

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 26

DAWSON, Y. T., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

HEAD

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

HANDS

Kid and Mocho Gloves and Mitts, silk or fleece lined; Corticelli Silk Mitts and Gloves, Buck and Beaver, with silk or cloth tops; Fur Mitts, Driver Finger Mitts.

FEET

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

SARGENT & PINSKA,

Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

TRY MILNE

For Your Outfit

NEW GOODS.....

STORE

111 First Avenue

WAREHOUSE—Cor. 1st st. and 5th ave.

WHY?

Why sleep on boards when you can have SPRING BEDS at the same price at the

YUKON HOTEL

J. E. BOOGE

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River. Office: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Bowie's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.

The O'Brien Club

FOR MEMBERS

A Gentleman's Resort,

Spacious and Elegant

Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY

Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

\$ To the Retail Trade \$

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

\$100,000

CLOTHING,	FURNITURE,	HEAVY WOOL UND'WEAR
GENTS' FURNISHING,	CARPETS,	FUR ROBES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,	CROCKERY,	FUR CAPS,
CIGARS,	IRON BEDS,	FELT SHOES,
PIPES & TOBACCOS,	STATIONERY,	MOCCASINS.

Come Early—the Greatest Bargains ever offered in the Yukon country

\$ J. & T. ADAIR, Third Avenue \$

Wholesale General Merchants,

Third Avenue

Air-Tight Heaters for wood

Cast Iron Heaters for coal

Powerful Double Heaters, Hot Air Furnaces,

Cooking Stoves, Hotel and Boarding House Ranges.

McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO. Ltd.

ASSAY OFFICE

According to Mr. Te Roller, Local Manager of the S-Y. T. Co.,

WILL SETTLE GOLD DUST PROBLEM.

He is Thoroughly Posted on the Subject.

BAD MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE.

Does Not Believe the Contemplated Reduction Would Have Worked Injury to Miners.

From Saturday's Daily.

Mr. Te Roller was seen yesterday to late for publication in the interviews published in Friday's paper relative to the gold dust problem, which has assumed its original phase owing to the withdrawal of the A. C. Co. from the agreement of a reduction of the accepted value of dust from \$16 to \$15 an ounce. Mr. Te Roller said, when asked what action the S-Y. T. Co. would take on the subject:

"My opinion has not changed, but I still firmly believe that to abandon the circulation of dust would be the greatest good to the greatest number, while I recognize that a radical and ill-considered change might work a hardship upon many.

"I united in the movement to change the standard of dust value from \$16 to \$15 because it appeared to have unanimous support, and to me it seemed a step in the right direction for the ultimate abandonment of its use and certainly nearer its real value.

"We have been accused by some of the miners that we advocate this change from an entirely selfish standpoint. This is erroneous, and I do not believe that many of the miners take so narrow a view of it.

"Our business interests require that in arriving at the total cost of goods laid down, we must consider the cost of dust exchange as we would consider the cost for duty, freight, depreciation by damage to goods, etc.

"I agree with Mr. Heron that we cannot act arbitrarily and I am quite willing to do as the majority consider best.

But in selling the goods we shall have to figure accordingly as to whether dust is worth \$15, \$16 or \$16.50.

"I believe the use of dust should be abandoned as far as practicable for the following reasons:

"First—While there are conditions and times in the infancy of a mining camp that circulation of gold dust as a medium of exchange is justifiable and expedient, and consequently the apparent violation of law overlooked and allowed, these conditions and times, to my mind are passed here, or at least could easily be remedied.

"Second—While it may be to the interest of some merchants and houses of amusement, and some miners who are not so fortunate as to have high grade dust, the majority of the merchants, miners, and the community in general would suffer by being compelled to pay \$16 for the average commercial dust.

"Third—The average miner is less careful with his assets when he has it in the shape of dust in a poke and more apt to spend it than if he had real money, worth 100 cents to the dollar.

"Fourth—Dust that is worth \$16 is not in circulation. As a rule this is converted into currency and purchases made with it, instead of with commercial dust.

"Fifth—Miners as a rule do not use Gold Run, Dominion, or Sulphur creek gold as a circulating medium, except when they are compelled and have no currency. We know of people who offer to exchange dust from above named creeks in exchange for commercial dust of low value if the desired premium is paid.

"Sixth—The value of commercial dust cannot be regulated and so long as it is in use the unscrupulous will tamper with it.

"And thus the value constantly depreciates, while the best grades of dust are withheld from circulation and either retained or converted into currency."

"What solution would you offer?" was asked Mr. Te Roller.

"This subject is a very important one, and like all other public questions involving the interests of different elements in a community—a very perplexing question to answer. While we recognize the dust as a medium of exchange on the creeks can be considered a great convenience and a benefit at least to owners of low grade dust, we believe if the matter were properly handled it might be improved.

"Every one now feels very hopeful that the royalty is soon to be reduced, rumors also encourage the hope that a government assay office will be established. Looking at it purely from a Dawson or Yukon territory standpoint and not considering what it might be to the interest of Pacific coast cities in the United States, or the interest of transportation companies who are reaching for the gold traffic out, or the interest of merchants and banks who might have the advantage of placing an arbitrary value upon dust, but purely and simply in the interest of the public of the Yukon territory at large, I feel the following measures by the government might ultimately solve the question to the best interest of all concerned.

"The government to consider the royalty and assay office question in connection with each other.

"If a royalty is justifiable, which I believe it is, and the government should consider a 2 per cent royalty sufficient and say 1 per cent revenue to cover costs of assaying, making a total of 3 per cent, then prohibit the exportation of gold and prohibit the use of dust as a medium of exchange, thus giving every man the actual value for his dust and also prevent anyone from avoiding the payment of royalty."

Steamer Clara Attached.

This forenoon an attachment was placed upon the steamer Clara for \$426.20, by James Dean, who brings suit against the Yukon Navigation Co. and F. De Journal, the owner and manager of the little steamer for the amount named.

Mr. Dean sets forth that the sum stated is due to him for material furnished and carpenter work done on the steamer in question, and that he has been otherwise unable to effect a settlement.

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

Bicycle hose, a large variety. Oak Hall, opp. S-Y. T. dock.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

ABIDING FAITH

In Dawson and the Yukon Apparent on Every Hand

AND IN ALL BUSINESS PURSUITS.

Unrest Which Nome Created Has Forever Passed Away.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK IS GOOD.

No Established Industries Are Offered for Sale—Substantial Improvements Indicate Confidence.

On every hand in Dawson are apparent evidences of prosperity far in excess of those seen one year ago at which time people were leary and a general feeling of unrest and lack of confidence pervaded the business atmosphere. At that time the very air was pregnant with stories of fabulous riches having been discovered in inexhaustible extent at Nome, to which place four-fifths of the residents of Dawson then confidently asserted they would go in the spring. At that time people who owned property were afraid to hold it if given a chance to sell, and people who did not own property were reluctant in purchasing at any price, for, they reasoned, "Everyone is going to Nome in the spring and owls, bats and Indians will have Dawson to themselves."

It is no wonder that under such circumstances a spirit of lack of confidence should prevail. When spring came a large number of residents of Dawson made good their promises and left for Nome regardless of the hard luck stories that had been watted up the river from that camp. It is useless to dwell upon the experience of those people at Nome. It is sufficient to say that many of them are back and many others will come as soon as they can raise the price of the trip. In the meantime, Dawson has blossomed as the rose regardless of adverse laws and bad internal conditions. Her mines, the backbone of the country, are still the pride of the world and are destined to remain so for years to come. Based on prospects now in sight a general impression has taken root that Dawson has that on which to build for the future. Confidence which a year ago was tottering is now firm and daily growing firmer. No business industries in the city are for sale for the reason that owners are confident in their possessions. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested, not in makeshifts, but in substantial improvements which will still be substantial a score of years hence. On every hand is heard congratulation regarding the present brilliant outlook which points to future mining, mercantile and general business prosperity.

Hay Will Be Needed.

A freighter remarked this morning that the fear that the Dawson hay market is being overstocked is wholly without grounds and that next spring will see a greater scarcity of hay here than did last.

"While there is," said he, "fully

three times as much feed in town, or will be by the close of navigation, as there was at a corresponding time last year, the fact must not be overlooked that there are more than three times as many horses here, and they are the kind of horses that eat lots of hay, while last year much of the stock here was of the cayuse kind. Again, it must be remembered that last spring nearly all the horses here were as poor as snakes, which was proof that they did not have sufficient feed.

"There is not any danger of the local hay market being overstocked this winter and if there was another 1000 tons of it here it would be all the better for the stockowners in the Yukon."

The New Court House.

The plans and specifications for the proposed new courthouse are out, and in possession of Judge Craig.

The building will probably be erected in the near vicinity of the present courthouse, but will present a far different aspect when complete, and will be one more long step in the progress of new Dawson.

It will be a frame building of two stories, surmounted by a cupola, similar to the one topping the now nearly completed postoffice building at Third street and Third avenue. The ground floor will be largely taken up by two spacious court rooms and the necessary offices for the sheriff, clerk and other usual purposes. And in addition to the judges' chambers, upstairs there will be bedrooms, kitchen, parlor, etc., comprising all the usual and necessary rooms and conveniences for the comfortable housing of the official staff connected with the building. The structure will be altogether modern in all its appointments and, according to the architect's plans, the exterior view will be a very handsome building. It will face the river and be one of the first buildings to meet the eye of the incoming traveler from points above.

The Bar Association will meet this afternoon to consider and discuss the plans.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

From the appearance of those in the front row in police court this morning, yesterday was "drunken Friday." The number was not large, but there was every evidence of that deep, dark brown taste that follows in the wake of over-indulgence without squeezing a little lemon in it.

J. J. Fowler had partaken of the brand that caused him to want to treat people—a very laudable feeling to harbor. Fowler invited Constable Spence to take something and when the officer declined, the public-spirited man told him to go to—well, Spence is fairly well satisfied with the mundane sphere, so declined to accept the offer, and not liking such requests, placed Fowler under arrest. He was fined \$5 and costs, but found that gold dust is not legal tender with the government at any price. An officer was detailed to escort him to a broker where the necessary exchange was made and the debt was liquidated.

Edward Shelley had no gold dust to be refused, having expended it all in the cultivation of a lurid jag which caused him to become a disturbing tack in the great bouthead of humanity. He was assessed \$5 and costs or five days' exercise.

Patrick McKnight had been up against the well-known and popular slumber brand and had sought to woo balmy sleep on the sidewalk. When disturbed by the officer he had acted "unnice" and said naughty things. "Then dollars and costs or ten days," was the decree in his case, and unless appearances are deceitful, the latter goes.

A 14-year old boy named Tomlinson was up on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. J. Goldberg, who testified that the boy had made faces and grimaces at her and her daughter Rebecca, the latter being 5 years of age. In his own behalf the boy said the woman had called him a "dirty dog catcher" and that in reply he had assumed an Uncle Isaac attitude and said "Veil, vat ole it?" and that it was his attitude and demeanor that had insulted Mrs. Goldberg. Magistrate McDonnell cautioned the late deputy dog catcher to be more circumspect in his future demeanor and dismissed the case.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

WHOLESALE A. M. CO. RETAIL

Our Style

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

...AMES MERCANTILE CO...

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
DAILY
Yearly, in advance.....\$40.00
Six months.....20.00
Three months.....11.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance.....4.00
Single copies......35
SEMI-WEEKLY
Yearly, in advance.....\$24.00
Six months.....12.00
Three months.....6.00
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." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

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

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1900

From Saturday's Daily. A SUGGESTION.

Dawson has begun to assume a position of no inconsiderable importance in the eyes of the financial and commercial world. As a liberal consumer of high-class commodities, the custom of our city and the adjacent mining territory is being eagerly sought by the big commercial houses of Canada as well as those of the coast cities of the United States.

There is no escaping the fact that the trade of Dawson has given a splendid impetus to the growth of Victoria and Vancouver, and those cities in particular are interesting themselves in directing the volume of business from the Yukon to their own big mercantile establishments.

It occurs to the Nugget that some means might well be taken to bring our city into closer touch with the large commercial interests of the outside. We are satisfied that some such step would ultimately result in lasting benefit not only to Dawson but to the territory at large.

The commercial interests of Canada are large and influential. They are looking to the Yukon as a profitable market for their commodities and will certainly feel disposed to enlist their best efforts in behalf of this territory, especially when it is made plain that in so doing they are consulting their own interests.

An excursion of business men into the Yukon to take place at the opening of navigation next year might easily be arranged during the approaching winter, and from present indications such an undertaking would be very liberally supported by the boards of trade and similar bodies on the outside.

The presence of a large and representative body of business men in Dawson during the cleanup season, would undoubtedly afford the most effective object lesson that could possibly be suggested in the way of bringing before the outside world the real facts respecting our requirements from a mining standpoint and the possibilities of the country from a commercial point of view.

We commend the idea to the consideration of the local Board of Trade. To carry such a plan to a successful conclusion would require a great deal of correspondence and considerable effort along the line of organization. It is none too early, therefore, to give the matter some thought, to the end that its practicability or advisability may be determined as quickly as possible.

The question has come up as to the qualifications of voters who would be entitled to participate in the election of municipal officers, in the event Dawson should become an incorporated town in the near future. It would be quite within the line of well established precedent, should the right to vote in such a case, be extended to free holders generally without respect to nationality. As regards the approaching election for members of the Yukon council, it is eminently right and proper that the privilege of suffrage should be confined to British subjects only. The council has to do with the general affairs of the territory and ultimately will doubtless be empowered to act in all legislative

matters affecting the territory. It would, therefore, be altogether unreasonable that persons other than British subjects should in any way participate in the selection of members of the council. With a town government the circumstances would be different. The powers of a municipality are limited, but they effect vitally the interests of property holders within the particular limits of their jurisdiction. Incorporation of Dawson means of course the payment by all property-holders, irrespective of nationality, of a municipal tax. Common sense and ordinary justice would urge, therefore, that when the town is incorporated such property holders be allowed the privilege of voting.

Nothing has been heard of late concerning the bridge which has been the cause of so much discussion. If it does not arrive pretty soon all the talk that has been made will be of no avail. Wherever the bridge is placed it certainly ought to be in position before the ice goes out next spring. When the Klondike closes up this fall toll bridges and toll boats should pass out of existence forever.

A sudden shyness appears to have come over the numerous candidates, or rather supposed candidates, who a short time ago were prancing up and down as though eager to sniff the scent of approaching battle. Unless some remarkable activity is displayed during the next few days the contest bids fair to be short, sharp and decisive.

The stampede to Clear creek on the Stewart river seems from all accounts to be founded upon good reasons. No definite reports as to the value of the discoveries thus far made, have been received, but enough is known to justify the belief that good diggings will ultimately be uncovered.

THE ALLIED SEARCH FOR THE EMPEROR.

The greatest interest is felt here as to the whereabouts of the Emperor of China.—Washington Dispatch to The Sun.
They had found their way to Peking
On a charitable quest;
They had reached the Purple city,
But they hadn't got the rest
Of what they wanted badly.
For the Emperor was lost;
And he it was they wanted
As security for cost.

So the Allies went to hunting
All around the Purple town;
Irrespective of their language
They combined to hunt him down.
There were British, French and Germans,
There were lynx-eyed Japanese,
Americans and Russians,
Skipping 'round the place like fleas.

There went a Russian chasing
A pig-tail down the street;
And he shouted as he hustled
Close behind the flying feet:
"Hde nachoditetsa Tsar?"

Yonder went a Briton running
After everything in sight,
And yelling like a parry
Who was going to hold it tight:
"Where's 'is bloomin' Ludship?"

There a Japanese went hopping
On his short legs, like a bird,
And at every hop his eager
Anxious question could be heard:
"Dokone Mikado—gr arn?"

There a Frenchman came a-dancing
On a run, and as he ran
Around the captured city
He called to every man:
"Ou est l'Empereur?"

There a German round the corner
Went a little slow, perhaps,
But at every jump he shouted,
Like a string of thunder claps:
"Wo ist dot Kaiser at?"

There a Yankee went like lightning
Tip and down and in and out,
And the sacred walls of China
Re-echoed to his shout:
"Where the h—'s his Giblets?"

Thus the Allies had it lively
All around the captured place
Till the Purple city really
Got purple in the face;
But they didn't find the party,
Notwithstanding all their pleas,
And it's likely they won't find him
Till they hunt him in Chinese.
—New York Sun.

Regarding Flour.

The local flour market, by the time navigation closes, will be better stocked than ever before in the history of Dawson, several thousand tons of that article now being stored in the many warehouses. And yet only very recently there was a movement to advance the price of flour very materially. One merchant, a grocer who keeps closely in touch with the various stocks on hand, has made several bets that there will be a decline in flour between the closing of navigation and the first of January. He bases his judgment on the fact that there will be much more flour on hand than will be required to supply the demand, and more than can possibly be used before navigation again opens.

Information Wanted.

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

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.
Short orders served right. The Holborn.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Please do not put my name in the paper, as it is a matter of pride with me that my name has never been in print since I came to the country three years ago, and that is saying a great deal for the reason that the man who stops here three years without his name appearing in either the accident, obituary or police court columns of the Nugget is living a very upright and careful life. I leave on the next boat for the outside and I tell you confidentially that I am taking with me the snug little sum of \$76,000 worth of gold dust."

"Have you a family on the outside?" asked the Stroller.

"If you call a wife and nine children a family, I am in the list of family men. Yes, sir! I have a family of that number and the oldest child, as good a girl as ever lived, is only 17 years old, and they taper down like the rounds of a long ladder leaned against a barn. I guess that about this time my wife is wondering where the money is coming from to buy shoes for the winter. She does not know I am coming out, and if she did know it she would not know that I would have a dollar when I arrived. I have sent out a little money right along, but never said how I earned it or even hinted that I owned a claim. She has worked as hard at home as I have in here, and when I plank down the half of all I take out and tell her it is her pay for her work, I rather think her eyes will pop out like cotton balls; and the kids—bless my soul, they will use \$87 of chewing gum every week this winter." The above never happened; but wouldn't it be a nice thing for many outside families about this time of the year if such things would happen?

A Dawson clerk claims that his boss is the champion mean man of the country. The clerk who is a married man, had been here two years before sending for his family which arrived about three weeks ago. As became a good husband and father, the clerk is much gratified over the fact that he has his family with him, and one day he remarked in the presence of his boss, "A week does not seem more than half as long to me now as when I was alone."

And without saying a word his boss reduced his wages one-half on the principle that as time was passing so rapidly with his clerk that it would now appear that he was having two pay days where he formerly had but one.

Apropos of the Populistic idea, so long as the purchasing price of black sand is \$16 to the ounce, just so long is black sand worth \$16 to the ounce but when black sand taken at \$16 per ounce will purchase only \$14.75 in coin of the realm it indicates a condition which neither Coin Harvey nor the Stroller can figure out satisfactory. In the meantime the man who does not carry a magnet in the individual who will ride on the garbage wagon.

"The man who gets my vote at the coming election must subscribe to a few things that I have not yet seen in any platform."

The speaker was a Dawson merchant who is a man of few words, but who is a profound thinker. Continuing he said:

"The man who gets my vote must assure me first that he won't get enlargement of the head and take to saying 'eyether and neyther' if ejected; that he won't do all his talking outside the council room; that when he goes after a drink he will enter at the front door; that he won't get above his family and conclude that he married beneath himself, and lastly that he will be of the people, by the people and for the people. The man who fills this bill will get my vote and at least 20 others that I am conceited enough to believe I can control."

Earning Their Board.

A number of convicts is still kept busy on the streets cleaning out the side drains and cleaning up debris of all kinds. The fact that Dawson has been one of the most healthy towns on earth during the summer just closing is due in a large measure to the attention which the police department have given to keeping it in good sanitary condition.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

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

Fine tweed tailor-made suits. McCandless Bros., opp. S.-Y. T dock.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Whiskies at wholesale at the Northern Annex. Rosenthal & Field, props
The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

Alaska Commercial Company

NEW GOODS

...In All...
Departments

RIVER STEAMERS Sarah Hannah Louise Leah Alice	Bella Margaret Victoria Yukon Florence	TRADING POSTS ALASKA St. Michael Andreofsky Anvik Nulato Tanana Minoek (Ramport) Fort Hamlin Circle City Eagle City
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Dawson Post is Fitted With Public Safe Deposit Vaults.

THE KLONDIKE CORPORATION, LTD. Strs. ORA, NORA, FLORA

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

CUT RATES!

\$30.00 First Class to Whitehorse, including Meals and Stateroom.
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Save Time and Money by traveling on steamers which are always reliable at any stage of water.

Office at L. & C. Dock. R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent
YUKON FLYER COMPANY
NELS PETERSON, General Manager
Strs. "Bonanza King" and "Eldorado"

Speed, Safety, Comfort. For reservation of staterooms and tickets or for any further information apply to company's office
WILLIAM F. GEORGE, AUDITOR AND GENERAL AGT. AURORA DOK

"White Pass and Yukon Route"
A BOAT SAILS
Nearly Every Day
FOR
White Horse and All Way Points!
J. H. ROGERS, Agent.

Why Not Dress Well?

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

MACAULAY BROS., First Avenue
NEAR FAIRVIEW

40 Cases School Is Open!
OF
NEW GOODS...
Will Arrive in a Few Days.

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

And a small lot of the Latest Novelties in PARISIAN NECKWEAR

J. P. McLENNAN
FRONT STREET, Dawson
Next to Holborn Cafe.

Bonanza - Market
All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.
TELEPHONE 33
Third Street, Opposite Pavilion

School Is Open!
A BIG LINE OF
Tablets
25c. Each

"Nugget" Office.
MRS. E. R. ROBERTS
Furrier
FUR GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.
Third Avenue, Near New Postoffice.

BLACKSMITHS AND MINERS
IF YOU WANT
Cumberland Coal, Round and Flat Iron, Steel Horse Shoe Nails, Skoes, Rasps, Hammers, etc., try THE DAWSON HARDWARE CO.
SECOND AVENUE PHONE 20

HABITS OF BOERS AT HOME.

Their Character Like Their Houses Is Primitive.

Education Looked Upon by Them as Useless—They Marry Young and Are Prolific.

(From Friday's Daily.)

A residence of several years among a large Boer population of the most enlightened description has given me material, says a writer in the Cornhill, on which I may perhaps construct a fairly correct estimate of the character of the average Boer—not the educated and progressive Dutchman who is beginning to make his influence felt, and will do so more and more, let us hope, with every year; but the ordinary, uneducated farmer, the "man in the veldt," the herder of goats, who can hardly write his own name and cannot read his own or any other language; the man whose courage, tenacity, and skill in certain methods of warfare have excited our admiration and astonishment, while his treachery and brutality have too often revolted all our best feelings.

Familiar to my eyes is the typical Dutch homestead—I see it as I write—four roomed, dilapidated, dreary and unsavory, erected, perhaps, by the present owner's great-grandfather, and surrounded by a wilderness of his own creation, for the Boer always cut down every tree, and every bush of any size, growing within half a mile radius of his homestead. The reasons for this proceeding I have never yet been able to fathom; but there can be little doubt that this wholesale destruction of trees has contributed to the terrible rainlessness of some parts of the country, which seems to increase as years go on.

Familiar are the typical figures that haunt the homestead—the tall, gaunt, loose-limbed, hairy farmer, active on occasion, yet immeasurably lazy; big-boned and strong, yet not with the healthy strength of an athletic Englishman; and his ponderous, muscular woman, almost, if not quite, as strong as her husband, often equally capable of counting the goats and holding the plough; the sons, like half grown colts, all length of limb and unkempt hair; the daughters, more slender as yet than their mother, sometimes very pretty, in a rather rude style; and the whole family, as a rule, have remarkably little to say for themselves.

The character of these Boers, like the place of their habitation, is primitive—primitive in its virtues as also in its defects. Like the Kafir, whom they despise, they are both courageous and superstitious, both child-like and cunning, both hospitable and treacherous, both active and indolent.

The Boers, as a rule, marry very young, between the ages of 16 and 20; and as the Dutch church in its wisdom has ordained that they shall not marry until they have been confirmed, and that they shall not be confirmed until they can sign their names and repeat certain answers in the Dutch catechism, it therefore follows that, when they want to get married, they forthwith learn, not to write, but to form mechanically, and in correct order, the letters composing their name; and they also learn, not to read, but they acquire mechanically, and in correct order, the letters of the catechism which it behooves them to know, and in later life, for want of practice, even this amount of useful knowledge is frequently forgotten.

This, of course, is the lowest stratum. Above this is a very superior class, who go to school for one year, or even two, and are then pronounced "volgclerent," or, in English phrase, "finished." These are the educated Dutchmen who read "Ons Land" and similar publications, and digest the marvelous fictions therein contained; and of these is the Boer, henceforward famous in history, who said that "he did not mind Lord Salisbury, and he could even put up with Mr. Chamberlain, but he could not stand that Mr. Franchise, and was determined to have a shot at him directly he got the chance!"

Two marked characteristics of the Boer, which have strongly appealed to the sympathy of many people not otherwise favorable to their cause, are his attachment to the soil and his love of independence, the latter quality being marred by the circumstance that he does not willingly concede independence to any one else.

Huntington's Vast Estate.

What a futile thing, after all, seems this building up of a great fortune, which the man who builds it has no capacity of finding any good use for! Mr. Huntington's estate is more than \$25,000,000, and may be \$50,000,000.

Perhaps it is worth only \$25,000,000 today, but may become \$50,000,000 by the rise in the value of railroad shares in the course of 15 years' time. What is to be done with the income of all this property? Mr. Huntington evidently had no purpose, except to leave most of it to his wife. All his provision related to the management and maintenance of the fortune which he had accumulated. The money given directly for public objects does not amount, probably, to so much as one-hundredth part of the whole.—Hartford Times.

The legacies to nephews and nieces and sisters and sister-in-law and brother-in-law are regulated with a nice discrimination. No surprise will be expressed at the conditions surrounding the bequest of \$1,000,000 to his adopted daughter, the Princess Hatzfeldt. The money is put in trust for her, and goes to her children when she dies, it she should have any, and it is not to be liable in any way for the debts of her husband. Thus does the shrewd old American protect the property of the wife from a spendthrift husband. It is worthy of note, also, that the estate goes to men and women who live orderly and quiet lives and who will not devote themselves to squandering what they have not earned.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Soldier of Fortune.

An American is entitled to the credit—if credit it is—of reorganizing the Chinese army upon a basis approaching its present efficiency. Frederick Townsend Ward was a soldier of fortune and a native of Massachusetts. In 1860, when the Taiping rebels were everywhere successful, Ward, who was 26 years old, and had served in the French army, found himself in Shanghai. He organized a band composed of men of various nationalities and offered to capture a city for a fixed price. The first achievement of his small army was the capture of the walled town Sangking, which was held by 10,000 rebels. As a reward he was made a mandarin of the fourth rank. Ward then cleared the country around Shanghai, being paid so much cash after each victory he won. After awhile he disappeared and was next heard of when the natives attacked the city in large force, when Ward appeared at the head of three well-armed and well drilled native regiments, who rescued Shanghai. Thereafter he became one of the leading men in the defense of Shanghai. He adopted the Chinese nationality under the name of Hwa, married the daughter of a wealthy mandarin and was made a mandarin of the highest grade and admiral general in the service of the emperor. Gen. Ward died as the result of a wound received in directing an assault on Tsekie. The Chinese paid him the highest possible honors after his death by burying him in the Confucian cemetery at Ningpo. Ward's successor in command of the Chinese forces was Major Charles G. Gordon—"Chinese" Gordon.

Royal Etiquette.

Old world privilege and restriction reign supreme in Spain, where there is a law that no subject shall touch the person of the king or queen, says the New York Mail and Express. The present king of Spain nearly suffered a severe fall from this rule in his childhood. An aunt of his made him a present of a swing. When he used it for the first time the motion frightened him, and he began to cry. Whereupon a lackey lifted him quickly out of it and so, no doubt, preserved him from falling. The breach of etiquette, however, was flagrant and dreadful. The queen was obliged to punish it by dismissing the man from his post. At the same time she showed her real feelings on the subject by appointing him immediately to another and better place in the royal household.

In another case a queen of Spain nearly lost her life in a dreadful way owing to this peculiar rule. She had been thrown when out driving, and her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged. Her escort would not risk interference, and she would have been dashed to pieces but for the heroic interposition of a young man who stopped the horse and released her from her dangerous position. As soon as they saw she was safe her escort turned to arrest the traitor who dared to touch the queen's foot, but he was not to be seen. Knowing well the penalty he had incurred, he made off at once, fled for his life and did not stop until he had crossed the frontier.

Across the Divide.

The few frosty nights of late have been keenly felt by the night workmen on Dominion and Sulphur and several claims could not get in full time because of ice in the boxes. Should the snap continue half day shifts will be the order.

The McAlpine-Johnson claim, 5 below, has certainly proved a wonder. The work in the creek bed during '98 and '99 showed it to be a claim of un-

usual richness, but the hillsides on their left limit was overlooked. Early this summer slight prospecting showed pay and lays were let, a sluice head turned on the ground and the richest summer diggings on Dominion was uncovered. Pans of \$100 are common and large nuggets are scattered all over so that both laymen and owners will do well.

Messrs. Deboey Brothers have been doing some nice work on 8 below upper and the pay has been first-class. The claim will be worked till freeze up.

Dominion, between discoveries, will be practically idle during the early winter. Preliminary work will be done and about March 1st work in earnest will start in.

Lower Dominion will be the seat of activity on the creek from now on. From lower discovery to 78 below the pay has been located on almost every claim either creek or hillside and prospect work with good results from there has been done. The left limit hillsides 89, 90 and 92 have located pay and men have been rocking, taking out from \$10 to \$30 a day to the rocker. A ditch is being put in that will bring a sluice head from Nevada pup for next summer. Prospecting in the immediate vicinity is very active.

Wallace Gerow, of 21 below lower, received a surprise party not long ago when his son Edward arrived, bringing a charming bride with him to lighten the days of gloomy winter on 21. Ed is no chechako, for he made a whipsaw record for a grubstake in '98, but those were hard times, for now 21 is one of the most promising of lower Dominion claims.

Hillside 30 below lower was offered for \$1000 a little over a year ago. Today \$30,000 won't buy it. Its owners couldn't sell, so they prospected and opened up a pay streak nine feet on the rim and how far back into the hill is yet unknown—100 feet shows pay dirt. They rocked 40 days and the two rockers cleaned up a little over \$18,000.

Thirty-one, 32, 33 and 34 have been worked as heavy as light machinery would work them, each getting a sluice-head on the ground and some very rich dirt was run through. The heaviest machinery will be put on next summer.

Geo. Burke, of 10 below Hunker has a good bench claim, but water was a scarce article. His Yankee ingenuity came to his rescue and he built a large tank and circulates the water through several boxes and smaller tanks till it has cleaned the gold from the ground and has the ground filtered from it and pumped back into tank No. 1. Some good pay is taken out.

Brewery for Circle.

Geo. Rice, probably the best known man in Alaska, is due to arrive in Dawson today en route to Circle City with a brewery plant and an outfit for an elegant bar. A brewery will be something of an innovation in the Yukon country. John Quinn, for several years past partner of and manager for Rice in Skagway, left on the Weare today for Circle to arrange for a location for the new industry. Geo. Rice was one of the pioneers of Juneau, where he still owns valuable property. He put up one of the first buildings in Skagway, the Pack Train saloon, and was the first man to pack a train of horses over the summit of White Pass. He opened the first hotel and saloon in Bennett and two years ago erected a hotel in Atlin at a cost of \$40,000. Besides being a hotel and saloon man, Mr. Rice also runs largely to newspapers, being interested in the Juneau, Alaska, Miner and the Douglass Island News. Mr. Rice will probably stop a day or two in Dawson on his way through.

Another Dawson Resort.

The Rev. Mr. Sinclair, of the Presbyterian church, is soon to leave Whitehorse. After two years or more of church work in Alaska and the Yukon he is going back to labor among the people of the outside world. There is a condition on which he will return to the Arctic circle and remain in it another year and that condition is that he be given permission by the presbytery to engage in a work which experience has taught him is very much needed in the country. Mr. Sinclair says there are enough churches in the Yukon and now he would turn his attention to establishing institutions of a semi-secular nature which would appeal to the young men of the north, and prove a strong counter attraction to the saloon and gambling house. Mr. Sinclair thinks that there is particularly a great field for an institution of this kind in Dawson and it is there he would commence work. He would have a large public building to the privileges of which all young men should be made welcome. Inside he would have bright lights, good furniture, comfortable and healthy air, reading matter and various harmless games. By conducting a resort of this nature on broad grounds, Mr. Sinclair believes that the character of many a young man in the Klondike metropolis can be saved.—Whitehorse Tribune.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS. Publishers

CLEAN DUST.

The decision of the merchants of the town respecting the retention of the present valuation of gold dust commends itself to us as being both wise and just. To tamper with or alter in any respect the accepted means of effecting changes invariably results in difficulties of the most serious nature. So well has this become established that financial experts are agreed upon the conclusion that alterations in the monetary system of a country are to be strenuously avoided as tending to effect uncertainty, destroy values and create a lack of confidence which is the worst enemy to business prosperity. We apprehend that all people in Dawson as well as mine owners on the creeks are of one mind in the belief that the present system of using gold dust as a circulating medium is unsatisfactory. It will very seldom and perhaps never happen that two qualities of dust of equal weight will prove upon assay to have the same value, which fact of itself means that in practically all transactions where gold dust is used as the means of effecting an exchange, one or the other of the parties concerned is bound to suffer. If the dust is of unusually high value the injury is to the buyer and vice versa. We are unable to see, however, that present conditions would be remedied in any respect by lowering the valuation of gold dust to \$15. If by so doing the business of the town could be at once placed upon a currency basis, with absolute equity to the producer of gold dust, the plan would certainly be acceptable, but we have not seen it demonstrated that such would prove to be the case. In the absence of a government assay office, at which gold dust might be exchanged at its real value, less a nominal charge for assaying, the best remedy before the merchants of Dawson is insistence upon receiving clean dust and no other. There is certainly no obligation upon the business man to accept black sand or any other kind of sand in exchange for his wares. If he sells for gold dust it is his right to expect and demand that he be given gold dust and nothing else. If every business man in Dawson would agree to make free use of the magnet in taking in dust over his counter, it would not be long until the sand nuisance would be effectually done away with.

The story comes over the wires again that the royalty is to be removed, reserved claims thrown open and other equally desirable things take place. We have heard this same joyous tale so often that we shall really begin to believe after a while that something of the kind will certainly occur. The rub will come, in properly placing the credit for bringing about all these various blessings. There will be so many claimants for the glory that to assign honor where honor is due will be a matter of the utmost difficulty. However, there will be plenty of time to quarrel over the matter of placing the credit for removing the royalty when the royalty is actually removed.

The assassin of King Humbert has been sentenced to life imprisonment. The first year of his term is to be spent in a dark cell, three feet wide and six feet long. He sees no one, talks to no one, has nothing in his cell but a plank on which to sleep and once in 24 hours receive a little bread and water from a silent guard. If at the end of twelve months he is still sane he will be given the luxury of hard labor for the balance of his life. It is a matter of record, however, that no prisoner ever survived a year of such confinement and preserved his reason. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the assassin expressed a desire to be shot.

From the character of the merchandise which is being stored in the warehouses of Dawson it is quite apparent that the standard of living will be much higher this winter than has been the case heretofore, at least for those who have the price. There will be very few things which cannot be secured by the person of the most epicurean tastes, provided, always that he possesses the wherewithal. Dawson is unique among the cities of the world. For practically eight months we must be prepared to stand siege without receiving supplies from the outside. It is doubtful, however, if any town was ever in better condition to survive such an ordeal. When the river closes next month Dawson can look the world in the face and smile, for stored in the ample warehouses of the town will be supplies enough and to spare, to last until the river runs again.

From arrangements now being perfected it appears evident that mail facilities will be better even during the coming winter than was the case a year ago. In all probability there will be a great smashing of records in time between Skagway and Dawson. With trains running daily to Whitehorse delivery of mail is quite likely to be not far behind the service given under the summer schedule.

Quartz discoveries are being announced with a degree of regularity that presages the time when the Klondike will be as famous for its ledges as it is now for placer mining.

Timely Information.

Editor Daily Nugget:
Will you kindly state in the columns of your paper what is the minimum amount of gold dust received by the A. E. Co. for assay, and what are the charges?
R. H.

(Inquiry of the A. E. Co brings the information that the price of \$10 is charged for each melt up to as much as 300 ounces, but very small amounts would not justify the expense of an assay.)

Yukon Business Growing.

There is a general belief among merchants and shippers that the action of the chamber of commerce in regard to the bonding privilege, says the Alaskan, has been productive of much good, and that this aggressive action was timely. The development of the American territory beyond Dawson is making rapid strides, and the Canadian officials are now acting with every possible civility in regard to the bonding of American goods to that territory. Goods can now be sent in a cash deposit or by bonded carriers and during the last month alone the amount so bonded in amounted in value to over \$50,000.

This, of course, is only the beginning of a large business, for which Skagway is the natural entre port. The amount of goods going through in bond during the past two months is somewhat remarkable. On July 24, as before reported, the Canadians found that this was not a prohibition port, so they permitted the importation of American liquors to go in to Dawson on payment of duty, and beyond Dawson in bond.

The increase in the bonding figures for this year over those of last year for the months of July and August is remarkable, and shows how the transportation through this port has grown. In July of last year the value of the bonded goods going through was \$181,518; in July of this year, \$409,524; in August of last year, \$295,036; in August of this year, \$568,163.

The Dog Problem.

There will never come a time in Dawson when dogs will be considered worthless property, and it is a hardship on their owners to be compelled to keep them tied up around the doors of the cabins to prevent their getting into the pound. But now that the pound law is not in effect the number of dogs on the street appears to have increased tenfold in as many days with the result that a person has to pick his steps when out walking to prevent traveling over dogs, and the expression "the dogs" is probably more often heard than any other. But as it is impossible to keep a dog in a trance except when he is needed, they are evils which must be borne. Dogs will be dogs regardless of surroundings.

Wade vs. McDonald.

In the matter of the suit of F. C. Wade against Alexander McDonald, Judge Craig, after hearing testimony and argument, has taken the matter under advisement and will render a decision in the regular course. The case of F. C. Wade against the law firm of Clark & Wilson, is in a similar condition. This case is one wherein the plaintiff sued for an accounting, as he was at one time a member of the firm, and during the time of that connection went to the outside and says that after his return no satisfactory accounting was ever made of the business during his absence. No decision has been rendered.

MANY PEOPLE

Are Coming to Dawson From Up and Down the Yukon.

THEY ARE GLAD TO GET BACK.

Nearly 300 Have Arrived Within Past 24 Hours.

YUKONER'S BANNER CARGO.

Steamer Mary Graff Sold by A. E. Co. to C. D. Co.—Will Go On Upper River—Other River News.

From Thursday's Daily.

The tramp steamer Monarch, 18 days from St. Michael, which boat got in yesterday from St. Michael has been laying idle on the lower river ever since last year. She is an American bottom, consequently cannot operate in the upper river unless she changes her register. The cost of such a change being about \$3000 in the case of a boat like the Monarch, it is not probable that she will fly the Union Jack this season. She did not have a ton of freight for Dawson, but left over 100 tons at points along the river. She brought the largest passenger list this season from the lower river—120. Following are the names, save those which were illegible on the list turned in to the customs office: Thos. Akin, A. Ried, R. Patrick, Wm. Mossman, P. R. Nelson, W. McDonald, Fred Wagner, J. F. Nelson, Hugh Dickey, W. McNeil, E. Larsen, Miss Van Ness, T. H. Beaumont, E. R. Crouch, J. H. Cleoise, J. Stone, Mrs. Francis, A. L. Lindly, W. Gibson, J. Stockall, Vic Givons, Dan Claudelle, Geo. Deroder, F. Quillette, Geo. Dubois, Nels Hubert, F. Brozian, Mrs. Brozian, D. Guillette, A. Gaudette, J. B. Adeux, L. Boulanger, P. Carreau, J. Duheau, E. Proulx, Ed Payment, C. E. Myers, Wm. Midley, C. H. McCartney, J. Dore, J. LeClaire, S. Carlson, J. N. Zang, B. Gardner, F. Hardy, C. Fueland, B. Gordon, J. P. Ford, Mrs. Sexton, Chris Pelke, F. Patterson, G. P. Lutz, W. W. McDonald, C. Deid, H. Sanderson, C. Eglet, C. Johnson, J. Peterson, A. Landry, J. Pisevalte, E. S. Long, L. E. Larsen, O. Mullen, Mrs. McNabb, Joe Mack, C. Land, H. Jackson, J. Le Tournault, N. Akison, C. P. Mulgard, Mrs. L. Everett, A. McKinnon, H. Hyland, J. Gannon, J. F. Monkman, Jas. Miller, M. Hickey, D. McGinnis, O. J. Chorstad, E. Shigging, Mrs. Shimming, V. A. Johnson, N. Johnson, F. C. Thompson, Thos. Price, J. D. Booth, J. McDordic, E. J. Moore, C. C. Kulp, R. Gralec, J. Kenney, Ed Gilerau, G. S. Morris, A. Barnes, O. L. Orcutt, Chas. Tracy, J. Quarry, A. Tracy, L. E. Robertson, D. Grace, J. Olvellson, Ed Jacoby, Tom Burke, H. Smith, W. P. Akin, A. Lehr, Ed Dolan, Mae Dolan, F. Atkinson, A. Talbut, H. Carter, A. Vagean, J. E. Hallard, D. W. McQuade, G. W. McLean, L. Provos, A. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, C. A. Buffine, Frank Fisher, D. Pearson.

The A. C. Co.'s steamer Bella from St. Michael arrived this morning with two barges, one of which was loaded with machinery taken from the Evans, which was sunk last winter to save her from being torn to pieces by the breaking up of the ice in the spring. The machinery will be used by the Yukon saw mill. The Bella brought the following passengers:

Thos. Drew, N. Peterson, Mrs. Dunsuir, E. E. Kellogg, Mrs. Kellogg, Jack Buchanan, T. P. Rule, Bob Thompson, R. Schofield, E. E. Overend, J. W. McClosky, J. N. Gardner, Messrs. Blum, Wadleigh and O'Brien.

The steamer Yuko er arrived from Whitehorse at 2:30 this morning. She brought mail, 146 tons of merchandise and the following passenger list: Percy Mutch, Lena Mutch, Nellie Mutch, H. A. Drake, W. Stellard, F. McArthur, Frank Flynn, Mrs. McArthur, F. Benut, J. D. Langford, Mrs. Langford, O. J. Hall, Mrs. Hall, Lena Faulk, John Pearson, John Erickson, J. E. Lund, Geo. McArthur, Mrs. J. R. Collins and two children, G. W. Clement, J. R. Nicholson, Mrs. P. H.

Riley, H. Lander, F. H. Riley, J. S. McKay, Frank Logan, E. B. Boylton, J. H. Moore, H. Elsdore, Mrs. Rodmore, Mrs. Ballentine, R. A. Ballentine, A. McDonald, Mrs. Geo. Ballentine, N. J. Shultz, Mrs. E. A. Harriman, Geo. R. Comstock, Kate Miller, Ella Siffet, Sanford Garnaud, Elmer Selfert, J. W. Scott, O. Segnew, C. J. Jensen, J. W. Prescott, H. M. Sargent, R. H. Slayden, W. McDonald, C. D. Hootson, S. Braden, John Tafte, J. M. Williams, Mrs. Williams, A. R. Turner, W. W. Helm, D. T. Said, C. McCutcheon, Mrs. M. J. Godebalk, C. E. Freelen, J. M. Reams, Mrs. J. O'Dea, Mrs. L. F. Shultz, John O'Dea, W. A. Dolan, Mrs. Dolan, Otto Reing, Florence Costello, Hazel Costello, J. Dein, Mrs. Powers, W. H. Ryan, W. Donovan, F. Butler, W. O. Blais, Mrs. Stingle, Mamie Clifton, Reta Cameron, M. J. Anderson, J. H. Kimball, H. Doucall, J. H. Veline, W. McRay, Mrs. F. B. Creese, Mike Godrisky, H. W. Hancock, Frankie King, Mae Sweber, Mrs. Sweber, Ole Erikson, Chris Donceal, Mrs. Coiner, Marie Crawford, Bell Dormer, Master Dormer, A. Johnson, J. Sapisky, Geo. J. Smith.

The Mary Graff was sold yesterday by the A. E. Co. to the Canadian Development Company for, it is said, \$50,000. The Mary Graff is one of the Moran fleet and of the same pattern as the J. P. Light. Until the Light demonstrated the feasibility of operating boats of this class on the upper river it was thought impossible to navigate successfully boats of her tonnage. The Graff will not sail again this season. She will go on the ways and be ready for business next spring.

The steamer Campbell, arrived from the lower river at noon today with a large number of passengers. She has in tow barge Seattle No. 1. The Campbell and accompanying barges are owned by the S-Y. T. Co. but is carrying cargo for the A. E. Co.

The following was received by wire: Steamer Bailey arrived at Whitehorse last night and left for Dawson a few hours later. The Eldorado also got in last night.

The Ora passed Selkirk going up at 2 this morning.

The Flora passed HootaInqua going up at 8:20 this morning.

Steamers Sybil and Victorian passed Five Fingers going up, the former at 9:15 last night and the latter at 2 this morning. The J. P. Light, also going up, passed the same point at 11:15 this morning.

A Candidate From Hunker.

I'm feelin patriotic, an I want it understood that I am willin to be active to promote my country's good. They say they want a councilman who never had a taint. Of politics about him, who has wakened no complaint. Because he 'sociated with a syndicate or trust As such wicked institutions of our social order. I talked to 'Mandy' 'bout it. She advised me fair and straight; So start your printin presses. I am now a candidate.

she took me fairly by surprise when, after I'd explained, she showed enthusiasm which could scarcely be restrained. Says she: "If they are lookin with an ardor so intense For a man to run for office who has no experience, Who is innocent and guileless as a robin rapt in song An is ready fur to buy the first gold brick that comes along. Why, git your speeches ready jes' as speedy as you can. There ain't no doubt 'bout it. You're the long expected man."

Fling out your striped banners! Start your torchlights on parade! Fur 'Mandy' says it's all O. K. You needn't be afraid. There is eastern aspirations, there is booms out in the west. But I'm the only feller that kin truly meet the test. Of course I don't know what it is a councilman must do. But I'm willin fur to learn it, if it takes a week or two. So gather round, good people—I'm a prize—an grab me quick! You want to get a candidate from Hunker on the ticket.

"Up the Spout" in China.

What the public house or hotel is to an English town the pawnshop is to a Chinese community.

Its lofty, solid building rears itself above the houses and forms the most prominent feature in the bird's-eye view of any city or town. They are now national institutions and were known to exist in the days of Confucius, over 2500 years ago.

In those days usurers charged exorbitant interest for money lent, and very frequently the borrower disappeared with his booty for good. To one ingenious shylock there came an idea. As hostages were given in war as a guarantee of good faith, why should not borrowers deposit pledges for the money lent them? Thus originated pawnbroking in China. The pawnshop is a square building, towering to some 70 or 80 feet above the ground. The first 20 feet are built of solid granite, the remainder of best brick. As precautions against fire and thieves, they are most solidly built. No woodwork is allowed on the outside, and the walls are raised several feet above the roof. The windows are very small and tightly laced with thick iron bars, and inside are iron shutters to repel flames. The eight or ten storied building stands several feet back from the street

line. There is a small doorway, and behind it stands a wooden screen bearing the name of the pawnshop. Instead of the English "three balls" the Chinese pawing sign consists of two. This represents the battle gourd, used in China as a natural life buoy, and thus proclaims the pawnshop as "The Life Preserver."

Behind this sign board is a small courtyard where all business is transacted. The front of the shop is fenced off with iron bars, like a lion's cage, six feet above the ground. The Chinese coming to pawn his winter clothes hands up the bundle to the broker behind the bars.

The Chinese "uncle" fixes the price, gives the "nephew" a ticket and the money; the pledge is ticketed and packed away, just as in England.

The rates of interest are high. On advances of less than 10 shillings 36 per cent per annum is charged. From 10s. to £1, 24 per cent, and on larger sums slightly less.

But during the winter months articles can be redeemed at a reduction of one-third on the interest, as a concession to the needs of the poor.

A pledge may hold good for three years. After that time it cannot be redeemed.

Periodically the pawnshops sell off their unredeemed pledges to second-hand shops, sales direct to the public being forbidden.

On migrating to Australia, America, or elsewhere, the Chinaman pawns his implements of worship—censur, urn, tripod, etc., thus leaving them in security till his return. Pawnshops are also used as banks.

A man having saved some money consigns it to the pawnbroker for safe custody, paying a small fee for the privilege. From time to time he is admitted to see that his treasure is still intact or to add more to it.

There are three classes of pawnshops in China. The largest are, of course, the more respectable, while the smaller houses are more grasping in their business. Both are duly licensed by the government and pay an annual fee. There are also small secret pawnshops existing outside the law and only by connivance with the officials, whose complacency is purchased. In China the business of pawnbroking is honorable, and followed by the highest men in the kingdom. Much of Li Hung Chang's vast wealth has come and still comes from his five large pawnshops. He is pawnbroker as well as viceroy.

The Chinese "uncle's" great enemies are fire and thieves. If fire originates in the shop the proprietor must pay the full value of all pledges destroyed. If the building is wrecked by a fire starting outside the owner is exempt save for a small percentage. As to robbers, carloads of stones are stored to repel an attack, prompted by the rich booty of the pawnshop. The attendants are also armed, but not infrequently the places are wrecked by gangs of robbers.—London Daily Express.

Pleased With Dawson Market.

John Kalem, the wholesale grocer, who arrived from Dawson yesterday, says the market at the city is firm and dealers are buying freely for their winter stock. He is greatly encouraged with the outlook for the remainder of the season, and the future. He will return this week to the Klondike capital and may spend the winter there. Mr. Kalem made the round trip in the very quick time of two weeks.

"My trip to Dawson was very successful," said Mr. Kalem. "I found a good, steady and firm market. I put the fifteen tons I took down with me and five tons I had at Dawson on the market at noon and was closed out completely by evening. I could have sold many more goods, and I took many large orders. I could have gotten many fine orders that I was compelled to refuse on account of the lateness of the season."—Alaskan.

They Will Come Back.

On the 10th of the month Wm. H. Fairbanks learned that Mrs. Artaud, who was indebted to him to the extent of \$1050.95 had, like the Arab, folded her tent and silently stolen away. The lady had gone up the river, and when this fact became known to Fairbanks he paid a hasty visit to the courthouse and swore out a warrant, a summons was issued, and the aid of the telegraph line was invoked. The result is that Mrs. Artaud is now on her way back to Dawson to settle matters with the creditor.

Robert Smith, a scion of that good and numerous family, is also sojourning Dawsonwards from Whitehorse, because it has been intimated to him that James Merry has some unfinished business to transact with him. The business in question consists of a little bill of \$1961.25 which in the hurry and confusion of a sudden departure this was overlooked, and the sheriff telegraphed to Whitehorse calling his attention to the matter, and so Mr. Smith is returning on the Sybil.

SEVEN YEARS

At Hard Labor Is Sarga's Sentence for the Killing of Louis Ballios

GIVEN BY HON. JUDGE CRAIG TODAY.

The Sentence Applauded by Those Who Know the Facts.

PRISONER'S IDENTITY LOST

And He Will Be Known by His Number Only After He Dons His Convict Dress.

John Sarga, alias Little Joe and other things, was before Judge Craig in the territorial court this morning to receive his sentence.

He was found guilty of manslaughter by the jury hearing his case on the 4th inst., and sentence at the time was reserved.

The man he killed was another Greek, and the details of the killing, what led up to it and what became of the present convict after the commission of the deed, are all matters which have been fully rehearsed in the columns of the Nugget heretofore. The confession of Sarga to the killing of Louis Ballios over a year ago sets forth that he did the deed in self-defense and there being no witness to what took place at the time, his is the only testimony in the matter.

To those who had not followed the case closely, and were not fully conversant with all the facts of the matter, the sentence of seven years imprisonment seems one of two things, either altogether too light or too heavy. But when it is duly considered that although Sarga killed Ballios, there was no witness to the affair, that Sarga may or may not have confessed the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. That if his story is true, that he killed the man altogether in self-defense, it must still be remembered that he admits in his confession that he fired not only one shot, which should have been enough in self defense, but that he emptied all the loads of the revolver into his victim's body.

That is why the prisoner should have received some sentence, and why he should not have been allowed to go.

To those who have followed the case in detail the sentence of seven years will appeal as being wise, just and consistent. Sarga, throughout his preliminary hearing in the police court and his trial in the territorial court, when the ill-odored bones of his victim were in evidence before him, and during the taking of testimony and argument of attorneys, preserved at all times an impenetrable stability of expression which would lead a spectator to believe that he had as little interest in the matter as the veriest onlooker. One explanation might have been found in the fact that his knowledge of the English language was so limited that an interpreter was necessary to carry on the trial.

And now Sarga has lost, or is losing his identity as an individual and becomes known, not as John Sarga or "Little Joe," but simply by the number which will be assigned to him with his convicts' garb, and when next he comes through the prison door it will be in a suit of halt yellow and half black, and his occupation will be a laborer doing government work without compensation or liberty. He will do this for seven years.

He Wants to Know.

An item appeared in print a day or two since to the effect that with the exception of the Rev. Mr. Wright, no minister of the gospel had ever applied for permission to see the prisoner Alexander King who is to quit this world on the 2d of next month.

Last evening was published a statement from the Rev. Grant, setting forth that the first statement was untrue, because he, the Rev. Grant, had repeatedly called upon and been admitted to see King. The sheriff was responsible for the

first item and says that he naturally thought his statement was correct, and if it is not he wants to know how the Rev. Grant got admission to the prisoner without first getting a pass from him. As sheriff the prisoner was turned over to him by the court, and he is the officer responsible for the prisoner, his safe custody and execution, and therefore, for all persons who visit him in the meantime. Considering these things, Sheriff Billbeck was just a little surprised to know that King had been repeatedly visited without his knowledge.

Alexander King, while all this controversy is in progress, over the future of his immortal soul, sits, or lies on his bed, reads magazines, chews tobacco, and cares not a whit about the whole matter. He long ago decided that lawyers and preachers were people best kept away from, and next to newspaper representatives, he cares least for their company.

Canadian Briefs.

Ottawa, Aug. 28.—Valentine, a leader of a local Italian orchestra here, says that there is one anarchist in Ottawa, but he is closely watched. "If he gets in any of his tantrums here," said the musician with a smile, "he would get it in the neck."

Jealously and gossip are what Stanislaus La Croix says led him to murder his wife and the old man Tranchomtagne at Montebello. To a reporter he said his action was a warning to young men not to drink, be jealous or listen to gossip, concluding with "All that the gossips said about my wife was told to me and that made me mad."

Mayor Payment announces himself a candidate for parliamentary honors, against all comers at the next general elections. He says if the Liberals fail to nominate him he will run as an independent Liberal.

Hamilton, Aug. 28.—Blanche Fisher, the 3-year-old daughter of Jas. Fisher, 101 Oak avenue, was struck by a trolley car while running across the street. Her skull was fractured and her condition is critical.

Toronto, Aug. 28.—Yesterday was the last day the law allowed for filing particulars in the election petition against the return of Hon. John Dryden in South Ontario. As no particulars had been received up to 5 o'clock the case was dropped for lack of evidence to prosecute. Mr. Dryden remains in his seat undisturbed.

J. A. Donaldson, for years Dominion immigration agent here, and at one time a noticeable figure in politics, is dead at the age of 90 years.

Samuel Stein, aged 23, living at 1104 Centre avenue, sacrificed his life in a heroic attempt to save Miss Miller, who tried to swim across a channel in the bay, but was caught by the current. She was about to be carried away when Stein plunged in with all his clothes on and made for Miss Miller, but took cramps and went down like a log. Miss Miller, however, was saved by Terence Holland, who threw a line to her, the hook of which caught her clothes, enabling Holland to pull her safely to shore.

With the usual ceremonies Toronto's great exhibition was opened, the Hon. W. G. Ross, premier of the province, touching the button that set all the machinery in motion.

Belleville, Aug. 28.—Peter Mayboe, aged 78, for 50 years a county bailiff, is dead.

Kingston, Aug. 28.—The tenth annual convention of the Canadian Electrical Association opened here. Delegates were accorded a warm welcome by the city council and board of trade. The membership of the association for the last year shows a total of 262, active and associate inclusive.

Brockville, Aug. 28.—W. H. B. Smythe, one of Brockville's leading residents, is dead, aged 65 years. He was a U. E. loyalist descent.

Cornwall, Aug. 29.—Alex. Jarvis' hardware store here was badly damaged by water and smoke. The loss is about \$3000.

Ottawa, Aug. 29.—La Croix, who murdered his wife and an old man named Tranchomtagne, has been committed for trial.

Recorder Champagne, of Hull, dismissed the charge of attempted murder against John Mann, of Strosede Lane, by his wife. It will be remembered Mrs. Mann alleged her husband had threatened to cut out her heart.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Only one case of a criminal nature was up for adjustment before Magistrate McDonell this morning. A man named Knight, a fireman on the steamer Lightning, who, judging from his appearance, endorses the first plank in the popular platform which reads: "We believe in soap for axie grease only," swore out a warrant for Capt. Harris on the last night for having kicked him on the shin during that steamer. The skipper pleaded guilty and said Knight had been insubordinate and "sassed" him. A fine of \$10 and costs was imposed and paid.

EDWARD M... Of What He... Deplores the Country's Prospect... (Pro) Editor Daily N... The outlook Work on the c... tensive than a... pede to Dawso... most prosperou... America. Mar... creek have bee... fair profit; wh... turned out far... many of the cl... most successfu... Johnson, an ol... He found a ric... lar creek cha... Deadwood and... crew of men al... There has bee... done on Harri... lar and Eagle... cess. The stamped... over, as the boomer is sup... to go to the company on richness of a c... a pick in or... gravel on. Or... will be consp... all winter tell... struck on the... does not even... which the law... it run out and... in the meanth... it to make it... also the miner... he hardships... are many), att... and works har... that good will... district and... shaker. The steamer... has distribut... pipes, the lat... construct a... Eagle City ar... in Circle is... conducting... competition... The A. C. Co... are all t... Hastings, an... looks after t... Co., while t... ton manages t... & T. Co. Bo... well filled. Is done away... ness on a cash... for the countr... Judge Wick... that was ever... was called o... mission yet... attorney, wit... They are all... of honesty ar... "hall confidenc... are delighted... and property... per; that the... when ex-Uni... John Crane, ... aged and sto... tians, robber... honest men... mal malice... highway robb... jail on a help... the condition... all last year. E... Business... With the min... ing metho... ing operatio... cured, of co... the general i... miners regar... of working bu... the work." A... universal pr... out during t... expensive pr... with wood fir... of the steam... most cases t... nomicallly pu... than in winte... that if the... that enough i... choice boxes... very. On the... got out durin... was thawed... when sluicing... For these... small amount... plated durin...

EDWARD M'CONNELL WRITES

Of What He Saw on a Trip to the Tanana.

Deplores the Manner in Which the Country is Staked Before Being Prospected—He Has Faith.

(From Thursday's Daily.)
Editor Daily Nugget:

The outlook for Circle City is fair. Work on the creeks has been more extensive than any time since the stampede to Dawson demoralized the then most prosperous placer mining camp in America. Many claims on Mastodon creek have been worked this year at a fair profit; while Deadwood creek has turned out far above the expectations of many of the claim owners. One of the most successful men there was Alred Johnson, an old pioneer of the Yukon. He found a rich streak above the regular creek channel below discovery on Deadwood and has been working a large crew of men all summer.

There has been considerable work done on Harrison, Independence, Miller and Eagle creeks, with varied success.

The stampede to the Tanana is about over, as the professional staker and boomer is supplied with enough claims to go to the outside and organize a company on paper or blow about the richness of a claim that he never stuck a pick in or washed a single pan of gravel on. Or, if he can't go out, he will be conspicuous around the saloons all winter telling how rich it has been struck on the claim next to his.

He does not even do the assessment work which the law requires of him, but lets it run out and expects to relocate it, if in the meantime anything is found near it to make it valuable. But there is also the miner in Circle City that stands the hardships of the country (and they are many), attends to his own business and works hard. It is from this class that good will come out of the Tanana district and not from the professional staker.

The steamer Leon, of the A. E. Co., has distributed men, mules, wire and pipes, the latter to be used as poles, to construct a telegraph line between Eagle City and St. Michael. Business in Circle is fair. Mr. C. Courtney is conducting a meat market, with great competition from the moose hunter. The A. C. Co. and the N. A. T. & T. Co. are all the stores in Circle. Mr. Hastings, an estimable gentleman, looks after the interests of the A. C. Co., while the very popular Al Hamilton manages the affairs of the N. A. T. & T. Co. Both positions cannot fail to be well filled. The old system of credit is done away with, and they do business on a cash basis, which is far better for the country.

Judge Wickersham held the first court that was ever held in the interior. It was called on the 3d inst., and is in session yet. Ex-Judge Post is district attorney, with Mr. Heilig as Clerk. They are all excellent men with records of honesty and fairness and have the full confidence of all good people who are delighted to know that their lives and property are once more out of danger; that the reign of terror is past when ex-United States Commissioner John Crane, like Soapy Smith, encouraged and stood by selling whisky to Indians, robbery and murder, arrested honest men on the street out of personal malice, and turned murderers, highway robbers and cut-throats out of jail on a helpless community; such were the conditions from the fall of '97 until last year.

EDWARD M'CONNELL.

Business on the Creeks.
With the transition from primitive mining methods to modern ones in mining operations, many changes have occurred, of corresponding importance in the general ideas of mine owners and miners regarding not only the methods of working but in the best season to do the work. At first it was almost the universal practice to work all dumps out during the winter by the slow and expensive process of firing the ground with wood fires. Now, with the advent of the steam thawer, it is found that in most cases the work can be more economically pursued during the summer than in winter. The reason for this is that if the ground can be taken out fast enough in the summer to feed the sluice boxes, but one handling is necessary. On the other hand if dumps are not out during the winter they have to be thawed again, and again handled when sluicing time arrives.

For these reasons a comparatively small amount of winter work is contemplated during this winter. No. 16 Bonanza will be worked out or nearly so this winter. Billy Chapelle will finish working out No. 7 this winter, and Charles Lamb will get out in dumps what there is left of No. 4 above.

Winter work will be generally pushed on many of the hillside claims of lower Bonanza, because the water will bother to some extent in the summer.

This is especially the case with Monte Cristo and American gulches.

Generally speaking Chechako Hill will close down when the water stops running.

The wood question is a very serious one as timber has been cut away until wood can only be procured in most places at a heavy cost, owing to the great distance that it has to be brought. The winter will probably witness the hauling of considerable coal from Rock creek, and the time is not far distant when coal will have to supplant wood.

Hunker creek has always been a difficult creek to work on account of its great flow of water.

Charles B. McDowell is progressing rapidly with the work of ditching from the head of French gulch to the top of the hill of the same name. He has about ten men at work, and will have the ditch complete and ready to carry from three to four sluice heads of water in the spring, which will be ample to clean up the hill next year.

On a great many claims very important changes are being made in machinery, the general tendency being to increase the size and power of plants.

Circle City.
Circle City, Alaska, Sept. 7.
To the Dawson Daily Nugget:

The September term of court is in session at this place, Judge Wickersham presiding. Indictments were found by the grand jury in the following cases: U. S. vs. Hubbard, murder in the second degree; U. S. vs. Callahan, rape; U. S. vs. Bentz, larceny.

The case of U. S. vs. Callahan is now under deliberation by the jury and their report is looked for at any time.

The steamers Campbell, Leon and Mary Graff arrived at this port yesterday and departed on the same date for upriver ports.

The steamer Bella arrived this morning and will convey the commissary supplies from this place to Eagle.

Orders are out for the abandonment of this camp, and it is expected that in a few days all military matters will be closed out here.

A suspected case of smallpox turned out on later investigation to be a case of chickenpox. No case of smallpox has yet made its appearance here. Parties are coming and going from the Tanana gold district, some very enthusiastic, others not so much interested.

The prospects at present point to a large amount of supplies being hauled to the Tanana this winter, and we expect that next summer's work will prove Tanana to be the Al gold mining district of Alaska.

The U. S. internal revenue agent, Dr. Garver, has been here in the interests of the government and will leave on the Bella.

H. V. T.
P. S.—The jury in the case of Callahan, charged with rape, returned a verdict of acquittal.
H. V. T.

Mr. Heron on Gold Dust.
Appropos of the gold dust agitation W. M. Heron, of the A. C. Co., said today that his company will continue to do business on the old basis as applied to gold dust which will be received at the rate of \$16 per ounce. This policy will be maintained till such time as the government sees fit to either fix an official rate or establish an assay office and the statement is made in view of the fact that the Yukon council did not take any action, as requested in a recent communication from the Board of Trade, looking to a change in the current price of dust.

Wanted, a Cabin.
Between now and October 1st, the above head will convey more meaning than at any time since Dawson became other than a tented hamlet.
Commander Wood, of the N. W. M. P., has issued an order that after the first of October no women will be allowed to occupy rooms on licensed premises. This does not only apply to theater buildings, but all buildings in which are saloons. Notices are now being served by the police on all landlords, and any and all infractions of the order will be punishable by fine, imprisonment or both.
It is said that another order is soon to be issued which will forbid all women entering places where intoxicants are sold; also that the days of box-rustling are numbered.

Attorney and Client Quarrel.
A story is being told around town of a fracas which took place yesterday afternoon between a Dawson attorney and a pioneer miner, the latter being god-father of one of the well-known creeks. The miner has for some time been seeking through the territorial court redress for alleged grievances. Some weeks ago the miner took his case out of the hands of one lawyer, giving it to another. It was the last disciple of Blackstone that disagreed with his client yesterday. The miner, it is said, concluded that his leg was being pulled with unbecoming frequency considering the slow progress being made in bringing about the redress he sought. Yesterday afternoon the leg owner refused to have it pulled any longer with the result that there were high words, talk of hearts, lights, livers, lungs and other internal works that go toward making the gear of the human system.
An ax (spelled 200 years ago "axe") figured in the racket. There was a hasty chase up an alley and much bright, red blood was spilled to the extent of "nary drop." And a few hours later the sun set as usual.

Yukon Scenery.
"The grandest scenery I ever saw," is the general expression now heard from all who are traveling either up or down the Yukon river. The whole country has assumed the autumn tint, the same that prompted James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet, to indite that sentimental poem "When the Sere is on the Pumpkin and the Yellow's on the Corn," but nowhere on the American continent does the sere look prettier and the yellow appear in more brilliant tints than when the first frost visits the great vale of the Yukon. The scenery along the river at present is indeed a sight worth beholding.

BRIEF MENTION.
The town of Grand Forks has also been doing considerable building this summer, and is very greatly improved in appearance.
Ben R. Everett is down from his claim on Dominion looking as happy as though he had lately either got religion or had a big cleanup.
Among other late arrivals from Nome is the irrepressible James J. Connors, remembered by the pilgrims of '98 as "Ham Grease Jimmy."
William D. Davidson, one of the old time Puget Sound marine engineers, is in the city, having presided at the throttle of the Monarch on her trip from St. Michael.

Coming From the Clouds.
"Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream," said a circus balloon artist. "Ever dream of talking from a high place? You come down, alight quietly, and awake, and you're not hurt. Well, that's the parachute drop over again. No, there is no danger. A parachute can be guided readily on the down trip, but you can't steer a balloon. To guide a parachute out of harm's way a practiced hand can tilt it one way or the other, spill out the air, and thus work it to where you want to land, or to avoid water, trees, chimneys or church spires. Circus ascensions are generally made in the evening, when the sun goes down the wind goes down. The balloon then shoots into the air and the parachute drops back on the circus lot, nor far away.
A balloon is made of 4-cent muslin and weighs about 500 pounds. A parachute is made of 8-cent muslin. The rope that secures the parachute is cut with a knife. The aeronaut drops fully 100 feet before the parachute begins to fill. It must fill, if you're up high enough. There are several hundred parachute men in the business and the accidents are less in ratio than railroad casualties. Our business is new at that. After awhile the ratio will be less. A man can't shake out a parachute if it doesn't open. A man in the air is simply powerless. Invariably the fall is head first. When the parachute begins to fill the descent is less rapid, and finally when the parachute has finally filled, it bulges out with a pop. Then the aeronaut climbs on to his trapeze and guides the parachute to a safe landing. In seven cases out of ten you can land back on the lot where you started from."—New York News.

Regarding Game Laws.
The Yukon council, when there is a quorum, may legislate for the preservation of game in the Yukon territory. So says her majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the senate and house of commons of Canada, which enacts as follows:
"Notwithstanding anything contained in the Yukon territory act, or any act in amendment thereof, or in any other act of the parliament of Canada, the commissioner of the Yukon territory in council may make ordinances for the preservation of game in the Yukon territory, and to that end may repeal or amend the provision of the unorganized territories' game preservation act, so far as they apply to the Yukon territory."
At present Mr. Ogilvie and other members of the council are away so that no immediate action can be taken.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S TROUBLES

Long List of the Bereavements of Her Eventful Life.

Her Sad Troubles Began in the Year 1861 When Her Mother and the Prince Consort Both Died.

Queen Victoria's long life and reign, her large family circle, and her prominent position, have all tended, of course, to give the impression that she has been quite exceptionally exposed in her person and surroundings to the shafts of the grim archer. Perhaps it is not really so. It is but the common lot of all who are widely encircled by the love of kith and kin that they shall be subject to frequent inroads of the common enemy, and the fortune of the queen has not, perhaps, been materially different from that of the generality of her people.

And yet there is no denying that it seems to be a long list of bereavements for which her people have mourned with her. To say nothing of personal friends like Lord Melbourne and the prince consort's private secretary, Mr. Anson, the list may be said to have begun with the fatal year 1861, which opened with the death of the queen's mother, the Duchess of Keit, and closed with the immeasurable sorrow of the death of the prince consort. Never has a people shared more fully in the grief of a sovereign, never have the highest and the lowest been brought more closely in touch, and the nation's love and sympathy more deepened than when they heard that their queen at Balmoral had been mingling tears with a poor widow on her estate. "We both cried," said the woman afterward. "She was so thankful to cry with some one who knew exactly how she felt."

"But you saw your husband's death coming," said the desolate queen. "I—I didn't see mine. It was so sudden." It was 17 years before another of the keenest bereavements of the queen's life fell upon her. First came the sad tidings of the death of the tiny Princess May in 1878, and then the mother, Princess Alice, who had nursed her husband and children with the most devoted affection as one after the other they were smitten down with diphtheria, herself fell under the power of the dread malady, and died on the 14th of December, 1878, to the unspeakable grief of her majesty the queen. But this loss of her own seemed hardly to distress her more than did the tidings which the following year came of the death of the young prince imperial in South Africa. "Poor, poor dear empress!" wrote the queen, "her only—only child, her all gone!" and she hurried all the way from Balmoral to London to show her sympathy with the heart-broken mother.

In 1884 the Duke of Albany, Prince Leopold, died. He had always been the weakly one of the family, and in the spring of the year had gone to Cannes for shelter against the harsh winds of his own country. Here he had an accidental fall, and injured his knee, and while family solicitude was anxiously discussing the possible consequences of what it was hoped would be nothing very serious, there came the tidings that the young prince had been seized with apoplexy and had died in the arms of his equerry. The year 1892 was marked by another sad event for the much-sorrowing queen and the large family about her. In this sorrow there was a touch of romance, which, no doubt, did much to quicken the nation's sympathy. The Duke Clarence, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, had been engaged to be married to the Princess May, and the wedding was arranged for February, 1892. The duke, however, attended the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, caught a severe cold at the open grave, and died, leaving the young fiancée to be consoled by his brother, the Duke of York, to whom she was afterward married.

The next calamity for the royal household was one that touched the queen's motherly nature with a very keen anguish, for it seemed to be for her daughter, Beatrice, very much the same crushing blow that the death of her own husband had been to her. The Princess Beatrice was popularly supposed to be the queen's favorite daughter. She was, at all events, her constant companion, her closest associate, and she had married Prince Henry of Battenberg. The quaint little church of Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, was the scene of a very pleasant marriage ceremony, and the marriage appeared to be a very happy one. There were four children born to the young couple. The soldier, however, must needs see

some active service, and on the outbreak of troubles in Ashanti he volunteered to go with the expedition, and out there he contracted malarial fever and died, to the great grief of all the royal family, and especially of her majesty, the queen, who appeared to have had great affection for him. His body was brought home to England, and laid to rest in the quiet little country church in which he had been married. The thought of the widow and the little family and the queen's affliction at the tidings created a strong sympathy all over the kingdom, and it was everywhere expressed. "I have, alas! once more," said the queen, in one of those letters for which she has always been remarkable, "to thank my loyal subjects for their warm sympathy in a fresh grievous affliction which has befallen me and my beloved daughter, Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg. This new sorrow is overwhelming and to me is a double one, for I lose a dearly loved and helpful son, whose presence was like a bright sunbeam in my home, and my dear daughter loses a noble, devoted husband, to whom she was united by the closest affection. To witness the blighted happiness of the daughter who has never left me and has comforted and helped me is hard to bear."—London News.

'Twasn't Mark Twain.
"Mark Twain is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skillfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which denotes that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in this way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact that an audience will be in a laughing mood, when they first enter the lecture room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Conn., there was a good illustration of this, the Hon. Demsham Hornet having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, and they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a pen-name, and supposed his real name was Hbnet.

"Mr. Hornet bowed politely, looked about him, and remarked: 'Intemperance is the curse of the country.' The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received 'yes' for an answer. Then he said: 'Rum slays more than disease.' Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: 'It breaks up happy homes!' Still louder mirth. 'It is carrying young men down to death and hell!' Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but went on: 'We must crush the serpent!' A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Hornet got mad. 'What I say is Gospel truth,' he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage, and said: 'Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?' 'Yes, ha, ha, ha!' it's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! 'Go on!' replied the roaring man. 'This is an insult,' cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of 'Go on, Twain!' Then the chairman began to see through a glass darkly, and arose and quelled the merriment, and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly ceased laughing and the folks in the audience looked sheepish, and they quit laughing, too, and then the excited Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated with asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall in disgust, followed by the audience in deep gloom."—Will M. Clemens in Ainslie's.

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

19.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

ANOTHER PROMISE

That Reserved Claims Will Be Thrown Open to Location

AND ROYALTY WILL BE REMOVED

Comes From Ottawa and Is, of Course, Reliable.

MUCH BOOZE FOR DAWSON.

Fire Engine En Route—Was Used in Vancouver—Barrett Bros.' Big Consignment.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Ottawa, Sept. 9, via Skagway, Sept. 13.—It is given out on good authority that within the coming two weeks an order will be made throwing open for location all claims in the Klondike reserved by the government; that the royalty will be entirely removed, and that other desirable legislation for the Yukon will be enacted.

Judge Dugas will leave within ten days for his home in Dawson.

Fire Engine, No. 2.

Skagway, Sept. 13.—A large No. 2 fire engine arrived on the steamer Tees and will be immediately shipped to Dawson. The engine was used a short time in Vancouver where it has been replaced by a larger one. It is in as good condition as when new.

"What Will You Have?"

Skagway, Sept. 13.—Three large consignments of liquor for Dawson, amounting to \$94,000, reached here on the Amur in bond and is being forwarded to its destination. Col. Williams owns the largest part of the consignment.

Joseph Barrett and his brother, the latter accompanied by his family, are here en route to Dawson with 100 tons of supplies.

Matts and Patterson have a large stock of goods which they propose to ship down the river on four scows.

Skagway Lively.

Skagway, Sept. 13.—At no time within the past year has Skagway been so lively or her business so brisk as at present. All the hotels are crowded with travelers to and from Dawson and the merchants are reaping a rich harvest.

Wave of Prosperity.

New York, Sept. 3.—The Republican national committee, in order to secure some up-to-date facts of interest relative to financial conditions in the great agricultural sections of the United States west of the Allegheny mountains, sent out letters to several hundred business men in large cities and in country towns of these sections. They were asked how bank deposits of their communities compared with four years ago; to what extent there had been improvement in credits of their municipalities or townships; and what betterment, if any, was noticeable in the condition of the borrowing classes. Of the returns the committee says:

"The business men to whom letters were sent were selected without any reference to, and without knowledge of their political affiliations. In several instances extremely interesting replies came from bankers having national reputations in Democratic party circles, such as John R. Walsh, president of the Chicago National bank, who says that he never knew the time when commercial paper was paid more promptly than today."

The general substance of the replies shows savings and commercial deposits have increased from 50 to 100 per cent since 1896; that municipalities are able to borrow money at a rate averaging more than one-half of one per cent less than in '96; that farm values in

most sections have almost doubled; that about 50 per cent of farm mortgages have been paid, and the remainder renewed only with "prepayment privileges and at lower interest rates," and that from 20 to 25 per cent of the debtor classes are now actually lending money in competition with business men writing these letters.

Some of the strongest replies have come from Bryan's own state of Nebraska. The town of Lincoln, in which Mr. Bryan is a taxpayer, now has four per cent bonds selling at a premium, whereas four years ago it experienced difficulty in floating a loan of six per cent.

Prevented a Panic.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—By a trite little joke sprung with cool but effective declamation, W. J. Bryan today arrested a stampede of frantic men and women in the speaker's stand at Electric park, preventing a panic.

The Nebraskan had just fought his way through the crowd, and had taken his place in front of the orator's platform when the overcrowded floor of the small stand creaked and began to waver. A section of the worn floor gave way, women shrieked in terror, and men tried to jump over the railing on the heads of the packed throng at the rear of the stand.

"Hello," laughed Mr. Bryan, turning a smiling face upon the scared people. "This can't be a Democratic platform. There are no bad planks in that. Come, now, stand still, won't you? If you stand together where you are, you will be all right. If you stampede it will fall on you," and he laughed as if it was an every-day occurrence. His self-assurance had a quieting effect on the crowd.

When the dust cleared away it was found that a few people had been precipitated into the chamber under the stand, but none was seriously injured.

New Street Crossings.

Nearly all the crossings on Dawson's prominent streets and avenues have lately been repaired, in many cases new lumber being put in. When snow falls the thoroughfare of the city will be in much smoother and better condition for travel and traffic than they have ever before been known.

The Curling Club.

The following encouraging and highly appreciated letter has been received by the Dawson Athletic Association:

Dawson, Sept. 7, 1900.

To the Members of Dawson Royal Curling Club:

Gentlemen—It having come to my knowledge of your intention of organizing a curling club I have great pleasure in asking you to accept on behalf of the New York Life Insurance Co., a "silver trophy" to be competed for annually, on a basis that may meet the views of your association. Wishing you a happy and prosperous season of curling, I beg to remain yours very sincerely,

J. G. MORGAN.

New Quartz Discovery.

There were brought to the city yesterday and were on exhibition at the Aurora several samples of free milling gold quartz from which good sized nuggets are protruding. The man who brought the samples to town "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and when questioned as to the particulars of the find precipitately fled. It is known, however, that the rock came from the ridge between Bonanza and Eldorado creeks; that the samples brought in are but croppings, and that if there is a vein of any magnitude of the same quality of rock it is phenomenally rich and of untold value, as the quartz is by far the heaviest gold bearer ever discovered in this section of the country. Gold nuggets as large as a grain of wheat protrudes from the rock of which the discoverer says he has located a vast ledge.

King Must Hang.

Yesterday afternoon Sheriff Bilbeck received the following telegram from Ottawa:

"The deputy governor directs that the law be allowed to take its course in the case of Alexander King, convicted of murder before Mr. Justice Craig and sentenced to be executed on the 2d of October, proximo. Wire receipt of this telegram and I will confirm by official letter tomorrow. JOSEPH POPE, Under Secretary of State."

There is nothing out of the common in this, as it is the usual practice when a conviction has been made and sentence passed in a capital case for the government to notify the fact and concur in it to that extent unless there are circumstances which call for other action.

The sheriff, upon the receipt of the telegram yesterday visited King, and after telling him as kindly as possible that he must not hope for anything from Ottawa, read him the telegram confirming the death sentence.

King would have been very much sur-

prised had the telegram been any different from what it was, and said he had not expected any pardon or reprieve.

Concerning the controversy which has arisen over this prisoner's spiritual welfare and advice, and the visits of ministers of religion to his cell; Capt. Starnes this morning called a Nugget man to his office and said that inasmuch as it seemed from what had been published that there was a difference of opinion respecting the right of the jailer to admit clerical visitors to the cells of condemned prisoners without an order from the sheriff, he wished to quote a section from the criminal code defining his position. Section 938 reads as follows:

"Everyone who is sentenced to suffer death shall, after judgment, be confined in some safe place within the prison, apart from all other prisoners, and no person except the gaoler, his servants, the medical officer or surgeon of the prison, and a chaplain or a minister of religion, shall have access to any such convict, without the permission in writing of the court or judge before whom such convict has been tried or the sheriff."

Sheriff Bilbeck, when shown the section of the code, said: "That is all right, and it has not been my intention to create the impression that there had been any excesses of authority on the part of the jailer, and if there had been in this matter I should not have objected, because I am only too glad to know that the prisoner is receiving such attention."

"Rev. Grant was in the cell with King when I went in with a telegram yesterday."

Thus are the waves of contention stilled and made smoother, and the tempest which raged and stormed in the teakettle yesterday is past and gone today.

THE ARMCHAIR WARRIOR.

Ye amateurs of England
Who keep your native seats
And crouch so bravely
The fighting man's defeats;
Ye turkey-carpet warriors
Who venturate your views
Of what could be accomplished
If things were left to you.

My paper map civilians!
One cannot but admire
With how sublime a courage
You face the clubroom fire;
With what prophetic wisdom
You speak the waiting word,
Choosing the happy moment
When things have just occurred!

There runs an ancient proverb,
Good for the swollen head,
How fools rush in serenely
Where angels fear to tread;
But here the common wisdom
You stroller down the street,
Knows better than to follow
Your rash, intruding feet.

Is not our task enough, sirs,
To bear the present hurt,
That you on wounded honor
Must dump your little dirt?
You, from the padded armchair,
Safe in a sea-locked land,
While those who smirch are holding
Their lives within their hand.

When we are short of critics
To sum the final blame,
We'll ask a fighter's verdict
Upon a fighter's game;
But you who pass opinions
On work but half begun,
Please give us your credentials,
Show something you have done!

—London Punch.

How He Lost.

"Yes, sir," said the half-done young man to his seat mate in the street car the other afternoon, "a fellow can make any woman moisten her lips by just lookin' at her. All he's got 't do is 't shoot a sort o' admirin' glance at her, and she moistens her lips and proceeds 't look pretty. Bet you a dollar I can make the first woman that enters the car moisten her lips within ten seconds after she takes her seat."

"I'll take a dollar's worth of that," said the half-done youth's seat-mate, who looked a trifle cheap over the company he found himself in.

Then the car stopped, and a colored attendant helped a middle-aged blind woman onto the car, taking a seat himself at a respectful distance from her.

The half-done youth wanted to wetch, but he produced the solitary one-dollar bill that he had carefully folded away in his vest pocket when his seat-mate said: "You lose," in a short, jerky way that was full of meaning.—Washington Post.

Quartz Creek Benches.

Mr. John J. McGillivray, the well known mining expert, has recently returned from a trip to Quartz creek. Mr. McGillivray speaks quite enthusiastically of the future of that creek, particularly with respect to the benches, extensive preparations for working which are now in progress.

"I am of the opinion," said Mr. McGillivray to a Nugget representative, "that the benches for a distance of several miles along Quartz creek will yield ultimately as well as those along Bonanza creek have done."

"In working the Quartz creek benches, the operators have the advantage of being able to work more cheaply than has been possible on Bonanza, owing to the extreme high freight rates which have prevailed during the past two years. By next year, when work on Quartz is well under way the cost of operation will have been reduced to such an extent that the benches in question even though not actually as rich, will yield as great a profit as has been derived from the Bonanza benches."

THEIR VIEWS.

The Business Men of Dawson Express Their Opinions

REGARDING THE PREVAILING RATE

At Which Gold Dust Should Be Received

IN PAYMENT FOR SUPPLIES.

Action of A. C. Co. Has Blocked the Board of Trade Plan to Cut From \$16 to \$15 Per Ounce.

The announcement made by Mr. Heron, of the A. C. Co., in yesterday's Nugget that his company would continue to accept gold dust at the old rate of \$16 to the ounce is causing a great deal of comment in commercial circles. This company as well as all the principal business houses of the city signed a resolution which was issued by the trustees of the Board of Trade in which was endorsed the proposition to accept gold dust only at \$15 to the ounce. As any move of this nature by a concern of such importance as the A. C. Co. would in all probability be the means of breaking the agreement by all concerned, some of the principal signers of the resolution were interviewed this morning, and asked what action, if any, they would take in the matter.

From all those seen on the subject the invariable answer was the same, dust would be accepted as before at \$16, as it would be handicap to their business to allow one large concern the advantage of accepting dust at the old rate, while they took the precious metal at \$1 cheaper.

Mr. Parsons, of the Ames Mercantile Co., said: "We will take dust at \$16. I can say that at present I have not given the matter much thought. We never at any time wished to reduce the price of miners' dust and at all times are prepared to accept it at its full value, but commercial dust which has probably been doctored, we will use the magnet on in the future. I dislike to put a premium on currency at the expense of honest dust."

J. W. Moore, acting manager of the T. & E. said:

"We will certainly accept dust at \$16. If we wished it otherwise we would be compelled to now by the action of the A. C. Co. Another thing to be considered is the small dealer. I think even if the big companies kept their agreement that the small dealers would compel us to break as they are practically independent of the big companies now, having shipped in their own stock with which they could make it interesting for the large concerns."

T. McMullen said: "My reason for being in favor of the \$15 rate was entirely a sentimental one and was in a measure against the interest of the Bank of Commerce. I think merchants would be benefited by the change. As far as the bank is concerned I would rather see gold dust at \$16 as it gives us a larger margin to work on."

Mr. Isom, of the N. A. T. & T. Co., said: "Our firm will receive dust at \$16, but it must be clean; we will use the magnet. When I first came in here I tried to have an assay office established, the expenses to be borne by the three large companies, but unfortunately the undertaking fell through. It would have been the solution of the gold dust problem, as our firm alone is capitalized at \$5,000,000, and vouchers for gold dust issued by us would be recognized by all as worth the equivalent in currency."

L. R. Fulda, of the A. E. Co., when seen by a Nugget representative, refused to say what action his company would take and, implied that the A. E. Co. would take some action which would be favorable to the miner and merchant as well in a few days. "I have not given the matter the thought it deserves," said Mr. Fulda.

J. R. Miller, of Holmes, Miller & Co., said: "I've got no time to talk about gold dust propositions. What we should do is to refuse the rotten dust."

"I'll take all they bring at \$16," said D. A. Shindler, "and they can't bring it too quick for me. My trade is with the creek men principally and I have no complaint to make, for the quality of miners' dust is always O. K."

J. P. McLennan did not think the \$15 proposition would hold anyway. "I know several who signed it and said they did not intend to keep it. The action of the A. C. Co. breaks the compact as far as I am concerned and the \$16 rate will obtain in my store."

Mr. McLennan, of McLennan, McFeely & Co., said: "We will fall in line and maintain the \$16 rate. I think it would be a good idea to use the magnet freely. The adulteration is done in town and \$16 is a fair price for dust from the miner. If we all use the magnet there will be no object in putting black sand in the dust."

M. Ryan said: "I will stand back and await the action of the majority. Am glad to accept miners' dust at \$16, but object to black sand."

C. S. Sargent, of Sargent & Pinsky, said: "We will do as the majority and accept dust at \$16. I don't think it should be taken, however, at less than its value, but until the settlement is unanimous, I don't think it should be changed."

A. S. Levine, of the Star Clothing House, said: "I never signed the agreement, and published in the Nugget several days ago that dust would be received at my store at the \$16 rate irrespective of what the big companies, the Board of Trade or the Yukon council did in the matter. Creek gold dust in many instances sells at the bank for \$16.15, and the merchants should not compel the miner to sell for \$15, as it only plays into the hands of the banks who would reap a harvest on the change. If any change was made it should come through the Dominion government."

L. Hibbard, a wholesale dealer, explained that it would have no effect on him one way or the other, as he won't accept gold dust anyway, only taking currency for his goods.

It Was Alright.

The nucleus for a session of police court tomorrow morning was laid this afternoon when Constable Borrowers rested a man who had partaken too freely of the flowing bowl.

The man is a featherweight in size, but wears an Irish brogue as wide as the sidewalk. He flatly refused to go with the officer and said:

"O! am an American citizen and you can't drag me along the strotike O! was a dog" (the word dog having a long list of adjectives and epithets before it). Another officer happened along about the time the man had repeated for the fifth time "I won't go with the loikes of yez." The second man seized his other arm and the third started for the barracks, the hooted-laden gentleman remarking, "It is all right, come on." And they went.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

The time-honored saying, "No man knoweth what a day will bring forth," was never more fully verified than yesterday. For six days previous there had not been a single case of "d and a" in police court and a general abatement of joy was ascending over the belief that the last drink of the slumber brand of hooch had been swallowed, and that the sidewalk would thereafter be devoted to the purposes for which it was constructed rather than figuring in opposition to the lodging house industry. But, alas! At an early hour yesterday Phil Stever was found lying upon the frost whitened sidewalk in that somnolent state which three fingers three times taken of the slumber brand produced. Phil could not be awakened at the time, so he was wheeled into custody and not until yesterday evening was he sufficiently alive to the situation to appear in court and hear the solemn words, "\$5 and costs or five days."

There was one case, that being of a civil nature, up for hearing this morning.

Ike Corriveau, after doing six months hard labor for having robbed Uncle Hoffman of some "dimunts" and other jewelry, over a year ago, stepped into the sunlight today a free man, having served out his time.

Was It a Coincidence.

His lawful wife did not quite believe that he was down at Margate on business. Anyhow, she thought it well to go down there for the day, and brought him back to town on the Marguerite. She thought she saw something like a wink pass between her spouse and a very pretty girl who came on board at Margate; but he denied all knowledge of the young lady. It was a hot, drowsy day, and he put up his feet on a cigar stool and dozed, and the pretty girl also seemed to be sleepy, and did the same thing. Presently his wife woke him with a vicious pinch.

"It is very strange," she said, "you and that young lady over there wear the same sized boots." "The same sized boots?" queried the astonished man.

"Yes, the same sized boots. You both have got 14 in chalk on the soles."

M. TREND
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JIM TRENBAR'S HARD LUCK.

A Story of Early Life in the Lone Star State.

Where It Was a Greater Crime to Steal a Horse Than to Kill and Murder Human Beings.

From Saturday's Daily.

In the strong, clear light of the August morning the sheriff of Bandera county and his deputy rode out from the timberland that skirted the river bottom and drew rein. Before them lay the prairie burned brown by the sun stretching away to meet the faint gray lines of the horizon.

The sheriff's face was lean and dark with the sharpened, watchful look of a timber wolf on the trail of its prey. His eyes glanced keenly from underneath the hand which he had raised to shade them, as he scanned the prairie long and attentively.

The deputy shifted to an easier position in the saddle and pushed the sombrero back from his heated forehead. He was a young man with a heavy, stolid cast of features. The curling ends of his red-brown hair reached almost to his shoulders. His long, muscular throat rose like a column from the loose collar of his coarse wool shirt.

The stout little broncho upon which he sat pulled peevishly at the bridle and blew the foam from its nostrils. They had traveled far and fast since sunrise and there was still the prospect of a long, hard gallop before them. The deputy felt that his strength needed reinforcement. This fact was the more vigorously impressed upon him since the means of reinforcement was at hand. He drew a flat, black bottle from his hip pocket and held it up to the light. It showed a little more than half-full. He put it to his mouth and drank with evident zest of the contents. The sheriff took his hand from his eyes and eyed him thirstily.

"Have some, Bill?" the deputy said, speaking with his soft, lazy drawl and extending the bottle toward the sheriff, who received it without comment and drank deeply in his turn. The deputy wiped his mouth on his wrist and gave a hitch to his cartridge belt.

"Well, what's the next move?" he asked, when the bottle had been restored to its former security in his pocket.

The sheriff leaned forward, resting his elbow upon the pommel of his saddle and rubbing his prominent, unshaven chin thoughtfully with the palm of his hand. His narrow, deep-set eyes were contracted until only a tiny gleaming line of light showed between the lids.

"Our man's gone north," he said, at length. "Struck out straight for the Rio Grande. He's got a good horse under him and five hours the start; but—" He straightened up suddenly and thrust his feet farther into the stirrups.

"We're after him, and it's a good man that can get away from the sheriff of Bandera county with a hull skin. I reckon he'll make for the north fork. He won't trust himself to the open prairie in broad daylight. If I can head him off before he gets thar—" He looked at his deputy, who answered with a look that said plainly they could not.

The sheriff touched his wild-eyed little mare with a spur. She plunged forward, with the deputy's broncho close upon her track. A fine yellowish dust lifted itself from the withered grass stalks and weeds and hung about them as they rode. The sun poured its level rays full upon the parched and lifeless prairie and upon the two men galloping with grim set faces in the pursuit of man and horse.

All day long the man upon the black horse had been steadily making for the Mexican border. It was nearing sunset now. The man's slight figure dropped wearily in the saddle. His head had sunk upon his breast and the reins lay loosely in his relaxed fingers. The black horse still galloped, but slowly. His nose was thrust far forward and either wide nostril gave a glimpse of the red within. Great flakes of foam dripped from his bit or floated back upon the wind of his motion against his quivering shoulders.

All day long he galloped—galloped almost without pause, under the burning southern sun, across the scorched earth toward the creek there, whose gleaming shallow tide the sunset had colored until it had looked like a trail of blood. They had long since left the prairie behind them. Here the ground was newer, broken by sloping hillocks and clumps of chaparral and here and there a scrub oak, afford-

ing excellent advantages for hiding. He must be keen of scent indeed who would ferret out a man in such a place—keen of scent and sharp of eye, with a long and efficient training in thief-catching.

With a deep-drawn breath of relief Trenbar brought the black horse to a standstill in the shadow of a clump of chaparral and slipped heavily down from the saddle. He was all but spent with hunger and weariness and nervous tension. His face was pale and his knees shook under him. Yet his first thought was not for himself, but for the animal beside him.

He removed both saddle and bridle and rubbed down the tired limbs. Then he led the horse by the mane down to the creek, and they drank together—Trenbar throwing himself prone upon the sand with his lips laid to the water. It was so still there in the low western light the ripple washing faintly, the horse's heavy breathing as he drew the water in long draughts—these were the only sounds, but they smote the air with thrilling distinctness.

Once the horse flung up his head with a start and thrust his head sharply forward in the attitude of listening. In that moment Trenbar's heart seemed to stand still, but he smiled when the horse dropped his nose again upon the water.

"Poor old Chief," he said; "I reckon you're as nervous as I be."

Lower and lower sank the sun until it rested a globe of fire upon the rim of the horizon. Soon it would drop from sight and night would be upon the prairie. Trenbar at full length on the grass in the shadow by the chaparral watched it drowsily, thinking that before it set again he and Chief would be safe beyond the Rio Grande. Five hours the start and the fleetest horse in southwestern Texas to carry him had given him an advantage which even the sheriff of Bandera county would find it hard to cope with, and yet—

To use his own expression Trenbar had been born under an unlucky star. He had drifted down to Bandera county from a point far north a year before bringing with him all he possessed in the way of goods and chattles—the black horse Chief.

Chief soon won for himself a reputation both for beauty and speed and Trenbar received many offers to sell him one and all of which he put aside for the horse was dear to him beyond anything on earth. Many and many a time he had gone hungry that Chief might be fed and well nigh barefoot that Chief might be shod. Dire indeed would be the necessity which would bring about a separation between them.

For a time Trenbar worked with a fair amount of industry at whatever he could find to do. He had tried pretty much everything in the money-making process, and nothing to success, for the reason perhaps that his restlessness and natural idleness would not allow of his remaining long in any one place. Then he fell into evil ways among the ranchmen and cowboys. He drank freely and when he had money gambled recklessly, so that he was soon reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and despair.

One night when he had been drinking more than usual he sold the black horse to a ranchman by the name of Cronwright for \$100 in gold and a shy little broncho with a heavy brand on the left flank and an execrable tendency toward bucking. He came to his senses the next day and marched back to Cronwright with the pony and money demanding his horse in return. The ranchman laughed in his face and as Trenbar broke out into fierce maledictions against the injustice of the thing had drawn a revolver bidding him sternly to begone; Trenbar went but he left Chief's purchase price behind him. Then and there he resolved that come what would he would have his horse again at any cost. Cronwright anticipating his purpose threatened him with lynching—the common fate of the horse thief.

True to his word two weeks later Trenbar entered the corral at dead of night and took Chief out. The horse was a willing captive. He knew his master and loved him as perhaps Trenbar had never been loved by anything, brute or human, since his half-bred mother died, leaving him still a child, to shift for himself. Trenbar remembered his mother but vaguely. Yet as he lay there beneath the chaparral watching, while the cool purple shadows drifted over the hot earth filling all its hollows to brimming over, he wished that he had been born with more of her traits and less of those that had characterized his weak, dissolute father.

It was so still and warm. Lower and lower sank the sun until only a slender arc showed above the horizon. Presently that, too, disappeared, and it was dark. The horse was feeding near by. Trenbar called him still nearer; then because the quiet was so soothing and

he so dead tired he rolled over on his face and went to sleep.

He was awakened by the quick thud of hoof and opened his eyes just in time to see Chief fly past him on the wings of the wind. At a little distance the horse wheeled and paused with his head thrown up, snorting and palpitating with excitement.

Trenbar sprang to his feet with his revolver in his hand. The moon had risen full and clear, and by its light he saw not a dozen rods away two men riding cautiously towards him.

"Halt!" shouted a voice. "Throw up your hands, Jim Trenbar. I know yer and we've got the drop on yer."

"Gentlement!" cried Trenbar. "I—"

The sheriff dismounted from his spent pony and came forward. The moonlight glanced from polished barrels of the two revolvers which he held, one in either hand, leveled at Trenbar's breast. "I ain't no horse thief," Trenbar said, earnestly. "Before God, I ain't. That horse is mine. I never had one cent for him. Cronwright's got the money and the broncho that he gave me to pay for him. I took them back the very next day."

"See here, Trenbar," said the sheriff, grimly. "I didn't come here to waste words. I come here to do business. My orders are to take you and the horse, dead or alive. Cronwright's got witnesses to the hull transaction, and Cronwright ain't a man to fool with. Throw up your hands!"

"Never!" cried Trenbar. His wild, black eyes met those of the sheriff unflinchingly. His slight, straight figure was drawn to its fullest height. But the sheriff had faced too many desperate men to be afraid of this one.

"Throw up yer hands, curse yer," he snarled. "I don't banker after doing any shooting, but I shall let daylight into yer in less than two seconds, if yer don't surrender peaceably."

Trenbar made a feint of throwing up his hands, but the sheriff was too quick for him. Though both men fired almost simultaneously, it was the sheriff's bullet alone that took effect. Trenbar reeled, clutched at his breast and fell heavily forward face downward in the moonlight.

When the smell of the powder had cleared away, Chief, feeling instinctively that something was wrong with his master, advanced timidly to his side and sniffed suspiciously at his clothing. So it was that the sheriff was able to catch him.—Detroit Free Press.

A Methodist's Views.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

It will be three years on the 21st of the present month since I landed at Dawson and today I know almost as little about the town as though I had never seen it. I came to the creeks immediately on my arrival, and have been here ever since with the exception of four trips made to Dawson and then I never remained in your town longer than over-night. But all this is not to the point.

I am a Canadian; was born in Ontario 55 years ago next April, and have never yet trod foreign soil, except when I crossed Chilkoot. I am also a Methodist, and when I saw in the Semi-Weekly Nugget a few days ago that Clifford Sifton had ordered the gambling rooms and dance halls in Dawson closed I actually laughed out loud, something unusual for a man to do who has mined under Sifton's laws for three years.

"A scheme to catch the vote of my fellow Methodists," I said after fully realizing the ridiculousness of the situation. Canada is full of Methodists and I am proud to say that they are opposed to gambling and, as to dancing, who ever saw a good Methodist dance?"

This is not the first time that a pretended moral wave has swept over Canada just previous to an election and I am ashamed to say that many Methodists have been deluded by these promises into voting for the party that promised the moral reform. It is an old move, but, basing an assertion on past observation in Canada, it is one which has been made too often to be effective this time. METHODIST.

Wanted a Lien.

George De Leon came into the sheriff's office yesterday afternoon and said he wanted a lien.

"All right," said the obliging official, "lean on the counter."

"No, I want a salvage lien," explained the applicant, who then went on to say that with the Marjory he had beseeched a raft of wood for a stranger the day before, and had worked hard for over an hour before being able to haul the raft out of the current. The stranger had expressed his willingness to pay for the service rendered, and had promised to do so within an hour or two. He went away and did not return, but did so sometime during the night with a steamer and took the raft

Special Values

IN HEAVY Winter Goods

Of Every Possible Description

HERSHBERG

THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE C. D. CO. DOCK FRONT STREET



DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

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

...RYAN'S

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

Hay and Feed

500 TONS.

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

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD,

WAREHOUSEMEN.

We Are Prepared to Make Winter Contracts for

COAL

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

N. A. T. & T. CO.

ORR & TUKEY'S STAGE

Daily Each Way

To Grand Forks

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

FREIGHTING TO THE CREEKS.

Wall Paper...

Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Str. Gold Star

CAPT. NIXON, OWNER. Leaves Yukon Dock, Making Regular Trip to Whitehorse. A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Courteous treatment. Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd. Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joselyn Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

...\$16, said can't bring made in with y and I have the quality K. think the old anyway. it it and said keep it. The asks the com- and the store. Lennan, Mr. will fall in ate. I think use the mag- is done rice for cost use the mag- in putting stand back the majority. dust at \$16. & Pinski ty and accep- it should be man its value changed. Star Clothing signed the \$16 in the Nug- just would be \$16 rate ing companies. Yukon com- week gold dust the bank for should not for \$15, as it of the bank vest on the was made it Dominion dealer, ex- no effect on, as he won't, only taking ht. sion of police was laid this Borrowers a taken too fre weight in size, que as wide as refused to go citizen and ye- strate like O' dog having a and expulsive fier happened e man had re- ne "I won't" The second and the three- ing, "It is all they went. NEWS. ying, "No ma- I bring forth," verified than on s previous times case of "d and a general stat- over the bell- e slumber brand- lower, and that hereafter be- doctor which it was figuring in op- house industry- nour yesterday- lying upon the k in that count- ers three times brand products. ended at the time, custody and not was being suff- uation to appear solemn words." that being of- ring this morn- oing six months he robbed Uncle nts" and other- ree, stepped into free man, having incidence. not quite belie- Margate on be- ough it well v- day, and bron- the Marguerite something like a- mer spouse and- name on board- ed all knowled- was a hot, thro- pped from his bit or floated back upon the wind of his motion against his quivering shoulders. All day long he galloped—galloped almost without pause, under the burning southern sun, across the scorched earth toward the creek there, whose gleaming shallow tide the sunset had colored until it had looked like a trail of blood. They had long since left the prairie behind them. Here the ground was newer, broken by sloping hillocks and clumps of chaparral and here and there a scrub oak, afford-

RATES MAY YET GO HIGHER

On the Steamers Plying on the Upper River.

Preparing to Go Into Winter Quarters.—Canadian With Mail Expected Tomorrow.

From Saturday's Daily. Considerable confusion resulted among the steambot companies by the sudden change in the date originally given out as the time when rates would be increased for passage on the steamers. The change was to go into effect on the 10th, but Agent Rogers was notified by the head office to make the increase on the 14th, consequently \$55 was asked for first-class tickets at the W. P. & Y. R. Co.'s office yesterday. This rate will be maintained by all the boats plying on the upper river for the rest of the season with a strong probability of an increase as the end of navigation approaches.

The Leon and barge Otter, of the A. E. Co., sailed for Stewart river yesterday afternoon, where they will winter. This is the first time one of these barges has passed the Klondike. The Gustin may come up river but is hardly expected by the A. E. Co. Should she do so she will go to her last winter's quarters near the mouth of the Stewart also.

The N. A. T. & T. Co. will winter the Barr here probably at her old berth in the eddy opposite the company's store. This company is expecting the Lavelle Young loaded, she having been chartered by the N. A. T. & T. Co. Also the Barr, Hamilton and Powers.

No boats arrived up to noon today from the upper river. The Canadian is 24 hours delayed. She met with some slight accident above Five Fingers and was reported this morning at Selkirk. It is hardly possible that she can get in tonight. She is carrying the mail.

E. A. Moerck, the fuel agent of the C. D. Co., returned from a two weeks' trip down river from Whitehorse in a canoe. He located different fuel stations along the river, the same to be operated this winter as C. D. Co. wood camps. With these taken up on this trip that company now has 27 wood stations on the upper river where the company's boats can take on their own wood. No more contracts will be given out by the company for wood as their own men will be worked all winter at these camps.

The following was received by wire: Steamer Victorian pulled into Whitehorse at 11 o'clock last night and left for down river as soon as loaded. The Flora left the same point at 4 this morning. Steamer Sybil reached Whitehorse at 5 this morning.

The Gold Star passed Selkirk going up at 10:30 last night. She was followed by the Siton at 2 this morning. Steamer Canadian passed down from that point at 9:30 this morning.

Creek News.

Mr. Oleson, of Orofine Hill, is in town today. Messrs. Hall & Lushbaugh, of 35 Eldorado, are in town on business.

Messrs. Willet & Thompson and their wives were in town last week, the gentlemen looking after their numerous business matters and the ladies visiting among their numerous friends.

An Italian whose name was not learned, living on 34 Eldorado had a sack containing \$1000 stolen from his cabin. The sack was secreted in a can under the stove. On his return at noon from the hay field he found his bed all torn up, the thief evidently expecting to find the dust hidden there. The police were at once notified, but no trace of the thief has as yet been found.

A. J. McDonough, of Cheechako Hill was laid up last week with a severe cold. A big dance was given at 33 road house last Thursday. A number of ladies were present. The fine music was remarked by all. Everyone present enjoyed themselves, and at midnight the dance closed with a big supper.

E. A. and Chas. Leak, of 52 below Bonanza, left limit, closed their summer's work last week. These gentlemen will resume work again in the spring. Geo. W. Roland, of 7 Victoria pup, left for his old home last week.

Miss Clark, sister of Mrs. Jackson, of 29a Bonanza, arrived from California last week. Miss Clark brought with her little Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. Margaret is one of the most interesting little ladies on the creeks. It is surprising to hear her describe the various places she has visited and what she thinks of them. Mrs. Waechter and children arrived last week. Mr. Waechter got in from

31 below Bonanza just in time to meet them as they stepped onto the wharf. Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, of Monte Cristo, left for Seattle last week.

R. R. Reed, of 18a Bonanza, is the happiest man on the creek; cause, the arrival of his wife, whom he has been expecting for three weeks. C. A. Harrison and wife, of 38 Eldorado, are in town today.

W. L. Thompson made a flying trip to town Thursday. Messrs. Hibbs & Cole, of 4 Victoria, closed down their works Friday.

A big cave-in occurred in one of the tunnels of the Anglo Klondike Co. on Fox gulch last week; no one hurt.

J. D. Barnes and C. D. Blodgett, of 26 below Bonanza hillside, had a narrow escape last Tuesday. The men refused to go into the tunnel; Barnes & Blodgett being part owners, determined to get out the pipe, hose, points, tools, etc. On their way in for the third time an awful crash was heard. The bank caved in for a depth of 70 feet, crushing big timbers like matches. Messrs. Blodgett, Barnes and Mensies will start a new tunnel at once and continue work throughout the winter. The government road is good from town to 57 below Bonanza.

A Double Bed Rock.

Some of the claims on American creek in the Eagle district have discovered rather a curious state of affairs concerning the bedrock and pay gravel. From a recent report it seems that places have been found where there is no gravel whatever, the muck extending to the bedrock upon which is found fair pay. This bedrock has been penetrated and below it is found about four feet of pay gravel, and in the crevices of the bedrock below this is found better pay than on the layer above.

New Stamp Books.

Postmaster Hartman now has on sale small booklets each containing twelve 2-cent stamps. The stamps are arranged with a sheet of glazed paper between, so as to prevent their sticking together. This method of carrying stamps is very popular on the outside and promises to become equally so in Dawson.

'Twas Only a Dream.

A newspaper reporter dreamed one night that the editor had decided to get out a paper that was entirely satisfactory. Every item that was brought in was carried around to different houses, and if any objections were raised it was "killed." At 3 p. m. the paper went to press as usual, and when the patrons unfolded it that evening they found nothing but a blank sheet. The editor of the paper slept sweetly that night, realizing that he had printed nothing to offend anybody and that his paper was entirely satisfactory.—Ex.

Pa is a Small Corner.

"Say, pa?"
"What is it?"
"It says in the paper that when the Boers went away from Pretoria they left their wives behind."
"Yes."
"Why did they do that, pa?"
"Well, it might have been because it was the first chance they ever had to—Hello, ma. When did you come in? I don't know why they left them. Perhaps there was no way the ladies could get their trunks taken to the depot. Now don't bother me any more. I want to read about the war in China."

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

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

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale.

Heavy underwear at Oak Hall.

Table de hote dinners, The Holborn.

Flowers free to ladies Wednesday; candy free to children Saturday; pure home manufactured candies all the time. R. C. Cook's candy factory, 2nd st. crf

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

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

Brussell's squares at Oak Hall, opp. S.-Y. T. Co. dock. McCandless Bros.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Fine old Scotch at wholesale. The best quality. Northern Annex.

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

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

No. 13 ELDERADO.—Creek claim No. 13, situated on Eldorado creek, in the Trondike mining division of the Dawson mining district, Y. T. plans of which are deposited in the office of the field Commissioner, at Dawson, Y. T. Surveyed by C. W. S. Barrell, Dominion Land Surveyor. First published July 14, 1900.

BRIEF MENTION.

Byron James and wife, of Seattle, are registered at the Fairview.

Mr. H. H. Hart and wife of San Francisco, are visiting Dawson.

Gold Commissioner Senkler is expected to return about the 25th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. McArthur, of San Francisco, are registered, at the Regina.

Dr. Barnes and his brother the well known Whitehorse pilots who have been in Dawson for some time past, have returned up river.

A. F. George, familiarly known to his friends as "Prof." is down from Hunker renewing old acquaintance and enjoying a needed rest.

The A. E. Co.'s assay office has turned out several highly satisfactory melts within the past few days in some cases returning upwards of \$10 for commercial dust.

Louise Plotcofer, a German woman formerly resident at the Forks, died at the Good Samaritan hospital yesterday of heart disease. She had been a patient of that institution during the past two months.

W. C. Orcutt, formerly of the freight firm of Orcutt & Parlin of this city, returned from a general trip of investigation of lower river points, including Nome, a day or two since, and will return to Rampart in a few days.

Quartz finds, or the rumors of them are numerous this week. John McRae is down from the Stewart river yesterday and had a piece of quartz which showed about one-third native gold. He says he has located and staked the ledge.

The Ottawa government has communicated a decision in the Lake Lebarge fisheries controversy between Fishermen Humes and Clark, which effectually disposes of the matter. It has been decided that Humes is an American, and therefore not entitled to hold a fishery license.

The local market as regards perishables and staples remains practically fixed so far as prices are concerned. It is thought by dealers that this winter will be different from all former years inasmuch as there will be little or no cornering and that the price of fresh meats will remain low throughout the season.

W. H. Beattie, a clerk in the mining inspector's office at Gold Bottom was riding up the ridge road on one of Orr & Tukey's freight wagons yesterday and was thrown from the seat when near the Twelvemile house, by the wagon's going into a chuck hole. His left leg was broken as a consequence, and he was brought back to the Good Samaritan hospital.

Dr. Witcoxon has received a letter from W. D. Ross who went to Nome this spring and is coming back via Seattle. He says its the toughest camp he was ever in. Mud is knee deep in the streets, and thousands of men are tramping the country looking for work which cannot be had. He closes his letter by saying that possibly it may be a good camp some time in the future.

A fight occurred on the street in front of the Rochester Bar this afternoon between an ex-dog catcher and man from the creeks. The latter was drunk but not so as to enable him to put up a good, strong defence. The police interfered and the second round will probably be refereed by a police magistrate Monday morning. The ridge road to the Forks and on to Dominion and Sulphur is said to be in very fine condition, there not having been any rain for nearly two weeks.

WANTED.

WANTED.—Position by boy of 15; any kind of light work. Inquire Nugget office. c15

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Good paying restaurant and hotel. Inquire Eldorado Hotel, Forks. p15

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. J. W. GOOD, Physician and Surgeon; special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear. Rooms 14 and 15, Chisholm's Aurora, 2nd and 1st ave.; hours 10 to 12 a. m., 3 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone 32.

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

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

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

The Nugget

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

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

"HIGH - GRADE GOODS."

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

Hardware

NEW GOODS—COMPLETE LINES.

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

LATEST ARRIVALS

NEW SUIT DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

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

A. E. CO. American Made, New Styles

HOLME, MILLER & CO.,

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

TIN SHOP. NEW STOCK. FIRST AVENUE

THE LADIES WELCOMED

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

"This winter promises to be one of unusual activity in social circles," said A. S. Levine yesterday to a Nugget scribe. "A large number of ladies, the wives of our business men, have come into the city this summer and the result is remarkable from a commercial standpoint. 'It seems but a few months ago since the usual clothing worn by the Dawson public was of the coarsest nature, and mackinaws in all their hideous colors were seen upon men who today are as careful of their dress as the most fastidious habitue of the boulevards in the effete east. 'Fortunately for me, I anticipated just such a change, and in placing my orders for this winter's supply I have made it a point to have shipped to the Star Clothing House the finest wearing apparel obtainable. At my establishment today I can supply my customers with the swell clothing and haberdashery demanded by the changed conditions to which I have referred. 'Women are a great factor in trade, and the commerce of the world is largely effected by them. 'It would amuse you to see how sharp some of them are in the matter of prices. The Star Clothing House is recognized as a low priced house, and while I have but one price at my store I have almost been tempted by some of these ladies to reduce a quoted price on some of my goods which would be insisted could be obtained at another store at a lower price. This, in some instances, when I had the only stock of that particular article in Dawson. 'I like to see close buyers at my establishment, for these people cannot but notice the difference between prices for merchandise obtained at the Star Clothing House and those of the big companies."

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 10th,

The Emotional Society Drama

"Lady Audley's Secret"

Reappearance of MISS CORINNE B. GREY

Supported by Standard Theatre Stock Company, copied with All-Star Specialty Show, including the favorite comedian.

JIM POST

The Standard's First Grand Masque Ball Thursday, the 13th—Three Cash Prizes. Curtain Rises Promptly at 8:30 a. m.

Quick Action By Phone

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

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

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

Kearney & Kearney

AURORA DOCK. Telephone 31

Freighting and Teaming

Goods delivered at the Forks, Eldorado and Upper Bonanza creeks. Rates Reasonable... Satisfaction Guaranteed

GOODS HANDLED WITH CARE ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

Just An Item

IN AN IMMENSE SHIPMENT

GLASS DOORS

With California Redwood Framing For Stores and Residences.

A. E. CO.