

VERY BAD DRAINAGE

Irregular Grades is One Cause of Trouble

Hot Water From Laundries, Bath Houses and Restaurants Play Havoc With Ditches.

The system of drainage in the city is something that needs attention. Some of the ditches appear to run up hill, in others stagnant water accumulates after the melting snow in the spring has disappeared, while there are a score of lots in the town-site that contain pools ideally situated as breeding places for malaria and mosquitoes. Much of the trouble originates from the ditches having been put in at different times by different people who paid no attention whatever to uniform grade. Then, too, the character of the soil, the muck, through which the ditches are such that when the frost leaves it, it cuts very rapidly, a slight current being often sufficient to wash away the banks and in a few hours destroy the labor of days. Eventually, the streets will have to be provided with open stone gutters, but that is a matter for future councilors to wrestle with.

Last night City Engineer Randall submitted to the council a report upon the drainage question which was quite comprehensive. It was addressed to Alderman Wilson, chairman of the committee on works, streets and property, and was as follows:

I herewith submit for your consideration the following report on the present drainage system of Dawson. I have very carefully considered the matter and find that the chief cause of the poor drainage is owing to the irregular grades and outlets. The present system of drainage is not only dangerous to health, but is doing considerable damage to property by the water cutting through



UNCLE SAM IS AFTER THE BEEF TRUST.

ALLEGED SALTING

Of Gold Run Claim is Very Fishy

Investigation Fails to Show Any Motive—Big Deal Involved.

In Saturday's issue of the Nugget there was published a summary of certain affidavits, filed with the clerk of the court in connection with the case of C. E. Carbonneau vs. Bernier and Letourneau. In the affidavits in question were certain allegations of a sensational character, alleging that Mr. Carbonneau had attempted to induce the affiant to salt a dump on No. 12 Gold Run, in order to facilitate the sale of that claim to a French syndicate.

Investigation of the case leads to a doubt as to the sincerity of the affidavits in question, and that they are intended to serve the purpose of the case in litigation is not apparent. The richness of No. 12 Gold Run and the neighboring claims included in the Chute & Wills group is undoubted, as the output for this and previous years will abundantly prove.

The Nugget is further credibly informed that Mr. J. M. Bell, the expert named in the affidavits, is here under the direction of Mr. Carbonneau and in the joint employ of that gentleman and a group of French capitalists and that his capacity is purely of an advisory nature. A motive, therefore, for the act charged against Mr. Carbonneau seems entirely wanting.

Mr. Carbonneau exhibits contracts establishing these facts very clearly. He has succeeded in securing a group of heavy capitalists to invest under his direction large sums of money and the fact that he has secured an offer on the Chute & Wills property is a guarantee of the bona fides of his backers. It is satisfactory to note that by the terms of the arrangement the firm of Chute & Wills will still retain the management of the properties, which on the consummation of the deal are to be worked upon a most extensive plan.

It has been the avowed policy of the Nugget to lend every possible assistance and encouragement to every project looking toward the betterment of local conditions and it is a pleasure to be able to publish the fact that a deal of such great magnitude is now on the verge of successful conclusion.

The consummation of this deal will undoubtedly lead to other large investments in the Yukon, as interest in this locality among foreign capitalists is certain to be greatly stimulated thereby.

The properties which are covered by the pending transaction include the richest portion of Gold Run creek numbering eighteen claims in all. The total output therefrom last year ran up in the vicinity of three quarters of a million, which figures will furnish a fair idea of the magnitude of the transaction now in negotiation.

Ice cream soda—at Gandolfo's 17M

RELEASED TOMORROW

Whitehorse Passengers Now at Dog Island

Taken There the Night of June 2nd—No More Cases of Smallpox.

The steamer Whitehorse which arrived here the night of Monday, June 2nd, and which had on board one case of smallpox and which, in consequence, was sent with her 130 passengers and crew to quarantine at Dog Island below the city where she has since been, will steam up from the island at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon and unload her passengers on the dock on which they looked so longingly fifteen days previously.

No new cases of the disease have developed at the island, the law, a most necessary one, has been complied with, the detained persons have been provided for as comfortably as circumstances would permit, and all is well that ends well.

Bonanza and Eldorado
Jack Raymond of the Summit hotel has issued invitations for a mid-night party to be given at his place on June 24th. Mr. Raymond has made arrangements for stages from Grand Forks.

Messrs. Brice, Miller and Means have purchased the Bradley claim on King Solomon Hill, from Tegen & Henderson. The Harry Asche claim adjoining the Bradley claim was recently bought by Williams, Clark and Stafford, who have a crew of men at work there.

A quiet wedding was consummated a week ago last Friday at the Methodist church at Dawson. The contracting parties were Mr. William Rowe of 25 below Bonanza and Miss Jennie Harold. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe will make their home at the Occidental hotel on 25 below Bonanza for about one month, when they will bid farewell to the Klondike and go to Old Mexico to reside.

Police Court.

A Cheerful Home

Body Arrives.

Water Front Notes.

At the police court this morning Attorney Shannon withdrew the charge of perjury against L. Ginsberg and the case was dropped. Joseph Johnson, charged with stealing a horse belonging to Alexander Macdonald, was up for judgment at the police court this morning, but Inspector Staines said he would reserve his decision until Monday, in order to give time for a further search for Russell, the alleged seller of the horse to Johnson.

The McKenzie House, formerly the News building at the corner of Third avenue and York street, Mrs. Annie McKenzie, proprietress, contains twenty of the most comfortably furnished, homelike appearing rooms in Dawson, which may be procured by the day, week or month at very reasonable terms.

Although centrally located the McKenzie House is in a quiet neighborhood and its bright and cheerful rooms make it a most desirable and quiet home for persons of the rooming class.

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

The new steamer Koyukuk built by the N. C. Co. in Portland and shipped north in sections, which was launched at Whitehorse a few days ago, arrived last night at 10 o'clock in charge of Captain J. T. Gray, who last season was port captain of the Northern Navigation Company. The new boat was built expressly for service on the Koyukuk, where light draft with heavy power are the principal requisites. She is 120 feet long, 24 foot beam, four feet deep, and for her size is the lightest draft boat ever constructed. At her launching and with her boiler aboard full of water ready to be steamed up she drew but six inches forward and nine inches aft. She brought a cargo of 55 tons for the Koyukuk which in-

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE Capital paid up (Eight million dollars), \$8,000,000. RESERVE, \$2,000,000. The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax. D. A. CAMERON, Manager. Dawson Branch.

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 3.00 Single copies 25

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 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—"A Crazy Idea." Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

UNSURPASSED OPPORTUNITIES

Few new countries have presented the opportunities for individual effort and enterprise that have been offered in the Yukon territory during the past four years. The men who were shrewd enough to grasp the situation as it presented itself in 1897-98 and who possessed the courage of their convictions are today reaping their reward.

Crokers there were in plenty during the days of the great boom who predicted that the camp would last not to exceed two or three years, but there were others who did little talking and applied themselves to the improvement of every chance that presented itself for bettering their condition.

The situation is not altogether different at the present time, only the odds in favor of the continued growth and expansion of the district generally and of the city of Dawson in particular, are greater than ever.

Still there are those in the community who see nothing but darkness ahead and who never hesitate to express their belief in words—and there are those who have confidence and a willingness to back the same with their energies—and incidentally their dollars. When Dawson has doubled its population, and property values have appreciated correspondingly—something that is almost as certain to occur as the regular opening and closing of navigation—the wise people will again be rewarded and the prophets of evil disappointed.

The Sun's cartoons dealing with the dinner given by Ambassador Chouteau to King Edward were characterized by stupidity and coarseness. The intended insult to Americans was plainly marked and will be resented in the proper manner. Fortunately the Sun represents no one but the Sun and consequently the circumstance is worthy of little or no attention. The incident is in line with the Sun's previous attempts to stir up feeling between Americans and British subjects in Dawson, but will accomplish nothing. The Sun is universally repudiated.

For supreme audacity, the case of Lynch, M. P. elect, is almost without parallel. How a man fresh from service in the ranks of an enemy could have the impudence to become a candidate is past understanding. From present indications the dashing colonel stands a better show of landing in jail than in parliament.

A summer resort located on the Klondike within easy reach of Dawson would be a paying enterprise.

There are numerous spots on the river bank admirably adapted for such a purpose which with a little work done in clearing would accommodate several hundred camps. Rest and recreation thus offered would be largely sought.

Coronation day, Dominion day and Fourth of July come so closely together that Dawson is likely to be extremely long on celebrations.

She Read the Signal

There is a romantic story about Lord Kelvin's second marriage. In the early seventies he, then Sir William Thomson, was in West Indian waters, on board his schooner yacht the Lalla Rookh. As a recreation he took up the question of simplifying the method of signals at sea. He had been talking of it at the dinner table of a friend in Madeira, and the only apprehension that seemed able to grasp it was that of his host's daughter, a lady he greatly but silently admired.

"I quite understand it, Sir William," she said. "Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht, do you think you could read it and could answer me?" "Well, I would try," she responded. "I believe I should succeed in making it out."

The signal was sent, and she did succeed in making it out and in transmitting the reply. The question was, "Will you marry me?" and the answer was, "Yes."

A Homely Greeting

According to Ainslee's Magazine, when the governor of Newfoundland, Sir Henry McCallum, K.C.M.G., went ashore at a small harbor of the east coast he was met at the landing-place by a grizzled old fisherman, who sought to make the stranger welcome, whoever he might be.

"Be you comin' ashore, sir?" he asked. "Yes," said the governor. "Be you here about the file (seal oil)?" the fisherman pursued.

"No," said the governor. "Be you one o' 'Sam' Lewis' men from Red bay, sir, come about the timber?"

"I am the governor of Newfoundland," Sir Henry announced, with some show of dignity. "Be you, now?" said the fisherman, with a friendly offer of his hand. "Well, 'tis a mighty good job—if you can hold it. An' I hopes you will. Would you like a cup o' tea, sir?"

Not a Candidate

Lincoln, Neb., June 7.—In a statement given out this evening William J. Bryan says he is not a candidate and under no circumstances will be a candidate for governor of Nebraska this fall. This statement is in answer to an interview with former Senator Allen, in which the latter declared Mr. Bryan should be the fusion nominee.

A Good Opportunity.

Anyone contemplating the purchase of machinery would find it to their advantage to apply to The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Whitehorse. Besides saws, belting and engineer's supplies, they have for sale:

- 1 Walrats 40 Horse-power Horizontal Engine. 1 Atlas 35 Horse-power Boiler. 1 Albion 20 Horse-power Tubular Boiler. 1 Albion 20 Horse-power Vertical Engine. 1 Mitchell 30 Horse-power Vertical Engine. 1 Complete Sawing Plant, including Saw Frame, Log Turner, Log Hoist, etc. 1 Pile Driver. Complete Blacksmith Outfit.

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REGULAR MEETING

Council Discusses Matters of Importance

City Scavenging Referred to Committee With Full Power to Act.

Several matters of importance came up before the city council last night, upon some of which there was a unanimity of opinion and upon others a wide divergence. The report of the police committee, for instance, was adopted without a dissenting voice, but the garbage matter, the proposed new water system, Fireman Black's little bill and one or two other affairs of minor importance occasioned considerable discussion and the airing of individual opinions. There were only a few communications presented, among the first being one from Guilds & Brown, the scavengers, who made the council a tender for keeping the public latrines clean, removing dead dogs, attending to the garbage road and pier and maintaining the same in good condition. They offer to perform the same service for \$175 a month for which J. P. O'Connor at the previous meeting had asked \$250.

Joe Nucchi, a bootblack who has a stand on First avenue in front of the New Savoy, desired that the council restrict the number of such stands on that block; they are becoming too numerous and are too close together. He expressed a willingness to pay an annual license of \$100 and trusts all others will be compelled to do likewise.

The residents of Eighth avenue between Queen and Princess streets have petitioned that the council clear and grade that portion of the city's thoroughfare. Third avenue north between Albert and Judge streets is also sadly in need of attention. That portion of the street was formerly almost inaccessible for wagons, but since the work on the streets has begun, excavations have been made in the hill in the taking out of large quantities of loose stone by the contractors and many of the residences are now approachable. With but very little additional expense that portion of the street can be made into a good road passable at all times.

The following new bills were presented and referred to the finance committee:

Table with 2 columns: Item Name and Amount. McDonald Iron Works \$350.00, Klondike Mill Co. 251.44, J. P. O'Connor 110.50, Yukon Sawmill 456.70, Canadian Lumber Co. 1533.03, McLennan & McFeely 6.90, McLennan & McFeely 186.63, Daily News \$97.25, Dominion Telegraph 25.25, McLennan & McFeely 20.25, A. de Orsonnes 5.00, Lucy & Gibson 84.50, D. A. Shindler 4.00, Mitchell & Burford 1935.00, Standard Oil Co. 8.00, N. C. Co. 1.00, Yukon Sun 5.50

The matter of the purchase of the old boiler from the McDonald Iron Works to be used as a street roller was brought up by Alderman Wilson who stated he had made inquiries and found they could do no better so had bought it. His worship, apropos of the question, said that he had spoken with Mr. Shaw, a boiler maker, as to the cost of making a new one and had been told that it would cost double the price asked for the McDonald boiler and that the price asked for it was quite reasonable. It had seemed like a big figure for an obsolete, worn out contrivance, but it apparently was the best that could be done.

Wilson—"We had to take it or give it up so decided to take it." The chairman of the committee on fire, water and light handed in the recommendations of the city engineer referring to the proposed new water system. Upon the streets committee being asked if they had a report on the applications of several

persons for a street railway franchise, Alderman Wilson stated that he had talked the matter over with several members of the council and they had concluded there was no particular use for any haste and so would wait for future developments. He understood there was another syndicate preparing to make application and he believed in giving everyone an even show at it. Fair field and no favorites.

The garbage question was again taken up, Alderman Murphy asking the council what was going to be done about it. Alderman Wilson suggested that if the matter was to be disposed of summarily bids for handling the city scavenging should be called for so as to make the contract one of open competition.

His worship—"One man has been prompt enough to grasp the idea of tendering a bid for this work, he is fully equipped for it, and while his bid is a little higher than that submitted this evening he may reduce it and I should like to see him get the contract."

Murphy—"I should state here that I met Mr. O'Connor just before coming to the council room and he authorized me to state that he was willing to reduce his bid from \$250 to \$200 a month."

Wilson—"The bid we have tonight is even \$25 less than that and if it is given to anyone it must be given to the lowest bidder." The matter was brought to a focus by Murphy moving that a contract be entered into with O'Connor for \$200 a month. Subsequently, however, the motion was withdrawn and another was substituted by Adair to the effect that the committee on police and health be instructed to make a garbage contract with anyone they deem best and so the question was disposed of.

Alderman Murphy again asked the finance committee in regard to the bill of Fireman Black whose clothes had been destroyed by the flooding of the engine house while he was away on duty flushing the sewers. Adair replied that he did not know whether the committee would recommend the payment or not, did not know whether the city was liable or not; if they were not liable he certainly would not favor its payment. He understood that Black is assessed at \$27,000, has an income of \$600 a month and he considered it a very small matter to make such a fuss over. His worship: There is no question but what the city was not liable for the account. Murphy insisted that the bill be paid; the man was away on duty at the time of the occurrence performing work outside of his province, whereas had he been at the engine house he could have saved his effects.

Wilson—"The thing is ridiculous, this frittering away of the people's money. I suppose if a man were working for you, your house burned down and he lost a suit of clothes thereby you would replace them? It's foolish, we are not liable and am not in favor of paying it."

Upon the motion being put, however, it was carried, Wilson and Adair alone voting nay.

The water works question was next taken up, it provoking a lengthy discussion before any conclusion was finally arrived at.

His worship spoke of the condition of some of the ditches along the principal thoroughfares, particularly those upon which laundries are located. The latter empty their foul

water direct into the ditches, some of the drains being small and inadequate to carry off the amount imposed upon them, they become clogged, are very odorous and were it possible he would favor all the laundries being moved either to the Yukon or the Klondike as they could discharge their dirty water direct into the river.

The streets committee and the fire and water are holding a meeting this afternoon for the purpose of arriving at some conclusion with reference to the new water main.

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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," "Comet," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Bailey," "Zelandan," and Four Freight Steamers. A steamer will sail from Dawson almost daily during the season of 1902, carrying at Whitehorse with our passenger trains for Skagway. The steamers have all been thoroughly renovated, and staterooms put in first-class condition. Table d'hôte unsurpassed. The steward's department will be furnished with the best of fruits and fresh vegetables. Through tickets to all Puget Sound and B.C. points. Reservations made on application at Ticket Office. A. B. Newell, V. P. and Gen'l Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. F. Lee, Traffic Manager, Seattle and Skagway. J. H. Rogers, General Agent, Dawson.

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NORTHERN ANNEX. A. D. FIELD, PROPRIETOR.

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CIGARS. Before purchasing get our prices. We have a complete stock of Domestic and Havana Cigars. Will arrive in a few days one-half million cigars including the famous CAMEOS. Special deals will be given to the trade for this cigar.

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The Pi... "And what on Tea?" said Harol... sister, Mrs. Odell... meat tea, and o... beloved of the femi... one write one's nam... album, and give g... fancy respecting B... concomitant with... almond cake?" "D... superior, Hal," sai... have lived so lon... cannibals as to ha... with decent civiliz... "The Matabele... and have the soft... world; much mo... Italian, even," res... et. The young man... Matabeleland, with... one of travels wh... a publisher for—a... family estate at... dwindled away o... cultural depression... speculation during... the father's life... had gone into the... make his way an... illor, his sister's... ed by her marria... a high official in... and it was at th... View, The Spa... was temporarily... Said his sister... Matabele and the... be able to read it... comes out. I ir... me to Mrs. Pil... afternoon, so plea... you up in the la... don't interrupt w... vations again." "All right, Sis... ogize," said Har... "Each person a... wears a badge w... of rebus on the... novel, or well-kn... ture—so your bo... perceive." "Who's makin... now?" asked her... "I am, just to... pleasant it is. I... fresh?" responde... you ought to be... good ideas, you... books; and le... there are prett... for the people... found out, out... ideas in the way... by the majority... be the most wo... booby prize for... badge is the mo... such as an en... pouch, pipe a... nominations—h... mine system." "Go on, you... said Harold. "I... to make a fresh... my original indi... "I really coul... speech, you me... your pipes and... cut-and-B.D.V... names; you see... in that directio... as yours." "As Mr. Odell... of fine brand, a... the titles so... "Keep her end... plus of callow y... in contact with... tion of "deuced... Odell, don't yo... fellow's ways... not being treat... he wouldn't ha... most easy-going... and, when rele... coram, could u... jovial compan... won more tha... solely on his... "Get on to t... me into the mi... smoke to torm... Carstairs." "Well, a wor... lect won't be a... ter. "I want... original. Jo... Rosa Singleton... present, and m... and one neve... happen." "Harold groan... are leading up... you let me enj... a born match... but you know... ing a horse to... "I know tha... been a horse... drink," said H... don't always... barren, curial... "By Jove... "But there's... "Bother you... the other b... who, having p... was content... that Miss Sin... craze of the

The Pilkington Tea Party

"And what on earth is a 'Book Tea'?" said Harold Carstairs to his sister, Mrs. Odell. "I've heard of a meat tea, and other abominations beloved of the feminine system. Does one write one's name in a confession-album, and give particulars as to a fancy respecting Bohemian or Souchong, concomitant with buttered scones or almond cake?"

"Don't be so laboriously witty and superior, Hal," said his sister; "you have lived so long among roaring cannibals as to have quite lost touch with decent civilized society."

"The Matabele are not cannibals, and have the softest language in the world; much more liquid than the Italian, even," responded her brother.

The young man was just home from Matabeleland, with a manuscript volume of travels which he was seeking a publisher for—as yet vainly. The family estate at Ashleworth had dwindled away owing to the agricultural depression and unfortunate speculation during the last years of the father's lifetime, and the son had gone into the world to try to make his way, and retrieve the position, his sister's future being secured by her marriage with Mr. Odell, a high official in the custom house, and it was at their residence, Hill View, The Spa, Gloucester, that he was temporarily staying.

Said his sister: "Never mind the Matabele and their language: I shall be able to read it all when your book comes out. I intend you to escort me to Mrs. Pilkington's tomorrow afternoon, so please allow me to post you up in the latest diversion, and don't interrupt with your rude observations again."

"All right, Sis, fire away; I apologize," said Harold, meekly.

"Each person attending a book tea wears a badge which displays a sort of rebus on the name of a popular novel, or well-known work of literature—so your book is tabooed, you perceive."

"Who's making rude observations now?" asked her brother, mildly.

"I am, just to show you how unpleasant it is. Sit for tea, and start fresh," responded Mrs. Odell. "Now you ought to be able to give me some good ideas, you've read so many books; and let me tell you that there are pretty nicknacks as prizes for the people whose titles are not found out, or those whose clever ideas in the way of design are voted by the majority of guests present to be the most worthy. There's also a booby prize for the gentleman whose badge is the most ridiculous—a prize such as an embroidered tobacco-pouch, pipe and case, and other abominations beloved of the masculine system."

"Go on, you resentful woman," said Harold. "I thought you agreed to make a fresh start, unmindful of my original indiscretion."

"I really couldn't resist that last speech; you men are so selfish with your pipes and 'baccas—flake, navy-cut and B.D.V.; I've heard the names, you see. John's vocabulary, in that direction, is just as copious as yours."

As Mr. Odell usually smoked cigars of fine brand, and had only run over the titles so that his wife might "keep her end up" with some samples of callow youth she was brought in contact with—to earn the reputation of "deuced clever woman," Mrs. Odell, don't you know, understands a fellow's ways and all that—he was not being treated with justice. But he wouldn't have minded; he was the most easy-going, kind-hearted of men and, when released from official decorum, could unbend and become a jovial companion. In fact, he had won more than one "booby" prize solely on his social merits.

"Get on to the Book Tea; initiate me into the mysteries or I'll go and smoke to torment you," said Harold Carstairs.

"Well, a word or two to that effect won't be amiss," replied his sister. "I want you to be distinctly original. For there's a rich heiress, Rosa Singleton, who is sure to be present, and makes the thing a craze, and one never knows what might happen."

Harold groaned. "I see what you are leading up to," he said. "Can't you let me enjoy my liberty? You're a born match-maker, I know, Sis, but you know the adage about driving a horse to water?"

"I know that for years there hasn't been a horse at Ashleworth to drink," said his sister quietly. "You don't always intend to be lord of a barren, curtailed heritage, I hope."

"By Jove, no," sighed Harold. "But there's my book, you know."

"Both your book, let's get on to the other books," said his sister, who, having planted her shaft home, was content. "Now I've told you that Miss Singleton makes quite a craze of the amusement, I mention

"Oh, yes, I see now," said Harold slowly. "But, excuse me, isn't it rather far-fetched? If I remember aright, the cities in which the action of the novel takes place are London and Paris."

The heiress pouted. "It seems that my little efforts are not to your fastidious taste, Mr. Carstairs, so let us talk of someone else," she said. "Tell me what does that match mean which Mr. Ramsden is wearing for a scarf pin?"

The only other male member of the company was sitting very near, and Harold saw that the match was a partially ignited one. Seeing that ideas ran in one groove, he had no difficulty in discovering it to signify "An Unequal Match," and told his questioner so.

"Really, Mr. Carstairs, I shall have to ask you to make me out a nice long list; you are quite an acquisition. Won't you tell me your own title? I'll vote for it all the same."

"I am bound by secrecy," said Harold, who was anxious to get away, and thought she would dismiss him. The hope was vain; she had still an interest to serve. "Do you know my title, Mr. Carstairs?" she said, with an air of superiority; "it's beneath your nose."

Harold scanned her up and down and saw she was wearing two tiny padlocks to fasten her shoes. The allusion was evident. "Locke on the Understanding," I presume," he remarked.

The heiress was decidedly displeased. "Really, you are too dreadfully clever," she said. "However, the gentlemen don't vote, so it doesn't matter."

Harold was disgusted with her self-interest and supercilious manner, and rose to move away, saying that he must see if his sister wanted a cup of tea. Mrs. Odell said eagerly, "Well?" and he rejoined "impossible," with an accent there was no mistaking. His sister walked off after a brief interval of speaking silence, leaving him to his own reflections. He amused himself with scanning the devices of the guests as they moved hither and thither before him. His eyes at length met another pair fixed on him, eyes that were vaguely familiar, although he could not recall the face. Their owner was a beautiful dark girl of slender, lithe figure, and about twenty-four years of age. She smiled at him, positively smiling, frankly, and made a slight beckoning movement so that he was compelled to go over to her, saying to himself meanwhile, "I must have a double somewhere; hope I shan't be snubbed for an unfortunate likeness."

"Is it possible that you have quite forgotten me, Mr. Carstairs?" said the girl, as he stood before her.

"I ought to have known the eyes," responded Harold, "but am ashamed to confess that I cannot."

"Cannot recognize the girl you vowed to love and cherish and protect, when she grew up. Not know the maiden you were to make your wife—squaw, I think you said; our home was to be on the bounding prairie, I remember. Is there nothing left of the scraggy child you fished out of the pond, put your jacket around, and carried on your back to the house?"

"Hilda Raybould, by all that's wonderful. What an ass I am! But you know."

He halted lamely, but the admiring comprehensive look must have been quite readable and satisfactory to the girl.

"My name is Hurst now," said she.

Harold looked at her, blankly. "Married," said he with a falling reflection.

"Neither married nor likely to be, though I am a rich woman. An uncle in London died and I had to take his surname with the money."

"O," said Harold, brightening, relieved, he scarcely knew why.

"Now tell me all about yourself," said she, and, nothing loth, he did, seeming to drop easily into the old childish confidence with his former playfellow. But their pleasant conversation was broken by the voting. Hilda was out of it all, she was recently down from London, knew nothing of the nature of the function, and as a stranger wore no badge. Mrs. Odell carried off first honors with "Round the Red Lamp," which everyone had thought to be "Moths," but although Harold's blank card, which meant "No Name," had not been generally understood, the "booby prize" went to Mr. Ramsden owing to the championship of the mortified Miss Singleton, whom many people wished to please.

Mrs. Odell came up jubilant, and Harold introduced the two ladies, which ended in an invitation to Hill View, for Hilda and an elderly cousin, who was playing the part of chaperone. Harold was enthusiastic over the girl, as he escorted his sister home, and this lady, mindful of her last failure, heard him patiently, but gave no advice.

The acquaintance thus made and re-

newed ripened into friendship all round, for the Odells sincerely admired the frank, high-spirited girl, whilst the cousin, Miss Martin, who was no soured old maid, but a pleasant, cultured woman, who would have been a welcome addition to any circle.

As for the young people themselves they fell naturally into the old life of comradeship; save that now there was no talk of sweethearts, for Harold was no fortune-hunter, and accepted the altered conditions without grumbling at his lot. There were picnics, tennis parties, drives, and he found these amusements delightful in her company, but their great pleasure was to take train to Oakley street walk to Westbury-on-Savern, and there hire a boat to ride the broad waters of the river past the hamlets in which their early holidays had been spent, or to cross to Longney by the ferry, and wander amongst the orchard lands there, now glorious with ripening fruit.

But he could experience these reminiscences of the happy past without feeling the full spirit which the scenes suggested? Certainly not, two high-spirited young people with an indeterminate future, and without binding home ties, particularly when the man was a traveller with the mystery of foreign lands and adventure clothing him as a garment and the girl represented all that is charming in the woman of leisure.

When the truth forced itself upon Harold that he was looking upon Hilda with something more than the eyes of friendship, he comforted himself with the idea that his book might bring him fortune, and so put him out of the category of lovers whose views are believed to be entirely mercenary.

But it did nothing of the kind. Messrs. Burman, the publishers, brought out the work on the royalty system, it is true, but it hung fire somehow, and Harold saw nothing before him but another exile to a land where he could put his shoulder to the wheel at employments impossible in his native land.

The idea of departure, not the idea of labor, made him dispirited and gloomy, and the girl was not slow to observe the change. "Whatever are you looking so rueful about, Harold?" she asked, suddenly one day.

"Got to go into the world again," said he, "to try gold digging, stock droving or something equally romantic—in taxes—but precious prosaic when you leave behind you all the places—and persons you love best."

"O," said the girl, the color leaving her face, and there was a painful silence for a space. Then she said, "What about the book? I think it is charming. Those descriptions of the ancient ruins, unmentioned by previous travellers, are entrancing, to say nothing of the pains you have taken to obtain the rites and customs of the Matabele, the specimens of their language you give, and the fauna and flora of the country."

"Thank you, Hilda, you're a brick. But the public don't take to the book I'm afraid. There have been one or two good reviews, but the sales are very slow. I must confess to a failure, and go and work with my hands."

"And my stay is over in a fortnight. You won't go before then, Harold, I hope? I want to see the fruit gathered at Longney, and witness the merry-making."

"We'll go," said Harold, brightening. "I wouldn't miss our last glimpse of the old days together for the brightest future in the world alone."

"Wouldn't you?" asked the girl, coloring, but she looked at him direct with the eyes he loved so well. It was a great effort to restrain his feelings at this juncture, but he put the possession by, as unmanly. "I wouldn't," he repeated simply, but there was a catch in his voice, and he turned his head away. When he looked round again, Hilda was gone.

About five days after, he received an unexpected communication from his publishers. An agent had called upon them and purchased the remainder of the edition, stating that the copies were intended for presentation to the reference libraries and institutes in various portions of the country. A reference to the fact had appeared in the newspapers, and the demand for a larger edition had come from the booksellers. They were prepared to send in their account, and offer a hump sum for the copyright, or a larger royalty.

"Let us go down the river today, to our favorite spot," said Harold to Hilda. "I've some good news, and want to ask your advice."

"Yes," answered the girl, demurely and they went.

The mellow radiance of autumn was everywhere around them, and the majestic river, called at their feet, as it had in the days of their childhood. Nothing had changed since they parted at this season, they thought, as they sat on a grassy knoll under the mighty trees high on the bank, watching the teams draw the wagons along the white road across the

water.

Harold told his news, but, as he warned to the thought of what it might possibly mean to him, the advice he asked was quite of a different nature to that which he had intended. "Do you think, Hilda, that if I got this money, and went abroad to get new impressions for another volume—I might, when I came back, find my little friend something, you know, just a little more—O, Hilda, I love you; and can't go away without saying it. I'd not a mercenary beggar. I'm willing to work like a horse, if you'll only give me a hope."

"Then you intend to go, after all," altered the girl, "just because I've got more money at present than you have."

"Well, Hilda, it's a bit awkward, isn't it? What would people think of me?"

"It's not nearly so awkward as your speeches," said Hilda, trying to laugh, but breaking into a sob. In a moment Harold's arms were around her, and money, the world, the future were forgotten, as the beating of their happy hearts drowned the riv-

er's rolling tide in their ears.

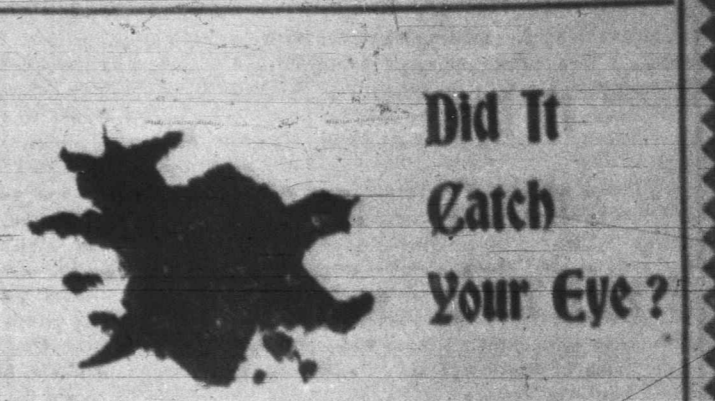
Perhaps Harold will learn some day whose loving belief in him and far-sighted policy prompted the measure which gave a hump to the sale of his book, and brought his merits before a discerning public. At present the arch-plotter was resting her head contentedly against his shoulder, comforting herself with the reflection that, if wives are morally bound to tell their husbands everything, sweethearts are not so fettered with regard to their lovers.

"Dearest," said Harold, pressing her to him, as they walked to the boat—of course he had to sustain her by the waist, the banks being steep and treacherous with yellow mud—"I looked upon the ordeal of Mrs. Pilkington's book tea with despair."

"Well, you didn't even get the booby prize," interrupted the girl archly.

"No, but it led to my winning the greatest prize in the world—yourself, sweetheart."

Allowing for a lover's ecstasy, the speech was not unduly extravagant.



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The Strike at Little & Sons

There was a bad strike at Little's and the locked-out iron workers were desperately resolute. Just as determined were the masters, Messrs. Little & Son. Black as the faces of the men were wont to be with the grime of toil, how they were blacker still with the passion of hatred for the two rich men who were as obstinate as themselves and stronger.

The strike fund was gone; credit there was none. Every man's family was hungry, hollow-cheeked and hoarse. Every day fresh families were thrust from their homes into the streets, snowclad or frostbound, or sodden with rain—thrust out bodily, scant goods and all. Little & Son were behind the landlords; Little & Son were wealthy, and knew the power of gold. Every day the men gathered together, 500 of them, and vowed that day should end the strike, for Little & Son should give in; but noon came, dragged on to evening, evening to night, and still the strike went on, and the men slouched to their homes, whatever kind of places they were, growling threats against Little & Son such as might have turned white the full red wine Little & Son drank at their dinner.

Of all the desperate strikers, perhaps the most desperate was James Cassell. There was more than his own hunger to think about—there was the hunger of his wife and child. Other of Little's men had wives and children—in fact, most of them had—but to none of them was their family's hunger the same as in Cassell's case, for no man in the town of Grimly loved his wife and child as he loved his.

Cassell was big and brawny, with a heart full of tenderness. He wore a beard which grew up almost to his blue eyes, but which was not so thick that one could not see his firm-set mouth when he smiled.

Morning after morning Cassell left his home, his wife and boy, to see how the strike was going; night after night he went back with no news to tell, no food to give, no money to spend, with his waist strap pulled a hole tighter and a darker look than ever on his face.

One night he did not return until very much later than usual, and Mary Cassell was growing very anxious for him, for in such grim times no one knew what might not happen next, when he pushed open the door and entered. He kissed her as he had not done since the early days of the strike, with almost boyish excitement, and glanced joyfully at the corner of the dingy room, where little Jimmy sleeping lay. Then he began to empty his pockets of things that filled his Mary with speechless wonderment. There was butter and cheese, tea and a knuckle of bacon, and sugar and rice.

"I've sold myself," he said, solemnly regarding the provisions, "an' I don't know as who's got the best of the business—them or me."

Mary sprang up and seized his arm. "Sold yourself for the?" she exclaimed. "An' what are yer goin' to do?"

"There's no tellin'," he muttered. "I'm goin' out again."

"Jim, what d'yer mean? If the lockouts have bought yer, I know we'll rue the day; an' if Little's have bought yer, I'm almost a widdy woman now. Take 'em back, Jim; take 'em back where they come. I'd rather starve to death than die of sorrow on your grave, or 'ave a prison wall between my man and me!"

"Ow yer talk, Mary!" he replied, with an effort to command a reassuring manner. "There's no prison nor a grave in this job, so far as I know, but there's food."

"I couldn't touch a morsel," she said, looking at the bacon with dry, hungry eyes. "If I thought it was paid for you, my man."

"You eat the food my wages bought, an' the wages was paid for me," he argued. "Danger there ain't none, that I see."

"Tell me who gave yer the money?" she asked, looking him straight in the eyes.

"No."

"Tell me!"

"No, Mary, no. See what it's bought, an' take my word for it nothin's wrong."

He had not been gone long full twenty minutes when a knock fell on the door. Before Mary could get to it the door opened and a man looked in.

"The man 'ere?" he inquired, looking round the room, and his pale face darkening as his eyes fell on the provisions on the table.

"No," said Mary shortly. She was not pleased to see Sam Stains, for at one time he was a suitor for her hand, and he and Cassell were bitter rivals.

"Back soon?" he asked, as if it did not really matter.

"I expect 'e will."

Stains withdrew and closed the door, and she heard him muttering outside. This made her uneasy, because of the look that had sprung into the man's face when he had seen the food upon the table, and because of what her husband had said regarding the way he had obtained it. Had he sold himself to Little's as a spy on the men's designs, and did the men suspect it? It seemed possible.

If the men only half believed he was Little's spy his life would not be worth a fair day's wages, for the men were in a desperate mood, as men must be to scheme the plots men were scheming in hope of bringing Little to their knees. And it seemed to Mary Cassell that there was something ominously significant in the fact that Stains had been the one out of 500 odd who had called to know if her husband was in. Had Stains been following her husband?

Had he waited outside, lurking in the shadow, on the chance of discovering something more than whatever he had learnt; and had he watched Cassell leave the house again, and thought it a fair chance to see what evidence of Cassell's perfidy might be visible there? The idea fitted in with her knowledge of the man, whereas the notion that he had actually called to speak with her husband did not. The two were rivals still; starvation's bond had bound them in sympathy, and Stain's steely eyes still gleamed when they fell upon the face of the man who had married the woman he would have wed.

"There's ill a-growin'," was Mary's final conclusion, "an' Sam is at the 'andle end of it. What'll I do?"

She glanced hungrily at the knuckle of bacon again, and winced.

She snatched up her shawl and pinned it over her head and shoulders. She blew out the candle and went away, locking the door behind her.

It was a rather hopeless mission, hers; she wanted to know the truth, and was going to Little's great house to learn it. Would the rich employers ever consent to see the poor striker's rag-clad wife? She thought they would, for she intended sending in a message to say the matter was most urgent and concerned James Cassell; and she calculated that, if her husband were the Little's spy, they would be too interested by her message not to receive her.

The only difficulty she encountered was in getting the footman who opened the door to take her message in.

She was too much wrapped up in her mission to feel embarrassed at standing amid such light and warmth and color before the two grave gentlemen. She plunged straight into what she had to say, and as she spoke the grave expression faded from the faces of her hearers.

"It's true your husband has been here, Mrs. Cassell," said white-haired Mr. Little, glancing at his son; "but he did not come to report to us the plots of the strikers; that is done by the police, and that, I may say, alone has been the reason for our holding out against the men's terms; but we could not concede a point while the men threatened, and if any of the more serious threats had been carried out—the West mill blown up, for instance—we should have shut down, never to open up again. Cassell knows this. The police reported a week ago that the men had ceased to use threats against us. We were anxious to learn if this report were reliable, and sent for the striker whom we thought could and would tell us the truth, for we were only waiting for the threats to cease to take the men back on the old terms, or for some threat to be carried out for us to shut down. We sent for your husband and explained the matter to him."

"Rather unwisely," interposed the younger gentleman.

"I do not think so. Your husband fully corroborated the police report, and in consequence the foundry will be reopened tomorrow. Your husband was anxious to convey the news to the men—extraordinarily anxious, and, as I did not wish that, I gave him money to keep his silent. That is all, my good woman. You have no reason to think he has betrayed his fellow-strikers, or to fear that even if he had he would be in danger of violence from them. Violence has gone no farther than it could go in words, and even that has ceased."

"I have explained all this to you," the old gentleman concluded, "as I want it to become generally known after tomorrow why we have held out against the men's demands while admitting they were reasonable when trade was brisk, as it has since become—I want it known that we could not give way simply because the men

threatened us with divers perils unless we did. But until tomorrow you and your husband will keep the matter secret."

"We will, sir," said Mary, breathlessly. "I am only the wife of one of the strikers, but I say heaven bless you, gentlemen, for giving in."

"You can call it that, if you like," said Mr. Little, smiling.

Mary's heart was battled for by happiness and fear as she left the iron founders' house and made her way to the town. The prospect was delightful, but the situation full of perils menacing that prospect. If the night passed as the other nights had done, without any violent acts on the part of the strikers, and Little & Son remained in their belief that the strikers had ceased to threaten them, the lock-out would be raised at noon. But for the last few days the men had been threatening less in words but more in looks and gestures, which was significant; and there was, Mary felt assured, some desperate plot afoot. If that plot were fixed for execution that night and carried out, the very worst would come of it. And what had the men to deter them? If they knew what she and her husband knew, the situation would be safe. But they did not! Was it not her duty to tell them, bind them not to betray that she had done so, and so arrest them in any evil designs they had conceived? She felt it was. But how was she to hunt up 500 loafing men or pick on those who might happen to have been appointed to execute some threat that night?

She quickened her steps and made in the direction of the foundry, whose gaunt smokestacks stretched up like appealing arms into the starry sky. She thought it probable she would find some of the strikers loitering around the foundry walls; the hour was late, but many of the strikers, having no homes, might still be loitering outside the foundry's bolted gates.

She reached the gates, but found no one there, the square before the gates was deserted. Wondering what she could do, she looked up at the factory, and as she looked something like a small cloud passed across the sky. It was followed by another and a train of others, and they seemed to rise from behind the West mill stack, drifting away.

"Oh!" she gasped. She could hardly contain the pleasure the sight gave her. The West mill fires were being kindled. It was many weeks since she saw the smoke that meant bread and meat to her and hers.

But who could be kindling the fires? She could only think of one man, and he was her husband. To him Little & Son had confided their secret intention to reopen the works next day, and he would naturally be the man they would appoint to light the fires.

Mary tried the great gates, but they were locked, barred and bolted, as they had been for weeks past.

Supposing! A terrible thought sprang into her mind. Supposing the oft-repeated threat to blow up the West mill were to be carried out that night? Her husband, the man who ruled her life, the father of her bonnie brown-haired boy—

Stains had called that evening. What had he called to learn? Supposing Stains had been appointed, or had resolved of his own choice, to carry out the awful threat that night—had by some strange chance heard that her husband would be in the mill!

She turned a sharp corner, and started back to avoid a man who was springing to the ground from a low part of the wall. As he set off at a hard, noiseless run she recognized him, and she felt full sure her awful fear was shadowed by the truth, for the man was no other than Sam Stains.

"Stop!" she cried, when she had thrown off her amazement to some extent. But the man was already lost to her sight.

It was useless to run after him, she could never catch him; and even if she could his capture would not save the situation if it were what she feared.

Without allowing herself longer to wonder, she began to attempt to

scale the wall. On her third attempt she got her hands on the ledge, her foot in a chink, and was able to draw herself up. It was an ugly drop on the other side, for the ladder which Stains had apparently used had been dropped back to the ground; but she did not hesitate. As her feet touched the ground her right ankle gave way, and with a moan of pain she fell in a heap.

For a moment or two the pain of the sprain blinded her and made her forget what she might have to do. Then she raised herself and looked across the yard towards the West mill. What she saw chilled the marrow in her bones. It was a small light, the size of a pea, perhaps, but in the deep shadow of the West mill wall it was clearly visible to her. And it spluttered.

She tried to rise to her feet, but sank on her knees and began to crawl towards the burning fuse. It was a race between the fuse and herself. Would she win? Yard by yard, she drew nearer to it. She grew faint and sick with pain, fear and excitement.

"I can't do it," she groaned. "It's going."

As she said it she saw a figure suddenly dart out of a black doorway. The next instant the fuse spluttered vividly, as it had been dashed to the ground and stamped upon.

"Jim!" she cried, "Jim!"

"Mary!" said the voice of her husband, in great surprise, "what are you doin' 'ere?"

"I was after that," she panted, as she fainted.

Little's opened at noon next day, and all the strikers returned to work except one. Sam Stains was absent. To this day Little & Son do not know why.

Travel in Italy

London, June 7.—Americans who are planning a visit to Italy should be interested in the remarks of a writer in this morning's Times concerning the increasing horrors of railway traveling in that country.

The practice which this writer says that foreigners are finding most annoying is the failure to provide a sufficient number of railway carriages, and the consequent overcrowding. "During a large part of the year," he says, "at every important station, comes a struggle—pushing, pulling, quarreling, fighting the way in and out of carriages." He adds that those who travel first class are as much imposed upon as the rest, and says that again and again, in first-class carriages, he has seen people standing for long distances, besides those who were jammed together on the seats. Men and women get to the stations half an hour ahead of time and wait there, even when it is raining, in order to be able to fight their way aboard the minute the train stops.

The writer adds that even between cities like Venice and Florence, there are few, if any, through trains, the passengers being turned out of one and wedged into another, solely, he believes, in order that the railroad employes may be able to mulct them in fees.

Except in the trains de luxe, into which only first-class passengers are admitted, at outrageous prices, no provision whatever is made for invalids, children or the folk who come to Italy for their health. Underlings are encouraged by their superiors to "work" the passengers for all they are worth, and the writer speaks of having seen a well-dressed official ordering baggage hidden in an out-of-the-way waiting room so that he might get a tip for unearthing it.

According to this traveler, the annoyances of which he complains were observed, not during the "rush" season, but on return, coming northward from Rome at the time when most voyagers were going in the other direction. He says that the passenger vessels which ply along the Italian coast are crowded with American, British and German travelers, who would much rather have taken the quicker and more picturesque railroad journey, but whom past experience has frightened off.

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Ever since the bloom fond recollection of the mind of the S. conclusion of all other day while re low jessamine and were paramount hacle he glanced and the only hum were four "cullud was that the S "Happy Day" to River," and, th force of habit; list full note of the mo sounding snort of the cheerful kerpl as it rolls from a steam-covered pon latic floats out on breeze at the rate minute per square To cap the clim covered by the last Garlic Sykes. It ink blots and had of having been wr when a meal of ho being prepared From the tone lic's pathway th stream with pansy other hand his lot among weeds and letter is as follow "Cactus R "Dear Old Precept "You'd skace th have done passed

twixt your neas six weeks betwix read IT IS A O

"I was 5 year rly to say I ain't I am working keeping the fami ters is married a hands to support "Two year ag mury Palmette fluked and hit Wren. A month wuk steers die weed that was tossed over the don't speak. "I have just f my cotten ov slough. "There was year and hogs r could ketch 'em skace. Pinders r also chinkey pin "Old Mac, the to the Joppa po but he ain't et sweet taters in whar he done k corral is still t still gather thart. "Revenooers i to make licker n ter "possum hid brung 20 cents three cents and cents a pound. kill by a bear and I got only "You remem She's dead and year. Granny singin' that ol lots o' fun an G "Outside o' of casual nigger is very quiet. "Corn and pany. So does "Hoping you messin'. I will

Stroller's Column.

Ever since the flowers began to bloom fond recollections of the far south have chased each other through the mind of the Stroller to the exclusion of all other thoughts. The other day while recollections of yellow jessamine and magnolia blooms were paramount in his mind he happened to glance through a window and the only human beings in sight were four "cullud pithons." Then it was that the Stroller went from "Happy Day" to "The Swanee River," and, through long unused voice of habit, listened for the cheerful note of the mocking bird, the resounding snort of the alligator and the cheerful kerplunk of the cooter as it rolls from a cypress bog into a swamp-covered pond from which malaria floats out on the flower-scented breeze at the rate of ten cases to the minute per square foot.

To cap the climax the Stroller received by the last mail a letter from Garlic Sykes. It was full of pathos, ink blots and had about it an aroma of having been written in the kitchen when a meal of hog and hominy was being prepared.

From the tone of the letter Garlic's pathway through life is not strewn with pansy blossoms. On the other hand his lot appears to be cast among weeds and lumpy jaw. The letter is as follows:

"Cactus Ridge, Fla., May 20.
"Dear Old Preceptor:
"You'd skace think it, but 19 years have done passed since i stood be-

Since last the Stroller appeared in print he has passed through the throes incident to moving.
Next time he will pay rent and stay on.
However, he now has a house of his own and he is busy trying to determine whether it is of Florentine, Roman or Venetian architecture. After working by the light of the midnight sun for nearly a week in the vain attempt to put things in order the Stroller is forced to admit that his house looks like a case of drunk and disorderly while the back yard is nothing short of delirium tremens. It is littered with the remains of a scow that once proudly sailed the bosom of the Yukon, and with all sorts of trash and rubbish that other people have no use for and have thrown out into the cold and cruel world.

The rear gable of the Stroller's new home looks like it had been bought at a misfit store or a sheriff's sale.
Brick Pomroy once described the houses of Saratoga as being of that style of architecture known as Queen Ann front and Mary Ann behind. The Stroller's house has a sort of Mary Ann appearance all over.
There is a look of poverty about the place that a man might strive for years to obtain and then fail. It looks as though the man who put it up had built it a little at a time and just as he could steal a log or a handful of nails, building a knob here

opolized all the bedding, sleep sweet-ly until 8 or 9 o'clock.
In the meantime the male contingent is getting smoke in his eyes and making a trip every 15 minutes to the clump of bushes in the rear of the tent, and by the time breakfast is ready he is soaked to the neck.
Can you blame him?
Scarcely.
There are two morals in the above, one for women and one for men:
To women—If you would further and promote the cause of temperance do not subject your husbands to the trials and temptations incident to a family camping party.
To men—Do not take a bottle with you; take a dozen or fifteen.

"A Lot of 'Air"
The inhabitants of the little town of Somersby, in England, where Tennyson was born, are frank in giving their opinion of their distinguished fellow townsman. One old woman thus related her impressions of the poet to a visitor:
"E was a very quiet man. E seemed as if 'e was 'alf asleep, with 'is eyes 'alf shut an' 'peepin', an' 'e used to poke at ye, loike i' fun, wi' 'is stick. 'E 'ad such a lot of 'air an' a long beard, an' 'e sinkin' her voice confidentially, 'e never looked very clean; no, 'e didn'."

And this somewhat startling testimony was promptly confirmed by her husband, who added:
"If you'd met 'im gooin' along this dusty road, you'd 'a' taken 'im for a tramp goin' to Brig for a night's lodgin'."

It Reminded Him
One sharp November day, says the Philadelphia Record, a boy entered a car, leaving the door open, much to the discomfort of an old gentleman who sat next. As the wind chilled his marrow his temper rose. Leaning across his seat and taking the kid by his ear, he said: "Were you brought up in a barn? Why don't you shut the door?"
The boy said nothing, but closed the door, coming back to his seat in tears. This sight moved the old man to relenting pity. "There there," he said, "little man, I didn't really mean you were brought up in a barn."
"That's just it," retorted the kid. "I was brought up in a barn, and every time I see a jackass it makes me think of it."

Ada Gray's Sad Plight
New York, May 31.—Ada Gray, a noted actress in her day, but now a helpless invalid, has been found alone and almost destitute in a little cottage at City Island. Neighbors who discovered her plight had her removed to the Fordham hospital, and she will probably be cared for by the actors' fund. Miss Gray has been in the Home for Incurables at Fordham for two years suffering from locomotor ataxia. The actors' fund provided a place for her in the home, and she appeared to be contented until about two weeks ago, when she left there and made her home in the cottage where she was found. She was taken to the hospital in a semi-conscious state, but it was said later that her condition was more hopeful.

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, Heine'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.

SYSTEM CHANGED

City Will Manage Its Own Police Affairs

Town Station Will be Relieved on July 1—Chief of Police Plum Eagerly Sought.

The city council is dissatisfied with the manner in which the policing of the municipality is being done by the N.W.M.P. and proposes to establish its own force after July 1. It is rumored there has been some friction between the police committee and the town station, which has been doing such work since the incorporation, and the committee does not hesitate to say that its instructions issued from time to time have been disregarded. This will be remedied by the city having its own police force who will be answerable at all times to the council direct. Alderman MacDonald at the meeting last night stated that his committee had had a conference with Major Wood about the matter and that gentleman had seen no reason why the city should not do its own policing. When the question came up in the council his worship referred to the additional expense that such action would entail upon the city, instancing the one item of a city jail. Murphy replied that the city was being charged \$2 a day by the N.W.M.P. for every prisoner arrested and held for an infraction of the city bylaws under the present system, and if the change were made the same arrangements could be carried on at the same cost. It would make no difference one way or the other as far as the expense of maintaining a jail or the prisoners was concerned. His worship gave out the information that from a conversation had with Major Wood he did not doubt but what accommodations for the city police force headquarters could be secured at the barracks. The matter could later be taken up with Commissioner Ross and arrangements made accordingly. The report of the police committee which results in the change being made July 1, is as follows: Upon being put to a vote on its passage Alderman Wilson was the only one who voted against its adoption.
"In view of the fact that under the city charter the policing of the city is handed over to the city council, and in further view of the fact that under the present arrangement made by the city council with the constables of the town station of the N.W.M.P., the policing of the city does not rest with the city council, but with the officers of the N.W.M.P., and in further view of the fact that the police on the town station do

not satisfactorily carry out the instructions given them from time to time by this committee, the committee therefore recommends that the present arrangement made with the police on the town station be discontinued on and after the end of the present month, and the police constables and officers now in the pay of the city be notified by the city clerk that their services will be dispensed with on and after that date. And it is further recommended that a city police force, consisting of eight policemen, be appointed to take charge of the policing of the city at the beginning of next month. The committee begs to report that they have had an interview with Major Wood, the commanding officer of the N.W.M.P., in regard to this matter, and he expresses the opinion that eight policemen, four on day duty and four on night duty, would be sufficient, and saw no reason why the council should not take over the policing of the city under its own police force."
Several are already being wired for the appointment of a chief of police but who will receive the plum is entirely a matter of conjecture.

Charged With Murder

Ottawa, May 26.—Joseph Dechalet, river driver, aged 35, was brought to Hull today, and after a preliminary examination was remanded for eight days on the charge of murdering Benjamin Richer, a youth of sixteen. The tragedy is alleged to have occurred at Plaisance, a village on the North Nation river, about three miles from St. Andre Avelin. Richer had lived with Dechalet for two years, and, in fact, was a sort of adopted son. On Friday afternoon last Dechalet and Richer were near the North Nation river, when the older man is alleged to have seized his companion round the waist and to have thrown him into the Devil's Hole, a huge cauldron which seethes at the foot of the North Nation rapids. The occurrence is said to have been witnessed by some half a dozen persons, who were powerless to prevent the murder. Dechalet was brought to Hull, and on being arraigned before Judge Talbot stated that he remembered nothing of the affair. Detective McCaskill of Montreal arrived today and will go to Plaisance tomorrow to secure witnesses. Jealousy is alleged to be the motive for the crime. Dechalet has been married for several years, but had no family until lately, when his wife gave birth to a child. He suspected Richer of an intrigue with his wife, and in a sudden fit of jealousy made away with the youth.

Uncle Hoffman's diamond sale is surprising experts in value, quantity and display. It is a good investment at such prices.

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REAL ESTATE, BURNING AND FINANCIAL BROKER
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Finest ice cream parlor in the city at Gandolfo's. 176.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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MONEY TO LOAN
On the security of good city property. Terms moderate. Apply to SHANNON & McKEAY, Solicitors, Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson.
N. F. HAGEL, K. C.—Law office, Monte Carlo building, First Avenue. Phone—Office, 139b; residence, 88c. —Dawson, Y. T.

SURVEYORS
G. WHITE-FRASER—M. Can. Soc. C. E.; M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 1065; Cor. Church and Third Avenue.

CHAS. S. W. BARWELL, D.L.S., C.E., DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR. Office, rooms 13 and 14 Bank Building. Phone 170, Dawson, Y.T.

...J. J. O'NEIL... MINING EXPERT

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Wines, Liquors and Cigars 25c
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Dawson's Leading Hotel
American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.
2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

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SECOND AVE.

"ROCHESTER" HOTEL,
NEWLY FURNISHED. Strictly First Class. RATES ONE DOLLAR UP. Cor. 2d Ave and King St., DAWSON, Y. C. PHONE 1065. MRS A. WILSON, PROP.

WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.
Time Table of Rail Division.

North Bound 1st Class	STATIONS	South Bound 1st Class
10:00 a.m.	HEGWAY	10:00 p.m.
11:00	White	11:00
12:00	Clifton	12:00
1:00	Clifton	1:00
2:00	Yukon	2:00
3:00	White Pass	3:00
4:00	White Pass	4:00
5:00	White Pass	5:00
6:00	White Pass	6:00
7:00	White Pass	7:00
8:00	White Pass	8:00
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9:00	White Pass	9:00
10:00	White Pass	10:00
11:00	White Pass	11:00
12:00	White Pass	12:00

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering
Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.
Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service the Rule.
All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers



THE STROLLER STARTS GARLIC SYKES UP THE STEP-LADDER OF FAME.

twixt your neas and after tussling six weeks betwixt A and Z learnt to read IT IS A OX. Yet sich is the case.
"I was 5 year old then and am sorry to say i ain't ded yet. Pop is and i am working the plantation an' keeping the family. Three of my sisters is married and i have thar husbands to suppo.
"Two year ago i was all sot to marry Palmetter Martin, but she fluked and hitched up with Rube Wren. A month later both Rube's wuk steers died from eatin' loco weed that was toted to 'em and tossed over the fence. Rube an' me don't speak.
"I have just finished choppin' out my cotton over next to Gator slough.
"There was no pine mast last year and hogs never got so fat we could ketch 'em, so meat was very scarce. Pinders was a pore crap too; also chinkey pins.
"Old Mac, the mule you ustler ride on the Joppa postoffice, is still alive but he ain't et anything but biled sweet taters in five year. The hole whar he done kicked you outen the corral is still thar. The neighbors still gather thar an' look at it an' fart.
"Revenooers is so thick taint safe to make licker no more and last winter 'possum hides well stretched only bring 20 cents. Seed cotton was three cents and hound pups only four cents a pound. Four of my best wuz kilt by a bear in the river swamp and i got only 'leven left.
"You remember Granny Bass? She's dead and has been for seven year. Granny was game, and died singin' that old song 'bout 'Thar's lots o' fun in Georgia.'
"Outside of revivals and an occasional nigger lynchin', times here is very quiet.
"Corn and sugar cane both looks puny. So does Nam.
"Hoping you are enjoyin' the same blessing. I will close.
"GARLIC SYKES."

and a protuberance there, putting in a cross-eyed door in the end and a three-cornered window in the side and at last surmounting the whole thing with an incubus of bumps called a roof.
Had the Stroller moved into his house a month earlier he would have planned his roof to German millet as a few years farming would make it much more even and tractable than at present.
Among other things found on the roof were four Yukon sleds, twenty-eight empty kerosene cans, and a case of condensed soup vegetables "Specially prepared for the Klondike."
If these long evenings hold out sufficiently long it is the aim of the Stroller to somewhat modify the appearance of his home, although he despairs of making it a thing of beauty.
If the man or woman who built it had gone out some night and struck a match on the leg of his or her hold on here—and then stood by to see that the fire department didn't come around to meddle, the morals of the Stroller would not have deteriorated within the past week as he regrets to admit they have done.
The season of the year has arrived when good housewives gather up everything movable about the premises, load their husbands down like pack mules, hunt some deep, dark, damp, dangerous place in the woods and camp for a week where they get chewed up by mosquitos and contract a cold that requires a case of Dr. King's New Discovery to cure.
The only consolation a man has on an expedition of this kind is in a bottle that he keeps out in the bushes behind the tent. He arises from his bed of gnarled and knotted brush at about 4:30 a.m. after a sleepless night, his back where it came in contact with his meagre bed looking as though it had just parted from a porous plaster put on the fall before. The women and children, having mon-

STEAMER "HANNAH"

FOR **Bergman, Bettles, St. Michael And Nome.** WILL SAIL FROM COMPANY'S DOCK **Wednesday, June 18, at 2 p. m.** Sharp.

Will connect at mouth of Koyukuk with Str. Rock Island and our fast new Str. Koyukuk for Bergman and Bettles. Passengers will be sure of reaching Koyukuk points by this steamer.

We are now prepared to sell through tickets to San Francisco and Puget Sound. Privilege of stopover at Nome if requested.

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Madison Street

PEEP HOLE AND RAKE-OFF

Were Terms Used in Police Court Today

At the Hearing of Alleged Gambling Case—Decision Reserved.

The trial of the first of the seventy-three gambling cases was begun in the police court yesterday and ended this morning, but decision was reserved until tomorrow morning.

The first witness called was Dennis White, who said he was a baker by trade but had been doing nothing for the past three or four months.

It was very slowly and patiently that Mr. Congdon elicited from the witness the intricacies of blackjack and the fact that money was played for.

He had also sold chips on other evenings. He always placed the money in the drawer and he did not know who took it out.

Mr. Hagel said he had no questions to ask.

Witness admitted that fare was played at the club. Tally sheets and tabs were shown to him but he did not identify them.

John Ross said he was not there at the time of the raid but was there the previous night.

Barrels of money for gold dust. Highest prices paid. Uncle Hoffman.

ing admittance. He was there on the 6th when at about 11 o'clock Marshbank received the tip from Graper that a raid was intended and he saw Marshbank tip off the gamblers at the different tables, and the cards, chips, etc., were hurriedly gathered up and everybody got out.

Mr. Congdon said this closed the case for the prosecution and Mr. Hagel then made his argument for the defence.

Still the question of a system of water works remains unsettled by the city fathers, though the problem now seems a little nearer a solution than it was a week ago.

The matter of pressure, size of mains, location of hydrants, etc., City Engineer Randall was appealed to for an opinion which was given as follows:

"I would advise all mains on First, Second and Third avenues to be not less than 6 inches in diameter; that all horizontal curves in line be put in a radius of not less than five diameters at such curves, and that the pipe be laid to a regular grade.

While in my opinion Mr. Matheson's proposed system can supply the city of Dawson with sufficient water for fire protection purposes, yet I believe that a more efficient water service could be established by means of a distributing reservoir from the hill east of Dawson."

The matter in the council was brought to a head by Alderman Macdonald moving that the city clerk be instructed to advertise for the installation of a water system which shall conform with the specifications to be prepared by the city engineer.

Inspector Starnes said he would reserve decision until tomorrow morning, and the two other cases would be enlarged to that time.

Carnival of Sport

The night of July 3rd will witness what will undoubtedly be the best series of glove contests ever pulled off in Dawson.

As a preliminary to the main event the fifteen-round go between Slavin and Burley, there will be a six-round contest for points, or put out if possible, between F. Kennealey, known as the "Portland Kid," and "Kid" Smith.

Slavin came in from Bear creek yesterday and never in his life has he been in better condition to go into training, which he will begin at once.

Burley is already in training, and that both men will be in fine form is assured.

Remember, the contest will take place in the A. B. hall, where every seat will be a vantage point.

EFFICIENT PROTECTION

Promised by New Water Works System

The Committee to Decide Today Which Plan is the Most Acceptable.

Still the question of a system of water works remains unsettled by the city fathers, though the problem now seems a little nearer a solution than it was a week ago.

"Fourteen hundred gallons per minute under 250 pounds pressure will supply two 1 1/2 inch nozzles at the hydrant on Albert street at a distance of 5000 feet from the station, with 500 gallons per minute under a pressure of 109 pounds to the square inch.

Only One Destination In coming from the upper part of the city down First avenue, or in going up First avenue from the lower part of the city, watch the people ahead of you and see where they stop.

New Chiffon and Silk Neck Ruches New Laces and Pearl Buttons just in.

Summers & Orrell, Second Avenue.

Green House Glass.

AT OUTSIDE PRICES

Table with 2 columns: Sizes and Prices. 10x14 @ \$5.00 per box, 10x16 @ \$5.00 per box, 12x14 @ \$5.00 per box, 12x16 @ \$5.50 per box, 12x18 @ \$5.50 per box, 14x16 @ \$6.00 per box, 14x18 @ \$6.00 per box.

Other Sizes at Low Prices.

Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd.

Second Avenue

A SPECIAL LINE OF SUITS!

MARKED DOWN TO.... \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50 and \$20.00 The Above Lines Comprise 1, 2 and 3 of a Kind which we are Desirous of Cleaning Up and in Consequence have been Marked Away Down.

See Them Before You Purchase. FIRST AVENUE Opposite White Pass Dock HERSHBERG The Reliable Clothier, 1st Ave.

thought meant the consolidation of both companies under one roof. Such would doubtless mean the abandonment of the present sites and the buildings now in use, the purchase of a new lot and the erection of new headquarters at a cost of probably \$15,000, and if such were the case the mayor could not see where any saving would come in.

Alderman Murphy spoke to the motion and favored the Matheson proposition. If it is put in and is not satisfactory it does not cost the city a dollar; there is no expense attached to it unless the service is accepted as satisfactory.

It at the end of much talk seemed no nearer a solution than at the beginning until Alderman Adair said he had a motion to propose if Alderman Macdonald would withdraw his submitted at the opening of the discussion.

FOUND.—Gold locket.—Apply Nugget office.

Only One Destination In coming from the upper part of the city down First avenue, or in going up First avenue from the lower part of the city, watch the people ahead of you and see where they stop.

New Chiffon and Silk Neck Ruches New Laces and Pearl Buttons just in.

FOR SALE.—High grade, new piano, cheap. Apply Nugget office. FOUND.—Miner's license, issued to C. L. La Plant. Inquire Nugget Office.

FOR SALE.—Lot 25x90 with store building 25x50, and cabin.—Apply Hobson, Bridge street.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, at Hershberg's.

Job printing at Nugget office.

Public Acknowledgement The Good Samaritan Hospital to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the amounts given below Dawson Amateur Operatic Society, an additional \$300, making a total from them of \$1100.00

Total \$1100.00 H. Te ROLLER, Chairman

City Drayage and Express. DAWSON TRANSFER CO. Day and Night Service. CHANGE OF TIME TABLE—On and After May 20, 1902.

Auditorium Theatre BEGINNING MONDAY, JUNE 16 "A CRAZY IDEA." Prices as Usual

STEAMER ..CLIFFORD SIFTON.. WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE ON MONDAY, JUNE 23rd, 8 P. M.

Mac's Grocery NEW STORE NEW GOODS We Wish to Call the Attention of Our Many Patrons to the Fact that We Have Changed Our Location... WE NOW DO BUSINESS ON THE CORNER OF CHURCH ST. AND THIRD AVE.

6 PAGES

Vol. 3—No. 147

NO OCCASION FOR MORE

To Come to Seeking Lab

Misleading Notices Are Published and Post Seattle.

Late arrivals from Seattle when they left that were notices both published and post.

Already a large number lured by misleading reports of labor and high wages arrived from the outside mingling with the vast street walkers for which noted.

The consensus of opinion today is that but a small labor will be expended in connection with the vast show of their ever from to pay their way country is little short of

The census of opinion today is that but a small labor will be expended in connection with the vast show of their ever from to pay their way country is little short of

It is said that Mr. H. in Dawson before the month of actual railroad work may begin at an early event there are already in and around Dawson labor required.

New Improvements Upon the completion of the structure being erected enclosure immediately starts, the poli

The Ladue Quartz M

IS NOW IN OPER

We have made number of tests ready to make other

We have the money will buy an antee all our work mill and also in the

Assay Of

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PIONEER DRUG

McLenna