thereupon I took a little silver crucifix that always stood by me and kissed that, and so she knew that we were one in religion.

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And so I learned that it was pity

UNPRECEDENTED STORMS

Sweep the West Coast of Alaska, Waves Breaking Over Dolphin's Pilot House While Crossing Queen-Charlotte Sound - Late Goods for Dawson En Route.

From Thursday's Daily. Skagway, Oct. 31.-The steamer Dolphin arrived this afternoon after the roughest voyage in the history of Alaskan navigation. On Queen-Charlotte Sound a terrible storm was encountered, causing waves to break entirely over the ship's pilot house. The Dolphin brought six passengers and 70 tons of freight. Dominick Burns has a shipment which he expects to scow from Whitehorse to Dawson before the river closes.

FIRST COLD. Skagway, Oct. 31.-The first cold weather of the season prevails here today, a strong north wind blowing continuously.

SAME HERE. Skagway, Oct. 31.-The local papers say there are several Yukon detectives in Skagway but their object is unknown.

KING'S HEALTH IS VERY GOOD

Reports of It Falling Being Hearsay Evid. New York, Oct. 16.-Summarizing the reports regarding the health of the king, the London correspondent of the Tribune cables: There has been a marked revival of the unfavorable reports regarding the king's condition, but it is irresponsible gossip, based on hearsay evidence. The court's functionaries and hospital surgeons cannot learn from any authoritative source that the king is materially worse than he was before he left London for Germany.

Preparations for the coronation are in progress, and the king is taking a direct and hearty interest in every detail. Those who have been in consultation with him report that his voice is strong and that he shows no symptoms of any incurable malady. His mind is clear, his orders are explicit and, except for a perceptible increase of irritability, his manner is the same as it was during the early months of his reign. Current reports respecting the king's declining health are without basis, premature and unauthorized. The king will speedily come to London and place the alarming rumors at rest and will convert the return of the Duke of Cornwall and York into an imperial function.

Jack Root of Chicago has issued a challenge to meet the winner of the Whitcomb-Gardner battle. Willie Fitzgerald of Brooklyn is anxious to try his prowess against either Terry McGovern or Jack Roberts of England. Despite Oscar Gardner's many statements of late that he made up his mind to retire, he is to fight again. The "Omaha Kid" has been matched to box Clarence Forbes of Chicago and the battle is to come off at Kansas City. The limit is twenty rounds.

Billy Madden announces that George Gardner, the clever middleweight of Lowell, has placed himself under Madden's management and that the latter will look out for Gardner's interests in the future. Madden is now anxious to pit his man against any good 155-pounder. Sam Fitzpatrick expects soon to take under his wing Mose La Fontaine of Dute. La Fontaine is regarded as the best waterweight west. Sam wants to match La Fontaine against "Rude" Ferns and is now negotiating with a club in Frisco to hang up a purse for the encounter. Billy Lavigne, brother to Kid Lavigne, has started a new club at Oakland, Cal. It is known as the Acne A. C. and has a capacity for holding 5000 persons. Billy says that he will make an offer for his brother and Terry McGovern. He writes the combat to be decided some time during the latter part of November or the first week in December.

Kid McFadden of Frisco denies that his recent encounter with Solly Smith was a "fake." In his defence McFadden has this to say: "Smith hit me repeatedly and threw me out repeatedly and threw me out of the ring. I defeated him on the level. If Smith was not knocked out, he quit and there was no lay down to it, as far as I am concerned. I went in to win and did so on the level."

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

EIGHT DAYS DOWN RIVER

Was Howes' Scow Time, Arriving Last Night.

Mr. B. A. Howes, in charge of a scow containing 13 tons of mining machinery arrived from Whitehorse at 10 o'clock this morning, making the trip down in eight days, unusually quick time considering the lateness of the season and the state of the ice in the river. Mr. Howes in a short interview with a Nugget man stated that he did not encounter any heavy ice until yesterday. While river ice is discharging practically none at all, there is but very little coming out of the Pelly and about the same amount out of the Stewart. The Emma Knott, upon whose head so many curses float and deep were heaped last week, was passed yesterday morning at Stewart river. At that time there was little

THRILLING ENCOUNTER

Of Whitehorse Hunters With B'g Yukon Game.

The Yukon country-this southern part of it-is one of the greatest places on earth for the sportsman and anyone who does not believe it can have all the evidence and more than is required to convince the greatest skeptic who ever handled a gun. From the stupid grouse up to the fighting bear there is any and every kind of game a man could want. Two men who by virtue of their recent experiences, may be considered authorities on this matter are Jim Russell and Jerry Quinlan. Mr. Russell was out hunting in the early part of the week and he came back with a bag full of grouse and two thrilling stories. He had no difficulty with the grouse; they had evidently heard of his re-

DISMISSED WITH COSTS

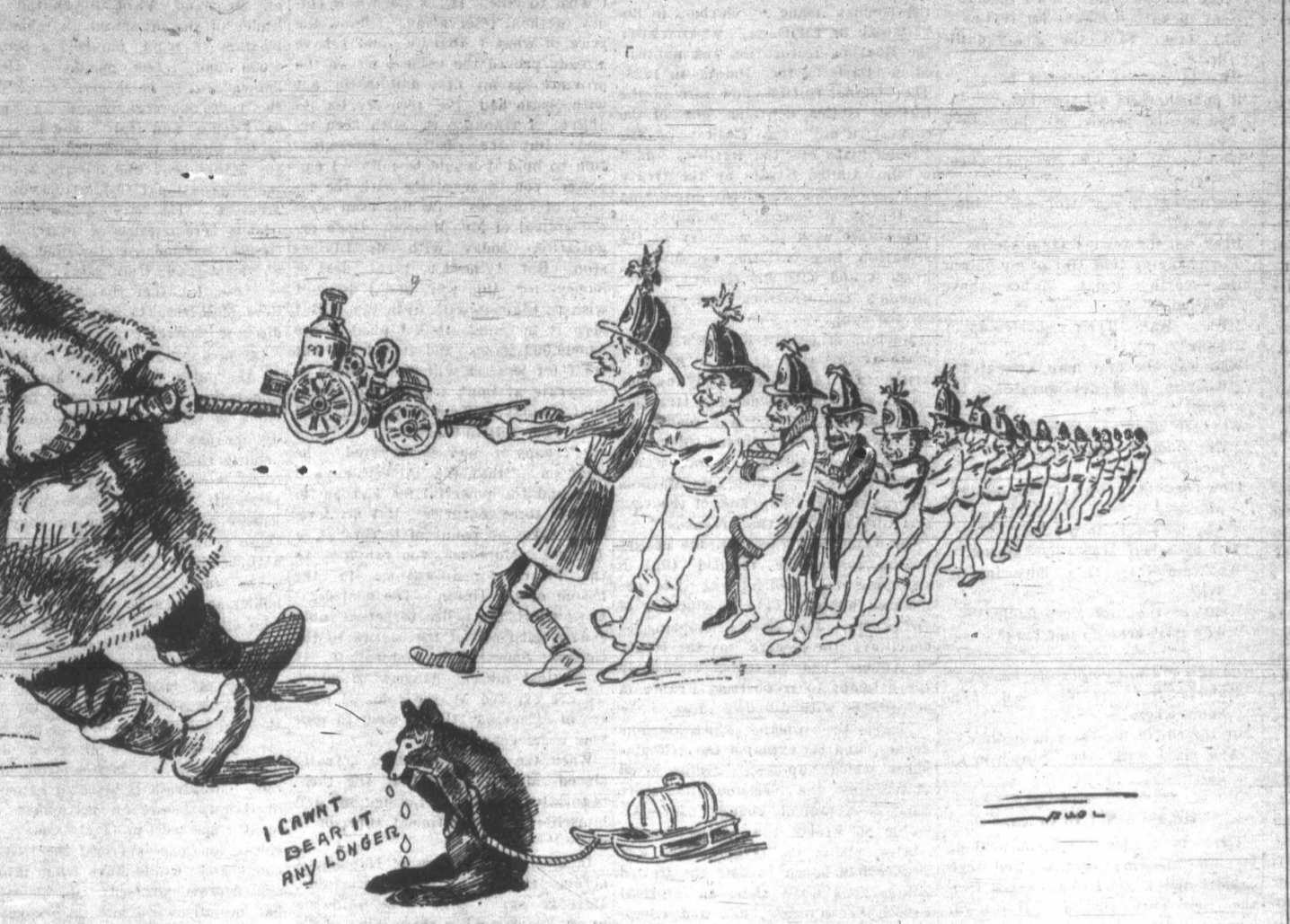
Was Gold Commissioner Senkler's Decision Yesterday.

Gold Commissioner Senkler yesterday rendered a decision in the case of A. F. Clendennan and C. L. LaPlant vs. Toussaint Page, involving the upper half of 7 and the lower half of 8 Mint gulch, a tributary of Hunker. The commissioner's findings were as follows: "The evidence given as to the position of the location posts placed by the relocators of the above claims is very unsatisfactory, and I think there is no doubt they were tampered with at some period subsequent to the date of location. I have come to the conclusion that the evidence of the defendant, of Israel Garand, and of Harry Berghouse, must be believed as to the correct position of the line

WILL MAKE CLOSE SEARCH

Party Looking for Mode May Be Gone Several Days.

The party headed by Corporal John S. Piper which started four days ago to search for Mode, the prospector who was separated from his partner Rankin on German creek ten days or two weeks or more ago, and who has not since been seen, is not expected to return to Dawson yet for several days, unless the man or his remains are sooner found. The party consists of Corporal Piper, Policeman Bell, three or four Moonshide Indians and Rankin, the latter having by Captain Starnes been ordered to accompany the party in order that he might guide the searchers to the exact spot where Mode was last seen by him. The Indians went as the result of a reward offered by Captain Starnes



QUERY:—HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THE ENGINE TO REACH THE FIRE?

Chinese Have Hello Habit. "I had quite a number of men who went into a Columbus avenue drug store the other day to use the telephone and found a Chinaman there ahead of me on the same mission," said the man of experience. "Of course there is no reason in the world why a Chinaman should not talk over the phone as well as a Frenchman or a German or an American, but it had never occurred to me that they were enterprising enough to avail themselves of their prerogative in that direction, and I stood staring at the fellow as if he had been a museum curiosity. I had the effrontery to listen to his conversation, too, a proceeding for which I had no earthly excuse, for the man got his number as you or I could have done and talked just as intelligently.

Faith Curists Indicted. Hamilton, O., Oct. 16.-The Butler county grand jury reported indictments for manslaughter against Sylvia Bishop and his wife, Edna, faith curists. Last July their 8-year-old child Ester was terribly burned by gasoline explosion, and the Bishops refused to call a doctor. They surrounded the child's bedside, offering prayers for her recovery. Coroner Sharkey in his verdict said that medical attention would have saved the girl's life.

Mysterious Disappearance. New York, Oct. 16.-Friends of Dr. George S. Gagnon, of this city, are alarmed over his disappearance. Dr. Gagnon left the city last spring after he built a hotel at West Baden, Ind. He left instructions for the shipment of his horses to that place. Recently James Renwick, who represents Dr. Gagnon in the matter, received word that the horses and carriages are still in the freight yards at West Baden.

Yellow Journalists. Notwithstanding the report to the contrary published yesterday evening in the columns of our beloved contemporary, communication with West Dawson is not now nor has it been discontinued since last winter. The dairyman makes his daily trips as of yore, the state of the river at present cutting no ice with him.

Wedded in Denver. Denver, Col., Oct. 12.-Col. John S. Kirby, a well-known newspaper man, formerly of Richmond, Va., and Mrs. Harriet Ryland O'Keefe were married in this city today. The bride is a daughter of Dwight Ryland, a former governor of California and a granddaughter of Gen. Bancroft, the California pioneer, and also a former governor of that state.

"TRILBY" AS PRODUCED AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK, AT THE NEW SAVOY.

dividing the lower half of claim No. 8 from the upper half of claim No. 7. My reasons for this finding are as follows: "Leonard Ginzberg, the only witness for the plaintiffs who was on the ground at the time the two halves of No. 7 were staked, says that he paced up and down 75 paces from the center of the claim when his brothers staked. The distance from end to end of the two claims in dispute is as the defendant contends, it is 292 feet. The ground paced by the witness was not only covered with brush, but had considerable snow upon it. I think it extremely unlikely he would cover 542 feet in 150 paces, whereas 292 feet is about the distance he must have had in walking.

Again, Bernard Ginzberg states in his affidavit of representation that the shaft and cabin referred to in the evidence was on the upper half of No. 7, whereas the plan of Adam Fawcett filed shows it to be on the lower half.

Leonard Ginzberg admits No. 8 was cleared of brush to its lower line, and there is no doubt from the evidence that the clearing extends to the lower line of No. 8 as shown on Mr. Cote's plan. In addition to this, considerable work was done by the defendant upon the ground in dispute, of which the Ginzbergs had knowledge, but to which they made no objection. The plaintiffs' protest is dismissed with costs."

A chiroprapist says: If a man has a corn, he can take it out and relieve him, but if he is suffering from what I call "rubber fever" I can't help him and can only prescribe liberal foot bathing and a removal of the cause of the trouble. Rubbers should only be worn to keep wet out, and they should be removed the moment the wearer gets indoors. Failure to note this gives a man wet feet in a far worse sense than it had wedded through mud ankle deep. It was the trouble resulting from forcing the perspiration to soak the stockings and keep the feet perpetually damp that drove rubber soled boots out of the market. Even loose rubbers are a source of danger and the cause of many more serious colds than they are.

Sugar Bounty Ruling. Baltimore, Md., Oct. 12.-Judge Morris of the United States circuit court, handed down his decision today in the Russian sugar bounty cases, upholding the action of Collector Stone in levying an extra tariff duty of 70 cents a hundred pounds on sugar imported to this country from Russia by Robert E. Downs, a commission merchant of this city.

for the finding of Mode alive or dead. German creek, where Rankin says he left his partner, rises in the Rocky Mountains and empties into Twelve-mile creek, which in turn empties into the Yukon 12 miles below old Fort Reliance and about 18 miles below Dawson.

Mode and Rankin had been prospecting along the foothills of the Rockies and started for Dawson 10 days or two weeks ago. Rankin being the younger man and faster traveler got ahead of his partner and later when he waited for him the derelict failed to appear. After searching for him for some time Rankin came on to town and reported the matter to the police. A searching party was all once sent out, but being lightly equipped, returned at the end of three days, after which the party, headed by Piper, was started with seven days' provisions and instructions to make the search a thorough one. As but very little snow has fallen since the man was lost, there is a likelihood of some trace of him being found.

Spokane, Oct. 16.-M. W. Orton, a well-known insurance solicitor, residing near Lind, Wash., was killed near Cheney today. He was riding on the public road on a bicycle, and was run down by a team attached to a farm wagon, containing Frank Stett, Harry Lichtworth, John Bilefeld, et al., and John Bilefeld, Jr. After having caused Orton's death the quartette who are said to have been intoxicated, made for the city by a roundabout route, two leaving the wagon before reaching here.

But for the affair having been witnessed by four school children the identity of the men would have been unknown. All four are now under arrest in the county jail. The men claim Orton's death was due to their team running away.

Captain Starnes' New Office. A new office is being prepared in the orderly department of the barracks for the officer commanding, Captain Cortland Starnes. A partition has been placed across the room formerly occupied by the police court, and the entrance to the barracks court or square will be the new quarters of the officer in command. The first room off the corridor of the orderly department will be occupied by Corporal Bell who is secretary and typewriter to the officer in command.

"KID" WEST AFTER MONEY

Alleged by Him to be Due as Witness Fees in O'Brien Murder Trial - Says He Was Defrauded - Balance of \$1015 Is Claimed - He Tells Some Experience - Is Square.

From Thursday's Daily. "Say, dat talk youse had in de us and it didn't take long to get over to Whitehorse. We waited der two bein' on de square, now, goes wid me, and dat aint no kid, neither. I've got a bunch o' coin comin' here, wit- Say, de grub in dat Whitehorse jail mess fees in de O'Brien case and dat's what brought me inside, see. Why, I was on dat case from December 3 proper.

"We left for Dawson on Robert- son's stage and was eight days makin' de trip. Der was some odder passengers on de stage besides our gang and dey knowed 'Kid' West was in de push. One o' 'em asked me which one was de 'Kid' and I point- ed out a Swede dat was in de bunch der in de squarest guy dat ever come over de plat. He's right I'm tellin' you and I don't tink dey infend hand- in' me any hanky-panky stuff. Say, if youse hear of any job lookin' for a strong-man-just pass it up to me. Any old ting dat's on de square. No more lifin' goes wid me. Why, if I turned a trick here and got nailed I'd get about four hundred years and den some."

The speaker was "Kid" West who through his connection with the O'Brien case as a witness borrowed from the United States government while under a five year sentence was brought into more or less prominence. The "Kid" arrived on a scow last week and proposes to remain here this winter. He has a cabin on the hill near St. Mary's hospital, has plenty of grub and as he says is now "lookin' for work dat's on de square." By his own confession he has been a crook since childhood, but with his release from the Washington state penitentiary upon a pardon secured by influential people of Seattle for his evidence and assistance in bringing O'Brien to justice, came a determination to lead a new life, to cut away from his pals and associates of former years. All he asks is a fair shake and a chance to prove that he is sincere in his desire to be gin anew.

Though a young man, West has had enough experience and there have been sufficient thrilling incidents in his life which if put into print would make several volumes of highly sensational reading matter. There is scarcely a city in the United States from San Francisco to New York that he does not know like an open book, particularly the slum sections and those parts frequented by criminals. He has seen the inside of many different jails and has "done time," generally short terms, so often that he has lost track of the number. Much that transpired during his trip inside over the ice last winter, his stay here during the O'Brien trial and his subsequent return to the States has never been given to the public. After a little persuasion he was prevailed upon to give an account of his voyage north, and back again, and his reminiscences are here presented in his own language, that odd jargon of slang and billingsgate constantly used by crooks.

"You see it was like dis. I was in jail in Seattle about to be sent over de road when Seelye learns I knowed something about de O'Brien matter. He comes in to see me, we has de big talk, and finally gets everyting framed up dat I was to come inside and give my evidence and den I was to get my meeduns when I gets back to Seattle. De matter was all fixed up and one night, December 3, I was hustled out o' town kind o' quiet like on de Sehome. We was to go on de city of Topeka, but at de last minute dey made a switch so as to fool some wise Mike dat was rubberin' round to see what was bein' pulled off. Seelye and an American detective by name of Harry Pauley took me over to Victoria. I didn't know exactly what de play was goin' to be but I was wise enough to not tip me hand. I 'tought dey might 'trow me in a dark-cell for havin' walloped a guy some time before and takin' his coin away from him. Dey kept me in Victoria 'tween months with a 14-pound iron on me leg. An' say dat iron wasn't one of dem lock-me-up gags dat you take off at night and puts on again in de mornin'. It was riveted on me leg wit a big sledge hammer. Say, it was a beast. Dey kept me pretty close in Victoria. Couldn't see no one, write no letters, nor not in' at all. One night dey give me de hurry, got me in a closed hack, went over to Vancouver and dey catches me away in de provincial jail at New Westminster. I stays dere four days. Seelye was very sick at de time and I 'tought he was goin' to croak. As soon as he got better we left on de Danube for Skagway. Dey still had de iron on me leg, but when we gets on de boat I makes a holler and dey takes it off. Say, maybe I didn't have a swell time on dat boat. I had me liberty, an' say, I could have made a getaway several times but I knowed I'dings would be all right wit me when I got back, so I played fair all 'trough. No one knew me and it wasn't up to me to tip me hand. At Skagway der was three policemen in plain clothes joined

de watch and everyting like dat, but after we got to Skagway I never see him again and he didn't send me no pictures. Dat guys got a sure 'nough roast, comin' in. Some of de bank boys at Skagway tried to get a snap shot at me when on de flatting by 't ducks into de steerom. I was pretty sore on photograph guys about dat time. When we got to Seattle I stayed dere three weeks while Tom Burke, de ex-chief deputy sheriff and de whitest man dat ever wore a star, and Seelye were gettin' up de petition to de governor. Dey finally takes me over to Walla Walla where de pardon was supposed to be when I got dere. De governor happened to be away at de time and de pardon didn't get dere for six days and den I was free. After I gets out I digs up some plunder I had cached for a long time, makes a cut wit' my pal and den takes a trip to Frisco to see me folks. Went east to Chicago and New York, has a hell of a big time and gets back to Seattle broke. Goes up to Vancouver and works for some time for Mr. Taylor, chairman of de committee on decorations, puttin' up de arches for de Duke of York. Den I comes to Skagway and down de river as de head chef on a bunch of scows and here I am."

Shortly after finishing his narrative the "Kid" blew out through the door with the parting admonition to look out for any job for him "dat was on de square."

Wants Order E. Torsed. Editor Nugget: I notice that, notwithstanding the order issued by Major Wood to the W. P. & Y. R. Co., that First Avenue be cleared of the numerous boilers that have obstructed it all summer and fall, a number yet remain un-moved. I have heard that the W. P. & Y. R. agent says that as he has collected charges for them that it is the place of the owners to move them. This would doubtless be proper had no street storage been charged, but as it has been it is certainly the duty of the company to remove obstructions from the property over which it presumed to exercise rights of ownership, no matter to whom the obstructions may belong.

TEAMSTER. SEE "TRILBY" AT NEW SAVOY

THE SINGLE TAX THEORY

Has Abe and in ere Expans in This City.

Views of a Business Man Who Thinks That All Taxation Should Be Levied on Land Values.

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily. The single tax idea in a main form has made its appearance in Dawson and seemingly the theory has some very pronounced supporters in this city.

A prominent merchant of Dawson expressed the idea that the method of taxation would be much more important than the present system if assessments were levied almost entirely upon land values.

"It is almost impossible," said he, "for an assessor to arrive at anything approaching a just valuation of what is ordinarily spoken of as personal property. A man cannot go into a merchant's store and by a cursory examination make a fair estimate of the value of the stock carried or of the fixtures. Naturally the assessor must rely to a great extent upon the figures given by the owner of the goods himself, and consequently the fairness of the taxation rolls is largely determined by the individual honesty of the taxpayers."

"The same theory is true of household furniture and in fact everything which is considered as being personal property."

"Again the present system of taxation is discouraging to the man who desires to extend his business and improve his property and works at a loss in favor of the owner of real estate who does not extend a cent in making improvements thereon."

"In other words, an individual or company who spend their money in extending their business or improving their property are fined by the government merely on account of their enterprise. On the other hand the man who allows his land to lie idle and makes no expenditures for the purpose of improving his holding derives all the benefit from the present system."

"For instance a vacant lot often will be located in a city, as in the case in a number of instances in Dawson, between two highly improved pieces of property. By virtue of the improvements on the two adjoining properties the vacant lot enjoys a marked increase in value although its owner has simply done nothing but allow it to lie idle."

"My theory is that the improvements should not be taxed at all and that the entire assessment should be levied on the ground and that the improved and unimproved lots should be taxed alike. In this way the owners of the unimproved lot would be forced to do something with their property or sell it to some one who would."

"It is much easier to establish real estate values than it is to place an equitable assessment on personal property, and thus by enforcing the single tax idea the possibility of escaping taxation would be reduced to a minimum."

His Irons Were Killed. "Railroads are often blamed for fighting legitimate claims against them," said the claim agent. "A railroad doesn't care to do anything but they are fairly driven to it. Settle one legitimate claim promptly and you will be inundated with swarms of claims that are not legitimate. The other day we received a claim for the price of three hoes from an old farmer whose iron ax had cut the right of way. The claim was really too small to pay any attention to, but I was called down to that point to investigate the death of a man who had been killed by one of our trains near the old man's place, so a inquired concerning his claim for hoes."

"What train killed them?" I asked of the old man.

"That train that gets here about midnight," he answered.

"What were they doing on the track at midnight—roosting on the rails?" I asked sarcastically.

"No, sir," he shouted. "I lock them in the henhouse every night."

"And the train ran over them when they were locked up in the henhouse, did it? How do you explain that?"

"Jes' ez easy ez rollin' off a log, he answered. "A blame tailer broke into the henhouse and stole three of my best hens, an' then, ez he was crossin' the track down here, the midnight train ran into him an' killed my chickens, an' the man, too!"

"The best I could do was to advise the old man to sue the heirs of the thief, if he had any."—Detroit Free Press.

Deposit Place for Ransom. Berlin, Oct. 12.—According to reports received here from Sofia, the captors of Miss Stone demand that the ransom shall be deposited at Sofia, Bulgaria.

A Bulgarian cattle drover, who was an eye witness of the kidnapping, has been arrested upon suspicion of complicity in the outrage, at the instance of the United States consul.

Fallings of Famous Folk.

The face of Oliver Cromwell was disfigured with moles, pimples and warts. He must have been very proud of them, however, for when his portrait was being painted by Sir Peter Lely he swore he would not pay for it unless all these facial disfigurements were quite clearly shown.

Hogarth, the famous painter, had a prominent scar on his forehead, which was the result of an accident in his early days. He made this appeal still more prominent in a portrait of himself which he painted with his own hand.

The great Napoleon was subject to epileptic seizures, one of which it has been said lost him the battle of Waterloo, although most people believe his defeat was accomplished by the Duke of Wellington.

Lord Nelson lost one of his eyes, and his left arm had to be amputated as the result of a wound sustained in one of his numerous engagements. These deformities do not appear to have affected the great admiral's abilities, and on one famous occasion he found his blind eye particularly useful.

Viscount Wolsey, the late commander-in-chief, has the use of only one of his eyes. He was deprived of the sight of the other in the Crimean war, a few days before the capture of Sebastopol.

As is well known, the Emperor William of Germany suffers from senile paralysis of the left arm, and his father, the Emperor Frederick, died of a chronic affection of the throat.

Few people are aware of the curious throat trouble from which Lord Brougham, the eminent Lord Chancellor, was a constant sufferer. At the back of his throat there was a kind of pouch-like cavity, which not only diverted the food from its proper channel but caused him infinite pain.

Lord Byron, who was otherwise a magnificent specimen of a man, had a club-foot, of which he was anything but proud. If, however, it detracted from his appearance and hindered locomotion, it did not hamper his genius. Byron was possessor of a morbid fear of going out of his mind.

Indeed, all poets are said to be more or less mad. Cowper was certainly subject to fits of lunacy, as was likewise Chatterton, who killed himself in a fit of derangement. The same is true of Rousseau, Cervantes, Southey and Swift.

Alexander Pope was a hunchback, with a very caustic tongue, which once resulted in his being as good as told that he was "a crooked little thing that asks impudent questions."

Throughout his life Sir Walter Scott could only walk with a limp. As a boy he was afflicted with paralysis, which left him permanently lame.

The late James Payn, the novelist, was extremely deaf, in which respect he resembled Edison, the world-renowned electrician and inventor.

Milton was totally blind when he produced the masterpiece of his marvellous genius. From his youth up he suffered acutely from gout, which was the primary cause of the loss of his eyesight.

As anybody could gather from his works, Thomas Carlyle was a chronic dyspeptic. A state of irritation appears to have been his normal condition, and although in the absence of his peculiar ailment he might have been a far more amiable being, his writings would certainly have lost some of their most prominent characteristics.

Like Demosthenes, Charles Kingsley was afflicted with stuttering, but he did not cure himself of the falling, as did the famous Athenian orator, by practicing speaking with pebbles in his mouth.

Perhaps the most famous of European surgeons was also the most nervous. This was Billroth, of Vienna, whose hands were subject to violent trembling. But he operated with such celerity that his hand had no opportunity of trembling.

House of Bishops.

San Francisco, Oct. 12.—The house of bishops this morning voted in favor of the appointment of a joint committee to consist of three bishops, three presbyters and three laymen, to consider the subject of prohibited degrees of marriage. On the part of the house of bishops the bishops of South Dakota, Delaware and Iowa were appointed as members of this committee.

The bishops of Montana, Central Pennsylvania, Lexington, Washington and the confederate bishop of Virginia were appointed to act with a similar number of presbyters and laymen on a committee to nominate a board of managers for the board of missions.

It was agreed to amend the former rule, now a part of the constitution, which provided that a bishop retired by reason of advanced age or bodily infirmity arising therefrom, should be entitled to an honorary seat in the house of bishops, by striking out the words "arising therefrom" so that bishops incapacitated by other causes than age might not be barred.

The bishops, on adjournment, proceeded to the house of deputies to sit with that body in hearing the report of the joint committee on Christian education.

Rev. Sheldon on Office Boy. The "devil" of the composing room wrote the following in his diary: 10 a. m.—Hain't swore today, nor smoked a cigarette stub since last night. Got a awful queer feeling.

11 a. m.—Wonder what's happenin' to me? De office boy, Mike, jest

THE CEDING OF LOUISIANA

By Napoleon to America Was a Measure of War

To Prevent Its Passing Into the Hands of England and to Give the Latter Maritime Rival.

When the treaty ceding Louisiana territory to the United States was negotiated in 1803, the three ministers conducting the negotiations were Monroe and Livingston, representing the United States, and Barbe-Marbois, who had been selected by Napoleon to represent France. Marbois's relations with Napoleon at that time were close and confidential, and the current traditions of Napoleon's attitude throughout the negotiations is a more or less accurate version of the report made by Marbois in his "History of Louisiana," written after the Bourbon restoration and published in Paris by the Didots in 1829.

The original edition, now rare in the United States, contains one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the French maps of "the territory added to the United States by the treaty of St. Louis, 1803," but interesting as this is, it scarcely compares in importance with the summary of the situation then existing as Marbois gives it and with his reports to Napoleon's conversations and speeches on the subject.

Marbois defines Livingston's mental state at this time as one of exasperation. He had been evaded and put off in what he considered a treacherous manner, until he was ready to square issues by making demands which no one thought France would consider—among others, as Marbois records it—"for the whole of the vast territory north of the Arkansas."

To understand the attitude of Napoleon, it must be recalled that in becoming first consul, he had announced himself as a pacificator of the world, and after attempting to conciliate the powers in the treaty of Amiens, had continued vigorously the attempt to reconstruct France in accordance with his own ideas.

This is the situation which Marbois defines, and it explains the stimulus under which Napoleon's genius acted in reaching the decision that there must be a radical change in the attitude of France toward the United States. After the revolutionary war France had hoped to hold the United States as a ward under an informal French protectorate, and had co-operated with Spain to that end.

Before calling this conference he had denounced the claims of England to be "mistress of the seas," and had said, "To free the world from the commercial tyranny of England it is necessary to oppose to her a maritime power which will one day become her rival. It must be the United States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the world. I will be useful to the entire universe, if I can prevent them from dominating America, as they dominate Asia."

It appears that after announcing at the Tuilleries that the United States must be thrust forward as a rival for England, Napoleon brooded over the matter, as was his habit, and then, after he had really made up his mind, he called his advisers to him and addressed them his request for advice in what was really a demand for their assent to his plans, "made with vengeance and passion" which did not invite argument. The first declaration of his purpose is thus given by Marbois:

"I know the worth of Louisiana, and I have wished to repair the error of the French navigator who abandoned it in 1763. I have recovered it on paper through some lines in a treaty, but I have hardly done so when I am about to lose it again. But it escapes me, it shall one day be a dearest cost to those who force me to give it, than the cost to those to whom I will surrender it. The English have successively taken from France, Canada, the Isle Royal, Newfoundland, Acadia and the richest territories of Asia. They are intriguing and disturbing in Santo Domingo. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. Louisiana is nothing in comparison with their aggrandizement in all parts of the globe, but the jealousy they feel because of its return under the dominion of France warns me that they intend to seize it, and it is thus they will begin the war. They have already twenty vessels in the Gulf of Mexico; they swagger over those seas as sovereigns, and in Santo Domingo, since the death of Lesclapart, our affairs are going from bad to worse. The conquest of Louisiana will be easy if they only take the trouble to descend upon it. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their power. I do not know but what they are there already. That is their usual way of doing things, and as for me, if I was in their place, I certainly would not have waited."

"Tell me your opinion," said Napoleon in conclusion, and his ministers made speeches, one for, the other against the cession. He listened and asked questions. It was the next morning after this that he called Donald Bédard on Thursday night, the 31st inst., at 8 o'clock, to make arrangements for St. Andrew's ball.

AR who are interested are asked to attend.

From the current translations of A. THOMPSON, Secy.

Malatesta, the "Stormy Petrel" of Anarchy.

So much has been written lately about Malatesta that one needs a good excuse for saying more about this remarkable anarchist. The excuse offered here is that much of what has been written about him wasn't true, and also that much that is significant has never been told about him, although it is true.

There is reason to suppose that this genuine, honest Italian count, who apparently earns a modest living in London by mending bicycles and by doing odd jobs of plumbing and mechanical tinkering, occupies a much more important position than has been generally assigned to him and knows considerably more than Emma Goldman about the murder of President McKinley.

Erico Malatesta—his name invariably has been printed Erico, which is wrong—is considered by the "Department of Criminal Investigation" at Scotland Yard to be the real leader of the organized anarchists in England, a band numbering between 2,000 and 3,000 members. He is known also to be in close touch with the anarchist organizations in America, France and Italy, and he is suspected by the London police of being the actual head and moving spirit of the international affiliations of anarchists. He has a few intimate friends here outside of anarchist circles—or outside of the inner circles, at least—and from talks with some of these, I gather that they fully believe Malatesta to be the anarchist director general.

He is not only watched continually by the police today, but anyone who undertakes to see him is followed. Since he settled in London four years ago he has been so cautious that no definite charge of inciting to violence could be brought against him, but personal liberty is not so great in France and Italy, and in either of those countries he would be arrested at once—if he could be caught.

The facts concerning this Italian nobleman, born to wealth and plenty, who sits in a wretched little hall room in London, suspected of weaving vast plots while detectives representing at least four nations lurk outside watching in vain for some clew on which to hold him are more strange and dramatic than any of the fiction that has been written about him. Malatesta is his own name and his family is one of the oldest and most respected in Italy today. As eldest son, he inherited the title of count and would have come into a considerable property if his family had not disowned him on account of his revolutionary tendencies. He has a brother Henry, who is in the public service in Italy today.

Malatesta was intended by his father to be a scientist, and after an excellent education under tutors was sent to Milan University to prepare for the study of medicine. He was a turbulent, headstrong youth, and soon became the leader of the more restless spirits at the university. Before he had time to graduate he was arrested as the leader of a revolutionary movement and, although his family managed to get him out of jail, they informed him that thenceforth they would have nothing to do with him unless he changed his views about the inquiry of all forms of government. Malatesta promptly refused and was invited by the family to go and be hanged.

He plunged into all sorts of plots against the Italian government after that, and for this complicity in the riots of 1863 was imprisoned again. After his release he went to America. He seems to have spent most of his time there in quiet conferences with anarchist leaders. Emma Goldman and Johann Most were his intimates, but, unlike them, he kept himself in the background as much as possible.

Malatesta came to London four years ago, and his headquarters ever since have been at 112 High street, in the rather squalid district in the north of London known as Islington. He is the famous organ grinder, who is unquestionably the oldest son of the late Earl Poulett, and who is trying to establish his claim to the title.

High street, in the neighborhood where the famous anarchist's lair is situated, narrows down into a shabby little lane flanked by unprepossessing shops and a few squalid dwellings. It is in a room over a little wine shop with the name Defendi over the door that Malatesta lodges.

Defendi is said to be an intimate friend of the anarchist leader and is declared to be a revolutionary exile from Italy, and his son, a boy of 17, has been informally adopted by Malatesta, and is his closest companion.

Two women who live opposite Defendi's shop positively declined to allow our photographer to obtain a picture of the shop from their first-story windows, though they were obviously poor and the request was accompanied by an offer to pay for the privilege. One of them said: "They are queer people and I don't want to do anything to get their ill will. They seem peaceful enough, but we all know what they are, and we don't know what they might do if they took a grudge against any one. I'd like to believe you, but it's better not." Her neighbor, who said practically the same thing, added that the people round about were opposed even to letting their children play with the Defendi offspring, and the few mothers who do permit it do so

rather than risk Mrs. Defendi's ill will for the mob.

Defendi himself is abroad most of the day, making deliveries, leaving his wife and children in charge of his shop. It is a squalid, ill smelling little den and the family room in the rear is not a pleasant place. Malatesta's landlady, in the person of a small Italian woman with suspicious eyes, who appeared with two of her taboored progeny clinging to her skirt, admitted that the anarchist made his home with her, but said he was there only in the evening. He was, however, in his room at the time. All attempts to get at him in person were futile, but it is possible, nevertheless, to give an accurate description of his place and of his ways.

The count—he is called by that title by some of his companions—lives in a 12x14 room at the rear of the second floor. His bed, a bookcase, a table and some chairs that have seen hard service, are the only furniture. It is the bookcase only that reveals the tenacity of a man out of the common run at Islington. It contains something like a hundred books, and besides the works of Bakunin, the apostle of anarchy, and other revolutionary books in French, Italian, German and Russian there are volumes by Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill and Carlyle.

Carlyle is Malatesta's favorite English author and Huxley comes next. He will talk throughout an evening of Carlyle, whose grumpy discontent with almost all creation seems to find an echo in Malatesta's heart. The anarchist stumbles now and then over Carlyle's English, and has to call upon his friends to help him out, but he has spent much of his spare time in studying the language, and can now write it fairly well.

The count was to have inherited a good bit of money, and apparently he did get a little, for his trail would hardly keep him alive, even in his extremely modest way of life. The neighborhood will have nothing to do with him, and he will have nothing to do with strangers. The only odd jobs he gets are from foreigners who know him, or are in the confidence of his friends. At present, as was the case after the murder of King Humbert, any communication with him is more than likely to lead to surveillance by Scotland Yard officials.

Malatesta's shop is a bare little place with one or two broken bicycles with odds and ends of lead pipe and a few old gas meters. He is a keen student of chemistry and electricity, and is said to have made one or two electrical inventions that would have brought him money if he had not been opposed to the idea of patents. If he had not been so busy promoting anarchy he might have been as useful a citizen as his fellow countryman Marconi.

Those who believe most firmly that this man is the leading spirit of anarchists all over the world deny strenuously that he gets a penny of salary. "He works too hard to be on salary," observed one of them. His hard life and prison experience make him look much older than he really is. Whereas his age usually has been given as 50, I am told that he is only 36. He has a heavily lined face, jet-black hair and beard, and piercing blue eyes. He is a teetotaler, or the next thing to it, and has vigorous views on the subject of strong drink. His only dissipation, so far as known, is a cheap pipe.

At all seeming he is one of the most quiet, mild and peaceable of men. He is known to have expelled from authority among London anarchists one or two men who talked too violently. His voice is soft and pleasant, and it is said of him that he wouldn't personally kill so much as a fly. His former roommate at Defendi's, a chum of his, at college and a companion in many revolutionary adventures, was dropped by him and requested to move elsewhere because he kicked up a row in St. John's night, flourished a revolver and talked about slaying somebody.

No, the soft-voiced Malatesta declares that he doesn't believe in killing people. He disappeared from his London haunt just before King Humbert was slain, and turned up in Italy, although the police there didn't know of it then. He was back in London by the time Bresci had fired his fatal shot. Malatesta, of course, disavowed all knowledge of this deed, but had to admit that he was well acquainted with Bresci, for the fact was generally known. He was watched by London detectives and, as Italian spies, his letters were opened, all sorts of traps were laid for him, but nothing could be found that definitely connected him with the crime.

In the same way detectives did their best to connect him with the murder of the empress of Austria. He was known to have been in touch with her slayer, but there was nothing to prove that Malatesta had planned this crime from his little back room in Islington.

Did Erico Malatesta plot the death of President McKinley? It is safe to say that no document will ever be found to prove it. But this soft-spoken anarchist seems to have had an especial grudge against the conditions in America, apparently because of the number of rich men there. He declared recently to one of my informants that there were more anarchists in America today than in any other country in the world, and

Malatesta, the "Stormy Petrel" of Anarchy.

that the number would increase steadily. He ranted bitterly against oppression there. He was especially solicitous about the Filipinos, and said President McKinley was an imperialist as any European monarch. "There is an Anarchist," he said, "a despotic monarchy that rules by gold," and went on with the sort of talk that is familiar to the columns of yellow journalism.

"America," he said, "is producing more real anarchists than any other country." In Malatesta's view, "real" anarchist is one who acts and doesn't talk.

It would be interesting to know whether Emma Goldman agrees with him as she was much influenced by Malatesta as Colozza declared himself to be influenced by Emma Goldman.

Despite the best efforts of the London police, Malatesta and Emma Goldman were in frequent communication during her stay in London, as they were when the latter was in New York.

I was told yesterday that she seemed rather good authority that my informant's opinion Malatesta made the acquaintance of Colozza at the time of his visit to London. That was four or five years ago, according to the youthfulness of the assassin, the statement seems probable, but the bare possibility of its being true makes it worth noting. If it could be proved, it would be obviously very great indeed.

This Italian, whom no self-respecting London journalist ever mentions in print, without calling him "the stormy petrel of anarchy," has been as crafty as Prof. Moriarty, and has been under surveillance since the Italian police are even more anxious than the Scotland Yard folks to get a hold on him. At the Italian embassy in London it was admitted in answer to queries that the man has been under constant surveillance in his last few years since he came to London.

In spite of this, however, he is not slipping over to Italy just before King Humbert's death, but time years he had gone over and ever taken with him his adopted son. By the time the detectives got on his track he was over, he was back safe and sound in London. Some time ago the embassy was notified that Malatesta had gone to Canada, but satisfied that that he had not left England.

The secretary said that the Italian embassy had orders to keep under surveillance such notorious countrymen of theirs as Malatesta, and added that the consul at New York kept a careful watch over all of them. He said, too, that the Italian government, since the assassination of King Humbert, has increased the rigor of its precautions against anarchists and that he is ready to state that the ministry is preparing to adopt drastic measures to prevent them out. The staff of detectives whose business it is to guard the Italian legation has been greatly increased.

The secretary of the embassy confirmed the statement that the Malatesta family was one of the oldest and most honored in Italy. He refused to say definitely that Malatesta was a scion of the family, but assurance on that point is hardly needed.

Although Malatesta keeps a fondly secret whatever connections he may have with the violent side of anarchy, he makes no mystery of his adherence to the philosophical side of it. He even wrote an article, not long ago in the hope of getting it printed in one of the most serious and dignified of the English magazines. The magazine, however, wasn't going for that sort of thing, and the article never got into print. It was not rejected for want of literary ability, however, as you may judge from this concluding paragraph of it, which I copied from the original manuscript:

"We anarchists regret violence and deplore its sickening consequences, but we don't shut our eyes to the true condition of the struggle. We only ask for liberty of propaganda and organization, expecting the triumph of our ideas not by force of main, but by the enlightenment of the people. Let us have liberty, it is the safest way for all concerned."

Since the murder of President McKinley Malatesta has been somewhat more closely than ever, and for the last week or two has rarely been out of his room. He sits there most of the time, reading and writing.

CURTIS BROWN

How They Came There. A clergyman's wife was wearing clothes for the boys who one of her daughters called in to have a chat. It was not long before the visitor's eye was attracted by a basket more than half filled with buttons. The visitor could not help noticing that there seemed a good supply of buttons. They began to turn them over, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Here are two buttons exactly same as those my husband had on his last winter suit. I should have known where they were."

"Indeed," said the minister's wife quietly. "I am surprised to find all these buttons were found in your collection bag. I thought I might well put them to some use."

Send a copy of Gutzwiller's "Anarchy" to outside friends. A pictorial history of Klondike is for sale at all news stands. Price 15c.

NEW TOWNS IN OKLAHOMA

Now the Paradise of Tin Horn Gamblers

Recent Thriftless Ways of the Red Men and Seek Their Husbands Among the Fair Skins.

Renov, Oklahoma, Sept. 28.—This is the land of the over-boomed. Many thousands of fortune seekers...

The sudden shifting of the frontier back to Oklahoma has brought with it all the old frontier town habits...

The gambling house is a complete feature of every town. It does not merely have a larger number of patrons...

He gambles with a little cash capital and a desire to embrace matrimony. The capital must amount to at least \$1,000...

When the morrow he awakes again at work to start. He gets a letter from his house which cheereth up his heart.

So when at last the weary day hath dragged its leader round, again the happy traveling man is at the station found.

When the morrow he awakes again at work to start. He gets a letter from his house which cheereth up his heart.

At length the weary trip is done and he is home once more. He sees his wife an hour or so then drops down to "the store."

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STRANGE CASE OF LANCASTER

Proves That Truth is Oftentimes Stranger Than Fiction

Realizing That His Mind Was Felling He Absented Himself—Regained His Mind in Texas.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 16.—Joseph Lancaster, the wealthy merchant of Dawson City, Y. T., who was missing for over a year...

Now mark him as he sits him down Outside the tavern door And lighteth up his good cigar...

Consider now the Traveling Man, That gay and festive blade Who goeth up and down the land...

Now mark him as he sits him down Outside the tavern door And lighteth up his good cigar...

And presently he to the bar With others doth repair And many highballs will he take...

For in the morn ere dawn hath come From bed awaketh he, And dresteth in a chilly robe...

And there before the tavern stove He warmeth up his legs, And presently he sits him down...

He rusheth back unto the inn To make his get-away, And there with sinking heart he hears...

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JUDGE IS THREATENED

The Kentucky Mountaineers Who Killed Goebel Still Ugly.

Georgetown, Ky., Oct. 18.—Threats against the life of Judge Cantrill, who is presiding over the trial of former Secretary of State Caleb Powers...

They steal ideas. The Horse show at Madison Square Gardens has no more constant visitor than the dressmakers and milliners...

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McKinley's Memorial

Cleveland, O., Oct. 18.—Secretary Rutherford B. Hayes has appointed an auxiliary committee in Canton...

Relative to the claim put forth in certain quarters that the memorial should be located at some point other than Canton, Mr. Ritchie said:

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ON THE SUMMIT OF CHILCOOT PASS, MAY 1898.

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"YOU'RE NOT SO WARM"

But that you may need another heater. If so, call on

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Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

Copper River and Cook's Inlet YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS In Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From Juneau on First of Each Month

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Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico. Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.

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Our Own Bouquet Have you seen the new type—job type—the kind that appeals to the reader in bold, self assertive style...

Dress Your Stationery in New Clothes And keep up with the times. Perhaps you are one of those "Rush Job" fellows...

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"TRILBY," AS PRODUCED AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATER, NEW YORK, AT THE NEW SAVOY.



ON THE SUMMIT OF CHILCOOT PASS, MAY 1898.

ENTHUSIASTIC SCOTCHMEN

Meet Last Night and Arrange for St. Andrews Ball

To Be Given Friday Night November 29th—Tickets of Admission \$18—New Officers Elected.

From Friday's Daily. The Scottish clans were out in full force last night at the McDonald hotel, the occasion being the first meeting of the St. Andrews society for the purpose of celebrating the day of the society's patron saint, November 30. The meeting was the largest, best and most enthusiastic ever held by the society and bespeaks for the ball and celebration a high success eclipsing all previous efforts. The McDonald clan was well represented; so was the McLennans, McKenzies, McGregors, McPhersons, McLagans, McKinnons, Macfarlans, McArthurs, McDiarmids, Macaulays, McDonells, and any quantity of other good old Scotch families who do not have the good fortune to possess the prefix "Mc" to their names. The meeting was called to order by R. P. McLennan, vice president of the society, in the absence of President Wm. McKay, who is at present out of the territory. Election of officers was first attempted and resulted as follows:—each candidate being chosen unanimously:

Hon. Pres.—Hon. J. H. Ross. Pres.—R. P. McLennan. Vice Pres.—Dr. A. B. Thompson. Secretary—H. E. Ewart. Treas.—Jas. F. McDonald, re-elected.

Chaplain—Col. McGregor, re-elected. Piper—Robt. Henderson, re-elected. It was unanimously decided to celebrate the day this year with a grand ball, similar to previous years only on a more elaborate scale. On account of St. Andrews' day occurring on Saturday this year it was decided to hold the ball the evening previous, Friday, November 29. Relative to the cost of giving such a ball as is in contemplation, Treasurer McDonald read from his report of last year's affair. Upon that occasion the total receipts were \$2,759, and the disbursements \$2,759.45, leaving a deficit of 45 cents. It was explained, however, that the deficit was greater than that sum, as an assessment of \$5 each had been levied against the members of the society in order to make up an existing deficiency. The principal items of expense in the previous ball were:

- Savoy theatre \$656.50
A. C. Co., wines \$85.50
Bunting \$7.00
Electric Light Co. 200.00
Supper 850.00
Programs 140.00
Decorators 50.00
The report of the treasurer was or-

dered adopted and a vote of thanks was joyously rendered him for having made up the deficiency of 45 cents. A general executive committee, consisting of D. C. McKenzie, J. U. Nicol and J. T. Bethune, was appointed who shall have charge of all the details of the ball. The price of tickets was fixed at \$15, the same as last year, and it was resolved that the issuance of complimentary tickets should be confined to the commissioner of the territory, the Hon. Jas. H. Ross, and the press. The program of dances will be interspersed here and there with vocal numbers by professional artists and Scotch exhibition dances. Where the ball will be held was not decided upon, it being left to the executive committee. The following were appointed as a reception committee: Dr. McArthur, C. D. Macaulay, Chas. McDonald, H. A. Stewart, Chas. Milne, Hugh McKinnon, Wm. Thornburn, Jas. H. Falconer, Richard Cowan, A. D. Williams, Tom Chisholm, John McLagan, C. W. MacPherson, Colin Chisholm, Dr. Macfarlane, J. P. McLennan, R. M. Lindsay, H. C. Macaulay, H. C. McDiarmid, A. J. Gillis, and A. E. C. McDonell.

The present is the fourth celebration of St. Andrews day held in the city. The society was organized in '98, the observance of the day in that year being in the nature of a banquet given at the Royal Cafe. It is interesting to note that of the original organization, but two at present remain in Dawson, Col. McGregor and J. U. Nicol. The following year was given the first ball last year was another which was the most swagger event that ever took place in Dawson, and this year it is proposed to excel anything heretofore attempted. The gentlemen comprising the executive committee have pledged their entire time to making the affair a high success, and that it will be an event long to be remembered goes without saying.

Receiver Asked for.

Helena, Mont., Oct. 16.—In the United States court Attorney McIntyre made application for the appointment of a receiver for the Helena Power and Light Company. The proceeding is commenced in the interest of the Central Trust Company, which holds bonds of the company to the amount of \$1,100,000. The court signed an order appointing H. L. Walker, secretary of the company, as receiver. The trust company is trustee for the bondholders. For some time the company has defaulted on interest on its bonds. The company owns the gas, electric light and street car plants in Helena.

Terrific Explosion.

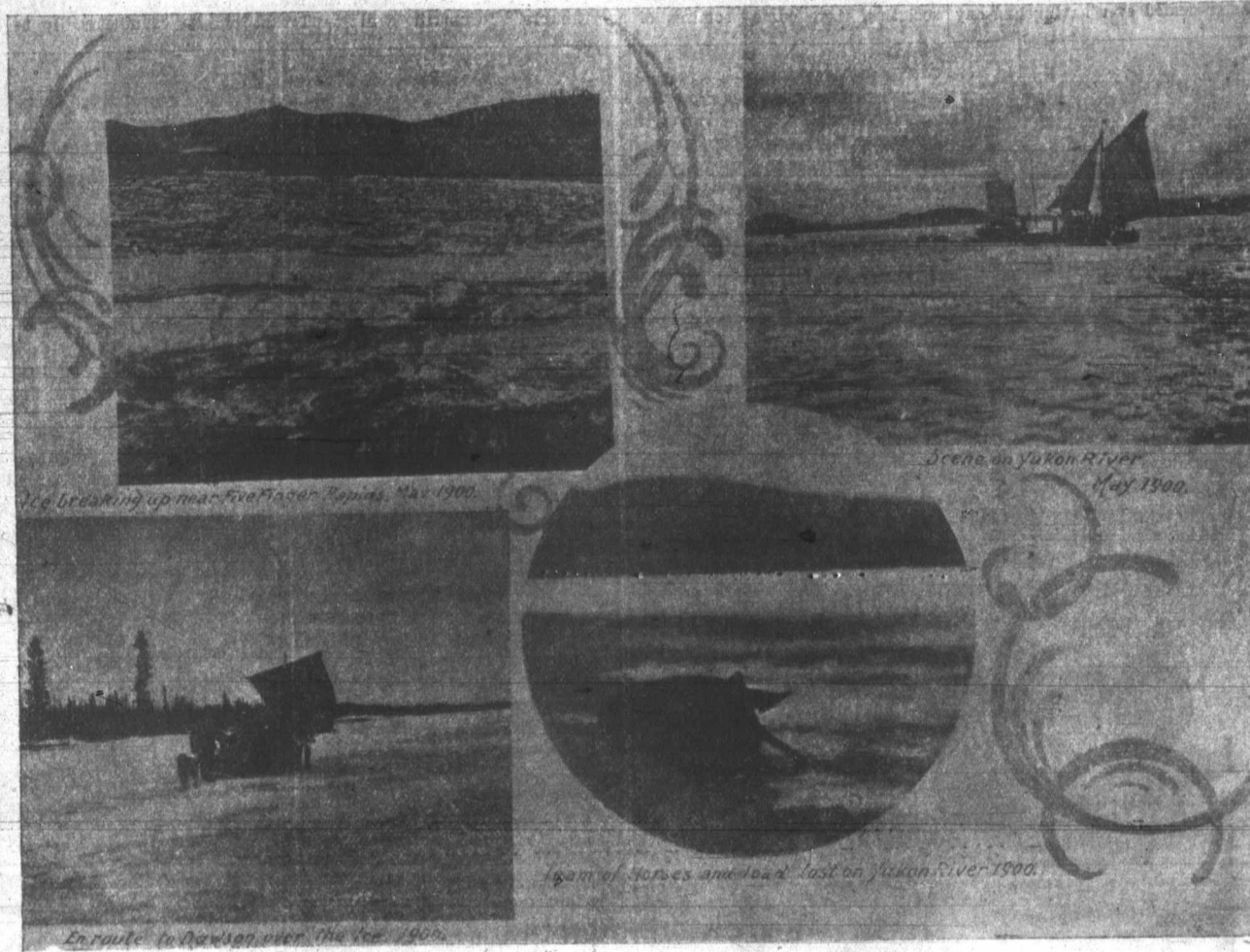
Bangor, Me., Oct. 16.—A terrific explosion, probably of gasoline, in the second floor kitchen of Nathaniel Ladd's restaurant this afternoon caused the death of Miss Haney, Mrs. Mary F. Carrigan, a cook, and John Barry, a waiter.

THE FIRE OF LAST NIGHT

Looked Threatening Through Lack of Water Supply.

Hot Water From Electric Light Works Cooked the Boys' Hands—River Resorted To.

The first serious fire the department has been called to attend for some time occurred at South Dawson last night. As matters terminated it was not really serious, though on account of the absence of any water for some



time it certainly took on a threatening aspect. The trouble was due to the fact that the water works was shut down making needed repairs and for an inexplicable reason water for some time could not be had from the electric light works, either.

The alarm came in at 10 o'clock and was quickly responded to by both companies. No. 2 company was first at the scene, laying a line of hose from the electric light works, which, however, was of no avail for the time being. Connection was finally made after a while with the well, the water of which is heated to a boiling point by steam from the exhaust, and it had been used but a short time until the hose nozzle became so hot that the firemen had to drop it. Seeing the condition of affairs a message was phoned to No. 1 hall for an engine which on arrival was stationed on the bank of the Klondike, necessitating the laying of 500 feet of hose in order to reach the fire. While awaiting for the engine a line was also laid to the McDonald Iron Works which eventually supplied some water and which with the two chemicals kept the fire under control until the engine was in position. Then it was but a short time until the smoldering embers were completely drenched.

The fire first started in a cabin belonging to George Andrews, now somewhere in the lower country, and it became ignited by a stove. How it became ignited, unless it took fire from the stovepipe. By the time the water was available the cabin was gutted and proved a total loss, amounting to over \$200. Separated from the cabin by only a few feet is the cold storage plant of W. G. Preston which contains a large consignment of frozen fish, principally halibut. The building is two stories high and for a time was in considerable danger. The rear end caught at about the same time the water arrived and the flames inflicted a damage not exceeding \$150.

Burglars Were Shot.

Evansville, Ind., Oct. 16.—Burglars today blew open the safe of a store at Howell near here with dynamite and secured part of the contents, how much is not known. The citizens heard the explosion and a running fight followed. Marshal Sumpter was shot in the leg. Three robbers were shot and one escaped. The wounded robbers, one of whom is dying, are in the hospital.

One of the supposed robbers lies at death's door in the hospital tonight. His name is Henry McCarroll, of Nashville, Tenn. The other man, who was wounded and captured by the posse, is not severely injured, and is in the hands of the police. He gives his name as William Dunn, also from Nashville. The third man has not yet been captured, but it is believed he will soon be found, as Marshal Sumpter is positive that he wounded him.

Only the best brands of case goods served. Drinks and cigars 25c. Pete McDonald, Bank saloon.

President Roosevelt Accepts.

Washington, Oct. 16.—President Roosevelt accepted today honorary membership in the William McKinley National Memorial Arch Association, and gave his approval to its purpose of erecting by national popular subscription a memorial arch at the Washington approach to the memorial bridge. President McFarland, Secretary Walsh, Chairman Bell and Vice Chairman Edson, representing the Memorial Arch Association, called to notify President Roosevelt of his election and to ask his approval of the project, which was explained to him. President Roosevelt expressed a cordial interest in the matter, and indicated a desire to see the project succeed. Afterward the representatives of the Memorial Arch Association talked with Secretary Cortelyou,

THEIR CAPTURE DELAYED

Bandits Who Held Up the Great Northern Express Warned.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 16.—The capture of the bandits who held up the Great Northern overland express at Wagner, Mont., July 6, securing \$43,000 in bank notes, officials of the Great Northern Express Company say, has been seriously delayed by the announcement of the capture at Nashville of Annie Rogers, alias Maude Williams, supposed to be connected with the gang. Before her arrest the Pinkerton agency and police officers

Dimmick Is Sentenced.

San Francisco, Oct. 16.—Walter N. Dimmick, formerly chief clerk in the United States mint in this city, was today sentenced by United States Judge De Haven to two years' imprisonment at San Quentin. Dimmick was convicted on two counts, one charging the presentation of a false voucher and the other the use of public moneys in a manner not prescribed by law, Dimmick not being a legal depository.

Case of Mrs. Witmer.

Dayton, O., Oct. 16.—Coroner Hatcher has been informed of the examination made by Prof. Curtis C. Howard, of Columbia, of the remains of Mrs. Anna C. Pugh, sister and alleged victim of Mrs. Mary Belle Witmer, but has decided not to make

HORSES FOR BRITISH ARMY

Purchasing Them in the State of Washington.

Walla Walla, Oct. 16.—"The average cost of a cavalry horse in South Africa is \$360," said a representative of the British government yesterday. The speaker is a purchasing agent and has spent some time in Washington and Oregon buying remounts for the British soldiery. "The average life of a horse under condition that exist in South Africa is but six weeks, and it requires thousands of horses to equip an army and keep the men mounted. Over 100,000 remounts have been purchased in the United States, and buyers are busy all over the country, where horses can be found, buying at high prices. The demand is still strong, and prospects are good for future business from the same source. Argentine republic has furnished more horses than any other country, while nearly every country has contributed some. The average cost at Cape Town is \$360 per head, and this the government has to pay in gold coin. Here a good horse can be bought for \$50 to \$75. But it is a long journey to South Africa, and the worst of it is that horses are very short-lived after they get there. "It may seem strange that these remounts are not gathered upon the prairies of Western Canada, where it is known thousands of horses roam about at will and farmers make a business of raising them. But it is not so easy when one understands conditions. The Western Canadian

horse is a good fellow, but he is small. He has been bred down, so what is called the cayuse, or mustang, and the government cannot get him in hard service. Hence it is thousands of men are scouring civilized and uncivilized world for good stock horses, and the prices being paid are very good. "When the war broke out in South Africa the farmers in Western Canada expected to be favored in the matter of purchasing remounts, and they were apparently in store for the breeders of great bands of horses. But when the demand came the stock was too light and the government had to look elsewhere. Certainly one would be favored were it possible to favor them, but they have horses now for sale that will compare with the Western American horse."

\$25 Reward. Stolen on Wednesday morning a full blooded malamute dog, very dark gray, nearly black; white breast and feet, underside of tail nearly white hair on hips and root of tail short; light gray stripe from nose to point of nose; small ears; a fox; carries tail over left side back; very proud appearance, name of Prince. Will pay \$25 reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and return of dog. The dog is owned by Wm. S. Nugget office.

Committed for Trial.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 16.—James Stevens, the boy who a couple weeks ago shot Jacob Harbo, with a pea gun, inflicting a wound which it was at first thought would result fatally, was today committed for trial on the charge of attempted murder.

Cold Weather Snaps. FOR A FEW DAYS. Men's All Wool Underwear. Per Suit \$2, \$3, \$3.50, \$4. Men's All Wool German Socks. Per Pair. Men's All Wool Socks. 2 Pairs for 25 Cents. Men's Felt Shoes. \$3.50 and up. Don't Forget to Call for Prices on Your Winter's Outfit Before Placing Your Order. Old S-Y. T. Co. Building, Second Avenue Whitney & Pedlar

N. C. Co. Office Building. RENT INCLUDES STEAM HEAT - ELECTRIC LIGHT JANITOR SERVICE. NO FIRE RISKS, BEST ACCOMMODATIONS, BEST LOCATION. Rents Reasonable. For Terms Apply to Northern Commercial Co.

Blank Books and Stationery. N. A. T. & T. CO. Hoists, 5 to 12 H.-P., Boilers, 8 to 50 H.-P., Buffalo Duplex Pumps, Moore Steam Pumps, Pipe Fittings, Ranges, Stoves and Heaters, Granite Steam Hose, Silver Dollar Shovels, Pan-American Wheelbarrows 16 POUND WHEELS. Holme, Miller & Co. 107 Front Street, Dawson.

Goetzman's Magnificent Souvenir OF THE Klondike IS NOW BEING CLOSED OUT AT \$2.50 EACH. This Work Is Without Exception the Finest Production Ever Published Showing Views of This Country. The Work Is Handsomely Bound With an Illuminated Cover and Contains 80 PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS OVER 200 VIEWS. Printed on Heavy Coated Book Paper. Former Price \$5.00, NOW \$2.50. Copies, While They Last, Can Be Obtained at All Book Stores or at Goetzman's Photograph Studio Corner First Avenue and Second Street.

who is the Washington representative of the association for the erection of the McKinley monument at Canton, and there was a general agreement that there was no conflict between the two propositions, and that the two associations should and would work in harmony to their mutual advantage. The hope was expressed that the proposed local memorials in various cities would await the success of these national memorials.

Too Much for Him.

It was a guard on the Sixth avenue elevated, who lipped, that was doing the conversational act at the time. "Well, I like the job all right," he said, "while it keeps me on the Thirty avenue line, but none of that Ninth avenue for me," and he shook his head vigorously in negation. "What's the difference? Well, there's a lot. I thought just like you do before I tried it, and then I found out. On thith line I don't have any trouble, to thpeak of, calling station, but over there—well, it laid me off the firth round. You see, I wath working all right over here, not having any bother at all, though thometimeth pathengrith or Thewentith, especially Thixty-third, but it didn't count for much, and I didn't care a cuth. Then one day a friend of mine, doing the Ninth avenue turn, wanted me to thubthtute for him while he went off on a picnic with hith wife and children, and, of course, I wath willing to do what I could for the family, ath I didn't hay? any of my own. Tho I took hith plathe. I began at Hundred and fifty-fith and came thailing along ath usual till we got to Fifty-ninth, or below, and then I got into new territory, but there wathn't any difference till I called for Chrih-opher threet, and I had to call it twith to get it thtraight, and the pathengrith give me a mild ha ha. Well, I hadn't more than got over that till we thtruck Houthton threet, but I didn't have the mouth trouble with that, only coming the thoon alter. Chrih—Cuth—the other one, I wathn't quite fixed for it. I got it through all right, and wath feeling pretty good, when I remembered the next one and before I had time to catch my thcopnd wind I had to thing out Dethbrotheth threet. That wath a twither for me and I had to go at it the darned many timeth that the pathengrith actually thorted, and one chap offered to help me out with it. Well, I had a fit the retth of the way wondering what would come next and when I got down to Thouth Ferry I wath took thick and laid out in the offith till they got thomebody to thubthtute for me. Then I hobbled home, and you bet I don't do any more thubthtute thnthun on the Ninth, not any for me, if you please."—N. Y. Sun.

ALL OFF WITH THE MASCOT

Troubles Not Coming Singly to Fire Department. The firemen of No. 1 department are mourning the loss of another mascot. "Jack," the little Scotch coolie which the boys had raised from a pup and which always accompanied the department on its runs to fires; had the misfortune last night to be run over by the big chemical engine, two of its legs being crushed to a pulp by the wheels of the machine. The accident occurred in front of the new court house while going to the South Dawson fire. With his legs mangled he succeeded in dragging himself back to No. 2 fire hall, where he quickly cached himself away unknown to anyone under the stairs. He was found this morning and his injuries being such that he could not recover, a well aimed bullet was employed to end his misery.

Tried for Murder.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 16.—Sapper Gill, of the Royal engineers, who on Sunday night shot Gunner Clinch, of the Royal garrison artillery in the canteen at Work point barracks, the shot being intended for Gunner Mabehey, who had been circulating stories about Gill, was today committed for trial for murder.

Special Drive

On 1000 sacks of oats for a few days only. T. G. Wilson, brick warehouse, Third avenue. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. SEE "TRILBY" AT NEW SAVOY