

WOMEN WERE CONVICTED

Guilty of Having Robbed Ogren

Winter and Eva Edmonson Today, Will be Sentenced Tomorrow.

Verdict of Eva Edmonson and Winter, charged with relieving Ogren, a Swede, of \$280, however, was all recovered except of \$40, the offense have taken place in the building house on First ave. the old postoffice, took morning before Mr. Justice. The jury was selected by Clerk of the Court and consisted of O. H. Van Mill, Richard Wigmore, John H. Charles F. Heinrichs and Harrison. In making his statement to the jury Crown Congdon detailed the alleged robbery; how explaining witness at the time of the girls on the afternoon of March 19 had \$300 in his pocket he had spent \$30 and after a acquaintance with the fairies in his purse containing \$280 in bills missing, he had raised up stairs to whom he claimed \$130 lying on the floor after picked up two additional from on top of and behind a making \$240 in all he recovered. Explaining witness Ogren was called to the stand. He has working on 22 Eldorado and two ago when he came to town he stopped at the Seattle hotel. He first saw the prisoners on the afternoon of March 19. He entered the saloon and they were sitting in a box at the rear of the room. With seductive smiles they invited him to join them, bestowing upon him the unusual privilege of allowing him to buy a round of drinks. The acquaintance quickly ripened into something more tender and Eva invited Ike to inspect the lovely suite of rooms she had rented upstairs. Ike accepted the invite and soon after by means of the dumb waiter which led to the saloon below sent a ten dollar bill down stairs to be broken in two and also ordered another round of drinks. He testified that Eva was very affectionate, putting her lovely white arms about his neck and making goo-goo eyes at him in a manner irresistible. A promenade was taken to the rear of the building, Eva's pal Della appearing on the scene in the meantime. According to the evidence it would seem that for several minutes Ike was in a trance, for it seems he suddenly awoke to the realization that his purse had taken a walk. At about the same instant he found it lying on the floor, but examination showed it to have been plucked clean. Ogren immediately pounded on the floor to attract the attention of Alex. Ross, the proprietor, who upon coming upstairs was informed that he had been robbed by the girls and he did not propose to allow either one of them to leave the house until they had disgorged. He in the meantime had secured a half Nelson on Eva and was preventing her escape had she been so inclined. Della volunteered the suggestion that if he would look around for his money he might find it. They returned to the room and great was Ike's joy when he discovered a roll of bills lying on the floor. There was only \$120 in the roll, though, and he concluded he had another suggestion coming. Della referred to the washstand both on top of it and back of it as being a most likely place where money would hide itself away, and sure enough there in both places was another bunch of the long green. Della's prophetic powers proved remarkable. Still there was \$40 yet to be accounted for and that sum witness did not know what

became of. At this juncture Ogren stood aside temporarily for the purpose of allowing Mrs. Eliza Gooch, matron at the jail, to give evidence as to what she discovered on the persons of the prisoners when searched. On Della in a purse were found four ten dollar Bank of Commerce bills and one twenty dollar United States gold certificate. Eva was searched a few moments later and an inventory showed one twenty dollar bill, two fives and about \$10 in silver, all of which were produced in evidence. Ogren upon being recalled said the girls had tried to get away but that he had told them he would not let them go until they returned the \$40. In the cross examination by Mr. Hagel it was brought out that the witness had been drinking considerably for several days and was probably several sheets in the wind when he met his affinity. Constable Aspinaw identified the contents of the purses of the prisoners as enumerated by the police matron. Alex Ross, proprietor of the Seattle, told substantially the same story as Ogren, that is as far as he himself was connected with it. When Ogren came in he was singing and was evidently feeling quite jolly. In addition to the round of drinks had in the box at Ike's expense Eva had also loosened up to a similar extent. When witness went upstairs Ogren said he had been robbed. Ross was present when the money was found, the result of Della's clever mind reading. Abe Stein was the last witness called by the crown. His store is adjoining the Seattle and as the partition between the buildings is of the usual pasteboard thickness he overheard the amatory billing and cooing of Ike and Eva, likewise the thrilling denouement and base accusation. Not being gifted with X-ray eyes he could not tell who the principals in the comedy of love were, but will swear he heard scuffling and several voices, one of which he is morally certain was that of a female. Eva took the stand in her own behalf and also for her pal. She acknowledged having been presented to the complaining witness on the fateful 19th; he was drunk at the time. The balance of the evidence did not differ materially from that submitted by the crown, except that in one instance Ogren had boasted of all the money he had and said he was a "gude fallar." Eva denied positively and emphatically the soft impeachment that she had in any way been implicated in relieving Ike of his wad. Della told the same story, being equally positive in her denial of having had ought to do with Ike's finances. The fact that four ten dollar Bank of Commerce bills were found on her person she accounted for by saying that until a day or two before the affair she had transacted all her banking business with the Commerce people. The addresses of both the crown prosecutor and counsel for defense were short as was also the charge of his lordship. The jury after deliberating a half hour returned a verdict of guilty. The girls will come up for sentence tomorrow at 10 o'clock. The maximum penalty it is possible to inflict is 14 years in the penitentiary.

THE HORIZON IS CLEARING

Indications That Dove of Peace Is Hovering Over South Africa and That Smoke of War Will Give Place to Sunshine Incident to Civil Life.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, April 1.—President Steyn and Gen. Delarey have been located, and a meeting between them and acting President Schalkburger has been arranged to take place immediately. Botha will also attend the conference. Commandant Myers advises that his command will abide by the decision of the Boer government. Commandant De Villiers, who is operating in the Kimberley district, has sent in a flag of truce asking Kitchener for terms. Commandant Alberts has called a meeting of the Boers of his district

to discuss the proposal of a general surrender. Gen. Hans Botha has summoned a similar meeting at Amsterdam. The peace movement in no way interferes with military operations. The British are again sweeping the northwest district of the Orange River Colony, where they have about one thousand of Dewet's men within a cordon. Many surrenders occur daily in Standerton district. Thirty-nine British soldiers were killed and forty-five injured in a railway wreck at Barberton, Transvaal, on the 30th of March. The victims belonged to the Hampshire regiment.

sination yesterday. While receiving visitors a governess named Allart aimed at him with a revolver which missed fire. The attempt was connected with student troubles. The woman was arrested.

Destitute Natives

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, April 1.—The latest news from Nome is to the effect that great destitution prevails among the residents of a native village near there, the women and children being without food or clothing.

Missing Ship

Special to the Daily Nugget. Port Townsend, Wash., April 1.—The ship Maxwell with all hands is believed to have foundered off the Dungeness "spit" where the lighthouse stands in the Strait of Fuca.

CONDENSED DISPATCHES.

Walter Steppy, who was at work on one of the planers in the C. B. & L. mill, at South Bend, caught his left hand among the planer knives, with the result that he will lose the index finger and the thumb, and two other fingers are badly mutilated. Prof. G. C. Hutchinson, of Satsop, has mysteriously disappeared from his home, and his family and friends are making every effort in their power to locate him or to learn what has befallen him. He has been teaching school at Summit, about ten miles east of Elma, for the past four or five months, and had two months yet to teach on his present contract. W. J. Morrow, a well known farmer, is lying at St. Ignatius' hospital, Colfax, with a broken leg, the result of an accident while hauling hay. Mr. Morrow fell off the load of hay and the wagon passed over his leg, causing a bad fracture. The attending physician thinks there is no danger of permanent injuries, but he will be laid up for a long time. H. E. Butterfield, a young countryman, is in jail at Pendleton, Or., waiting trial for forgery. He is accused of forging the name of Asa Arbogast, a wealthy John Day stockman, to an order. He has confessed, claiming to be a United States navy deserter from the battleship Wisconsin. Butterfield, who has changed his name several times, is but 18 years old. I. S. Braden had a narrow escape from serious injury in the railroad yards at Cornell. He was driving four horses, some of which were young and spirited. In making a short turn the horses dashed forward rapidly, causing the wagon to collide with a box car, breaking the wagon, the horses running away with the front wheels. Mr. Braden was found lying in the wagon bed in an insensible condition, a swelling showing a severe bruise across the side of his head over the temple. He was carried to the depot and after an hour or so he had regained consciousness and was able to go home.

Attack at Stagedriver

Seattle, March 18.—Fred Carter, driver on the Seattle Electric Company's stage in South Park, was severely beaten by a gang of roughs Sunday night, a few yards from the county bridge. He was saved from the mob at last by the nerve of a woman, Mrs. A. W. Parkhurst. The men came from the city early in the evening, and started to make the town lively. There were about ten of them, all more or less intoxicated. As the stage came along, loaded with passengers, the roughs tried to stop it and clamber inside. The passengers were mostly women, and neither Carter nor the conductor Norman Martin, thought it advisable to let the men board the stage. They became incensed at being refused admission, and, tearing Carter from his box, struck him repeatedly. No one around dared to interfere. Mrs. Parkhurst, who lives near the scene of the fight, was walking home, she saw Carter at the mercy of the crowd, and went straight to him, took hold of his coat, and tried to disperse the men. They threatened and blustered, but she stood her ground. Her fearlessness made such an impression on the crowd that the driver was allowed to take his seat, while they footed it to the car. On their trip back to Seattle they bullied the conductor and insulted the women. They said that next Sunday they will be back in South Park to do some more damage. The men of South Park are preparing for them.

Dam Breaks

Special to the Daily Nugget. Salem, Mass., April 1.—The dam of the Ramage Paper Co. at Monroe Bridge, Mass., was carried away, taking with it the mill and involving a loss of \$45,000. One hundred hands are thrown out of employment.

To San Domingo

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, April 1.—The American gunboat Machias has been ordered to San Domingo on account of a serious revolution there.

Naughty Governess

Special to the Daily Nugget. Moscow, April 1.—Trepoff, prefect of Moscow, narrowly escaped assassination yesterday. While receiving visitors a governess named Allart aimed at him with a revolver which missed fire. The attempt was connected with student troubles. The woman was arrested.

THE WORLD LOOKS GOOD

To Oscar Rothenburg of Chicken Creek

Has Machinery and Provisions on Claim and Came Back for His Wife.

Mr. Oscar Rothenburg who resides on First avenue on the hill leading to St. Mary's hospital, returned on Sunday from a trip to Chicken creek where he owns claim No. 8 below discovery and other fractional claims. He left Dawson February 22nd, taking with him a boiler and complete outfit for the summer's work. On March 4th he started to sink a hole and although it is 34 feet to bedrock, at 29 feet he struck pay and from that on to bedrock the gravel yields from five cents to \$1.25 per pan. Mr. Rothenburg has struck the same pay as is found on claim number 7, owned by Barrett & French, on which they have given a \$50,000 option. At present Mr. Rothenburg says there are from 40 to 50 men on Chicken creek and at nearly every place where holes have been put to bedrock good pay has been found. Hollbrook and Murbarger have an excellent showing on No. 6, where the former will operate a general store. The N. A. T. & T. Co. will open a store in that neighborhood soon. In sinking to bedrock Mr. Rothenburg passed through a glacier ten feet thick and in that it was easy work as the ice could be readily quarried out with picks. The claims above mentioned are about 125 miles back from the Yukon, but in the winter season it is easy of access by way of the Forty-mile river. Mr. Rothenburg hopes to get away on Thursday morning. His wife will accompany him and he will go prepared to do a large amount of work between now and fall. He will employ a number of workmen.

Judgement Rendered.

Mr. Justice Dugan this morning rendered judgment in the Falconer case upon the motion which was argued some time ago asking leave to have the notes of Stenographer Hegler amended, it having been shown that such were not correct and had been improperly transcribed. His lordship held that as he had previously given judgment in the case upon the notes in question which had been received at the time without dissent, he could not now deviate from the decision already rendered. The motion was dismissed with costs.

Japs Seek Redress

Special to the Daily Nugget. Vancouver, April 1.—Fourteen Japanese who were disappointed in their plans for work at Atlin are here today interviewing the consular powers. They believe they have a claim for damages against the Featherstonehaugh Company.

Fatal Collision

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, April 1.—Eleven men were drowned this morning as the result of a collision near Nab Lightship channel between the passenger steamer Alma and British ship Cambrian Princess. The latter sank immediately, all of the crew going down with her.

Mine Explosion

Special to the Daily Nugget. Chattanooga, Tenn., April 1.—Twenty-five lives were lost by an explosion last night in the Nelson mine near this place. Eleven bodies have been recovered.

Trusts Are Foes to the People.

And so are cheap foods. They are the cause of many a one's poor health. Good groceries are conducive to good health. None but the very best sold at the Family Grocery, corner 2nd avenue and Albert street. F. S. Dunham, prop.

COLORED FIEND

Attempts to Murder an Entire Family

Kills Mother and one Daughter Fatally Injuring Another—Safe in Jail.

Philadelphia, April 1.—Wm. Lane, a colored servant employed by Chas. F. Furbush, today shot and killed Mrs. Ellen Furbush, Madeline Furbush and fatally wounded Eloise Furbush, aged 7. Lane had stolen from his employer and Mrs. Furbush swore out a warrant for his arrest, learning which he determined to kill the entire family in revenge. The fiend was arrested while trying to escape from Philadelphia.

Offer Refused

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, April 1.—An offer of \$5,000,000 was made by a European syndicate for the site of St. Paul's church, parish house and cemetery, Broadway and Fulton streets. The Trinity corporation refused the offer and it was declared by the controller that no offer for the famous property will be considered, much less accepted. It was the intention of the bidders to erect a sky-scraper.

Foreign Money

Special to the Daily Nugget. Duluth, Minn., April 1.—The Duluth News-Tribune claims authority for the statement that the Banque Francais and Colonial of Paris and Belgium has agreed to take \$12,000,000 of bonds for building the Manitoba and Gulf Railway on a basis of 95 per cent. The proposed railway will run from Duluth to Omaha and Kansas City. Work will commence immediately.

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The Ladue Assay Office

Prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the best equipped assaying apparatus in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work.

The Ladue Co. Eagle Cafe

Whitehouse and Golden Gate Coffee At AVERY'S, 5th Ave. cor. Dugas St.

EMPIRE HOTEL... JAS. F. MACDONALD, Prop. and Mgr.

SHOFF'S BLOOD AND LIVER BITTERS

PIONEER DRUG STORE

PUMPS! Outside Packed Duplex Northey Pumps from 1 1/2 to 3 Inch Discharge.

Upright Waterous Engines

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE. A. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR

Northern Re-Opened Cafe

REOPENED "The Delmonico of the North"

Eagle Cafe

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McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

Shoes in... CE, AND ALL TIMES. O. will return to Dawson... of game at Bonanza Post Office. books has been port captain... globe Navigation Company... months. For many years... at he was head... fine Coast Steaming... marine men are... an has been rapid... his new position of... most favorable... books has been a resident... for many years. He... April 1. His success... the Globe Navigation... not been named.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 Per month, by carrier in city in advance 3.50 Single copies 25

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

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

TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"The Henrietta." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

DAWSON'S "CLEAN-UP."

At the earliest possible moment every garbage pile that has accumulated during the winter should be removed to the river. There is menace to health in the heaps of decayed matter now lying around the town, and as warm weather approaches, the prospects of evil results therefrom will become greater.

The season for the "clean-up" is at hand, and Dawson never was in greater need of a general renovating than at the present time. During the winter it is practically an impossibility to observe all the rules of sanitation and, moreover, the cold weather prevents any serious results ensuing. In the spring, however, when the unsightly masses of garbage begin thawing, it is essential that prompt action be taken, in order that disease may be prevented.

Dawson has enjoyed in the past a most enviable record in respect to healthfulness. Since the summer of 1898, when the community was practically without civil administration, the condition of the town from a sanitary standpoint has steadily improved. Typhoid fever and kindred diseases, which in the year mentioned were a veritable scourge, have appeared in later years only in isolated cases. The recent report of the medical health officer indicates a most favorable state of affairs and it is altogether desirable that this condition should be maintained. If every householder, therefore, will make it his duty to see that his premises are placed in proper sanitary condition within the next week, the danger which lurks in the unsightly masses of garbage now scattered about the town will be removed.

Most people will not require a reminder of this nature, but there are always those who shirk such duties until the last moment, and it is upon their attention, particularly, that the matter is now urged.

BOTH AT FAULT.

Canada is not alone in failing to recognize the value of her northern possessions. The same thing may be said with equal truth and with like force of the government of the United States. Long before there was any hint of gold existing in the Klondike, Circle City on the American side was a thriving mining camp and indeed was famed as the largest city of log cabins in the world.

Notwithstanding that fact, however, the American government did practically nothing to assist the hardy adventurers who had located

there. There was practically no system of civil government and the mining laws were notoriously lax and ineffective. Titles, in consequence, were decidedly questionable and capital gave the country a wide berth.

The mail service was infrequent and unsatisfactory and might almost as well have been given up entirely. Such was the state of affairs when the stampede to Dawson occurred. The overflow from that stampede rushed into Alaska and from that resulted the fact that Uncle Sam has at last turned his attention toward that vast and even yet practically unexplored territory.

The same criticism that has been directed toward the Canadian government applies equally to the United States in its treatment of Alaska.

FAVORABLE OUTLOOK.

From all reports which have been received there have been more dumps taken out on the various creeks of the district during the past winter than in any other previous year. Added to this is the fact that a large portion of the claim operators of the district work their ground exclusively in summer, which makes it appear quite evident that the output for the entire season will average well with former records.

It must be borne in mind also by those who are estimating the prospects of the district for the future, that a considerable area of virgin ground has been opened up during the winter, which will add considerably to the ultimate output. Within less than 30 days the annual flow of gold toward the town will have begun and settlements for the winter's credits will be made. Thence on until the freeze up next fall, Dawson and the district generally will be as lively as ever before in their history.

Death of Wm. Shea.

Wm. Shea, the young man who died at St. Mary's hospital Sunday was a resident of South Seattle, Wash., and was not a South Sea Islander as was reported in an evening contemporary. Mr. Shea was taken ill with typhoid fever shortly before Christmas and although he grew better it was only to have a relapse. This was repeated several times until he became so ill that an operation became imperative. The operation was performed but the patient was unable to rally and died shortly after. Mr. Shea has a host of friends not only in town but on the creeks, and his death is a shock to them all. The date for the funeral has not yet been set.

King and Co. Reopened.

H. C. King & Co. have reopened their wholesale commission house in the S.-Y. T. building on Second avenue and will conduct a general commission business during the spring and summer. This firm was in business on First avenue last season and did a large business. This year their capacity will be largely increased and they will be in a position to handle the largest consignments that come to Dawson. They will be pleased to see all their friends at their new quarters in the S.-Y. T. building on Second avenue.

Just received over the ice, fresh turkeys, geese, ducks and oysters. Bonanza Market, next to post office.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

THE WATTS-KIRKE TRAGEDY

Nome, Alaska, Feb. 20.

The trial of Lulu Watts, who, in a jealous rage, murdered and decapitated Jack Kirk, the young miner whom she had expected to marry, elevates what at first appeared a sordid and wretched affair into a tragedy worthy of the pen of a Balzac or a Sardou.

The fate of the young woman is not yet determined. Whatever it may be she will meet it with the face of a stoic; her haughty glance and implacable manner in the court room makes it certain she will not flinch from any punishment.

All through the remarkable crime savors of high tragedy on the stage. When Lulu Watts became convinced that her own life was a tragedy, with a villain in it like the villain of the piece she played nightly, she meted out to him the same vengeance which her hand wreaked at each performance upon his mimic prototype.

She had a little money, some jewelry and was well provided with wearing apparel. The latter included several stage costumes. She let it be understood on her arrival that she was an actress; but when, attracted by her beauty, one of the local theater managers offered to employ her in the dual capacity of music hall singer and dispenser of drinks among the masculine audience, she gave him a haughty stare and said: "Your offer is an insult, sir. I am an actress."

All Nome knew of this retort the next day, and there was a scramble among the more civilized miners and men of business to make the young woman's acquaintance. This desire was rendered the more ardent by the success of her first public appearance. WOULD ELEVATE THE NOME STAGE.

Here the quality of her stage ambition was proved by the character of the costumes which her wardrobe supplied. Properly draped, she appeared as Medea, as Cleopatra, as Mary Queen of Scots and as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."

Her beauty was undenied. Probably her characterizations had the crudeness to be expected of a student of elocution in a small country town; but the rough miners of Nome hailed her as a genius. When the absent manager returned, his ears were filled with praises of Lulu Watts. There was nothing for him to do but to engage her, and to set about rehearsing such a tragic vehicle for her talent as might be expected to win the community from the rival attractions of ladies who handed around glasses of beer to their own accompaniment of risqué songs and dances.

From the first Jack Kirk was foremost among the young woman's champions. His antecedents were but little better known than those of Lulu Watts. He was young, fairly good looking, of gay spirits, dressed in the best Nome fashion, and bore vestiges of former sedate and respectable associations. He was a good deal of a gambler, but it was generally believed that one of his several claims—worked by half a dozen ruined miners yielded him more than sufficient gold to warrant his extravagant style of living. STAR IN AN ORIGINAL TRAGEDY.

Lulu Watts had the satisfaction of knowing that she had easily won him from the side of the most fascinating of the two Carlisle sisters; but the knowledge did not cause her to exhibit any exultation. She accepted the attentions of Jack Kirk

at first as no more than the due of one of her superior endowment and training.

Discussion of the play in which Miss Watts was to make her debut is well remembered by those who were in her confidence and her manager's. At the outset the young woman said, as though disposing of the matter finally:

"I don't dance nor sing, and I won't peddle beer in the audience." "That's all right, my dear," answered the manager soothingly; "we're not going to ask you to. You shall give 'em tragedy. But it must be the real thing—no half-hearted imitation. Now, I've an idea that if you should play the part of a jealous woman betrayed and deserted by her lover, and you lured him to a lonely spot, stabbed him to death cut off his head and held it up before the audience—I've got a stage manager who can arrange it all—the boys would be tickled to death."

"Who ever heard of a woman exhibiting the bloody head of her victim on the stage?" demanded Miss Watts, with scorn. "How about Salome and the head of John the Baptist?" demanded the manager in triumph.

So the manager and his stage director set to work and produced the manuscript, properties, scenery and costumes of a local tragedy, such as they believed would lure the entire population away from the Carlisle sisters.

It was called "A Woman's Vengeance." It was produced with tremendous success and had an uninterrupted run up to the day of Lulu Watt's arrest for the murder of Jack Kirk.

INSPIRATION FOR HER CRIME.

An outline of the final situation of "A Woman's Vengeance" shows plainly where Lulu Watts got her inspiration for the crime for which she is now on trial. She played it with extraordinary effect upon her crude and ingenuous audiences.

Its scene is a desolate stretch of Nome coast upon which canvas billows are breaking. There is no light save of the stars. Judith, the heroine, has lured her betrayer, Brierly, to this lonely spot for a last interview. Under her cloak she carries the long, sharp-pointed knife with which she slices loaves of bread in the restaurant where she is employed.

Brierly arrives and they have a long argument, in the course of which Judith gives vent to all the emotions of a wronged woman's heart. The denouement is in this fashion—every one in Nome knows it by heart:

Judith—You promised me marriage. Brierly (flippantly)—So I did, little girl; so I did. Judith—I gave you all me heart—I gave you everything a woman has to give.

Brierly—You were very generous, little one—I don't deny it.

Judith—I give you your last chance. Will you keep your promise? (Her hand is under her cloak. She moves toward him slowly. He appears to believe that her fierce anger has worn itself out. In the dim star light he cannot see the lust for vengeance that is written on her white face.)

Brierly (savagely)—No! Never! Judith (springing upon him with knife upraised)—Then die! (She buries the knife in his heart. He falls upon his back without a struggle. She withdraws the knife,

and leans above him.) Then die, wretch! Die! (Suddenly, with a gesture of fury, she severs the head from Brierly's body, and holding it up by the hair, shrieks): Thus do I avenge the wrong you did me—thus should all women avenge the wrongs men do them! (She falls face downward upon the sand, weeping convulsively.)

Curtain.

But not until Jack Kirk had grown weary of his tragedy queen, and left her as he had left the Carlisle girl—this time for a new divinity at the rival theater—did Lulu Watts play this scene with her full power. In the last performance she fairly electrified her uncultured audience with the furious passion with which she uttered the final speech, holding the supposed severed head aloft:

"Thus do I avenge the wrong you did me! Thus should all women avenge the wrongs men do them!" SHE BROODED AND WAS SILENT.

In her boarding house it was known that she brooded. Jack Kirk made no effort to conceal his new passion. He even took his charmer to see "A Woman's Vengeance," and laughed when she shuddered at the brutality of the denouement. He gave her jewels, more costly ones than he had ever bestowed on Lulu Watts. Finally it was gossiped that he would give her what he never had really intended giving the tragedy queen—his hand and fortune.

The young miner's hotel was only a short walk from the theater where Lulu Watts played. His rooms were on the first floor and easy of access to anybody—he kept no valuables there, beyond the comparatively valueless watch he wore and a small supply of ready money or gold dust.

On the night of the murder he was in his rooms early. He was not feeling well. A friend saw him in bed before midnight.

On this same night there was a commotion behind the scenes after the curtain had gone down on "A Woman's Vengeance." Miss Watts lay in convulsions where she had fallen after speaking the last lines of the play—evidently overcome by the extraordinary passion with which

she had enacted the scene. She recovered, however, and left the theater hastily, refusing attendance. In clearing the stage, as usual after the performance, the property man was unable to find the knife used by the heroine. But at that time no particular importance was attached to the circumstance.

WITH THE SAME KNIFE.

This was a gala night at the position theater. That is perhaps the reason why no one saw Lulu Watts emerge upon the street or whither she went. In the same way the fact may be accounted for that no one saw the girl enter Kirk's hotel.

The murder was discovered by one of Kirk's fellow-lodgers. Hearing strange sounds in the next room he remembered that the young woman had started to his assistance. While in the hallway he heard a woman's voice. The tones seemed familiar. He pushed open Kirk's door and stood amazed before what seemed a repetition of the last scene of "A Woman's Vengeance."

Lulu Watts stood beside Kirk's half-severed head. Knowing the history of their love affair, he realized in an instant the whole situation. As nearly as possible in her own wrought state the girl had depicted with horrible reality the last scene in "A Woman's Vengeance." The voice he had heard was that of Lulu Watts as she hacked at Kirk's throat, after stabbing him through the young miner's hotel was only a short walk from the theater where Lulu Watts played. His rooms were on the first floor and easy of access to anybody—he kept no valuables there, beyond the comparatively valueless watch he wore and a small supply of ready money or gold dust.

On the night of the murder he was in his rooms early. He was not feeling well. A friend saw him in bed before midnight. On this same night there was a commotion behind the scenes after the curtain had gone down on "A Woman's Vengeance." Miss Watts lay in convulsions where she had fallen after speaking the last lines of the play—evidently overcome by the extraordinary passion with which

she had enacted the scene. She recovered, however, and left the theater hastily, refusing attendance. In clearing the stage, as usual after the performance, the property man was unable to find the knife used by the heroine. But at that time no particular importance was attached to the circumstance.

This was a gala night at the position theater. That is perhaps the reason why no one saw Lulu Watts emerge upon the street or whither she went. In the same way the fact may be accounted for that no one saw the girl enter Kirk's hotel.

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JAS. P. McLENNAN.

Superstitions of Sailors

I.

The days of Sinbad and Kadd, those that go down to sea level in ships have had difficulty in convincing themselves where strict adherence to the truth is essential. John Woods, boatswain on the ship *John Cummings*, was no exception to the rule. John, according to the rule, had taken part in every bit of historical importance that had ever heard of; but we will not go into details, but we will say that he was a prevaricator until he is a class; for, having a good deal of ingenuity in argument, he would be like picking up quicksilver with the bare hand to try to catch it. John's imagination was so fertile that he would invent a story for him. John's imagination was so fertile that he would invent a story for him. John's imagination was so fertile that he would invent a story for him.

II.

"At first the men was kind o' optimistic; but they didn't know the packet quite so well as the ol' man. He says: 'Our first chance is on the sixth day, an', if we don't get away then, it'll be the sixteenth.' 'Now, you knows they can arrange some o' the greatest calms out in that Injun ocean that ever wos. Calm! Why, they was never nothin' like it! Throw somethin' overboard, and you could see the rings from the splash circling clean out to the sky-line. The sixth day come and went, and so did the sixteenth, and the twenty-sixth, an' a whole lot more sixes besides. 'An' all the things wot will raise a breeze wos tried. We sot on the fo-castle and whistled—all hands 'ud whistle, till the least as you 'ud would be a typhoon, with water-spouts rampant; but it only got calmer after. Then we stuck knives and drove nails inter the mainmast, till it looked like a honeycomb; but no wind come along. 'Then the skipper thought it might be a good idee to insult the breeze; so we furls everything 'cept the main royal, but ol' windy wos away in distant reguns, fur we never got no response to our defiance. 'After we lost bets on forty-six I begun to think it out. Next would be fifty-six, four days later would be sixty, an' if somethin' didn't happen then, why, six days later was sixty-six. Well, ye could 'a' knocked me over with a length o' spun yarn! 'Yarn! Why didn't I think of that before? thought I. Then I starts to yelling like mad. 'Hurray! I got it! I cries out. 'Six days after sixty is sixty-six, six days after sixty is sixty-six! 'One by one the men gets it in their jellyfish brains, an' puty soon the hull crew, f'r'm cook to cabin boy, wos dancin' like the villagers in some stage play. 'The fifty-ninth no one slept all night, waitin' to see the sixtieth in; but it cum like all the rest, an' it wos the most disappointed body o' men it wos ever my fortune to be one of. But along in the afternoon the look-out begins yellin' an' a wayin' of his arms, and when he cools down so his tongue would make words, he shouts out: 'Small white cloud three points off the starboard bow! 'Wid that there was a rush for the riggin', and, sure enough, from aloft ye could see this small white cloud. Now, wind, or something, must ha' brought that there, so we all begins rejoicin'. 'Next day there wos more clouds, and by the fifth day we couldn't see the sun for clouds. The skipper suggested that they furl that main royal, and secure things aloft, and better break out the storm try-suls. An' a nice suggestion it wos, fur on the morning of the sixty-sixth day it begun to blow like no man ever saw it before, or 'since, and there wos nothin' to do but run before it. An' run we did due south for over a week. By the time that gale let go of us there wos ice, in sight dead ahead; must 'a' been the South pole. 'The next hundred or so days we wos backin' an' fillin' one month over round Australia, and another month round Cape Horne. Nothin' o' any event turned up till the two hundred and thirty-first day out. 'We had been doggin' around for ten or twelve days, trying to make St. Helena or Ascension island, off the west coast of Africa, 'cause we wos on h'a-k-rations by that time. 'But, bos'n,' broke in one desperate listener, 'there's no six about 231!' 'Oh, ain't there, indeed? Well, have ye got mathematics? Two and three is five, ain't it? An' one more is six—used ter be when I went to school,' said the narrator. 'I wos sayin' it wos the 231st day out; that the skipper, after takin' the sun at noon, says to the first mate: 'Great guns, Mr. Turner, somethin's goin' to happen now! Latitood six south, longitood six west. That's an awful combination for us!' 'An', sure enough, that afternoon two of the men wos took ill. The cook said it wos scurvy it comed out to be. And three days later Shorty Gill died. Next wos Oily Googin, then Scrupper Troudy; one day, till six wos gone. 'The afternoon that Coolie Slogan wos committed to the deep—he wos the sixth—we met the first sail we had sighted since we left the 'Hooghli'. She proved to be the Belle o' the Mersey, one o' Currie's ships. We wos flyin' the ensign jack down, an' when she hoove to those wot wos able lowered a boat. We took the first mate over, an' they gave us a couple o' barrels o' spuds and onions. That saved the lives of

the crew. 'Well, then the skipper auctioned off the clothes of the fellows that died, and these trousers wot I am a-wearin' I bought for 'levenpence-ha'penny. They wos Oily Googin's. The scurvy caught him first in the legs—so I guess that's what makes me limp when I wear 'em. 'The rest of the trip they wos nuthin' happened, 'cept that we got to Liverpool on the 226th day, at 6 p. m. That same day I wos twenty-six years of age, an' it wos my six—The boatswain never finished, for his audience by this time, feeling that this child of Ananias and Sapphira was belittling their credulity, closed in on him.—Ex.

In Jericho's Post Office

One winter's evening as the usual crowd was sitting in the postoffice and talking about various things Joab Warner came in with a blue comforter around his neck and red mittens on his hands and such an air of importance about him that everybody knew there was some big news at hand. Joab was in no hurry to unbosom himself. He backed up to the stove and warmed his coat-tails, and he asked Henry Crawford how his sick cow was getting along, and it was all of ten minutes before he got ready to say: 'Gentlemen, there is a case of misfortune and distress right here in Jericho, and I believe I voice the sentiment of every freeman in this liberty loving community when I say that all will be done that can be. I appear before you to say that the Widder Hopkins is sick and out of wood. I am no speaker, as you all know, but—but the weather is purty near zero, whatever that is, and there should be no unnecessary delay. I should like to hear from Moses Bingham on this matter.' 'As for me,' said Moses as he got off the head of a sugar barrel and straightened up, 'I'm ever ready when the voice of mercy calls, as most of you know, but I don't believe in rushin' things. Seems to me that before pledgin' ourselves to any pettier policy we ought to have all possible information at hand to guide us. We all know that the Widder Hopkins is the relict of Jim Hopkins, chief of our fire department who was fed through a thrashin' machine two years ago and left her with 37 cents to face a cold and cruel world. We know this, but we don't know that she is sick and in want—that is, we don't know it officially, and we won't know it till a committee is appointed to call on her and report. I move that such a committee be appointed, and I should also like to hear from Squar Striker on the subject.' 'I can't say that the news strikes me like a thunderbolt,' began the squar, who had been looking at the pictures in a family almanac, 'but I confess to great surprise. Why did the Widder Hopkins fall sick? What is the nature of her sickness? Why is she out of wood? Is it a genuine case of distress, or is it an unworthy appeal to our sympathies as upholders of the glorious constitution? I don't want to see no widder suffer in our midst, but I don't want to find my sympathies misplaced. Pears to me that this case demands a public meetin' of the taxpayers of this town. But let us hear from Aaron Bradshaw about it.' 'Aaron was of the opinion that it was a case for the taxpayers to handle, and a notice was at once written out and posted up calling a mass meeting the next evening at the town hall. Next day there was as much excitement in the air as if a new lightning rod man had struck Jericho, and the farmers for three miles around milked their cows an hour earlier than usual so as to be on hand. When the meeting opened, Elder Harmon was made chairman, and he at once called upon the committee of investigation to report. It was reported that Widder Hopkins was down with pneumonia, with no wood for her kitchen stove, and that it seemed a genuine case of distress and one appealing to the sympathies of Jericho. Elder Harmon had begun to wipe his eyes with one hand and feel in his pocket for a cent with the other when Joab Warner, the original discoverer of the case, rose up and said: 'Feller citizens of Jericho, there are some things we know and some things we don't know. We know that there is a Widder Hopkins; we know that she is sick; we know that she wants wood and medicines. What we don't know, but which this large and extensive audience of liberty lovin' people is here to find out, is whether the widder is to be aided from the town fund or by private charity. If it's on the one hand, I am there; if it's on the other hand, I am there just the same. Never shall it be said that Joab Warner went ag'in a

poor widder. I'd like to hear what Squar Striker has to say on the subject.' 'What I've got to say is this,' replied the squar as he slowly arose. 'The poor we allus have with us, or should have, and it's our duty to take care of 'em. A question arises, however. Did the Widder Hopkins catch pneumonia through her careless goin' barefoot or anything, or was it an act of Providence, same as when my wife had the measles? If we was to vote money out of the town fund for people who got sick through their own carelessness, it might be found unconstitutional. Let us be right and then go ahead.' Goodheart Smallman had been itching to make a speech, and he got his chance when the squar sat down. He started off with the discovery of America by Columbus; but, observing the agitation of his audience, he cut it short and came down to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. He had dwelt on that event about ten minutes when some one hit him in the back with an apple, and he suddenly wound up by saying that he was willing to contribute to the relief of every distressed widow in America, law or no law. Some one then made a motion that the sum of \$5 be voted from the town fund for the benefit of the Widder Hopkins, but Ezra Bebee got up and said: 'Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens: I'm opposed to that motion. I shall oppose it as long as I have a tongue to speak. In the first place, do you want to bankrupt the town of Jericho? In the next, do you want to pamper the Widder Hopkins till she'll want strawberries and cream all the rest of her days? Chicago dates her downfall from the day she voted \$10 to pamper a sick widder. Buffalo had a sick widder, and voted her oysters and beef tea, and where is Buffalo today? St. Louis had a thousand widders who were all at work and doin' well when she felt it her duty to vote 'em \$5 apiece for shoes and stockin's. Them widders are today demandin' sealskins and kid gloves. Let us move, but let us move slowly.' As Ezra sat down Lish Billings came loafing in, and Elder Harmon caught sight of him and asked for his opinion. 'What's the trouble?' asked Lish. 'It's whether the town should help the Widder Hopkins or whether we shall make up a private purse.' 'How long have you bin talkin' talkin' about it?' 'An hour or so.' 'Waal, you needn't waste any more wind,' said Lish, as he sat down. 'My wife was over to see the widder about two hours ago, and she found her frozen to death.'—M. Quad.

Forger Arrested.
Seattle, March 18.—The climax of a careful investigation into a crime, by Detectives Tennant and Barbee, came last evening when the first named officer left for Walla Walla after E. C. Strong, arrested in that place for forgery alleged to have been committed in this city. Strong is said by the police to have executed some of the cleverest forgeries which have ever come to their notice. Some time ago a couple of well-known local retail firms complained to the police that they had been swindled by false checks. These had been passed on them by a well-dressed stranger. They were signed with the name of a prominent mining man. A verbal description of the passer of the checks was obtained from the stores. Each description corresponded with the other. Barbee and Tennant were given the matter to investigate. Through the description they managed to discover Strong's identity, and finally they were able to obtain sufficient evidence to warrant them in the belief that he had done the work. Strong meantime had left the city.

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The officers learned that he went east of the mountains, and were finally able to locate him at Walla Walla. They immediately notified the chief of police at that place, and Sunday the alleged fugitive was arrested. He was held pending Tennant's arrival.

The Lawyer—You say that you were walking behind this woman, could not distinguish her figure, because of the cape she wore, saw nothing of her face, and yet knew that she was a very pretty woman. How do you account for that?

The Witness—Well? I could see the faces of the men coming towards me.—Life

Mr. Buggins (reading account of football game)—In the second half

the quarterback lost his head and—Mrs. Buggins (interrupting)—Goodness me! I've heard of them losing their arms and legs, but to lose their heads! What an awful game it must be.—Philadelphia Record

'Have you ever done anything to better the condition of any part of the human race?' said the very serious man.

'Of course I have,' answered the person with the cold gray eye. 'Am I not a part of the human race?'—Ex.

Mr. Fussy (rearranging the things in the parlor)—You have wretchedly poor taste, my dear.

Mrs. Fussy (resignedly)—That's what everybody said when I married you, Henry.—Detroit Free Press

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ed the scene. She soon however, and left the stage, as usual attendance, the property able to find the knife heroine. But at that particular importance was the circumstance.

THE SAME KNIFE.

gala night at the opera. That is perhaps the one saw Lulu Wally on the street or noticed her. In the same way she was accounted for that the girl enter Kirk's house.

was discovered by some fellow-lodgers. Hearing this in the next room and that the young man, feeling well that day his assistance. While he had heard a woman's tones seemed familiar to open Kirk's door and before what seemed the last scene of the piece.

stood beside Kirk's head. Knowing the history of the love affair, he realized that the whole situation was possible in her eyes. The girl had duplicated the terrible reality her mother had heard was that she was shackled at Kirk's side, and she had stabbed him through the heart.

avenge the wrong done to her should all women submit quietly to the accomplishment of the man to have brought her whose grievances have been tortorly adjusted.

later the Carlisle had committed suicide by shooting as they lay in each other's bed. They were said to have been despondent over all their savings by whom they were friend. Now doubts that the of Jack Kirk unethically and was the real cause.—Examiner, March 9.

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Old Sullivan Boiling Out

Hot Springs, Ark., March 17.—John L. Sullivan, after a tempestuous tour on the road with an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, landed here to forget his troubles and boil out the cause.

Sullivan made a fierce Simon Legree, and the savage temper in which he continually kept himself in order to do justice to the part led to many quarrels with Little Eva and the downfall of the show. John L., when the time for play-acting had passed, felt the old spirit of gallantry coming back, and getting together \$25 he shipped the female members of the company to New York and hid himself to the healing waters of Hot Springs.

Sullivan came in silently and went to the villa of a friend of thirty years, Horace Hughes. Hughes does not run a sanitarium for the cure of alcoholism, but is rather a promoter of the disease on a large scale. His place is so situated that a carriage must be taken to reach it and that before daylight leaves. To Sullivan's mind it presented the retreat ideal.

Hughes says that Sullivan came to the house and greeted him as though he had just returned from a walk around the garden instead of renewing a conversation that had been broken off two years before because the former champion became tongue-tied.

"I want a room; the best room in the house. It must be as quiet as the back yard of a Fourteenth street house at twilight. Send up the drinks every ten minutes. Nothing but whisky. When I want something to eat I will kick a hole in the wall. If I don't do that, send up no feed on your life. See?"

Sullivan was given a room and for three days he saw no one. Then Muldoon came down and tried to get the big man in shape, for it was hinted that perhaps the "Uncle Tom" show might be pulled together again.

"It wasn't Little Eva's fault altogether that the theatrical scheme went up in smoke," Muldoon says. "John got to taking a little too much of the redeye and then overacted his part. John is a conscientious actor and he doesn't do anything by half. When he started in to do the Simon Legree game he came to me, and, laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder, he says, 'Billy henceforth I am going to be a different man. I am going to be the most savage, blood-thirsty, marble-hearted tike that ever roamed down the pike. I am going to make the kind of a Simon that would make Henry Ward Beecher go cold.' I told him that Henry Ward Beecher didn't write the book, but he said that made no matter, that he had undergone the transformation, and that I had better duck when I saw Simon coming.

"He played the part conscientiously, and when he hit a slave it was no false howl that the slave let out. John said he wanted realism, that kind that the critics write about, where an audience is knocked out in two rounds and can't come up for an hour after the last round is over. By and by all the slaves quit the game, and Little Eva and John had a falling out. Eva said Sullivan was brutal, and he says to her, 'That is what the part calls for. I think I am the finest brute that ever played the part.' For lack of slaves, harmony and money, the show went to the dogs."

Muldoon nursed his charge at Hughes' villa for a day or two, and then felt that the big fellow was in proper shape to begin treatment for the removal of all stage and real wine he had consumed at the various points in the whisky belt at which the show had stopped. So he took the ex-champion to Bath House row in a hack and stopped at the Maurice bath house, the biggest and finest in the city and the headquarters for all sporting men who find the springs a good place to seek out a soak.

Sullivan was a little obstreperous. He declared that he was not ready to have all the good stuff that he had absorbed boiled out; that such waste was sinful and a disgrace to any member of both professions to which he belonged.

"Do you think that Sir Thomas Irving would put himself in one of them little brick houses full of steam and let gallons and gallons of good wine, paid for by admiring society run away in perspiration?" And John L. closed with a crash the door of a vapor bath which had been opened to allow inspection. "No," he reiterated, "me and Sir William Irving are alike. We takes all we gets and keeps it, whether its beer or champagne."

Muldoon reasoned with him. The attendants paid him homage. The bath house proprietor, "Billy" Mau-

rice, an old-time theatrical man, told Sullivan some funny stories and illustrated the medicinal values of the waters and the great benefits to be derived from a good vapor bath. Sullivan finally consented to take first a tub bath and afterward a vapor.

The latter bath is given in a bricked-up inclosure within the main bathroom. The vapor bath stands about seven feet high, and is four feet each way at the top and base. A glass roof lets in light. The natural hot waters from the springs are brought into the vapor bath in pipes and streams of water play on a wooden seat on which the patient sits. This breaks the water, and a vapor, thick as a London fog and hot as boiling water, is given off.

The ordeal of a vapor bath is a most trying experience to even the sweet-tempered. Perspiration runs from every pore in a steady stream, and three minutes in the "sweatbox" is the limit. It is the system ideal of soaking out the results of long debauches, and jags revive under this treatment as a rose lifts its head to the sunlight.

After a bath in a tub for fifteen minutes with the water at 102 degrees, Sullivan was in a fit condition to get a few quarts of stage wine out in the shape of perspiration.

A big, burly negro called Bob, a man who is bigger by six inches around the chest than Sullivan, shoved him inside the vapor bath and closed the door. There came a hoarse, choking sound from within as the inmate struggled with the thick vapors that choke the lungs and make breathing difficult. In two seconds he was sweating as he had never thought it possible for a human being to sweat.

Suddenly the glass top of the bath was smashed and Sullivan's head and shoulders came through. "Hi, there," he yelled to one of the terror-stricken negroes. "Tell the cook to come and turn me over; I'm done enough on one side."

Some additional remarks he made will never be spread on public records, but as it was necessary for him to remain in an excessively hot room for half an hour after leaving the vapor in order to guard against colds, it took four men to keep Sullivan in his place.

He swore that he had dropsy and that he had sweat out his life's blood; that he had water on the brain and that his brains had left him in the shape of an idiot and stick to the stage for the rest of his life. Half an hour of such treatment and Sullivan was as weak as a child. He was led away dripping and willing for a rub-down.

After the bath a walk over the town brought Sullivan and Muldoon to one of the open springs, where the water flows from the rock hotter than it is possible to drink. John drew a cupful, and as the metal cup began to heat through, it became uncomfortable to hold. Sullivan threw down his drinking vessel in a moment and started on a run from the spring, yelling to Muldoon, "Come on, hades ain't half a mile from here."

That was the only trip Sullivan made into the city. After his bath he went back to the wine garden on the outskirts of the city and filled up again. A reporter tried to talk with him for a few minutes, but the case was hopeless. In the evening he was dragged into a hack and taken to the Choctaw station and placed on the train for Memphis. Muldoon accompanied him.

Womanliness of Woman

Madame Calve has started a fine large experience meeting among the women of the stage.

She said a few days ago that she considered acting the hardest kind of hard work. She said it didn't pay and she intimated that she envied the poor, tired-out wife of the honest workingman who looks after ten children, takes in boarders and does washing as a light way of making pin money.

Two of the leading women of the French stage said "me too" to Madame Calve's wail of "I am so tired of being it," and now the American actresses are having their little innings.

Mrs. Fisk seems to agree with Madame Calve.

Miss Marlowe appears to be the only really cheerful member of the bright band of the "success is so empty" sisters.

There is a good deal in what Mrs. Fiske says about the strain of constant publicity. I believe every word she says—as far as she herself is con-

cerned. She does hate the publicity, the parading and bill-boarding, but she is just about the one woman in the profession who does hate it.

The average actress can't live away from the center of the stage. She is as uneasy as the old stenographer when the senior partner is breaking in a new girl, if the lime light is drawn from her own engaged and engaging person for one short minute.

Why not? The footlights aren't lit to make the stage dark. What a lot of nonsense we lucky women who do the things we want to do have a way of talking.

I have heard newspaper women sit and trade misery stories for a whole afternoon while the women they were pretending to envy were getting the children ready for school, clearing off the table because it was wash day and the maid had to help in the laundry, mending a pile of stockings as high as her head, jewing down the grocer, trying to make the butcher take one cent less a pound for his meat, scalding her hands trying to make some beef tea for the littlest girl, turning sick and faint trying up a cut in the hand of the biggest boy, presiding at the missionary meeting, stirring up a cake, pressing out some ribbons, cleaning a pair of kid gloves and wheedling the man of the house into giving her an extra dollar a week so the cook wouldn't leave.

Acting hard work? Of course it is. So is any work that is worth while.

I wonder how much fun Madame Calve would have getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning and rolling cigarettes in a stuffy factory all day for just enough to buy tortillas with?

How about teaching school, Mrs. Fiske?

What would you think of keeping a lot of unruly boys and girls in order and looking pleasant when the board cut down your salary when you knew that you didn't make enough as it was to put one penny by for a rainy day?

Wouldn't you love to be in a millinery shop, Miss Marlowe, and have a forewoman cut down your pay if you took one stitch wrong when you were ill and tired?

How about this business of type-writing and this affair of being a clerk in a department store?

How about starching some of those

pretty petticoats of yours, Madame Rejane, and ladies of the French theatre, and working at it from dawn to dusk, sick or well, sad or merry, or starving for your day of idleness?

Work? Tut, tut, ladies! We don't know a thing about it. We any of us who work with what we are pleased to call our brains. It is all very well to talk about the strain of mental work. Give me plenty of the strain.

The very women who complain most about it would go crazy if they had to stop thinking, and stop imitating, and stop emotionalizing, and go to work at real, fagging, discouraging, heart-sickening, endless, hopeless, rewardless work, such as is done with a light heart and a merry one by three-quarters of the women in this world.

Mental strain, forsooth! There is just one kind of mental strain that is past bearing, and that is having nothing to think of.

You can worry just as hard about the fit of a new pair of gloves, or the weight of a loaf cake, as you can about the success or failure of the greatest play that was ever written. Any woman who is too delicate to act is too delicate to do anything but stay at home and be taken care of, and ten chances to one she develops a fine large case of nervous prostration the second week she tries that. It isn't the stage work that is too hard, it is Madame Calve who is not strong enough.

Whenever a successful professional woman gets a bit of malaria into her system, she begins to look into the windows on her way to the theatre and think that she was born to be a "womanly woman." Maledictions on the man who invented that expression. The womanly woman is the kind of a woman to be for the sake of the world.

The woman who brings up a family of honest boys and good girls does more for the world than the most successful reformer who ever reformed, but she doesn't do it by taking life easy, by any means.

The womanly woman has troubles of her own.

Just go and spend a day with your sister, the bank cashier's wife, and see. The noise her children make would give the lady with nerves acute mania in an hour, and the mere physical task of running after the two-year old baby and keeping

him out of the fire, and out of the water, and away from the window sill, would wear to the bone in a week the person who thinks acting such hard work.

The average actress, the average writer, the average doctor and the average lawyer and the average professional man of any kind. She has her troubles, but she is much better off than the average woman who works as the banker is better off than his clerks.

The world is a pretty decent place to live in. There is a lot of fun going about waiting to be claimed, but I have never believed the man, or the woman either, who found most of it was idle.

Hard work never killed a man or woman yet. Worry has killed thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. The one thing that is the matter with the average actress is that she hasn't enough good hard work to do to keep her from worrying about the little she does do.

Start a cooking class, Mrs. Fiske. Open a day school, Mme. Calve. Do some hurrying and some fretting about someone and something outside the little mimic world you live in.

Get up at 6 o'clock in the morning and cook your own breakfast in a cold room a few times.

Run down to the tenement districts and spend the morning with

the woman who washes your hair for you.

Take the troubles of a large and growing family on your mind. Grow the family if you have to. You'll be too tired to worry about the awful time you've had trying to drag some sense into the leading man's head.

You'll see a little, just a little, of the realities of life, and you'll come into your nice comfy down pillows and be thankful that you were born to such a life of luxury as yours.

WINNIFRED BLACK

Brooks is Port Captain

Seattle, March 16.—Frank Brooks, port captain of the Northern Navigation Company, resigned yesterday morning to accept the captaincy of the Northern Commercial Company at St. Michael. His position is one of the most important in the gift of the company, and was tendered some weeks ago to Capt. I. N. Hibberd, superintendent of the Northern Commercial Company's Yukon fleet, which is operated as the Northern Navigation Company.

As port captain, Capt. Brooks will superintend the management, charge and loading of the Northern Commercial Company's coast and river fleet at St. Michael.

The finest of office stations will be secured at the Nugget prices at reasonable prices.

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Stroller's Column.

who washes your face... troubles of a large... on your mind. Bor... if you have to. You... to worry about the... I've had trying to dr... into the leading man... a little, just a little... of life, and you'll cre... ce comfy down pillow... ful that you were bor... of luxury as yours.

WINNIFRED BLACK

Is Port Captain
March 16. — Frank... captain of the... Company, resigned... to accept the pos... of the Northern Com... at St. Michael. T... one of the most imp... gift of the company... ed some weeks ago... Hibberd, superint... rthern Commercial Co... on fleet, which is op... rthern Navigation Co... captain, Capt. Brooks... the management... loading of the Nor... Company's ocean... at St. Michael.

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MOR.

The Stroller is pleased to note that the churches are keeping up their march. Many of us, and we live in the first half of the century, either, can remember when we used to go to church when forenoon and afternoon services were held with a half hour intermission between and at each service a sermon of upwards of an hour's length would be delivered in which the young and rising generation who squirmed in his seat, his hands touching the floor by several inches, would be informed in a deep voice that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

At three o'clock in the afternoon some rising generation would get up and be permitted to study the Catechism for the remainder of the day. The Stroller can well remember having lain in the grass under a walnut tree every Sunday for a whole summer trying to commit to the memory the catechism to the question: "What is God calling?"

The Stroller points with pride to that time before he had passed his boyhood period of youth he had the 107 questions of Brown's Catechism at his tongue's tip and could begin in the middle of the night both ways without missing a hair or missing an answer.

Conditions have changed. Today the modern churches are making a variety of music, in some cases operatic selections being announced from the pulpit for the following Sunday. In our present age the choir master instead of the minister is the one upon whom the task of interesting and amusing the congregation is entrusted. We continue to make ecclesiastical arrangements in the next 20 years, commensurate with that of the past, but the Saturday evening and morning papers will contain something like the following: "The good, solid enjoyment drop at St. Mark's Grace church for the exercises."

Professor Von Fiddleinski, the renowned virtuoso, will render a soulful violin solo, and two if engaged.

Dr. Dewit Tenthly has deposited \$300 cash bond with the church which guarantees that his exercises will not exceed five and a quarter minutes, for which his headrest may be obtained by paying to one of the liveried ushers.

During the taking of the collection Professor Limberissimo will enquire if a light were stretched over the altar to the organ loft. The professor performed for 42 consecutive Sundays in the Brooklyn church and comes well recommended.

Strollers will please remove their hands from the door to the left of the door for the smoking gallery."

Stroller reader, you may sneer at me if you so desire, but it is my intention to come to a rapid backward for 20 years and compare church customs then and now. Those of today and you will say the Stroller has peeped but a distance into the future.

Stroller contained in a rather pointed suggestion once made by a new minister by an old minister in Arkansas has evidently spread over the continent. The new minister had come to relieve the old minister the latter imparted the following advice:

"You can preach forgiveness all day long and it will be all right, but you won't know what you mean; if you want any presents such as potatoes, a load of wood or a pig, don't mention hell, for people are sure to take it as personal."

The story is told by an attorney of Dawson mercantile firm who is on the said firm.

The other day a big stranger who had come from Hogan's alley, entered the store and said: "I want to see de head guy 'bout de sherbang 800 cords of wood I got layin' up by der Stewart."

The person first addressed passed on to another member of the store and he in turn passed on to another and so on, but no one wanted to take upon himself the responsibility to speak for the company. Arrangements were completed the coming season. At last the man came back to the first man and said:

"I don't see no 'bout dis joint 'bout ter do business?"

Then a look of intelligence flashed across his face and he continued: "I see how it is. De beef is kep' here an' de brains in Chicago, and when de latter is needed it is flashed out by de Marconi process."

There is a small girl in Dawson who has not forgotten about outside ready prices. She is just starting in arithmetic and the other evening her father was drilling her in oral exercise when he asked the question: "If you bought fifteen cents worth of candy from Mr. — and gave him a dollar, how much change would you get back?"

"Humph!" said the little girl, "I wouldn't get any back. He charges a dollar for fifteen cents worth of candy."

Since the Stroller's announcement that his private trepanning sanatorium is open for business his special surgeon has been kept busy and has enough dates booked to keep him busy for sometime to come.

Telegraph Albert kindly gave up his date Saturday to a man from the creeks who wished to be operated on before he started out to take in the town that night. For Albert's kindness he will be charged only half rate.

Probably never in Terpsichorean history has such a thorough and successful system of wallflowering been carried out as was experienced by the Stroller and witnessed by everybody else at the A. B. hall last night. It was, as Zion would have said, "dis'er way."

Instead of taking the advice of she who does not hesitate to talk to him in confidence, to go away back and sit down, the Stroller butted into the first set danced and before getting off the floor had his card filled from top to bottom, twenty-four dances, not including a number of extras.

Then began the systematic wallflowering previously mentioned. Down as far as No. 8 on the next program when a lady saw the program was the Stroller's she would take refuge in the dressing-room, the threshold of which he dared not cross. From number 8 to 12 the ladies excused themselves with all sorts of lame devices. One was dizzy; another had ringing in the ears and that tired feeling; Tom Chisholm had stepped on the foot of another and she feared she was crippled for life; the next one danced with another fellow and after the set came over to where the Stroller had taken a homestead by the wall and said "I'm so sorry," City Attorney Donaghy shanghaied another of the Stroller's partners just as the latter reached her.

From No. 12 on to the end of the glad some occasion the ladies took to going home just before the arrival of the number for which they were down for a "mill" with the Stroller, and the way they came to him and excused themselves made it look as though he was holding a state reception. They invariably went to the dressing room and put on their coats before coming to excuse themselves in order that there might be no room left for insisting. One had been up late the night before; another had to get up early this morning; another had left the children at home and she feared they would kick the covers off and get croup.

And thus it was down to number 18 when the Stroller took a tumble to himself. He anticipated what he had gone against and realizing that he was to be turned down all along the line, he hunted up all his remaining partners and begged to be excused; he was so sorry and would see that it was all right at the next dance; he hoped the lady would not have to sit out the dance and begged her to not be offended, but really feared there might be a case of croup in progress under his own roof.

None of the ladies said they were sorry they had not demanded that a forfeit be put up, but on the contrary they did not look it when they said they were sorry that the "go" was off.

The next dance the Stroller attends he will issue challenges, and as there are few women who will take a dare, he hopes thereby to secure a few partners.

Sometime ago a Dawson merchant who owned some mining property had some litigation on his hands, and as he was busy he put the matter in the hands of a broker to look after, instructing him to secure all necessary legal advice to protect his, the merchants, interests. That matter being settled, the broker experienced difficulty in collecting a fee or commission from the merchant with the result that he went to the same lawyer he had counseled in the mar-

chant's behalf for advice about suing the very same merchant.

The lawyer, being accustomed to charge everything to the merchant, in a fit of absentmindedness, charged the broker's bill to him and in a few days called on the man at his store to collect \$50.

"What is this for?" asked the merchant.

Absentmindedly the disciple of Blackstone replied: "For advising B — to sue you."

Then the merchant reared up on his hind legs, but what he said would not look well in a family journal.

The lawyer is now looking elsewhere for his fee.

Three men who left for the lower country a few days ago celebrated their departure with a number of friends until by the time they were ready to leave they were most gloriously jagged.

A number of their intimates were watching their departure. Their one horse sled was loaded with provisions and all things being in readiness, the three men climbed on top of the load and with a whoop and hurrah they started. They turned down the bluff onto the river in front of the Ladue store, but when the turn onto the river was made, the horse and sled remained on the trail while the three men and their outfits went straight out halfway to the centre of the Yukon. As soon as the men could gather themselves up the leader dove an arm into the snow where a bottle of whiskey had landed, pulled it out and said:

"I shay, pard, lesh take a drink on zish!"

Fifteen minutes later they had reloaded their sled and were journeying toward the north pole.

On a claim on lower Hunker five Frenchmen and four Irishmen are employed. For sometime there has been more or less friction between the clans, about the only thing they could agree upon being their love for Scotch whisky.

On St. Patrick's day an extra bottle found its way to the claim in question and by the time it, with others, had been consumed a dispute arose as to the nationality of St. Patrick, each faction claiming kinship with the illustrious deceased.

From words the belligerents came to blows, and by the time the proprietor, who was away at the time, returned, his labor contingent looked as though it had been in a landslide. By the pleading eloquence of David aided by the wisdom of Solomon and the persuasive muscle of Sampson, he managed to restore peace.

The boss has since put an extra plank in the middle of the table to widen it out beyond reaching distance and now at meal time five Frenchmen from one side and four Irishmen from the other side glare at each other across bacon, beans and granulated spuds.

JUST IN - JUST IN - JUST IN

...OVER THE ICE...

Two Hundred Thousand Havana Cigars

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BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Calico Ball an Enjoyable Function

Large Crowd Dance and Make Merry Until Broad Daylight This Morning.

Six weeks of a deprivation from the pleasures of dancing made every-one, young and old, keen for the calico ball given by the Arctic Brotherhood at their hall yesterday evening. The crowd was late in arriving; in fact, that seems to be an ultra fashionable characteristic of Dawson society folk. If the grand march were announced at 7 o'clock sharp it would still be nearly 10 before it would be begun. Probably 100 couples, if not more, were in attendance, and they danced as though their lives depended on keeping it up, a sort of continuance performance. The program contained 24 dances with four extras and everyone of them, excepting the few quadrills, were encored. Then, too, while a portion of the crowd was being entertained at supper "extra extras" were reeled off in countless numbers. They could not get enough and when the last bar of the medley was played and the musicians put away their instruments tired out, it was considerably after 5 o'clock and still the dancers clamored for more. In the matter of gowns worn there was no attempt at elaborateness, the ball having been extensively advertised as a calico affair. Many of the ladies appeared in neat and attractive gingham while others hid their street costumes beneath a pert, little calico slip. Nearly all the gentlemen were in evening dress, but instead of wearing the conventional white lawn tie appeared in flaming neckwear of the most brilliant hues, many of them being gorgeous both as to size and design. A clever April fool joke was perpetrated by the floor committee shortly after midnight. A quadrille was called, it being announced as an "extra extra." Considerable time was spent in getting as many people on the floor as possible and when all was ready the orchestra played four bars of a break and then was silent. Everyone turned toward the music to see what was wrong and beheld a huge canvas leaning against the drop curtain showing a grinning clown with the words "April fool" above the picture. The sell was complete, but it required a few seconds for some to see the point and then all took their seats amid the jeers of those who had not been on the floor at all.

The dance was one of the most pleasant of the series given this winter by the A. B.'s and will be followed by several more before the arrival of the warm weather when night is turned into day.

School Teacher Missing.

Whatcom, March 15. — Professor George, teacher of drawing in the public schools of this city and Fairhaven, is missing, and his going is surrounded with deep mystery. His accounts seem to be perfectly straight, and his best friends can offer no excuse for his absence. Last Saturday night he closed the second

Out for Converts.

Salt Lake, Utah, March 15. — A novel departure in Mormon proselytizing has been begun. A special train bearing the Mormon tabernacle choir of Utah singers, 525 strong, will arrive at San Francisco tonight, and services will be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle tomorrow. Dr. Jas. E. Talmadge, of Salt Lake, will expound the tenets of the Mormon faith at the meetings.

The party will visit Leland Stanford University, the Pacific Grove, Del Monte, San Jose, Sacramento and other places, giving free concerts and otherwise advertising the Mormon and Utah people. The crusade will return to Salt Lake in about ten days.

After Sixteen Years.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 15. — Lieut. Frank H. Clark, U.S.M.C., left today to join the cruiser San Francisco, after having just seen his father for the first time in sixteen years. Alanson Clark was just about to complete twelve years' service in the navy when his son enlisted four years ago. The latter was twice wounded during the Spanish war and was once a prisoner.

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King St., Opp. N. C. Co.

Regina Hotel...

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Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan.
Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout.—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

Signs and Wall Paper

...ANDERSON BROS...
SECOND AVE.

ELDORADO MACHINERY

Steam Shovel on Frank Phiscator's Claim

Five Tons of Mining Appliances Arrive Yesterday Over the Ice.

Two teams heavily laden, each with nearly three tons of mining machinery and personal effects, belonging to Frank Phiscator, arrived yesterday afternoon about three weeks out of Whitehorse. Two of the three teams, one being a fourhorse and the other a two-horse outfit, are magnificent animals, heavy draft horses weighing over 1300 pounds each, they arriving in excellent condition and giving but little signs of the long, hard pull they had made. A portion of the outfit brought in consists of a steam shovel which Mr. Phiscator will put in operation this summer on 2 Eldorado. It is his intention to work his claim from the top this year and with that object in view he has equipped himself with the latest improved labor-saving machinery. The steam shovel will lift almost a cubic yard of gravel at a scoop and deposit it directly in the boxes, being dumped automatically by the engineer in charge. The machinery will be hauled to the claim at once and set up ready to be put in operation as soon as the water is running and the frost is out of the surface gravel. Should Mr. Phiscator's scheme prove the success he anticipates it will be, other Eldorado claim owners will install similar plants on their ground.

CIGARS

We are the largest importers of IMPORTED CIGARS In the Yukon Territory — Our leaders are

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, THE GENUINE ARTICLE.
Remember there are a lot of cheap imitations on the market.

NAPOLEONS, THREE SIZES. **FLOR DE MILANO,** THREE SIZES.

We Want Your Business and Will Make Prices to Get It.

Macaulay Bros.

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE.

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Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901.—Week Days Only.

FOR GOLD BEN AND CARIBOU via Carmack's and Doms ... 3 a. m.
FOR GRAND FORKS ... 3 a. m., 1 p. m., and 5 p. m.
FOR BELOW LOWER DOMINION, Chase's Roadhouse, via Hunker Creek, 9:30 a. m.
FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND BURKE'S CREEKS—3 a. m. every other day, Sun days included.

Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.

Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Dock. TELEPHONE 161

OVER THE DIVIDE.

By ED. HERING.

Among the arrivals at Chute & Wills' Gold Run hotel during the past week appeared the following named: H. E. Wallan, Dr. Wills, R. M. de Gex, Mr. and Mrs. Te Roller, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, A. G. Mosier, Miss Freeman, J. P. Burke, F. W. Johnson, Thos. A. McGowan, E. A. Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, Capt. Starnes and wife, M. Macrae, Arthur Mallett, A. Dugas, A. Allen, Jones J. Nicol, Capt. John J. Donovan, M. McConnell, Neil A. Rose, A. P. La Perrier, H. Bennett, L. Pierce of Dawson, Mr. C. Morrison and wife, Caribou, Lewis C. Troughton and Fred Griesner, Grand Forks.

The Gold Run Literary and Debating Society held its final meeting on Saturday evening at the Central hotel, the affair proving a grand success and clearly demonstrating the fact that Gold Run possesses her share of talent and can render the same in professional style as the occasion requires. The Rev. Geo. Pringle, acted in the capacity of chairman and opened up the program with a short address, reviewing the work of the society since its inauguration, its benefits, merits, etc., all of which was more than appreciated by those present. The following is the program: Musical selection by Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Bradbury on the organ and piano; a reading entitled "Vanity," by Miss Helena Anderson, chorus, "Merry Heart," by Mrs. Winborn, Messrs. Jordan and Bennett, recitation by Mrs. Brightsen; duet, organ and violin, Mrs. Robinson and Ernest Berggren; reading entitled "Katooter," by Percy Reid; recitation, Mr. Esbey, "On his first attempt," chorus by the choir, "Life's Golden Dream," duet, banjo and organ; recitation, "Last Year's Bird's Nest," Loreen Knittel, also responding to an encore; duet on the organ and violin by Mrs. Robinson and Berggren. Mr. Loney then made a few choice closing remarks, being roundly applauded. Mr. Esbey then proposed three rousing cheers for the ladies, through whose direct efforts was mainly due the success of the society, thus giving the miner a few social hours each week during the long winter months. They were given with a will, after which those present were invited to a repast by the ladies.

The Rev. Geo. Pringle officiated at the divine services on Easter Sunday, a large congregation being in attendance. The reverend gentleman took for his text "The Common People Heard Him Gladly."

Mrs. C. Morrison, while visiting friends on Gold Run, accompanied by her husband, was taken seriously ill, but through the efforts of Dr. Lambert has recovered sufficiently to be able to return to her home in Caribou.

The dumps on Gold Run are looming up as high and thick as hay stacks in a Palouse village, and judging from the amount of dirt already taken out the clean-up will be a large one. On No. 45 the owners are taking out a good-sized dump. The Ermis brothers an 43 pup have in the neighborhood of 34,000 buckets hoisted. Mr. Esbey and partner have considerable dirt out. Chas. Robinson on 42 has an exceptional large dump; he is also running a lumber mill in connection. Walker and partner on 42 fraction have about 14,000 buckets to the good. 39 and 37, worked by laymen, are strictly in evidence, as also is 35 and 34. John Warner has large sized dumps on his lay. McGregor and C. A. McLellan and Andy Lassen, on 33 and 31, have good sized dumps. Chute & Wills are operating on 28, 12, 16 and 11. J. C. Hurley, Fred Fluhman and Pete Provost, laymen on 27, have about 24,000 buckets out. Mrs. Breckenridge, on 26 fraction, has a large amount of dirt out, as also Mr. Grimes, layman for Jewel Bros. on 25. The Bradlie Bros. on 20 have their property out on three lays; the laymen have made a good showing. 22 and 26 are preparing for summer work. Mr. Saunders, one of the owners, has lately arrived from the outside. 23 is working on lays. Lucas and McGovern are operating extensively. 32, 13 and 8, Pete Smith and partner have taken out large dumps on No. 7, the property of Geo. Hamilton, as also the other laymen on the same property. Wagner and partner on No. 6 have good sized dumps. Lower Dominion presents a busy looking scene. John Ross is operating on 235. 240 has been working all winter. 241, the property of Mr. Londeay, is being operated by steam; he has large dumps out, as also has Sam Lablond on the lower half of 241 and Mr. Demontange on 242. These properties are also hoisting by steam. No. 244 and 245 are also using steam and have large dumps out. Hunt &

Anderson on 253 have been working all winter and have out considerable dirt. Pete Henning has quite a number of men employed in his saw mill on No. 253. He has considerable lumber ready for the market. At No. 244 hillside quite a little building is being done. Grant's road house and store are erecting a large two story log house to accommodate their rapidly increasing trade.

Hats Proved His Hoodo.

"There's one thing in particular that all young men ought to be cautioned against," said the philosopher as he puffed away at his dying cigar, "and that is sitting down on a man's hat. You are mad enough when you find that you have sat down on your own, but when it is somebody else's your cherished ambitions are knocked into a cocked hat right off the reel. 'I am an unfortunate specimen of humanity. Ill-luck has followed me for thirty years, and it has all been owing to my own carelessness. I've sat down on other men's hats and been knocked-out. My first experience was with the governor of North Carolina. I called on him at his own request to see about an appointment, and he had no sooner let go of my hand, than down I plumped on his plug hat. He tried to make excuses for me, but he also gave the appointment to some one else. The iron entered his soul as that hat squashed under my weight. 'My next misfortune happened in a railroad office,' continued the victim. 'I had called to see the president about a patent brake. He thought well of it, as I was told, and his signature to a contract would have made a millionaire of me but I sat down on his hat and he ordered me out of his office. 'I might have been a success in politics but for a hat. I had been called to act as secretary to a state committee, and my first move was to sit down on the chairman's hat. Half an hour later I was out of a job. 'I was once sent to New York to interview a capitalist on mining matters. He was ready to go in with three or four of us to develop a mine, and had just become interested in my talk and the maps, when I fell back into a chair, and, of course, it was the one holding his hat. He let go of that mine as if it had been a red-hot poker, and I missed another chance of getting rich. 'I could tell you of the way a senator turned me down for mashing his plug, and of a cabinet officer who ran me out for the same thing, and sitting down on hats has lost me friends and influence time and again. I've tried to help it, heaven knows, but the hats are ever there, and it seems as if providence had it in for me that way. 'If you've got a boy growing up and want to make anything of him, talk to him—warn him—make it his motto and watchword to spare the hats. You may rip a man's coat up the back, trip him up the stairs, borrow his knife or lug off his overcoat, and he'll forgive you, but if you ever sit down on his hat you might as well retire to a back county at once. I have tried it on a dozen different occasions, and I know, and if a king called upon me to ask for the hand of my daughter and sat down on my plug I'd give him the bounce if she had to live for a hundred years as an old maid. It's all right to be aware of the dog, but it's a good deal righter to beware of the other fellow's hat.'—Detroit Free Press.

Hunker News. There will be a grand re-opening dance at Hotel de Russell, Gold Bottom, Friday night of this week. The public is generally invited and a good time is promised. Bert Oghurn of 8 above, Last Chance, is quite sick with typhoid fever but hopes for his recovery are entertained. Messrs. Shay and Gyberson and Mr. and Mrs. Napier, all of Last Chance, have returned from an extended visit to the outside and are preparing for going to work in earnest.

Accidents on Bonanza

On last Friday afternoon Arthur Sibbitt of 45 above on Bonanza, while coming out of a shaft, slipped and fell to the bottom, a distance of 15 feet, breaking one of his legs. He was taken to the hospital, where the fracture was reduced and set by Dr. McLeod. On Saturday John Gobolick fell 15 feet down a shaft on 41 above, Bonanza, fracturing one of his ankles. He was attended by Dr. Elliott.

GOOD PLAYS THIS WEEK

At Both the Auditorium and Savoy

"The Henrietta" Admirably Cast at the Former "The Devils Grotto" at Savoy.

"The Henrietta," a society drama with the New York stock exchange as the basis of its action, is the play being produced at the Auditorium theater this week. There have been many good plays produced since Mr. Bittner assumed charge of the Auditorium, but it is not saying too much to state that "The Henrietta" will rank with the best of them. This play is of the same style as "The Gilded Fool," and its success or failure depends entirely upon the players. Each character is a strong one and it is hard to distinguish the leads, and should either character not be properly sustained it would mean a severe loss to the effectiveness of the entire play, but the cast this week has been chosen with special care, so that the players appear in parts to which they are specially adapted.

The action of the play is centered around the office and home of Nicholas Van Alstyne, better known as Old Nick. This character of the good natured though shrewd business man is taken by Mr. Bittner. Van Alstyne has two sons; one, Nicholas Jr., (Harry Sedley) is a financier and a rival to the old man, while the other, Bertie, (Ralph E. Cummings) is a regular fop who knows nothing and has no ambition. Old Van Alstyne gets so disgusted with his son Bertie that he casts him adrift with a paltry \$500,000 and tells him to go away for good.

Van Alstyne's niece and favorite, Agnes Lockwood, which character is assumed by Mrs. Bittner, has fallen in love with Bertie and says she will go with him, but is detained by her guardian, Mrs. Nicholas Van Alstyne who is under the impression that Bertie is a very fast young man and has deeply wronged a young lady, when the truth is that it is her husband who has done the wrong and Bertie takes the guilt of it on himself to protect her. A big deal is made in the Henrietta mine, in which Nicholas Van Alstyne, Jr., pits his strength against Nicholas, Sr., and goes so far as to take his father's securities and use them to make his fortune while it ruins his father. He thinks he has made his deal good and is beginning to gloat over the fact when the stock rises again by the skillful manipulations of Watson Flint, the broker, who has been given \$400,000 of Bertie's allowance and at the close of business for the day has raised the stock over the price it started at in the morning, so that Nicholas, Sr., is wealthier while Nicholas, Jr., is hopelessly broke. The shock of defeat, after the long struggle, is so great that Nicholas, Jr., who has been subject to heart trouble, is killed by the blow. In this scene Mr. Sedley does some very excellent acting and displays his dramatic ability advantageously.

Mr. Cummings as Bertie (the lamb) is strong in his part, as he is in every character he assumes. Mr. Bittner is well adapted to the character of Van Alstyne, Sr., and makes an excellent appearing financier. Dr. Payne Wainwright is taken by Mr. Williams in an easy and graceful manner. Mr. Layne has the part of Lord Arthur Trellanney, a nonentity. Mr. Mullen has the part of the Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton, the pastor of a Wall street congregation, who wishes to marry Mrs. Cornelius Apdyke as long as she has money, but upon her losing her fortune he backs down and out. Mr. Mullen does the part full justice. Mr. Thorne has the part of Musgrave, the private secretary to Van Alstyne, and is the means of saving

the old man's fortune and foiling Nicholas, Jr., in his despicable scheme by obtaining the \$400,000 from Bertie and instructing the broker how to use it.

Miss Lucy Lovell has one of the best characters she has appeared in for a number of weeks, that of Mrs. Cornelius Apdyke, a gay society widow.

Mrs. Bittner also has a part well suited to her, that of Agnes Lockwood, to which she does full credit.

Miss Howard has the part of Rose Van Alstyne and Miss D'Avara that of Lady Mary Trellanney.

SAVOY THEATER

The New Savoy Theater this week is giving its patrons one of the biggest and best shows of the season. A clever spectacular burlesque arranged by John Mulligan entitled "The Devil's Grotto" is the opening piece. It is in one act and six scenes with a cast of characters as follows:

- Astarte, a sculptor, Dick Maurettus
Romeo McGinty, his servant
John Mulligan
Asmodius, an astrologer
Chas. Brown
Mephisto—from Hades, Chas. Moran
Mrs. Astarte, Dorothy Campbell
Galetea, Astarte's Idol
Mamie Hightower
Mercury, Dollie Mitchell
Venus, Kate Rockwell
Mars, Ollie Delmar

The olio is one of exceptional strength this week, including Dorothy Campbell, the sweet vocalist, Kate Rockwell in a new specialty, Maurettus & Brown in a new sketch. Helen Jewell makes her first appearance at this theater and adds largely to the strength of the entertainment by her vocal selections. Mitchell, and Mulligan do a clever song and dance followed by Chas. Mason in his daring trapeze act. Moran and Marion have some very pretty duets and score a hit. The entertainment closes with a screaming farce entitled "Haekmyre Behind the Scenes." This piece was written by Dick Maurettus for the purpose of creating laughter and its mission is successfully accomplished, as it provokes mirth from everyone who sees it.

ingenious methods for trapping his coveted dainty. One of them is by the aid of a bit of mirror placed at the entrance to a burrow. When the animal ventures from his bedroom, deep under ground, he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door, and he hurries out to confront the impudent intruder, when he is pinned to the ground with an arrow.

But the most effective method is what what the Indians call the rain hunt. As soon as the downpour of summer rains begins every Navajo who can walk repairs to the prairie dog village with hoes, sharp sticks or any digging implement. With these they hollow out trenches that will lead the storm into as many burrows as possible. Soon a little stream is pouring down each small home and the inmate, much disturbed, pops out to see what the matter can be. Many of the animals remain underground until they are drowned and their bodies float to the surface. After such hunts, in which many pounds of prairie dogs are generally secured, there is a feast for many days in the Navajo huts.—Ex.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that William A. C. Baldwin is no longer in our employ, his employment with us having ceased on the 12th day of March, 1902. No moneys due us should be paid to him, and we will not be responsible for any debts which he may incur. Northern Commercial Company.

Killed by Negroes

Special to the Daily Nugget. Bridgeport, Okla., April 1. — Sub-Contractor Dean, in charge of the Rock Island railroad camp at Bridgeport, Oklahoma, was killed by negroes; no cause was known. The negroes are being pursued and there is talk of lynching.

WANTED—Girl for general household work. Apply Montana Restaurant. Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

"What brought you here?" asked the temperance advocate who was visiting the prison. "I'm a wife beater," replied convict No. 41144 gruffly. "Another case of lick'er," exclaimed the jailer, who, despite his occupation was a man of no little humor.

Job printing at Nugget office.

No doubt the future races will navigate the air. Perhaps their summer places will be constructed there. When Pierpont Morgan buys the earth they'll have to go elsewhere. —Chicago News.

All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

WANTED—Woman to do laundry washing. Apply this office.

Have your clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired by R. I. Goldberg, tailor, at Hersberg's.

Fresh Over the Ice



Grand Opening Saturday, March 29

...FULL LINE OF... Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, and Poultry.

Bank Market

KING STREET, Opposite N. C. Company. J. Gustavson, Proprietor.

TOO MUCH FOR JOSEPH

Chechaco Goes Against Dawson Whisky

Before Testing His Capacity Gauge and Finds Himself in the Police Court.

Joseph Ongee, a crushed-pumpkin complexioned son of the Norseland, who drove Gustavson's cattle down from Whitehorse, arriving in Dawson on the 27th ult., was before Judge Macaulay this morning for having on Saturday attempted to hasten the arrival of violets and daisies by innumerable spring swallows.

He pleaded guilty and said: "Ae not haen-used to da whisky da hat haer." The Judge looked kindly on the honest-appearing fellow and told him he must remember that Dawson whisky differs from that of Quebec. "Ae already find dat out," said Joseph.

He was allowed to go but told to be careful in the future. He courteously thanked the judge and as he turned to step out of the box his face beamed and in a good, firm voice he said: "Ae never koom back haer no more."

Hunting the Prairie Dog.

Many of the Western Indian tribes regard the prairie dog as one of the choicest of game animals. The Navajo in particular, while he cannot be prevailed upon to eat rabbit is greedily fond of fat prairie dogs. Communities of these small animals abound on the western plains, and the Navajo has resorted to many

LADIES You are cordially invited to attend our Millinery Opening Saturday, April 5th. N. A. T. & T. Company.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE On and After March 20 Dawson to Whitehorse, \$125.00 BY THE ROYAL MAIL STAGES Making through trip in five and one-half days, stopping at roadhouses each night. Travel only by an established line and with both delay and discomfort. Stages leave Dawson Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 a. m. For reservation apply at the J. H. ROGERS, Agent. White Pass & Yukon Ticket Office.

Alaska Steamship Co. ..Operating the Steamers.. "Dolphin"-"Farallon"-"Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railroad for Dawson and interior Yukon points.General Offices.... 201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

"Silver Dollar" TRACK IRON Punched and Countersunk Ready for Use. Dawson Hardware Co. LIMITED Second Ave. Phone 36

6 PAGE Vol. 3—No. 79 THE NU UN Canada Ma Great M ter Fourth South Africa and V Voted Y to the Dal New York, Ag of the Bid led him to de New York to enter here. Norma to the Da tate, April Che D Hss In prepar kind of E the most eq plan in this and guaran Our Quar is in operat make it pos the values o ever with Che D ETPIR J. F. W. ing New Well Wash BROAD STRE