

Vol. 5—No. 156

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

SEATTLE GAMBLING

Has Been Closed by Chief Sullivan

Who Says it is According to Wish of the City's Business Element.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, June 27.—The chief of police has ordered every gambling house in the city closed. The order came as a complete surprise to all gambling houses, but was obeyed in every instance. In explanation of the edict Chief Sullivan states that he simply followed out what he believes to be the desire of the business element. In this he is supported by Mayor Humes.

Friendly Feeling

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, June 27.—The presence of the Princess of Wales and Mrs. Reid at the audience of Ambassador Reid with the Prince of Wales this morning was simply a continuation of the friendly feeling between the British Royal family and government shown throughout the last year. The king expressed himself most gratified with Roosevelt's message. The government lost no chance to show its appreciation of the friendly feeling evinced by the States.

London Deserted.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, June 27.—What was to have gone down in history as procession day finds the city of London as deserted as the Empire's capital can ever be. The holiday today was expected to show the greatest crush ever seen on the streets of London, finds everyone rushing to the country.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, 177th St.

The Ladue Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION

We have made a large number of tests and are ready to make others.

We have the best plant money will buy and guarantee all our work in this mill and also in the

Assay Office

Shoff's Worm Cure FOR DOGS—It Never Fails...
PIONEER DRUG STORE

Buckboards, Buggies, Bain Wagons.
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



A RAINY DAY IN DAWSON.

Graduated Income Tax

London, June 11.—In the course of the debate on the finance bill in the house of commons today the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, said he was not opposed to the principle of a graduated income tax, and added that he would consider the suggestion to refer the matter to a committee of experts.

Replies to a motion providing for the abolition of the export tax on coal, the chancellor said he could not possibly entertain it, since the coal exports for the first five months of the present year had been the highest on record.

Ice cream and cake served at Gandolfo's. 17th

WAS NOT HYPNOTIZED.

That's what lots of people said about the man in the show window. Maybe not, but we do know that if you want to buy drugs, toilet articles, etc., at virtually outside prices (freight added) you will have to go to Cribbs, the druggist. No hocus pocus operandi there. He can and will show you.

CRIBBS, The Druggist
SUCCESSOR TO CRIBBS & ROGERS,
King St. Next to Post Office.

Mrs. Dr. Slayton
PALMIST AND PHRENOLOGIST
Has returned and opened parlors on King Street, opp. Marlborough Annex.
Hours 10 to 10.

COLONIAL PREMIERS

Will Hold Conference Next Week

Gathering is Considered of too Much Importance to Longer Postpone.

London, June 27.—Colonial premiers, who were disappointed over the postponement of the coronation, are consulting among themselves and receiving cues from Chamberlain concerning the colonial conference which takes place next week, it having been deemed advisable to not put that important gathering off especially in view of the improvement of the king. The conference will gain importance from the postponement of the coronation as the attention will be centered. Laurier, Barton and Seddon are the chief figures. There is a hopeful feeling among Canadian ministers that with the help of Chamberlain, something will be done toward preferential trade.

Made Commander

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, June 28.—Commenting upon Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, British ambassador to the United States, being made Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, the St. James Gazette says: "Peerage is sure to follow knighthood if all goes well at the embassy at Washington."

Minister Dead.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, June 28.—Rt. Rev. William Gardin Cowie, D.D., bishop of Auckland and prelate of New Zealand is dead.

...MOVED...

The Dawson Dental Parlors have removed to their new location in the Portland Bldg, cor. 2nd Avenue and Third St. Call and get our prices.

BULLETIN.

London, June 28.—A bulletin issued at Buckingham palace this morning says the King had a good night and his improved condition is maintained. The doctors are happy to be able to state that they consider his majesty now out of immediate danger. The operation would still need constant attention, however, and such concern as attaches to the King's condition is connected with the wound. Under the most favorable circumstances the King's recovery must be protracted. The bulletin is signed by the usual five physicians.

Willie Drops Out

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Paris, June 27.—Contestants in the Paris-Vienna automobile race reached Bregenz, Austria, this morning. W. K. Vanderbilt has retired from the contest.

Crazy Father

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Boston, June 28.—At Marlborough, Mass., yesterday morning Daniel Cullen endeavored to cremate his seven-year-old son. He says the demon told him so.

Odds in His Favor

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Chicago, June 28.—Dr. Murphy of Chicago, dean of Rush Medical College, estimates King Edward's chances for recovery at 97 per cent.

Report Adopted

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, June 28.—The conference report on the Isthmian canal bill was adopted by the house 257 to 7.

On a Visit

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, June 28.—Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, sailed for France yesterday to return in four months.

CUSHMAN AND KNOX

Working Hard for Alaska in Congress

With Little Show That Any Thing Will be Done at This Session.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, June 27.—Representatives Cushman and Knox, members of the committee on territories, are trying to obtain consent of the speaker to hold a night session to consider the Alaska delegate bill. They have not yet obtained the consent. Meantime word comes from Alaska that the people will be content for the time being with a commissioner after the style of Puerto Rico, until congress sees fit to provide for delegates.

Dead Horses

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, June 28.—The senate yesterday agreed to appropriations of \$500,000 for the Pan-American Exposition and \$100,000 for the Charleston, S.C., exposition on the general deficiency appropriation bill. An amendment was agreed to appropriating \$15,000 to cover all unpaid expenses incurred during the illness and death of President McKinley, including compensation of physicians; but no payments will be made to any employe of the government.

Still at Large

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Vancouver, Wash., June 27.—There are no new developments in the chase after convicts Tracy and Merrill. There is absolutely no trace of the outlaws since Sunday morning when they are known to have made a raid on the house of Pat McGuire. The desperadoes are now supplied with sufficient food to last them several days and it is believed they are hiding in the woods this side of Lewis river.

Strike is Serious

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Omaha, June 27.—The strike situation on the Union Pacific grows more critical every day. Chief of Police Donoghue called President Kennedy of the Boiler Makers' union in his office and warned him no violence will be tolerated. Kennedy told the chief this was far from the minds of the strikers and if they could not win fairly they preferred to lose the strike.

Churches Closed

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Paris, June 27.—At a cabinet meeting this morning President Loubet signed a decree closing French religious institutions which have not complied with provisions of the law of such associations. One hundred and thirty establishments are involved.

Dress for Hot Weather Our line of summer underwear is unexcelled.

Hats
Dunlap, Gordon, Setson,
Latest Styles and Shades

Examine our SHOES—New consignment of Banister, Keith and Slaters just received.—All Leaders

SARGENT & PINSKA
Second Avenue

THAT SALE OF 400 TONS

Why the Shipment Was Refused

And What Became of it—Order Was Not Filled According to Contract.

There is another side to the story that appeared in the Morning Joke yesterday in the nature of an editorial comment concerning the sale of a consignment of 400 tons of freight in Vancouver for the reason that the merchant for whom the goods were intended was afraid to bring them in after once ordering them on account of the unsatisfactory condition of freight rates and the probability of an extensive cut being indulged in later in the season. As usual the true facts in the case are distorted beyond all semblance of truth. The gentleman who placed this large order was none other than Thos. O'Brien and the reason he turned it over in Vancouver was not on account of freight rates nor his fear of the bottom of the market falling out or any other similar silly twaddle. Early in the spring a representative of the Simcoe Canning Company, of Simcoe, Ontario, was in the city soliciting orders. Among those he received was that from Mr. O'Brien for 13 cars of canned fruits and vegetables, the stipulation being attached, however, that it was for future delivery, late in the fall, or at such time as the consignee should order it shipped. Whether the magnitude of the order staggered the young man is not known, but at any rate instead of following instructions the order was filled at once and the first thing Mr. O'Brien knew he was notified of the arrival of the train load in Vancouver and asking for directions as to how the goods should be billed from that point. As he was not ready to receive the consignment at that time and the order had not been filled according to his instructions he refused to accept the shipment. The shippers were notified and after some little correspondence over the wires the entire lot was sold to Kelly, Douglas & Co., of Vancouver. They immediately started the consignment north and ten of the thirteen cars arrived on the last trip of the Princess May and are now in Whitehorse. The remaining three cars will arrive in Skagway tomorrow by the same boat and before the Joke is aware of it the entire shipment will be here and safely stored away in one of the warehouses. And thus is another of the Joke's awful nightmares exploded: the prick of a pin has burst the bubble of youthful imagination and its childish fears have vanished into the nothingness from which they sprang.

Nicholson's Disappearance

Toronto, June 12.—The disappearance of Robert Nicholson from a restaurant kept by Aloysius C. Toland, at 124 Adelaide street east, has been reported to the police. Nicholson went there on May 31 with a trunk liberally labelled. He had been in South Africa, and it was supposed that he had a large amount of gold with him. He paid for his lodging and board for one week in advance, and when the week was up, on Saturday last, he went away, saying that he would send for his trunk the same day. The trunk is still there, and nothing has since been heard of Nicholson.

An examination of the trunk by an officer revealed little information about the missing man. It is filled with old clothes, such as would be worn by an engineer or machinist, but there is nothing of value in the collection. A letter from Cape Town addressed to Nicholson is in a pocket of a coat, and there are also a pair of spectacles, a pipe and tobacco and other small articles. There was no sign of money, and it is supposed that Nicholson took away all the specie he owned. During his week's stay he occasionally drew from his pockets a cotton money bag, but he was careful to prevent anyone from seeing what the color of his money was. He said that he had some gold which he intended to have exchanged at a bank, but no one appears to have seen it. Before he left the restaurant on Saturday a number of his fellow-boarders thought that they heard him rattling gold coins. Shortly after he left two strangers also went away, apparently following him. Nicholson was 57 years of age, and knew little or nothing about Toronto. The police are investigating the affair.

PUPILS RECITAL

Splendid Program Rendered in A. B. Hall

The Children Show Unmistakable Evidence of Capable Instruction.

Prof. Arthur Boyle gave his annual recital of pupils at the A. B. hall yesterday afternoon. An audience of about 100 ladies with a sprinkling of gentlemen assembled to hear the efforts of the pupils and their time was well rewarded.

The program was distinctly classical and the manner in which the youngsters acquitted themselves of the difficult parts assigned to them gave abundant evidence of the fact that they are receiving thoroughly capable instruction.

The features of the program were the singing of Marcelle De Journal, the piano solos of Daisy Scolan and Elsie Larsen's artistic violin rendition. Miss De Journal surprised everyone with the strength and purity of her voice, which gives promise of great future possibilities.

Miss Scolan's work was highly artistic for so youthful a player. Her efforts were liberally applauded.

Miss Larsen has been heard before in public and she fully sustained the enviable reputation she has heretofore enjoyed.

Little Lois Te Roller in a duet with Mr. Boyle won continued rounds of plaudits. Her tiny fingers never went astray and through the entire selection she exhibited no embarrassment whatever.

The entire program as rendered was as follows:—

Duet—(Sonata in D.)—Allegro Molto; Andante—Schubert—violin, Elsie Larsen, pupil of A. P. Freimuth; piano, Daisy Scolan.

Song—"Only Once More"—Moir—H. W. Betts.

Piano duet—(Drei Klavierstücke) Op. 18, No. 11—Gade—Mamie Te Roller and Arthur Boyle.

Piano solo—(Sonata in G.) Adagio, Presto—Beethoven—Daisy Scolan.

Song—"O Rest in the Lord"—Mendelssohn—Marcelle De Journal.

Piano duet—(Drei Klavierstücke) Op. 18, No. 1—Gade—Constance Macdonald and Arthur Boyle.

Piano solo—(a) Gondola Song—Mendelssohn; (b) Valse Caprice—Bachmann—Mamie Te Roller.

Song—"Absent Yet Present"—Maude Valerie White—O. S. Finnie.

Piano solo—Gipsy Rondo—Haydn—Constance Macdonald.

Song—"Alas! Those Chimes" (Maritana)—Wallace—Marcelle De Journal.

Piano duet—Adagio, Vivace; (7th Symphony)—Haydn—Ray Te Roller and Arthur Boyle.

Song—"Absent"—Metcalf—Arthur Boyle.

Piano solo—March—Sousa—Guy Congdon.

God Save the King.

\$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

F. J. HEMEN, Klondike Nugget.

Notice to the Public.

The people of Dawson will please take notice that I make a specialty of fine groceries. A few of my specialties are Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Schilling's coffees and teas, Heinz's pickles, baked beans, preserves, tomato catsup, chutney, apple butter, etc. Genuine imported champignons. The celebrated brand of S. & W. fruits and vegetables, etc., etc. F. S. Dunham, The Family Grocer, 2nd avenue and Albert St.

For Sale.

A licensed hotel as a growing concern. For further particulars apply at the Log Cabin hotel, South Dawson.

FOR SALE—A snap—Road house; 20 steady boarders. Apply LAWICK'S GROCERY, near Klondike foot bridge.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.



LACK OF WATER IS THE GREATEST DRAWBACK TO THE KLONDIKE'S DEVELOPMENT.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES PLIMPTON'S SOFT SNAP

Seattle Deputy Who Has a Good Thing

Discounts Warrants of the Under Clerks and of Jurors—Pays No Rent.

Seattle, June 18.—County Clerk C. A. Koepfli's chief deputy, Charles E. Plimpton, tapped King county's cash book for \$2,100 last month and practically for the same amount yesterday.

Of this amount \$110 was his monthly salary and \$21.70 for extra time he is presumed to have put in in the service of the county. The remainder of the \$2,100 he drew down on jurors' and witnesses' certificates which he had discounted all the way from 1 to 10 and 20 per cent.

It requires but little figuring to find that Mr. Plimpton makes anywhere from \$50 to \$75 a month dealing in these certificates off of the farmers and others who are drawn for jurors and compelled to serve, many times at a great pecuniary loss to their business. When they go to the clerk's office for their time after the term is ended, they are told that they cannot get the money on them, as the county treasurer is many months behind in paying current expenses. Mr. Plimpton then suggests to them that he will cash them as a matter of accommodation, but that he will be compelled to discount them to a certain extent. The amount of the discount depends very largely on the character of the man. If he looks easy the discount increases in proportion.

Witnesses in criminal cases are treated in the same way and are held up for a discount as high as 20 per cent in many instances.

With Koepfli in his private office with a bank roll cashing warrants and shaving his employees' salaries 5 per cent each month, and Plimpton in the outside office shaving witness and juror certificates, the county clerk's office is doing a rushing business in discounting county paper.

Mr. Plimpton is a regularly licensed money broker and maintains an office in the county clerk's office. He pays no rent but charges the county overtime every month. It is said about the courthouse that if he devoted more time to his work during office hours, instead of discounting paper, it would not be necessary for him to work overtime in order to do his part of the work. His overtime

costs the county from \$30 to \$35 a month in addition to his salary of \$110 a month.

Other county officials say this looks very bad for a county clerk to engage in crying down the rest of the county in order to profit thereby. Several men have complained that after being told that their warrants would not likely be paid in eight or ten months, they have waited out later that they were paid within four months. It is always uncertain when witness fees in criminal cases will be paid, for that depends upon whether an appeal is taken, and whether the fine work is gotten by impressing the witness that he may have to wait a year or more. The "inside" man, however, usually knows the character of the case and whether or not appeals will be taken.

In addition to the profit in the discount, Plimpton draws 5 per cent per annum interest from the county from the date of issue until paid.

Koepfli has evidently taken care over the recent publications in the Times regarding his methods for he was not at the courthouse yesterday cashing warrants, although it is the regular monthly pay-day. The private office was closed and he was not in evidence anywhere about the office after the early morning hours. Mr. Plimpton was doing business however, and captured about \$1,000 in warrants, which he at once presented to the county treasurer who had them stamped and they are earning him 5 per cent interest on the taxpayers are paying it in addition to paying his regular salary overtime, aggregating from \$100 to \$175 a month.

British-Canadian Line.

London, June 11.—The newspaper here continue to discuss the shipping combine, as though the project had assumed quite a definite shape. The Westminster Gazette intimates today that the Canadian will not join in forming the proposed Canadian-British line, and it says colonial secretary, Mr. Chamberlain favors subsidizing the latter rather than the Cunard plan, which is more specially directed against the Morgan shipping combine. According to the Westminster Gazette, the capital of the Canadian-British line will be \$10,000,000 (\$50,000,000) which \$2,500,000 (\$12,500,000) will be expended on six 25-knot vessels and a dozen freight steamers, including \$200,000 (\$1,000,000) from Canada. The promoters, it is added, anticipate a total subsidy of \$500,000 (\$2,500,000), besides a special guarantee of interest on \$500,000 yearly. The Westminster Gazette further asserts that the negotiations for a guarantee of interest on the capital are so far advanced that the only point at issue is whether it shall be 2 1/2 per cent or 3 per cent.

Ice cream soda—at Gandolfo's.



Kansas City, June 15.—The Journal tomorrow will say: Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the army, passed through Kansas City on his way from Fort Reilly to Washington, called there by President Roosevelt and threatened with immediate court martial on a charge of having betrayed official secrets. Whereas, General Miles passed through here the day before attended by several other members of the board convened to observe the long range gun tests at Fort Reilly, to be so engaged for several days, he came back yesterday afternoon entirely alone, and in such haste that he had not even reserved a sleeping car berth.

A Journal reporter read to General Miles a special dispatch saying that he was suspected in the White House of having furnished the de-

tails of the scandal, involving Lieutenant Arnold, to Senator Culberson. General Miles' comment was: "Senator Culberson seems to have made answer, as full as one could make, and as explicit as Senator Beveridge or any one could demand."

"But, for yourself, General?"

"I repeat that Senator Culberson seems to have made the reply for which you are asking."

"There is a second dispatch, General," it was then remarked, "that General Miles is peremptorily ordered back to Washington to face the charges?"

General Miles would make no reply to this question. He left for Washington at 6:30 tonight, a short time after his arrival from Fort Ripley. While here he did not leave the Union station.

imprisoned, but they will not be executed.

Rebels who hold out after July 10 will be subject to the extreme penalty for high treason.

NOTICE.

George W. Adams, agent for the Hudson Bay Co., will be in Dawson July 3rd with latest prices and transportation rates for liquors and groceries.



HERO BILL CROW.

The Noble Sacrifice of a Brave and Loving Bird.

His head appeared very much too large for everything about him except his mouth and voice. The former feature was the one to engage the attention, and the latter was as hoarse as the crow.

young bird to leave its nest Billy would come sprawling and staggering from his basket to meet the baby girl, and, seizing the hem of her pinafore, would hang on and squawk, while Debby, screaming with delight, would scramble over the verandah floor on all fours as rapidly as

of the crow; but when the kingbird erected his war plume Billy would have business to attend to which necessitated his presence directly around his master's feet.

A fierce war eagle, with great hooked bill and tremendous spread of wings, known to Dick as Uncle Sam, lived in the mysterious country on the far side of the little lake in front of Birdville.

One day Dick and Billy saw the great bird at Rock Cabin Cove on the opposite side of the lake waiting for an opportunity to rob the industrious fisherman Osprey. Billy ruffled up his feathers, drooped his head and began to walk around his master's feet, talking and laughing in low guttural tones as if something greatly amused him.

Uncle Sam launched himself, and, sailing over the back of the frightened hawk, demanded the fruits of the latter's labor. The loud whistling protest of the hawk could be heard plainly appealing for help, and in a moment more Billy was flapping his wings over the robber eagle's back.

By his loud, hoarse "caws" one could tell that he was having fun with Uncle Sam and teaching him how it feels to be the under one.

Soon the eagle was glad to leave the osprey and seek the shelter of the dense woods on the other side of the lake by the abandoned quarry. Perched upon the boy's shoulder, Billy then told all about the affair.

"Caw," says Billy, "caw, Sam is nothing much. I saw Long Legs, the heron, at the leaning maple, whip him—Sam can't fight a little bit unless he has everything his way—caw, caw."

Nobody but crows and Dick understands crow talk, but Dick understands all the wood folk languages.

All unknown to her parents and Dick, little Debby had toddled after her brother to Birdville. Wearing with the long walk, the baby girl

and hummingbird. With one bound the boy landed upon the battlement, and with a mighty swing of his cudgel he laid the bald-headed robber prone among the flowers. The next moment he had gathered his little baby sister in his sturdy young arms. Her white pinafore was torn to shreds, but she was unhurt.

"Poo Billy, him fight naughty big bird, poo Billy," lisped the little girl. Poor Billy, indeed! There he lay, his beautiful black wings outstretched, moving with the tremor preceding death. Billy the Crow had been killed by the same blow which slew the eagle.

In vain did Dick use every means in his power to resuscitate his friend and comrade. The genial and brave bird was past help. A little mound amid the lupines marks the spot where the quaint and lovable soul was freed from the black body which is buried there. A shingle serves for a headstone and inscribed thereon is this legend:

HERE LYS BILL THE HEROE. HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND AN' HE LICKED A EAGLE.

Nigni—The Dwarf

The Adventures of a Little Man as Written by Himself.

There were many other attractions in London at the time I was on exhibition, but as we drew the crowds away from them they began to lose money. There were a giant, a wild woman, a five-legged horse, a wolf-child and half a dozen other things, and their managers finally decided that something must be done. They go together in secret, as was afterwards learned, and resolved to kidnap me and shut me up for several weeks. They didn't want to take my life, but they did want me out of the way. Mr. Yeddo and Anak were both on the watch for some move, but it came in a way they did not expect.

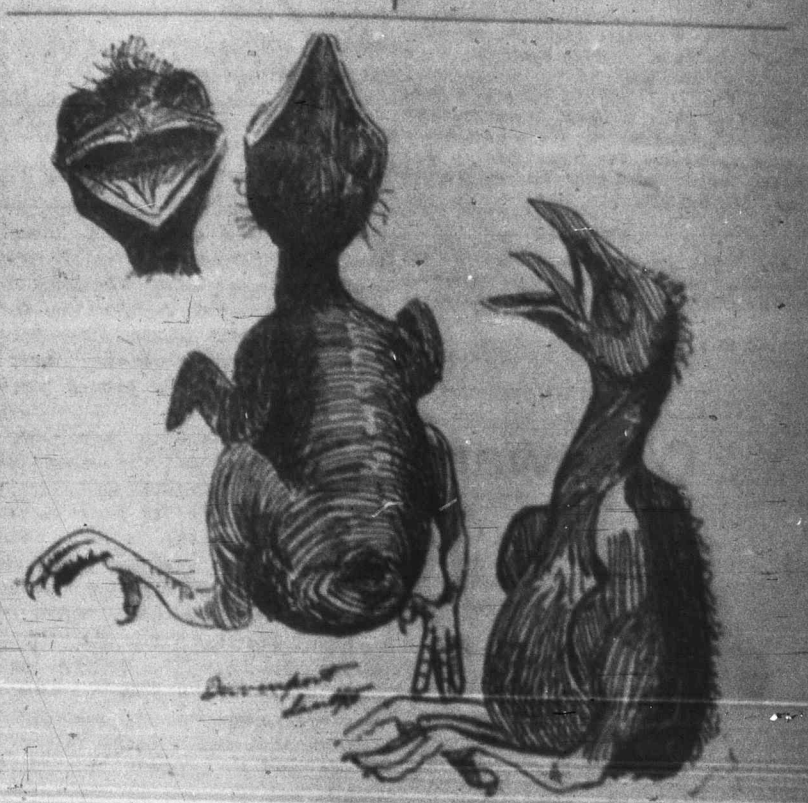
At the hotel where we stayed I had a bedroom to myself, but on one side of me was Anak and on the other the showman. There were doors leading from one room to another, and as these always were open at night it did not seem that I could come to harm. However, one night about midnight a man named Burke, who had agreed to kidnap me for \$1,000, climbed up a balcony to my open window and entered the room as I lay sleeping. He must have moved like a cat, as no one heard him, and he must have chloroformed me to prevent my waking up.

He tied a line around me and lowered me from the balcony to another man, and I was then put into a hat-box and carried through the streets for two or three miles. Burke had

very poor one, and I would eat none of it, and it was the same with supper. The house to which I had been brought was an old one, with only a couple of chairs, a table and an old bed for furniture, and although I was sure that Mr. Yeddo would have the police searching for me I was afraid that they would never find me among so many houses in great London.

After supper the man Burke went out and bought several newspapers, and all of them had much to say about my being kidnaped. The police were searching, and a large reward

was offered for those who would bring me back. I was still running when I suddenly banged into a policeman, and he reached down and grabbed me and called out: "Bless my soul, but whom have we here?"



had been offered but the two men did not seem to fear that they would be found out.

They played cards and drank from a bottle all the evening, while I lay on the bed and wondered if there was no way for me to escape. I fell asleep while the men were yet playing, and when I awoke it was two hours later, and both had their heads down on the table and were asleep. I was up in a jiffy and was out of bed. I knew that the key of the door was in Burke's pocket, and I slipped over to him and worked so softly

that I got it out without disturbing him. Then I unlocked the door and slipped softly out and down two pairs of dark stairs and into the street. It was a wretched street, with the poorest of houses and only a few public lamps, and in running away from the house I fell down several times on the rough sidewalk.

I was still running when I suddenly banged into a policeman, and he reached down and grabbed me and called out: "Bless my soul, but whom have we here?"

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Courtesy is Cheap

Llewellyn Mason, a conductor on the Chicago and Alton railroad, can testify that courtesy sometimes proves a profitable investment for a railroad man. In his early railroad days Mr. Mason invested in a little of it, and the investment has just paid a dividend of \$1,000 in the shape of a legacy left him by the late W. A. Tyler of Bloomington.

When the will of the Bloomington millionaire was probated yesterday it was found to contain this clause: "To Llewellyn Mason I bequeath the sum of \$1,000 as a recognition of the courteous treatment accorded me while traveling on the Alton road."

Mr. Mason is over 60 years of age, and has been a conductor on the Alton for nearly thirty years. He now runs the "silk stocking" suburban train between Chicago and Joliet, which daily carries the steel magnates and other wealthy residents of that suburb.

No surprised was Mr. Mason when he received word of his legacy that he immediately communicated the

fact to President Felton of the Alton and to General Passenger Agent George Charlton, and asked them what he should do.

"Take the money, of course. Why shouldn't you?" asked Mr. Charlton.

Mr. Tyler was exceedingly curious when traveling, and was wont to ask many questions. In 1888 he happened to take a train upon which young Mason was the conductor. The road was then the Great Western Railway of Illinois, and Lewis Mason's father was the operating head of the road. Mr. Tyler then lived in Jacksonville, and Mason spent all of his spare time on the run to Chicago in talking to him.

Three or four times each year Mason carried the rich man between Jacksonville and Chicago, and later between Bloomington and Chicago, and he never once tired of the old man's questions.

"My Tyler made his last trip with me four years ago, and had almost passed from my mind," said Mason yesterday.—Chicago Tribune

Job printing at Nugget office.



He Told His Troubles to Dick.

black skin hung in wrinkles around his withered neck, but was slightly stretched over his rounded abdomen. He was as naked as the brass Diana on the top of Madison Square garden and as blind as Love. His legs were too long and too weak to support his aldermanic body; but we must not blame Little Billy for these peculiarities; he was born with them. He was only a little orphan baby crow.

The crib in which the baby reposed was a work basket, his mattress was dry grass and his coverlid a rag of more comfortable than the nest in which he was born and the flannel was as warm as an embroidered quilt. Billy was no bottle baby, but was very fond of raw eggs which his foster father, Dick, knew how to cook so that the contents could slip easily into the great, gaping mouth of the little crow.

After Dick had fed him, Billy would settle down in his soft bed and sleep until next egg time. Sometimes the baby sister, Deborah, would creep to the crow's basket. Her first experiment was to try and put the egg into her own mouth. This proved a failure; but she was more successful in her next experiments, and she amused herself by picking up the eggs and dropping them into the red mouth of Billy. Why these things did not cause the death of the crow is a mystery, possibly because of the habit that the young bird had of fisting distasteful objects from its mouth with a quick twist of its head.

The real result of these attentions was the gradual growth of a feeling of affection between Debby and Billy, which was expressed by the bond of devotion which bound Dick and the boy together, making them almost inseparable companions. Long before it was the proper time for a

her hands and knees could carry her, Debby still was a baby and had but just learned to walk when Billy was a handsome, full-grown, glossy black crow. By this time Billy appointed himself private detective in plain clothes and personal bodyguard to the little girl, and it was woe to the strange cat, dog, or barnyard fowl who approached too near little Debby. The innocent little garter snakes that timidly wriggled through the grass, by the feet of Debby never failed to lose their heads and rest their bodies inside of Billy Crow.

Dick would never harm the pretty little insect, eating snakes, or any other wild creature. He loved them all too well. He loved the grass, the trees, the sky and the air; the birds were his personal friends.

Dick knew where all the people of bird town lived, from the kingbird in the tall buttonwood tree to the ground sparrow in the clover. Billy the Crow also knew the inhabitants of bird town, but it would not have troubled the conscience of the crow to eat the robins' eggs and the young catbirds at a meal and wantonly destroy their little nests. If he refrained from so doing, it was possibly because he always had enough to eat at home, or perhaps Billy thought that the inhabitants of Birdville belonged to his young master. Billy Crow might steal from every one else, but he never was guilty of robbing Dick and even such tempting objects as Dick's bright glass marbles were deemed sacred by the crow.

The other birds always looked with suspicion at Dick's black companion and although they learned to trust the boy they never failed to scold, and often to attack, the crow.

The beautiful scarlet tanager would cry, "Chip-jarr, chip-jarr!" whenever he saw Billy, and the generously colored oriole, as he flashed in the sunlight, singing as he flew, would suddenly become silent at the sight

upon the eagle, aided by the kingbird

now slept peacefully among the blue flowers of the lupine, near the sparrows' nest. The impertinent and noisy bluejay came chattering over to see why Debby was there, and incidentally to rob a nest or two by the way, but the kingbird raised the hue and cry and drove the gaudy bandit away, and as the jay disappeared down the tote road his mocking, high-keyed voice was heard to cry, "Got 'im, got 'im, I've got him!"

"Who? Who?" asked the barred owl, aroused from his day-nap by the tumult.

"Phoebe," mournfully replied a faint voice; and Dick said to Billy, "I here not."

But the crow was not there to hear him. Just then the boy heard his black friend using most unprintable language, betokening both rage and great excitement. Seizing a club and hastening to his friend's assistance, Dick was horrified when he saw Uncle Sam vainly trying to lift a white object from the ground, while Billy was making a frantic attack upon the eagle, aided by the kingbird



rented a house to hide me in, and I was in bed in that house and it was nearly noon the next day before I awoke.

My head ached and my eyes were heavy and it was some time before I made out that I was in a strange place. Then I cried out to know why I was there, and why Mr. Yeddo and Anak were not with me. The men who had kidnaped me were in the room, and it was Burke who answered me.

"Don't get frightened, little chap. You are with friends, and won't be hurt."

"But how did I get here?" I asked.

"No matter. Do you want your dinner now?"

I soon came to know that they had played me a trick, and I was both angry and frightened. I was angry that they should be so bold, and frightened because I thought they meant to keep me prisoner for weeks or months. I called them rogues and kidnapers and robbers, but they only laughed at me in return. The dinner they offered me was a

Advertisement for the Daily Nugget. It features a large graphic that says '\$3.00 Will Do It!' and another that says '\$3.00 Per Month!'. The text describes the newspaper's telegraph service and local news gathering system, and provides contact information for subscriptions.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12 (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 Per month by carrier in city in advance 2.00 Single copies 25

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

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—Hypnotism. Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

OUR GREATEST NEED.

The heavy showers of the past two days may serve to improve conditions on the creeks for a short time, but no permanent relief will be given until a system of water supply is provided which will furnish all the water needed for sluicing purposes during the entire summer.

As long as he is compelled to place his dirt on a dump and await the possibility of the creeks filling again with water, he is able to effect little or no saving over his winter's method of operation.

The facts in the case as brought to light last year and as they are being again emphasized by the experience of the present season, indicate most clearly the necessity of a public water system accessible to the mining operators on all the working creeks of the district.

There is no lack of gold in the Klondike, but the harvest cannot be gathered without a plentiful supply of water.

The prospects for Democratic harmony in the States seem no more cheerful than was the case four years ago. As long as Grover Cleveland and William Jennings Bryan each lay claim to possession of the Jacksonian mantle, harmony is entirely out of the question.

Republican is calmly looking forward to the winning of new battles and added glory. The only conceivable possibility of Republican defeat lies in the return of hard times.

When Uncle Sam is prosperous and his pockets jingle with money he is a straight out Republican. When he is broke he is liable to take up with most any old party. Just now with more money in the treasury than he knows what to do with, his loyalty to the G. O. P. is unwavering.

The reports which are being received as to the condition of the king are highly gratifying. The latest bulletin states that his majesty is entirely free from danger and that his condition is constantly improving.

elapse before the coronation ceremony takes place, but in the meanwhile it will be a source of universal satisfaction to know that the operation which the king has undergone has been consummated without serious complications.

The local telephone company is exhibiting creditable enterprise in extending and improving the service to meet the growing needs of the community. The telephone is everywhere recognized as an essential adjunct to business and in Dawson, where so large a proportion of all trade is with creek patrons, it has proven invaluable.

Keeness Not Good Form

London, June 17.—The report of the Committee on Military Education and Training of the British army was issued today. The committee's report, which is based on the evidence of the officers themselves from the commander-in-chief downwards, fills forty-eight printed pages with caustic criticism of the existing system. The witnesses were unanimous in saying that the junior officers were lamentably deficient in military knowledge and in zeal.

With a view of diminishing the expenses of officers belonging to cavalry regiments the report recommends that polo tournaments, regimental coaches and keeping hounds be forbidden.

Perhaps the penultimate paragraph is the most important of all. "So long as mediocrity is permitted to pass muster," says the committee, "and signal ability meets with no substantial recognition, it is useless to hope for any valuable results from verbal amendments to the regulations. Nothing but inducements, in the shape of certain rewards for good work, either in peace or war, can raise the standard of knowledge through the commissioned ranks."

The committee, therefore, recommends an "honest system of promotion by merit," following upon tests "honestly conducted and honestly reported on." The report plainly hints that officers can hardly be expected to work, so long as the present system of advancement through social influence is in vogue, or so long as efficiency has nothing whatever to do with the selection of officers for desirable appointments.

The committee recommends, among other things, that more commissions be offered to the colonies and that officers be compelled to know either French or German.

United States Senator Stewart, who has been in Washington for many years, has an old negro retainer who comes around twice a week for some money. He made his regular Wednesday call today. The senator gave him a dollar and said:—

"Jim, I'm getting tired of this sort of business. You are an able-bodied man. Why don't you go to work instead of living on my charity?"

"Deed, boss," said Jim, reproachfully. "You ain't the kind o' man to be askin' me to go to work now, is you? Why, boss, it's too hot to wuk."

"Well," snorted Senator Stewart, "I haven't seen you work in the winter any, either."

"In de wintah, boss!" in great astonishment. "Why, boss, you mus' be crazy! It's fah too col' to wuk in de wintah."—New York World.

FOR SALE.—High grade, new piano, cheap. Apply Nugget office. ctf.

Ladies' White Shirt Waists And Children's Straw Sailor Hats Received by Express Today. J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

The reports which are being received as to the condition of the king are highly gratifying. The latest bulletin states that his majesty is entirely free from danger and that his condition is constantly improving.

APPROVES THE IDEA

Mayor Macaulay to Call the Meeting

Considers the Citizens Should Make Every Effort to Bring the Railroad to Dawson.

Mayor Macaulay is fully in accord with the idea already expressed by many of the leading business men of the city with reference to some steps being taken to induce the Klondike Mines Railway to make Dawson its end and it is quite likely that upon the arrival of Mr. Hawkins or some other of the road's officials a meeting of those most vitally interested will be called for the purpose of ascertaining just what the road would require to induce them to alter their present terminal plans.

"I have had this matter under serious consideration for some time," said he, "and have been particularly interested since the agitation has been begun by the Nugget. As to the effect the terminus being in Klondike City would have upon our trade, there can be no doubt but what we would be the loser, though to what extent would be hard to say.

All the travel from the creeks must come to Dawson and practically all the freight going out must come from the same source, but there is this fact to consider; if freight has to be hauled in wagons to Klondike City in order to be placed aboard the cars it will increase the cost to the consumers just that much, an item that could be avoided by the road building direct into the city. It has been said that the proposed street railway would answer the same purpose, the cars being shipped in direct over that line, but if the street railway is to be built why not the steam railroad? The additional cost would be so slight as to not be worth considering, requiring only a trifling more substantial ballasting."

"Supposing the directors of the road should say, 'build us a bridge and we will come in,' what then?" "I have thought of that, too, but that is out of the question, as far as the city is concerned."

"How about ground for terminal facilities?" "That I should judge would be the easiest obstacle to surmount. There is the big bar extending from the new court house nearly to the Fairview, which is owned by the government and which I do not doubt would be available. It could be filled up above high water and would furnish room for the road for years to come, and, besides, is centrally located. If that tract were not acceptable there is plenty of other ground that could be purchased very reasonably. The fact of the matter is, I never could see the idea of the road going to Klondike City at all. Here is the base of supplies, the natural terminus and one must infer that there is some ulterior object in view in going there. The issue is an important one and if the people desire a public meeting called I shall be very glad to do so."

"What sort of inducement could Dawson offer?" "That I am scarcely prepared to say. A franchise over such streets as they wished to pass would doubtless be given them and we might provide them with station grounds and terminal facilities."

"I find through conversations had with a number of different people that the opinion is pretty general that one reason why Dawson is to be left off the map is on account of the road's fear of excessive taxation. Could that difficulty be removed?" queried the reporter.

"I presume the city council has it within its power to exempt the road from taxation for a certain number of years if it were found necessary to take such steps to bring the road here, and I do not doubt that a concession of that sort would be quite a factor in causing the directors to change their present plans. It is a good idea for the business men to get together and talk this matter over; it is an important step and should be taken up informally at once. Nothing definite, of course, can be done until Mr. Hawkins or some of the directors arrive and the advantages of a personal interview can be obtained, but in the meantime interest in this most vital question should not be allowed to die out."

Scarcity of Platinum

The history of platinum, which was discovered about the middle of the 18th century, differs from that of other rare metals in that the increased demand has not been met by repeated discoveries of new deposits. Hence the price of platinum has risen enormously. In 1822 platinum was worth \$1,000 a pound, in 1870 \$900, this slight decrease being due to the discovery of the Ural deposits in 1822. In 1895 the price per pound had risen to \$2,700, and in December of last year to \$4,800. Platinum was first found in South America and regarded as a variety of silver. Hence the name, from the Spanish plata, silver. It occurs as platinum dust in Colombia, Brazil, Hayti, and also in Borneo, but the Ural region is the chief source of supply. The annual output of the Ural mines is about 8,000 pounds, while the rest of the world furnishes only about 1,300 pounds. The mining of platinum has, therefore, been developed almost entirely in Russia, and a suspicion has arisen that the output is restricted purposely, in order to enhance the price; but this supposition seems to be without foundation. The Russian government, indeed, is said to be contemplating the recall of coins minted before 1850, which contain platinum, for the purpose of reclaiming the metal. Most of these coins, however, disappeared from circulation long ago, having been melted by chemists and technicians in search of platinum. If no new source is discovered, the scarcity of platinum will soon be felt seriously in many industries.

Bathroom Didn't Suit Her.

Seattle, June 18.—A woman, displeased at some improvements her husband was making in their home, called upon Mayor Humes today and wanted that official to go out and stop the work. She gave her name as Mrs. G. W. Murphy, of 211 Ninth avenue. Mrs. Murphy has had hearing and is compelled to carry an ear trumpet. Mayor Humes had much difficulty in understanding what she was driving at and in turn making her understand what he said.

According to the story Mrs. Murphy told the mayor, Mr. Murphy had hired a plumber and was installing a bathroom and connections in their house. Mrs. Murphy did not like the plans and the material, but her protests to her husband seemingly did no good. She determined to seek the city's chief executive and ask for relief. The mayor good-naturedly told her that he could have nothing to do with the matter and laughingly remarked that she had better hire a lawyer to bring an injunction against her husband. The matter was finally turned over to the building inspector, who found that the work was being put in without a permit. Mr. Murphy was immediately notified and took out the necessary permit and the plumbing inspector was directed to inspect the work. When he called at the city hall Mr. Murphy told the building inspector he owned the house and that he would put in the kind of a bathroom he liked, the protest of his wife to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mayor Hume said that he had to deal with a great many extraordinary cases, but that this was the first time he had been called upon to settle a dispute between husband and wife as to the particular kind of a bathroom that should be built in their home.

Anxious to Return

Denver, Col., June 17.—Twenty-seven Boer refugees in this city have formulated an appeal to the British Ambassador at Washington relative to their return to South Africa. These twenty-seven speak for the 90 Boers who are in Colorado. They ask that arrangements be made for their return to South Africa, and promise to be law-abiding citizens. The appeal has been forwarded to Washington.

Washington, June 17.—Inquiry at the British Embassy here developed the fact that the application of the Denver Boers for transportation to their homes has not reached the Embassy. The officials do not yet know how it would be acted upon. In cases of actual distress the Embassy in the past has been able to extend some relief to stranded English subjects by procuring for them transportation to a seaport where they might be able to ship for home, but there is no fund sufficient to defray a general return of the many Boers in the United States to South Africa. It is, therefore, probable that the Embassy can do nothing in this matter in the absence of a special grant of funds and authority from London.

Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to complain of that flour you sent me. Grocer—What was the matter with it? Mrs. Youngbride—It was tough. I made a pie with it and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it.—Philadelphia Press.

Hettie—Now that you have broken your engagement with Fred, shall you return to him the diamond ring he gave you? Minna—Certainly not, Hettie; it would be cruel to give him a thing that would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had missed.—Boston Transcript.

Little gobs of powder, Little specks of paint Make the little Freddie Look as if it ain't.

For Whitehorse STR. CASCA Sunday, June 29th, 8:00 p. m. POSITIVELY THE FASTEST STEAMER ON THE ROUTE For Rates, Tickets, Etc., Apply Frank Mortimer, - Aurora Dock.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail at Right Prices. Fire Proof Sales Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street. SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

The White Pass and Yukon Route The British Yukon Navigation Co. Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse: "White Horse," "Dawson," "Selkirk," "Victorian," "Yukon," "Canadian," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Bailey," "Zaslavsky," and "Four Freight Steamers."

KEEP KOOL Draught Beer on Tap AURORA SALOON THOS. CHISHOLM, Prop.

Draught Beer At Bonanza Saloon

DAWSON TRUCK & DRAY CO. FREIGHTING TO ALL CREEKS City Drayage and Express Wagons - Day & Night Service Phone 120. Office, Aurora Dock. T. H. HEATH, Mgr.

KEY WEST CIGARS EL BELMONT'S, SANCHEZ & HAYA, EL TELEGRAPH.

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STEAMER CLIFFORD SIFTON WILL SAIL FOR

WHITEHORSE ON TUESDAY, JULY 1, 8 P. M.

FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

Washington, June 10.—Root said today that he had time to consider the case of J. H. Smith, tried martial at Manila for alleged violation of the rules of war in the Philippines. The case was practically on trial in the trial of V. T. Waller of the marine corps, charged with the killing of Filipino soldiers. The Waller case would probably give the record of the case giving final consideration to the Waller case. The Waller case is expected to reach this court in a few days. It is said at the department that the Waller...

Gen. J. H. Smith.



Washington, June 10. — Secretary Root said today that he had not yet had time to consider the case of General J. H. Smith, tried by court martial at Manila for alleged violation of the rules of war in the conduct of the campaign in Samar. He added that, as the Smith case was being practically on transactions which led to the trial of Major L. T. Waller of the marine corps by court martial, charged with alleged unlawful killing of Filipino prisoners, he would probably await the result of the record of that case before giving final consideration to the Smith case. The Waller record is not expected to reach this city for several weeks. It is said at the war department that the Waller case is a

closed incident, but Smith's case will not be legally closed until it has been finally acted upon by the president. The significance of this statement is that it is still within the power of the president to return the case to the court for reconsideration of the evidence adduced, even though the officer was acquitted by the court as the press dispatches from Manila have indicated. The court could not be legally compelled to change its findings, however, against its own judgment, and its adherence to a verdict of "not guilty" would stand, despite the disapproval of the president, which in that case would be simply a rebuke to court without affecting the legal status of the accused.

RECORD IS SMASHED

Dawson Does the Round Trip to Whitehorse

In Four Days and Eighteen Hours — Light and Barge From Lower River.

The steamer Dawson is today the king pin of the upper river fleet as far as the round trip record is concerned. On her last up trip she left Dawson at 1.12 p.m. last Monday, arriving at Whitehorse at 3.50 p.m. Thursday, 3 days, 3 hours and 38 minutes. At 10.40 the same evening she had her cargo aboard and cast off her lines for Dawson, arriving here at 7.50 this morning, making the run down in 33 hours and 10 minutes. The total time consumed from the time she left her Dawson dock until her return was 4 days, 18 hours and 38 minutes, the best time ever made so far on the round trip. The run down has frequently been beaten, the Prospector last year making the trip in 28 hours, but for the round trip the Dawson is entitled to carry the broom "at her masthead." Her cargo this morning consisted almost wholly of cattle, there being 195 head for the Pacific Cold Storage Company, 10 tons of miscellaneous freight and 20 sacks of mail. The following were her passengers: W. S. Lytle, E. R. Stivers, L. R. Milligan, Mrs. D. T. Anderson, H. H. Nolan, Mrs. Katie Stroup and three children, Miss J. Stroup, A. W. Sterrett, Mrs. J. O'Neill, Master Jas. O'Neill, Master Ray O'Neill, L. J. Harris, George H. Mead, C. Millar, H. Jackson, K. Skraale, Joe Nicol, A. M. Jarvis, B. Hutchinson and C. D. Emmons. The Dawson will this trip undergo her annual inspection by the steamboat inspector and will probably not get away before tomorrow evening.

The Canadian arrived at 1 o'clock last night with 170 tons of freight and six bags of mail. Fifty tons of freight are consigned to the commissary at Fort Egbert and 50 for Fort Gibbon. The Canadian leaves tonight at 8 o'clock. Her passenger list down shows the following: Wm. Scouse, Mrs. Scouse, A. Williams, J. E. Beatty, J. A. Williams, T. J. L. Kennedy, E. S. Ironsides, D. Doig, H. C. Clark, W. J. B. Pinden and W. G. Morgeau. The Sybil is expected by noon tomorrow. Manager Calderhead has on exhibition at the L. & C. dock a splendid collection of scenes on the upper Pelly taken by Goetzman during the recent trip of the La France up that little known river. Tom Smith's trading post 300 miles up the Pelly is shown and a most interesting bird's eye view of the river for several miles is depicted. On her trip referred to the La France ascended the Pelly 340 miles. The Nora, like the Flora and Ora, is almost a thing of the past. Her machinery is being removed and the historic little craft is being dismantled. The Eldorado returns up river to the coal mines this evening. The Prospector left at 2 o'clock on her regular run to Stewart river points. The Casca reported at Selwyn at 6 o'clock this morning and will arrive in port about the same hour this evening. The J. P. Light with a barge in tow arrived at midnight last night, about nine months out from St. Michael and a little less than 10 days from Fortymile. She has 600 tons aboard, 100 of which are for the Dawson Hardware Company. McLennan & McPeely are also heavy consignees.

U. S. Senator Marcus A. Hanna.



DRUNK AND DISORDERLY

Was the Predominant Charge This Morning

Evidences of the Slumber Brand Are Numerous These Days.

Joseph L. Beaudoin was found at two o'clock this morning at the rear of the Ottawa, on a pile of logs, snoring loudly. His slumber was so deep that he had to be carried part of the way to the barracks. When brought up in the police court this morning he was unable to speak English and could not tell how it all happened even in the language of Quebec. He was given the option of slumbering five more days in the jug or paying \$2 and costs. George Carey went into the Marconi saloon and consumed \$2 worth of eatables and drinkables and then declined to pay except on the Marconi system. He got too quarrelsome about so small a matter, but this morning in the police court he hadn't a word to say, in fact "knew nothing at all about it." Inspector Starnes said he must pay that \$2, and also \$2 and costs as a reminder of the occasion. John Matheson, charged with insanity, was too sick to be brought into police court this morning and his case was remanded. Inspector Starnes observing that it might be better to try him in prison. Dressed in black and veiled with crepe, one side of the face bandaged up and enough of the other side in evidence to show a dark circle under the eye, Lotta Devienne stood in the dock at the police court this morning but was permitted to take a seat next to that of her counsel, Mr. Hagel. The latter again applied for an adjournment, which Inspector Starnes strenuously opposed as the case had already been continued several times. The woman was charged with keeping a disorderly house at No. 207 King street, and a number of witnesses were called to prove the charge, principally from the boarding house next door, which led Mr. Hagel to term it a dispute between rival boarding houses. Evidence was also given by the police, and one of the girls, Sophie Steffen, testified that she had come from Chicago with the defendant, who had furnished the money for fares. She had lived with defendant until a month ago. Mr. Hagel again pleaded for an adjournment, for the production of witnesses for the defence and he was granted one until Monday afternoon.

CAPT. MOORE IS VEXED

That His Father Sold Skagway Townsite

Pioneer Yukon River Skipper Heavily Interested at Nome.

Captain William Moore, of the steamer J. P. Light, is the oldest son of Captain William Moore of the Skagway townsite, and has just heard that the government has granted a patent for the townsite. The news, however, was rather vexing than otherwise to the son, as his father over a year ago sold out all his interest in the townsite to a company of English capitalists who also own the majority interest in Moore's wharf at Skagway. "To think that the old man should have held on so long," said Captain Moore this morning, "and then when the fight was practically over sold out. Still, my brother Ben has a fifth interest in it, so some of it comes in the family. "I came with father to the bay where Skagway now is in 1885, and helped to cut the logs for the location father then took up for Ben. Father always had confidence there would be a town there some day. "And I was up in this country before there was any Dawson. I ran five trips with the steamer Arctic for the A. C. Company in 1896, and was steamboating on the lower river until the Nome excitement, when I went there. I have forty odd claims there, on the Snake river and in the Kogourak country, but I am not going back. Somebody is looking after my claims, however."

Hypnotism Last Night

Hypnotist Tremaine gave an exhibition of his powers before a big audience last night, all of whom were well satisfied with the genuineness of his ability. Ten men offered themselves as subjects and the hypnotist by means of suggestions given them placed them in all manner of ludicrous situations to the great amusement of the audience. Another exhibition will be given this evening in which many features will be introduced.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Methodist Church.—Rev. Mr. McGee of Ottawa will preach at the morning services tomorrow, and in the evening the pulpit will be filled by Rev. D. A. McGee, M. A. Presbyterian.—At tomorrow evening's service the following special music will be rendered.—Mrs. Boyce will sing "The Ninety and Nine," a sacred solo by Edward Campion; and the choir will sing Darby's anthem, entitled "Break Forth Into Joy."

New Special Agent

P. Ben Venuti, well known in Dawson for his long connection with the transportation business, has been appointed a special passenger agent of the White Pass route and is bustling up business for the company.

His Last Sitting

Inspector Starnes will sit as magistrate at the police court for the last time on Monday afternoon, as Tuesday is a holiday and on Wednesday he leaves with Mrs. Starnes for Regina.

NEW ORDER ISSUED

Regarding Disposition of Water

Issued From the Natural Course for the Purpose of Mining.

Assistant Gold Commissioner Pattullo issued this morning a new order in council which was signed on May 19th, which repeals section 12 of the regulations for the disposal of the right to divert and use water from any stream or lake in the Yukon territory, and substitutes the following: "In measuring water in any ditch or sluice the following rules shall be observed: "A miner's inch shall mean a discharge of 1 1/2 cubic feet of water per minute. "When measured through a rectangular sluice a miner's inch shall mean 1.25 of the quantity which will discharge through an orifice 6 inches wide and 2 inches high, made of 2-inch planks planed and made smooth. "The water shall have a constant head of 6 1/2 inches above the center of the orifice. A schedule is here given of discharges up to and including 241.58 inches. "Large quantities of water may be measured at any convenient point by discharging over weirs through orifices, or by any accepted and correct method of measuring water. "Small quantities of water, where delivered from ditches, flumes or canals into small ditches or flumes, shall be measured at the point of diversion of the branch ditch or sluice. It shall be taken from the sluice or reservoir arranged at the side and the water shall have no appreciable velocity of approach. The orifices shall be fixed vertically at right angles to the delivering water way, and the edges and corners shall be square and sharp and the top, bottom and sides of the orifice at right angles with the pressure box. The measuring vein shall be fully contracted and the discharge shall be freely into air."

ENGINEER WILLIAMS

Chief of the Klondike Mines Ry.

Arrived With Staff of Assistants on the Steamer This Morning.

At last serious work on the railroad to the creeks promises to have a beginning. There arrived on the Dawson this morning Alfred Williams, divisional engineer, J. E. Beatty, transit man, and E. S. Ironsides, T. J. L. Kennedy and S. C. Williams, assistants. This party of surveyors will at once take charge of the first division of the road from Klondike city, and on Monday morning they will set in to get the road ready for the construction force. The work of Mr. Williams includes the location and the laying out of the car shops, turn-table and other terminal buildings, which in all probability will not be in Klondike City but a short distance up the line. For the erection of these buildings contracts will probably be called for. It is believed that Mr. Williams and his force will be able to get the first division of the road in order for the construction force of the contractors in a couple of weeks. M. J. Heney, the builder of the White Pass railroad, has taken up the contract for this road, and will arrive in Dawson about July 10th. E. C. Hawkins is to be here sometime during next month, and Mr. Williams thinks it probable that he and Mr. Heney will come in together.

Farmer's Wife.—I thought you said you were hungry.

Farmer's Wife.—Then why don't you eat that piece of steak I gave you? "You," she said, "on club nights." He looked again. Yes, the moon was in the condition.—Chicago Post.

Dick Cowan's Brigade.

Dick Cowan is organizing the boys at the Bank of Commerce mess house into a volunteer company of Royal Sappers and Miners, and on Monday morning will drill them for a couple of hours before they go to business on the ground adjacent to the mess house on which stood until yesterday the old offices of the gold commissioner. At this first drill all the non-commissioned officers will be armed with picks, and the file with shovels and rakes. The drill will be a practical demonstration of the work of the royal engineers in the field, and the ground operated upon will at the drill on Monday evening be laid out as a tennis court.

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

To keep healthy drink the pure waters at the Sideboard.

Finest ice cream parlor in the city at Gandolfo's. 1714.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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R. W. Shannon, M. A., W. M. McKay, B. A.

McKAY & SHANNON, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries

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Why Connelly Reinlisted

The small column of rough looking men that wound in single file through the tangled jungle was all that remained of the once mighty Twelfth. It had dwindled to this handful in the space of nine months, and no doubt when the wet season began even the skeleton would have room for fresh recruits, providing always the rebels, who lay hidden in the wild grasses, would allow the fever time enough. A rebel in the wild grass is as certain as the fever, and much quicker.

Nine months before the Twelfth had landed from the rusty red transport Southern Queen and had marched with a swinging step over the wet sand. The straggly line of palms skirting the beach swallowed them, and from that moment the decimation began.

For a time they idled in the hot sun at Qual as, where they ate fruit, sickened, a few died and the rest recovered to curse the heat and to wonder why they didn't go up country. Then they went up country and the rebels amused them grimly. This for nine months. The Twelfth was thoroughly fired out.

"Don't you wish you were going home, Connelly?" asked a man trudging behind a great tall chap.

"Home! Do you ever expect to get home? Bosh!"

"Do you mean San Pedro or do you mean the real home?" asked another.

"Why, I mean home, across the water, where the people are of the white brand, and where there's hot biscuits, and a bed, and clean water and girls. Oh! I mean home!"

Harrison looked at the man and shook his head strangely.

"Don't get that way often, Parsons; it affects the head so."

"But I had a dream last night and we were all goin' home."

"Funny dream, that," said Martin.

"What you want is a good stiff dose of quinine—someh' like twenty-five grains."

"No doubt the poor lad's nerves are gone," said another, "all jangled and out of tune."

"Wish I could dream, though," growled Connelly. "There's lots of things I'd dream about—there's—"

But Connelly broke off with a murmur in his throat. The things he would dream about were evidently not for the ears of the regiment.

"You'd dream about what?" asked a man.

But his question went unanswered. The straggly line of men emerged from the shadow and came to where they could see the white huts of San Pedro glaring in the tropical sun.

"Seems to me there's someh' a goin' on down there," said Martin.

"There just is that," replied Harrison, shading his eyes from the sun and gazing at the town's gate.

"Darned if I don't believe it's the reserve that's come up."

"Too good to be true, and, besides, Parsons, you're always believin' and dreamin' things."

"But if it is maybe we'll go to some place farther down the coast. Maybe we'll see someh' new, May-be!"

"Well, ain't you done with may-be?"

The tall man looked at the questioner and replied slowly:

"And maybe we'll go home!"

It seemed to stun the lot of them. One gasped and turned pale. Home! They had never given that a thought. Home? While the rebels were yet hiding in the bush and the war in progress? Then a fellow who never did anything of note before began to sing to a wonderful tune of his own:

"We're goin' home! We're goin' home!"

Our ship is at the shore, And you can pack your haversack, For we won't come back no more. Oh, we won't come back no more my boys, We won't come back no more!"

And the whole rank took up the burden of the chorus:

"Oh, we won't come back no more, my boys, We won't come back no more!"

With a quickened step, born of the swinging meter of the song, the Twelfth marched to the town's little gate. The hot sun, the tropical smell, the petty ills and the quinine were all forgotten in their curiosity to learn why a strange sentry paced forward and back before the place. Like so many statues they waited for the lieutenant to reappear from the commander's hut. He came out with a smile on his face.

"The Twelfth is mustered out!"

A yell went skyward that made the vines rustle, and above all the rest big Connelly bawled:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! We're goin' home."

Five men surrounded a pair of the

new guard and begged from them an old newspaper.

"Look here, Connelly!"

"What? Newspapers? Gimme one! What a find! A newspaper!"

"S'pose you almost forgot there was such a thing."

"Perhaps. See if there's anything from home."

"Home? Where d'you live anyway, Connelly?"

"Gloucester."

"Why, that's in Massachusetts."

"Of course, dummyhouse! Look for the news, will you?"

"What's the date? Five months old, this paper! Gloucester—Gloucester—here 'tis—Gloucester!"

"Man killed at the town hall last night—now that's what I call an interesting piece of news, seen' as we don't know what a killin' is. 'Ged. Hall convicted of stealin' from Nathan Forrester—that sounds like home—'Marriage'—that's very homelike—'Bill Thompson dead; leaves forty thousand dollars.' That's all, Connelly, from Gloucester."

"Hump! Who's married?"

"Lemme see—Miss Bessie Williams and!"

"You lie! Let me see that!"

"What in the name of nation is the matter with you, Connelly?"

"You're right, Parsons, that's all! That's all!"

And big Connelly, the man with an intense longing for home, bent down his head and walked with a swagger to the far end of the town.

The next morning, when the bugle called the men of the Twelfth from the dingy white huts, they sprang forth with alacrity.

"We're a mighty slim crowd compared to all that came up, ain't we?"

"Well, I should say! There was Sam Johnson and Jerry Patterson, Bill Williams, Harry Carter—but what's the use in countin' 'em?—all gone, and good boys, too, all igood listed fur."

"And we're the lucky dogs! I wouldn't be one of them fellers what's come to relieve us—no, not for a cool million. Would you, Connelly?"

"I don't know," replied Connelly wearily.

"You don't know?"

"No, I don't know."

Then the bugle blared again. The tall man turned and walked to the lieutenant and saluted:

"Well, Connelly?"

"I think I'd like to stay and enlist with the other regiment sir—and stay out the war. You see?"

The face of the lieutenant became as a stone mask and for a moment he stared fixedly. Then, remembering his rank, he said kindly:

"If you think so, Connelly, you may report to Major Southern."

The Twelfth marched out and the last man, looking back from a distant hill, saw a forlorn figure watching by the old gate. He waved a last farewell to the man in the sun painted landscape. A fellow by his side started to hum again the song of the swinging meter:

"Oh, we're goin' home! We're goin' home!"

"Our ship is at—"

"Oh, shut up!" growled out the man. The skeleton of the Twelfth, minus one of the larger bones, marched on in silence.

Corbett's Greatest Hit

New York, June 20. — James J. Corbett made one of the greatest hits of his life the other evening in an uptown restaurant. A Canadian editor had been dining there, and when he went to pay his bill discovered that he had nothing but Canadian bank notes with him. The manager was sorry, but flatly declined to take this money, and did not look with favor upon the suggestion that he call up the Waldorf, where the editor was a patron, and ask if everything was all right. Finally the diner, pulling a valuable ring from his little finger, suggested that this would be a sufficient guarantee for a Canadian ten-dollar bill, and the manager accepted it as such. Corbett, who had been watching the scene, stepped up and brusquely ordering the manager to return the ring, turned to the other man with a good-sized roll, and invited him to help himself, offering to exchange all the Canadian money that was needed. Corbett and the Canadian had met, it seems, although the pugilist actor did not recall that fact until reminded of it. It is needless to say that there is one paper on this side of the Atlantic where Corbett can have all the press notices he wants.

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ACTING WAS REALISTIC

Unprecedented Action in Chicago Theatre

When Woman Was Denounced in 'The Lady of Lyons'—Women Hissed Actor.

Chicago, June 14. — Storms of hisses greeted the denunciation of women in the fifth act of "The Lady of Lyons" at the majine performance at Power's theatre yesterday. For five minutes the play was interrupted by the prolonged hissing. The house was crowded to the doors with a fashionable audience of a character that seldom yields to such a demonstration. The majority of these present were women, and it was the women who did the hissing.

The outbreak was one of the strangest that has been witnessed in a playhouse in this city. Manager Harry J. Powers said that it was the first time anything of the kind had come under his notice. Maclyn Arbuckle, who spoke the lines so realistically as to call forth such resentment, said that he had never seen the like in his experience.

What aroused the Chicago women and started them off on their demonstration of disapproval was this line, given with telling effect by Mr. Arbuckle, in the character of General Damas:

"Yes, a miracle. In other words, a constant woman."

Some woman in the parquet began to hiss. Others took it up, and the wave of indignation swept through the parquet, the boxes and the balconies. A few of the women could not refrain from giving voice to their feelings, and, though nothing was said in a loud tone, such remarks as these were heard:

"Oh! The wretch! the wretch!"

"It isn't true."

"For shame!"

When the demonstration had subsided somewhat, Mr. Arbuckle attempted to go on with the rather long speech commenting on woman's frailties. He was interrupted frequently. Fresh outbursts were brought on with each sentence.

These are the lines that caused the trouble:

The man who sets his heart upon a woman is a chameleon, and doth feed on air; From air he takes his colors—hold his life—Changes with every wind—grows lean or fat, Rasy with hope, or green with jealousy, Or palid with despair—just as the gale

Varies from north to south, from heat to cold! Oh, woman, woman, thou shouldst have few sins Of thine own to answer for; thou art the author Of such a book of follies in a man That it would need the tears of all the angels To blot the record out.

When asked last night as to his experience yesterday afternoon, Mr. Arbuckle said:

"It is the first time I ever faced such an outburst. As a matter of fact, I may say that when I stepped before such a magnificent audience of women a thrill of enthusiasm coursed through me, and I may have thrown more than the ordinary feeling into the part. Surely, if the women only knew my true feelings for them, they would have better understood. Don't you see it was just all assumed. I don't feel that way at all. I don't approve of the sentiment of the lines myself."

"I was surprised, too, at the demonstration, but when I realized that such an audience would not express open animosity, I was nearly convulsed with laughter. It rather embarrassed us, though, and we had to sort of carry on a pantomime during the hissing so as to keep the thing together, don't you see? But then we fixed it all up for them again along toward the end, where I confessed that women were not so bad after all, and Pauline had lines that touched the spot. The applause then proved the safety valve."

Preparing for Derby.

New York, June 18.—A Featherston's horse Arsenal and J. E. Madden's Pentecost have received their final "preps" for the American Derby to be run Saturday at Washington Park, Chicago, and will be shipped today over the Pennsylvania railroad. Winnie O'Connor and Cochran, who will have the mounts will accompany them. Arsenal's work was on the Gravesend track, while Pentecost was put through his final sprint at Sheephead Bay. Arsenal was breezed over the Derby distance but was not asked to extend himself. His owner expressed pleasure over his condition, which he said had improved greatly over the form shown when the horse won the Metropolitan handicap at Morris Park. It is said Jockey Bullman will ride Clarence Mackay's Heno in the Derby. Bullman is under contract to August Belmont, who is said, however, to have given consent. Last year's Derby was won by Bullman on Robert Waddell and he is anxious to make it "two straight."

"Will you excuse me for about five minutes?" said the apartment-house lodger, as a bell tinkled in the corridor.

"Certainly," replied the caller.

"We have to go and take our drill at this time in the day."

"Your drill?"

"Yes; climbing down the fire escapes."

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Lucy and the Boy Bandits

It was Saturday in Summerville. Mr. Wells stood for a moment on his doorstep in the early morning, looking under the trees, down the quiet street.

"Well, he called to his wife, turning to look inside. 'Come part way with me.'

Mrs. Wells joined him, and they passed slowly down the walk together.

"It is so peaceful here," said Mr. Wells. "I can't get over it. I don't understand how any one can prefer the city to this, especially if they have children."

"I am sometimes troubled about Lucy," said Mrs. Wells.

"Lucy? Why, what about her?"

"I don't know. She is such a tender-hearted little girl, and I know she wants to be good, but she is so thoughtless, or careless, or something—I don't know what. She seems to be just as careful and quiet as she is when she plays around home, but the moment she is out of my sight something happens. If she goes away, she comes back half the time all mussed or torn and in some distress. When her little friends come to see her, she is lovely to them, but sometimes when she goes to play with them, she comes back in disgrace."

"Oh, that's the way with all children," said Mr. Wells soothingly.

"Don't worry about Lucy, she's all right. How about Johnnie?"

"Oh, he is a boy!"

A far-away whistle of a locomotive sounded faintly, and Mr. Wells hurried away, the bustling city already spreading before his mind's eye.

Lucy was sitting on the lawn, by the side of the house, two of her little children leaning against a tree, their eyes staring straight before them, one lying by her side, as naked as when she was born; her eyes closed, and a fourth, a poor little cripple, in her lap. This last had no eyes. They had been rubbed off, rather faded away from old age. There were boxes overflowing with hats and clothes, a baby carriage, a crib, and a work-basket.

"Are you getting the little ones ready for the party?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"Oh, don't you remember only Anna was invited?" said Lucy, looking earnestly, almost tearfully up. "It's a party of just last Christmas dolls. They're all six months old, you know."

"Oh, yes, that will be nice, won't it?"

"Yes," answered Lucy ruefully. "Marjorie feels so bad. I'm coming her now." She held up the dress, weather-beaten form.

"Marjorie," she said, "she's all in pieces."

"Kittie and May feel bad, too."

"Oh, a little. But not so terrible as Marjorie does. She hasn't had a party in years and years, and she can't get any more."

"You should say she has not, Lucy."

"I mean she has not—oh, dear, it is very sad, don't you think so?"

"Why don't you give her one? I'll tell you what. You make a party next Saturday for Marjorie, and invite all the scarerows to it. You can call 'em an old maids' tea."

"Oh, good—oh, can I?"

"You may."

"I mean mayn't I?"

"Yes, may I, Lucy?"

"Yes, may I?"

"You have a nice, pleasant little party, and don't get into any trouble, and come home in good order and everything is all right, you may. I will have Martha make a little frosted cake for each of the party."

Lucy hugged Marjorie to her breast and closed her eyes tight. Such a sense of expectation was almost too much for her.

She laid the tattered creature in the crib with a little pat and a maternal smile, and picked up the naked one. She could continue the interrupted preparations for the party with nothing to disturb her delight in them. Anna was a beautiful child, with golden curls, rosy cheeks, large blue eyes, with long brown lashes. The white kid body was firm and plump. Lucy was proud of her and of her fine wardrobe, but tempered her admiration and affection with the precautions of a wise mother.

The party was to be at the parsonage, on the lawn. The guests had been invited to come at ten in the morning, and they might stay until noon. There would be games before luncheon, and the making of dolls' clothes in the afternoon.

As she stood by the open window, in her petticoat and under waist, she saw her mother brushed her hair, and saw her brother Johnnie come bustling around the house, and walk away into the woods. A few moments later she saw Daring Dick come stealing out, a bowie-knife in his belt, a cross bill, two-edged sword in his hand, and a long hen's feather in his hatband. He moved stealthily, but not with the stealth of cowardice. It was only the wise caution, the bold cunning of a brave brigand, who finds himself alone and undisguised in a civilized community.

Lucy wondered in what wild fastness Bold Billy Sure Shot and his brigand band would gather for the day and what adventures they would encounter. In a moment the Little Mother Lucy vanished, and from the same blue eyes there peeped the bandit maiden, making them to dance and sparkle. Which would she rather do—have a quiet luncheon on the parsonage lawn, play pussy wants a corner, and make doll clothes, or take her chance with the free, bold spirits of the bush?

She stood up to let her mother tie the new ribbons on her hair, and as she did so, she saw Anna, clad in all her loveliness, her red lips arching sweetly, her eyes fixed dreamily upon her nickel shoe-buckles twinkling in the sunlight, the very picture of innocent, expectant helplessness.

Lucy gathered Anna to her arms, holding her carefully, so as not to rumple her clothes, and went with her mother downstairs. Her mother got the shears and led her outside to a little bush at the end of the porch, snipped off a pink bud, partly open, and pinned it to her breast.

"I hope you will have a nice time. And, Lucy, will you try and be careful and polite and do nothing to make your friends vexed with you?"

"I will try, mamma; indeed, I will try."

"Just think of poor Marjorie, too."

"I know it—oh, I hope nothing happens."

"Lucy, I don't think anything will. Of course, you can't play all day and not muss yourself some, you know, but ladies at sewing parties ought not to tear their clothes or get them all muddy, and they ought not to be sent home by their hostess. That's all I mean, and I am sure you will have a good, happy time today."

Lucy put her free arm about her mother's neck and kissed her, and ran down the walk between the peonies and bleeding hearts to the gate. As her hand was on the latch she was startled by a low "hiss" from the lilac bush at her left.

"Don't look. Don't speak," said the well known voice of Daring Dick. "Just listen and do as I say. Turn up the first street, keep on this side; go slow as you get near the alley."

In the silence that followed, Lucy heard the latch rattle under her shaking hand, and felt her heart battering at her breast.

"Remember your oath," hissed the voice from the bush.

"Come, hurry up," said the voice impatiently. "Get a move on, and hustle, Lucy; they're a-waiting."

She looked once toward the house and saw her mother watching her from the writing-room window.

"Good-by," said her mother smiling, all unconscious of the brigand in the bush.

"Good-bye," said Lucy, with a plaintive quiver in her voice. She waved her hand feebly, and, clutching Anna to her breast, walked slowly down the street. Of course, she knew nothing of what might be before her. There had been times when such mysterious commands had brought a boundless, expectant delight, while they frightened her; but today she wished—oh, how she wished—to be just a quiet, little girl—good in her mother's eyes.

There are plenty of girls, of course who would have gone right on past the corner and avoided the threatening alley, but Lucy had never yet faced her brother, or disobeyed any of his commands, or those of his friends, the outlaws. She looked down the street, it is true, and saw the church spire rising above the trees, and longed to be safely in the yard of the parsonage next door, but for all that she turned up the street she was told to follow, and came to the alley, walking slowly.

"Don't be scared," she whispered to Anna. "Don't be—oh, don't be—don't be—scared."

"Halt!" said a voice from the alley. "Up with your hands, postilion! Get out, lady, and come here."

"Better blow off his head—deaders tell no tales—bang!"

"You missed him—I'll—"

"I didn't, either, miss him. I blew him to smithereens."

"No, you didn't. He's still up there. I'll—"

"Bang! Bang! There, he's done for now, anyhow."

"Oh, shoot—you're always doing everything. Can't you let a feller—"

"Silence! Who's chief here, anyhow? Dick, you hind and rag the

coachman. Pete, cut the horses loose. We'll need them later. Now, lady, you come here."

Lucy walked a few steps into the alley, and stood before Bold Billy, her doll hugged tight to her shoulder.

"We'll not harm you," said the chief proudly. "We held you up 'cause we want you to do something. We know where you're going and— and everything. We want them sandwiches, and the cake."

"They're on a shelf at the end of the parsonage," broke in Friar John. "I saw ma put 'em there this morning."

"Now, you get 'em out, and leave 'em under the gooseberry bushes by the fence—"

"Oh, I can't—I can't—I—"

"You can, too. You've got to. You can put 'em on the window sill, and go around to the back porch when no one is looking, and take 'em off as easy as nothing. You can play hide and seek, and do it then."

"But I can't. Oh, don't make me, please. Just this once, won't you, please?"

"Aw, come on, Lucy," said Dick. "you'll go and spoil everything. All right for you if you don't— you'll see."

"I have it," cried Friar John. "We'll torture her kid till she does."

"We'll burn her at the stake," said Slippery Pete.

"Good!" said Bold Billy. "That'll bring her to time, I guess."

He led the way through the alley, and the rest followed, with Lucy in their midst. She walked along with them, hugging her doll close.

At the end of the block they came out upon a pasture, with a little grove of maples in one corner. From here Lucy could see the second-story windows of the parsonage, not half a block away.

They took the blue silk sash from Lucy's waist, and gagged her with it. They tied her to a tree with the grimy rope Bold Billy carried about his middle. They gagged Anna with Lucy's handkerchief and bound her to a driven stake with the ribbons of her leghorn hat. Lucy watched them do all this with dilating eyes and a brave effort to act her part with propriety, trying to control her fright and grief that it might not become too real. She saw them bring twigs and leaves, and pile them about Anna until only her rosy wax head was visible. It seemed to Lucy that the wide-open eyes of her darling were fixed in a stare of terror.

"We don't like to burn her," said Bold Billy, "but we must have them sandwiches and cake. Just wave your hand if you give in." He took a match from his pocket and struck it on a stone, his eyes fixed on Lucy. The rest of the band held their breath. Lucy was wiggling and prancing in agony. When the flaming match almost touched the leaves, she flung up her arms and waved them frantically. In a moment the leaves and twigs were scattered, and the bandits, with the eagerness of great relief, unbound their captives. Lucy took Anna to her arms and began to cry. There was no make-believe now. She was all unstrung and heart-broken, her own clothes and Anna's were crumpled and dirty. She would be obliged to rob her party of its feast. Her mother would look at her in astonishment and reproach. How could she ever go to the parsonage in such a mussed state? And Marjorie, her poor, rag cripple, could have no party now.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" said Daring Dick in vexation and disgust. "Here you go crying like a baby. You're a regular old spoil-at today."

"All right, let her cry, then," said Bold Billy. "We wouldn't have touched you if we'd known you was going to act that way."

"I don't mean to," wailed Lucy. "I'm— I'm all right now."

"You ain't neither; you're spoiled everything. We don't want your old things, anyhow. Come on, fellows; let's go swimmin'!"

Lucy watched them scamper away whooping and hallooing; then she sat upon the ground, and flung herself flat upon it, kicking and sobbing in a passion of shame and grief.

An hour later, when her mother saw her coming hesitatingly up the walk from the gate, her head bent, her face stained with dirt and tears, her blue silk sash twisted and tied askew, her dress in wrinkles, she was sick with disappointment and hopeless perplexity. Lucy came to where she sat sewing by the window, and buried her head in her lap.

"What is it, Lucy? Now, what in the world can it be? Were you sent home again?"

"I— I— didn't go."

"Why, what did you do?"

"I— I played with the boys and got dirty—and I couldn't go."

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, what shall I do?"

"Whip me, mamma. Won't you please whip me, and let Marjorie have her party?"

"You know I will not whip you,

Lucy. Why didn't you think of Marjorie before? Why didn't you remember?"

Lucy went tearfully to the corner, and put Anna away. She took the rag cripple from its bed and went out under the tree where she could explain their misfortunes unheard. But though Marjorie understood and forgave her, she was for a long time unhappy. The scorn and desertion of the brigands was hard for her to bear.—Arthur Henry in New York Post.



Roul Sartout.

If Roul Sartout had not transgressed against the laws of Martinique, and as a consequence been thrust into prison, he would probably have been one of the victims of the cataclysm instead of its sole survivor. Sartout is the only soul who lived through the terrible hurricane of fire that assailed St. Pierre. He was in his underground cell when the disaster occurred, and his punishment was his salvation.

The Debt to the Negro

A colored minister from Georgia talked to the members of a Chicago club last week about "The Contribution of the Negro to the National Life." He considered the subject chiefly from the point of view of the capacity for production of the black men. The agriculture of the south depends upon them now, as it has done since they made their involuntary appearance in this country in considerable numbers. The descendants of the white men who first settled in the south are acclimated. They can do field work to as good purpose as the black men and do not suffer from it. Their forefathers, accustomed to the climate of England, could not have done what their descendants can. The difficulty of obtaining white labor led to the introduction of black labor and to greater agricultural productivity.

The black men can claim credit for the crops of cotton, rice and tobacco raised by them when there were no white men to do the work, and they can allege that they have contributed indirectly to national territorial expansion. If had not been for the ability to use slave labor the westward march of settlement south of Mason and Dixon's line would not have been so rapid as it was. The northern farmers with their system of small farms moved westward at a more deliberate pace than the southern planters with their large plantations. The latter often exhausted quickly the fertility of their lands and then moved on in search of virgin soil.

If it had not been for the occupation of the lands nearer the coast by the slave-holding owners of large plantations the non-slave owners would not have pushed into the interior to make homes for themselves at so early a day as they did. They would have been slow in making their way into the valley of Virginia or into Kentucky or Tennessee.

Slavery was urgent in its demands for new territory for industrial and for political reasons. Possibly under any circumstances the Pacific coast would have become a part of the United States. It would not have become a part of the United States so soon as it did had it not been for the Mexican war, which hardly would have been fought had there been no slaves in the United States. If the climate of Texas had resembled that of Oregon the advocates of annexation of Texas would have lost their zeal.

The presence of the African race on this continent led to four years of bloody war. If the black man had not been brought here (there would have been no civil war—no North and South). But if the black men had not been here the march inland of American settlement might have been so slow that the Mississippi would have been the western boundary of the republic.—Chicago Tribune.

Swimming Championship

New York, June 18.—Amateur athletic union swimming championships will be held this year under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island. In order to allow competitors to compete in all five championships the program will be distributed over three days, July 12, August 23 and October 1.

On July 12 the 220 yard and half mile Amateur Athletic Union championships will be given, also a 110-yard handicap and a novice 110-yard. On August 23 the quarter mile and one mile national championships will be held; also a novice 110-yard and a 230-yard handicap.

On October 4 the national 100-yard championship will end the Amateur Athletic Union contests.

Visiting U. S. Official

E. R. Stiver, United States mail and postoffice inspector, was among the passengers arriving on the Canadian last night. He is permanently stationed at Skagway and came to Dawson more on a pleasure than business trip. He expects to leave for Skagway tonight.

A \$20,000 Race

New York, June 18.—It has been definitely settled that the match race between Thomas Lawson's Borlma and E. E. Smither's Lord Derby for a side stake of \$20,000 shall take place at Hartford on Saturday, August 2. The horses have been matched and forfeits of \$5,000 have been posted for some time.

Alaska Flyers
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DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days

SCHEDULE
DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, June 12th, 22nd, July 2nd, 12th, 22nd.
HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, June 17th, 27th, July 7th, 17th 27th.

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A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.

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

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Jobs Promised Tomorrow's Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery

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WILL BE NO CITY POLICE

Committee of Council Meets Major Wood in Caucus and Makes Satisfactory Arrangements—Sergeant Smith Will Still Continue in Charge.

The city police muddle has been happily solved and though such information may be a bitter disappointment to several hundred applicants for the position of chief of police, the Nugget today publishes exclusively the fact that there will be no change in the present system of police affairs. There will be no city police force for the municipality to maintain, no plums to be distributed, for the town station under command of Sergeant Smith will continue in charge of this budding metropolis, insofar as the enforcing of the law is concerned.

effect having been presented at a meeting of the council two weeks ago. At the last meeting no action was taken upon the matter, though the police of the town station had already been notified that their services would be no longer required after July 1. Major Wood in his conversation with the committee remarked that he could not have his men receiving orders from every member of the council, some of which were directly opposite to others, and made the proposition that if the council would appoint one of its members as police commissioner with full powers as to police affairs he would be happy to turn over the town station to the city, bag and baggage. The idea instantly met the approval of the entire committee and at a meeting held subsequently Alderman James F. Macdonald was made police commissioner. The action of the police committee can not help but be approved of by every taxpayer in the city. The efficiency of the present service will be maintained and the city will be saved a drain of fully \$15,000 a year which the establishment of its own police force as was proposed would entail. The only ones who will be disappointed are the hundred or more who have made application for positions on the new force.

IMPROVEMENT THE HOBOS IS STEADY WERE HUNGRY

His Majesty Now on the Road to Recovery And Incensed at Postponement of Feast

Can Read and Converse With His Family—Must Not be Worried.

London, June 27.—A late bulletin says His Majesty passed a comfortable day. The symptoms so far are satisfactory. His temperature remains normal. Government officials expect to be able within a week to fix an approximate date for the coronation. It will probably occur early in autumn. The king is able to read and converse with the queen and Prince and Princess of Wales. All the doctors insist upon it that he shall not be worried by matters requiring careful weighing. Balfour announced at an adjournment house of commons meeting this evening that the condition of the king continues satisfactory.

Another party of eleven hundred orphans were entertained today at a dinner given by the Prince and Princess of Wales in the grounds of Marlborough house.

Prince Henry of Germany will leave London for Germany tomorrow.

Playfully Shoots Himself

Chicago, June 14.—At the zenith of enjoyment of his honeymoon, Geo. A. Fleck, 19 years old, of Louisville, Ky., met death this afternoon at the Great Northern hotel in the presence of his 18-year-old bride who tonight is prostrated with grief and almost insane.

Young Fleck, who is the son of a prominent restaurateur of Louisville, had gone to the chef's room in his apartments to secure a handkerchief and finding there his revolver, playfully twirled it about. As his wife screamed a protest, the pistol was discharged, the bullet striking Fleck in the mouth, killing him instantly.

Mrs. Fleck fled into the hallway from her room screaming. Guests on that floor were thrown into excitement by the sound of the shot, followed by the screams. Attendants hurried to the place. Fleck was lying on the floor and the blood was gushing from his mouth.

Upon the appearance of other persons the young wife fainted. For some time she was kept under police surveillance, but her explanations and grief convinced the officers of the truth of the accident.

The young couple were married June 11 and were on a tour of the west.

Serious Rioting by Lawless Hoard in Various Parts of England.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, June 27.—Angry hobos in several small English towns, incensed because they were deprived of expected coronation feasts, indulged in demonstrations against the authorities. Smashing windows was the favorite form of protest. In some cases they lighted bonfires which had been prepared for the coronation. The most serious disturbances took place at Watford, fifteen miles from London, where the mob overpowered the police and wrecked several shops. They set fire to a store owned by the chairman of the town council. Special constables were sworn in and overpowered the rioters.

Jealous Wife Slaps Singer

Paris, June 14.—Lucienne Breal, an opera singer well known in New York, was the heroine of a misadventure exceedingly painful for herself. Mlle. Breal's friendship for Georges Leygues, the minister of public instruction and fine arts in the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet, had long been a matter of public gossip and a source of distress to the wife.

Mme. Leygues, in calling on her husband at the ministry yesterday, chanced to meet the beautiful singer coming out of M. Leygues' private office. Mlle. Breal, assuming her most winsome smile, rushed to greet her, but the jealous wife instantly applied two resounding slaps to the singer's cheeks.

Mlle. Breal ducked the third blow, which only sent her pretty spring hat flying. The ante-chamber of the ministry was crowded with statesmen, university professors, and officers. Mlle. Breal was led away, while Mme. Leygues entered her husband's office, closing the double doors deliberately behind her. The affair created a great commotion.

Mrs. Rogers Coming

Mrs. Rogers, wife of J. R. Rogers, the popular local agent of the White Pass company, with one of their children, is expected by Mr. Rogers to arrive on July 2nd. This will be Mrs. Rogers' first visit to Dawson.

Send a copy of Gostman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$3.50.

Mosquitos Are Bad

The Howard and McGough outfit from Cheechaco hill which left for Chicken creek and the Fortymile country three days ago returned today after some of the toughest experience many of them had ever gone through. When seen by a representative of the Nugget this morning shortly after the outfit had crossed on the ferry they were the sorest lot of prospectors that ever hit a trail. "You talk about mosquitos," said one of the men, "there never have been such beasts anywhere in the world as we have encountered in the past few days. In size they are simply monstrous and they have appetites that nothing but rivers of blood would appease. They nearly drove our horses crazy and if we had remained much longer we would have been in like condition ourselves. Feed is very scarce and as we lost one of our pack animals we decided to return and wait until cooler weather set in before going out again."

Horkan Still Expanding

Colonel Horkan, of the Standard library restaurant has had groups of men working on the premises ever since the beginning of the year, and to what further extent he will furnish luxuries for the many patrons of his establishment it is hard to say. His latest is a plunge bath and half a dozen of the ordinary tubs. Col. Horkan came to this country in a sectional iron boat, and since then has treasured the vessel as a souvenir. It was too large, however, to wear as a watch charm. So he has utilized it as a plunge bath. The baths, hot and cold and shower, will probably be in operation next week.

The Trehan Murder.

Quebec, June 16.—Joseph Gosselin, the suspected murderer of Mrs. Trehan of the parish of St. Lazare, is still incarcerated in the Montmagny jail, while the authorities are daily linking together a chain of evidence which they expect will, when the proper time arrives, prove his guilt. Mr. Ernest Roy, M.P.P. for Montmagny, who, it is stated, will defend the prisoner, left last evening for St. Lazare, and will visit the scene of the tragedy today, and the same time collecting all possible information which might tend to disprove some of the incriminating circumstances which now seem to connect Gosselin with the murder. The preliminary investigation into the case will commence on Thursday next at St. Thomas de Montmagny before Judge Panet Angers. The accused seems to give his present position but little concern, and to any to whom he has occasion to speak he emphatically reiterates the statement made by him at the outset regarding his innocence of any criminal action.

Advance of 50 Cents

Seattle, June 18.—Logs have been generally advanced 50 cents per 1,000 feet. It is expected that the Puget Sound Timbermen's Association will take formal action ratifying this independent, though unanimous, position of the loggers at its next meeting, which will be held July 2. There has not been another advance on the terms that were raised May 1, only those not changed at that time being affected. This will put No. 2 logs up to \$4.50; merchantable to \$7.50, and flooring logs to \$8.50. It is possible that the association will advance flooring logs to \$9, making them \$1 higher than they have been heretofore.

Cedar lumber logs seem to be generally bringing \$13 per 1,000, which is a little higher than heretofore, and the market is apparently firm at this figure. Shingle logs are about \$8. Some are sold for less, but they are of such poor quality that the mills would sooner pay 50 cents more and get good product. There is little likelihood of a reduction in price this season.

Knights of Pythias Meet

Madison, Wis., June 17.—The annual meeting of the grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, and of the grand temple, Rathbone Sisters, began here today with 400 delegates in attendance. The visitors were welcomed by Gov. La Follette. One of the matters to be considered is the proposition to make an assessment of \$1 per capita for the establishment of a Pythian sanitarium at Hot Springs, Ark.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

...JUST RECEIVE

Hannon's Shoes, Earl & Wilson's Collars and Cuffs, Stetson Hats and New Patterns in Fine Clothing

FIRST AVENUE HERSHBERG The Reliable Clothing 1st Ave. Opposite White Pass Dock

Caught Bunco Man

Seattle, June 18.—While walking along the water front last evening C. E. Lyons, the Idaho man who was buncoed out of \$200 at Bremerton a few days ago, perceived one of the men by whom he had been victimized standing in a crowd. Patrolman Smith was notified and the steerer was arrested and taken to the city prison. There he gave the name of W. T. Walton and his occupation as clerk.

At the station Walton was recognized as an old offender named Wilson, commonly referred to as the "Sheeney Kid." His picture now ornaments the local rogues' gallery. Lyons' identification was positive. In the presence of Captains Laubscher and Willard, Sergeant Powers and Detective Philbrick he declared he would recognize Wilson among a thousand men. Unless the "grafter" clique manages to effect a change in opinion by returning the coin, the police are confident of a conviction in Wilson's case.

He Lost His Bet

An old woman, suffering from a sore on her foot, washed it and went to consult a physician. He asked to see her foot, and was much disgusted with what he considered its state of filth. He told her the sore could not get better unless she kept her feet cleaner.

At this she got very indignant and told him that she could show him a very much dirtier foot in his own house.

"Impossible," was the doctor's answer.

"I bet you five dollars that I can."

"And I bet you five dollars you can't."

She promptly removed her other shoe and stocking and, needless to say, went home richer by five dollars.—Toronto News.

Killed on the Track

Toronto, June 11.—Thomas Guerin, a boilermakers' helper, employed in the Grand Trunk Railway shops at the foot of Brock street, was run down and fatally injured by a shunting engine about noon yesterday. He left the shops to get his dinner, and walked down the track a short distance, apparently intending to cross to the waterfront. He waited to go behind a moving freight train, and after it had passed he stepped in front of the light engine, which was backing in the opposite direction. It knocked him down and he was terribly injured in the head and upper portion of his body. The ambulance removed him to the Emergency Hospital, but he died soon after reaching that institution. Internal injuries, it is thought, caused his death, but the facts will be made known at an inquest which Coroner Johnson has called for tomorrow afternoon.

Guerin was 23 years of age, and resided with his brother Adolph at 300 Dufferin street. He was unmarried, and came to Toronto from Peterboro'.

Elks Official Weds

Louisville, Ky., June 17.—Charles A. Pickett, of Waterloo, Ia., grand exalted ruler of the Elks, and Miss India Parmelee Ryan, of this city, were married at the home of the bride's parents here today.

Coronation Decorations and Badges Just In. SUMMERS & ORRELL, Second Avenue.

First Castor Shied.

No person who has spent the last four years in the Yukon territory can, except for personal motives, be an apologist for its early government. A government of exigency, autocratic because appointed and irresponsible to the people, was from its nature met by democratic resentment. This feeling of antagonism was enhanced by the incompetency and dishonesty of some officials. Combined with a conservative slowness of Ottawa which was both un-informed and misinformed, many were influenced to quit the territory disgusted as well as disappointed, leaving behind them a rightly disgruntled people, together with ever-changing regulations, over much litigation, unsatisfactory costly decisions, high taxes and no control of revenue, and concessions which were a mistake in the beginning and an evil later. A glaring wrong in the last instance has militated to produce a state of affairs no better than has been opposed by rebellion in Canada or in the late African conflict. True, our government has not been an unmitigated evil; far from it, but wrong has not been righted with the dispatch it called for.

Public opinion as expressed this last winter unmistakably pronounces for the meeting of injustice by conciliation and not by force. Much has been accomplished by our commissioner in the way that has been adopted. The same policy of redress will have to be continued.

Those of us whose sympathies while on the outside were with the party in power have been more piqued and bitter than others, nevertheless the best results in the shortest time must constitute the wisest course.

As one who has spent four years on the creeks, always interested in miners property and most of the time in

actual labor, on the request of a number of friends I shall offer myself as a candidate for Ottawa at coming election.

A. E. CLENDENEN

—Bonanza Stampeder, June 28.

Africa Needs Lumber

Seattle, June 18.—South America has been somewhat overstocked with lumber from the Pacific Northwest as well as from other parts of the world. Now that the war is settled, however, the beneficent program of peace will give a renewed impetus to building of all kinds, which says the Pacific Lumber Trade Journal, will quickly use up the quantity on hand and require still further shipments. The expenditure of \$125,000,000 by the British government in rehabilitating the country will be considerably required for rebuilding structures destroyed by the ravages of war and in erecting new homes for the inhabitants.

That the Pacific coast will receive a great share of the money to be expended for such purposes is as certain as that there will be an enhanced demand from other sources. South African consumption of lumber from this state amounted to 2,000,000 feet last year, 12,500,000 feet in 1900, 9,200,000 feet in 1899 and 7,000,000 feet in 1898, a gain over the previous years of 78.9 per cent. in 1901, 33.7 per cent. in 1899 and 31.4 per cent. in 1899.

If war had continued there would probably have been a decrease, very slight increase at best, in the year's business when compared with 1901; but under present conditions it is estimated that the country will require 30,000,000 feet of Washington lumber during 1902. Many lumber mills already report securing orders for Africa to be delivered in summer and fall.

Walker's 5 Year Old Rye

Put up in Ten Gallon Kegs

SPECIAL For This Week \$10 PER GAL.

Sole Agents for A. B. C. Beer \$50.00 Per Barrel

I. Rosenthal & Co.

Wholesale Liquors

Mail Orders Given Special Attention. Aurora Dock

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Phone—Office, No. 5; Night Phone No. 2. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING.
Freighting to all the Creeks.

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No Smoking Monday, Thursday, Friday. Prices as Usual

NEW HARDWARE at NEW PRICES

Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd.

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6 PAGES

Vol. 3—No. 157

GINZBERG ARE CA

Father and Son at Eagle

Harry Hamburger A Gasoline Launch Ju Nick of Tim

Harry Hamburger is most energetic young city. When it comes to an absconding debtor or erstwhile friend who has lower country without t of saying goodbye, he is language of the day, Jo spot. The merry chase the Gold Star and the Nixon, extending clear t tak, is well remembered. He added that on that l thing but some time and patience was lost. So veoped a few days a Ginzbergs has shipped two suns without stopp date a small trifle of s and dollars, Hamburger ing one of the victims, natural that he should take the trail.

The gasoline launch liams was secured on a twenty-four hours on it ed repairs the chase w Saturday night. Han but one man with him a not a stop made betw Eagle. By a telegram Mr. Weissberg last night ed that the trailers ar just in time. The wri lows:

"Caught getting in be jail."

The message was sig burger. What steps wr bring the Ginzbergs bac is not known, but the lief is among those wh pair that they will settl come back and face th ey had the services

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