

NARROW ESCAPE

Rystogi Building on Fire This Morning

Quick Action of the Department and a Corrugated Iron Roof Saves Much Damage.

The fire department had its first run this morning in several weeks, an alarm being turned in shortly after 10 o'clock from the Rystogi building on Third avenue, between Duchess and Princess streets. It was first discovered by Captain Grounds who happened in the rear of the building noticed smoke issuing from beneath the roof near the eaves. A moment later the flames burst out through a window near by. The department responded to the alarm very quickly and coming in through the alley soon had a stream from the big chemical at work. For a time the firemen labored at a disadvantage, the flames being confined between the roof and the ceiling of the second floor immediately underneath. A few boards were knocked off the rear end of the building which enabled a man to take the hose in directly under the roof and in a comparatively short time all danger of a serious fire was over. Connection was made with the engine but the stream was not turned on as the chemical was found to be sufficient and a heavy loss from damage by water was saved. The corrugated iron roof with which the building is covered proved highly efficacious in keeping the flames subdued. How the fire originated is a mystery unless the inner side of the roof became ignited from a spark from the stovepipe that leads from a stove in the rear of Green's barber shop. It was the only stove in the building in which there was any fire. The building is owned by Andrew Rystogi who places the damage at about \$500. The lower floor is occupied by Green's barber shop and Fasel's wallpaper house. The upper story is used as a lodging house. Chief Lester and his men are entitled to much credit for their excellent work. The block in which the building is situated is built up solidly and had the fire secured good headway the result might have been disastrous in the extreme.

The Ladue

Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

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

Assay Office

Yukon Camp Stoves

SPECIAL PRICES \$10.00, \$13.00, \$20.00, \$22.50

ALL CAMP SUPPLIES.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



PROTESTS ARE FILED

American Gulch Miners to the Front

Object to Any Ditches Crossing the Watershed of the Gulch.

American gulch is aptly named in that it is a gulch pure and simple and could never be called anything else. In the spring during the melting of the snow quite a stream of water runs down the short draw but later in the season it so nearly dries up that to the miners in that vicinity every drop becomes precious and they guard their water rights with as much care as they would a big cleanup lying loose in the boxes. H. C. Hamilton and John B. Knox are two miners living on the gulch and they own creek claims Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, and also five hillsides immediately adjoining. John S. Day and also E. Weinheim have recently made application to the gold commissioner for the right to take water from certain points on Adams creek to their claims on Monte Cristo hill. The ditch that would be required would cross the American gulch water shed and naturally would catch a great deal of drainage water that otherwise would find its way down the gulch and through the boxes of Hamilton and Knox, in consequence of which the latter have begun an action protesting against the issuing of the grants asked for. The plaintiffs claim to own certain water rights and privileges under grants from the crown appurtenant to four of the five hillsides owned by them, and also to be entitled under the regulations to a certain proportion of the water flowing past and through their creek claims. Day's application is to take water from 17 Adams creek and carry it to Monte Cristo hill adjoining 25, 26 and 27 below on Bonanza. The Matson and Doyle concessions extend from Adams creek to Monte Cristo hill, between which points the claims of the plaintiffs are situated. They allege that the construction of ditches within the watershed of American gulch will diminish the supply of water to which they are entitled and protest against the grant being issued to Day except it be provided that in the carrying of any such water he be prohibited from constructing any ditches within the American gulch watershed. The same plaintiffs have entered two protests against E. Weinheim for practically the same reasons. Weinheim has an application in to take water from Stamped gulch on Adams and also one to take water from Adams and carry it to Boulder creek, the course of both of which would be across American gulch. The protests will be heard the latter part of next month.

From now until the close of navigation there will be a heavy travel up the river, many persons going out who have not been south of Swede creek since '98. Of the number yet to leave Dawson this fall, several will go only as far south as Juneau, where they will take passage for Valdez. The class which will go out between now and the close of navigation is composed principally of steady laboring and business men who are desirable citizens in any country.

Many Yet to Go Out.

The telegraph wire which went down in the mountains south of Atlin was repaired and in working order today by 11 o'clock, but owing to a heavy accumulation of commercial business, press matter was delayed and consequently not received in time for publication.

Wire Again Working

Mrs. J. Fred Struthers, who recently won a suit in the court at Eagle in which the title to a very valuable claim on Glenn gulch was involved, arrived on the Louise yesterday evening accompanied by her mother, Mrs. W. T. Garrett. The ladies will remain but a day, leaving this evening for St. Michael upon the same steamer upon which they arrived. They are the guests of Mrs. Eugene C. Stahl.

Visiting Friends

The Zealandian left for Fortymile and Eagle at 10 o'clock this morning. She carried about 25 passengers among whom were: F. G. Argell, F. W. Clayton, Father Bunoz, Rev. Warren, Casey Moran, J. A. Heyman and Ike Friedman.

promise have recently been made it is thought will prove sufficient inducement to persuade the government to widen out the trail so it can be used as a wagon road. Those who have been over the route state that such could be done with comparatively little expense. The patrol of which that this morning was the beginning will be maintained until the close of the sluicing season.

TRAIL TO BE PATROLLED

Mounted Detachment is Sent Out

Two Constables Will Cover the Trail to Glacier and Miller Creeks.

Miners located in the Sixtymile district and many of the merchants of the city will specially commend the action of Major Wood in detailing a squad of police to patrol the new government trail to Miller and Glacier creeks and act as escort to anyone who may have dust to transport to the city. Only a few days ago the Nugget directed attention toward the unprotected condition of the trail and the many splendid opportunities for successful haldups, and in less than a week that which was so greatly desired has been granted. Quite an extensive business has been carried on this season with the miners in that section, but until now there has been no safe way of transporting the dust to town. Freighters refuse to undertake the responsibility of bringing it in without an escort and it would have been just as unsafe for a collector to have made the trip.

This morning the first patrol consisting of Constable Joy and Constable White, mounted, started out to cover the district. Their instructions are to proceed to Miller creek thence to Glacier and down to the new discovery on Boucher notifying everyone of their presence and ascertain when it is desired to make a shipment of dust to town. On their return they will escort anyone who may be coming in should they desire to avail themselves of that privilege. Until the completion of the government trail all the trade of that section went to Fortymile, there being no way of reaching Dawson unless it would have been in a balloon. The extent of the Sixtymile district and the fact that new discoveries of

WATER FRONT NOTES.

Things along the water front are rather quiet today. The Louise arrived last night from Seventymile with the barge left at that point on her last trip up. She brought a number of passengers from Eagle including the following: T. A. McGowan, E. Ogilvie, Elmer R. Brady, C. R. Peck, Judge N. V. Harlan, Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. J. F. Struthers, Mrs. W. T. Garrett and Jas. Lennon. The Louise leaves this evening for St. Michael and will probably be the last of the N. C. boats to arrive this season which will return to the lower river, with the possible exception of the pilot boat Leah now on the flats.

The Whitehorse arrived at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon with the following passengers: Lew Parks, Mrs. Ohlson, F. E. Drake, Mrs. P. W. Mullen, Miss B. Dick, Mrs. Davis, Charles Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Crisp, L. Troughton, Mrs. McCloskey, C. McCloskey, and Mrs. McQuillan. She left again today at 4.

The Bonanza King is expected this evening. The Casca which leaves at 8 this evening has a good list already booked. She has proven one of the most popular boats on the upper river run this season.

Leaves This Evening.

Chas. Murphy will leave this evening on the Casca en route to Seattle in answer to a telegram received yesterday announcing the illness of his wife who went outside some weeks ago.

WANTED. — Woman to do general housework. Apply Brick Warehouse, King street.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Waiters' Aprons (.25), Celluloid Collars (.25), Boys' Overalls (.75), Painters' Overalls (1.00), Painters' Blouses (1.00).

HALF PRICE SALE ON SLATER SHOES CONTINUES.

Sargent & Pinska, 118 2nd Avenue. Mail Orders Promptly Attended To. NO CREDIT.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Daily.
Yearly, in advance \$30.00
Per month, by carrier in city in advance 3.00
Single copies 25

Semi-Weekly.
Yearly, in advance \$24.00
Six months 12.00
Three months 6.00
Per month, by carrier in city in advance 2.00
Single copies 25

NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

The selection of the proper man to represent the Yukon in the house of commons is a matter which concerns the miners of the district more vitally than any other class of people. The mining interests of the community are of paramount importance and proper protection for those interests must be secured largely through the agency of our member of parliament. The candid question is submitted to the miners of the community, are they prepared to entrust their interests in the hands of Joe Clarke? Do they believe that the changes in the regulations required and demanded by the mining community can be secured by Clarke? Do they think that a man whose entire stock in trade is abuse and slander can convince a body of reasonable, intelligent men of the justice of his demands? The Nugget believes that when these questions are considered calmly and dispassionately by the electorate of the district, they will each and every one be answered in the negative.

Clarke in the role of an M. P. would do the country more harm than has come to it from any other source within the past five years.

The News hit the nail on the head when it stated that it would be worse to send an unworthy representative to Ottawa than to permit present conditions to continue. That is exactly the reason why the voters of this territory propose to tell Joe Clarke to stay at home.

Dawson is founded upon a basis altogether too sound and substantial to be seriously affected by a temporary depression. When matters are once adjusted in accordance with the new conditions, the town will take on another lease of life.

Physicians claim that the responsibility and worry incidental to the possession of great wealth tends to shorten the lives of modern millionaires. The theory is probably correct, but most of us would be willing to take chances.

It is often possible to hoodwink a large portion of the people for a limited time, but when sober thought and judgment are permitted to control the hoodwinker will be turned down.

It's dollars to doughnuts that the News will hold a post mortem over Clarke before the campaign is a month older.

Clarke would be regarded as a curiosity in Ottawa for about one week, after which he would become a nonentity.

Margie Newman at Auditorium.
Job Printing at Nugget office.

Parry a Compliment

The famous Mme. Recamier said that she always found two words sufficed to make her guests seem welcome. Upon their arrival she exclaimed, "At last!" and when they took their leave she said "Already?" If taken literally, we should deprecate the flattery. Flattery is insincere praise and wrongs him that gives and him that takes. It is sometimes kinder to accept a compliment than to parry it.

One may say "Thank you, it is pleasant to be seen through such kind (or partial) eyes," or perhaps, "It is a comfort to know that friendship is partly blind as well as the mythological boy," or any nonsense that serves to show that one appreciates the spirit that prompted the kind expression, however wide the truth.

The frequent repetition of the name of the person addressed holds a subtle compliment, implying more complete concentration of the speaker's thought upon his or her personality. De Quincy says: "More is done for the benefit of conversation by the simple magic of good manners than by all varieties of intellectual power."

It is the sympathetic and responsive listener that call forth the best efforts of a talker. For such are reserved his choicest stories, his finest thoughts.

A ready smile acts as inspiration, and interest shown in the conversation of others stimulates and vivifies their thoughts.

To a good listener the diffident will say what they think, and the verbose will think what they say.

There is nothing more trying than to find that one's conversation is receiving but a divided attention and nothing more rude than for a person to pick up a book or paper and look over it while pretending to listen to what one is saying.—New York Herald.

Trouble for Tourists.

The poor Saxon "tourist"—what he may suffer in the Emerald Isle! There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from the race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and the three men scrambled in. In the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath one said: "Pat, have you got th' tickets?" "What tickets? I've got me loife! I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?"

"O! Begorra! I haven't!" "Oh, we're all done for, thin!" said the third. "They'll charge us right from th' other side of Oireland."

The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said: "You are quite safe, gintlemen. Wait till we get to th' next station."

As soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and came back with three first-class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers, he said: "Whist, I'll tell you how I did it! I went along th' thrain. 'Tickets, plaze, tickets, plaze!' I called, and these belong to three Saxon tourists in another carriage."—Harry Furniss in *Siffron*.

Rear-End Collision

Flagstaff, Ariz., Aug. 19.—The California limited on the Santa Fe road, eastbound, ran into the rear end of an eastbound freight train at Cosnino, ten miles east of here, this afternoon. Engineer Williams jumped from his engine and was badly hurt, breaking a leg and arm. The fireman jumped and escaped injury. The engine turned on its side and the front trucks of the combination car left the track. Four freight cars and the caboose were demolished.

None of the passengers were injured and no damage done the coaches. Gustave Swanson, who was riding in a coal car, was badly injured. The accident was caused by the delay of the freight train in taking siding.

We can do your repairing on short notice. Geo. Brewitt, the tailor, Second avenue.

SEAMS ALLOWED FOR. **STANDARD PATTERNS.** **BEST FITTING.** **POPULAR PRICES.** **I HAVE THEM IN STOCK.** **CALL AND GET A SEPTEMBER FASHION SHEET.**

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DUTIES OF THE MEMBER

Candidate Catto Defines Them at Length

Delegate to Ottawa Must Work for Entire Northwest—Must Not be Strong Partizan.

To the electors of the Yukon Territory:

Gentlemen.—The first duty of the member of parliament for the Yukon is to establish confidence in the ranks of the miners and prospectors by destroying the power of the minister of the interior over the Yukon territory. To accomplish this it is necessary to remember always that the state of affairs in the Yukon is too serious to be entangled in the party questions of Dominion politics. Here in the Yukon our first duty is to ourselves. The case of the Yukon is a case for justice.

The time has come when the people of the Yukon will soon have an opportunity to return a representative of their own to present their case before the Dominion parliament. On the settlement of the Yukon question depends the future prosperity not only of this territory, but of the vast unsearched Dominion that reaches from the Yukon and from the Northwest territories to the Arctic ocean.

After the experience they have had with the present administration, no matter where they may be (for the feet of the prospector cannot be confined), whether in this territory or the great basin of the Mackenzie river or anywhere else in the far northwest, the miner and the prospector must know that they are protected from covetous and malicious politicians in the cabinet by an Act of the Canadian parliament upheld by the power of Canada.

Although the first duty of a representative is to his constituents, and although this is so in the case of the Yukon more than in any other case, still the member for the Yukon must enter parliament with the largest of patriotic views. Questions will arise affecting more particularly other constituencies. In these cases he should cast his vote in accordance with what he considers will be best for the country. An important question may arise at any time affecting the general policy of the Dominion. In such a case he should cast his vote as his knowledge, his experience and his conscience direct. Then, but not till then, it is possible that he may be claimed as an adherent of one of the large political parties. Such is the history of every responsible member of every legislative body.

The mining industry is the source of wealth in the Yukon territory and so in matters of administration all other interests are subservient to the mining interest. The mining laws of British Columbia, which have been approved by miners generally and have stood the test of more than five and thirty years, might, with some important changes, particularly as to the size of claims, be taken as the groundwork of a mining code for the great Canadian northwest.

If it were to come down to one question, the question of a miner's lien is the most important one in the Yukon territory at this particular moment. My views on that question are the same today as they were two years ago when I tried to make it a live issue in the election to the local territorial council when Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson were our candidates. It will be the duty of the different labor organizations to see that they are protected by a proper ordinance of the Yukon council. But the case of the miner requires a larger view. The only way to protect the working miner is to hold the owner responsible for the working of his claim as part of the bargain between him and the crown. With such a clause in the mining code as I advocate in the third plank of the platform, there can be no litigation for wages between the working miner and his employer. Even the gold commissioner would have no discretion in the matter. He would simply have to hold the claim for the workmen in the name of the crown. It is said that such a clause would revolutionize the Yukon territory. I am aware of it. The present system of worthless credit, which encourages gold to leave the country, would be abolished. The mining land would fall into the hands of productive workers in a very short time. That kind of a revolution is what this territory needs. In my opinion the administration of this territory from first to last has been contrary to the

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New ideas in French Flannels in Latest designs; Dress Materials in Camel's Hair, Zobelines, Crepe de Chems, Crispine Cravonettes, Etc. Cashmeres in all shades. Striped-Devoeteens, Cashmere Flannels, Grenadines and Other Fashionable Dress Fabrics.

A Full line of Ladies' Tailor-Made Gowns. Cloaks for Ladies and Children. Cashmere Hosiery in all weights and sizes.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

whole spirit and intent of placing mining and has led to false ideas of economy.

Existing mortgages would not suffer. The mining act would not be retroactive. The lien clause would apply only to mining properties that are free from liabilities at the time of the passing of the act, and to all claims recorded thereafter.

When such a code of parliamentary laws is adopted instead of the ever-changing orders-in-council, and when the miner is protected by such a lien, certainly will take the place of doubt, prospecting will take the place of stampeding, sound investments will take the place of false credit, litigation will be reduced to a minimum, and a new reign of prosperity will be established on a solid foundation.

Still further to conserve the wealth of the territory, to give the Yukon market to Canada, and to diminish the flow of gold to the United States we must have an assay office in Dawson to purchase gold for the Canadian mint which is just on the eve of construction. An assay office in Victoria or Vancouver is useless. When gold leaves Dawson in the hands of Americans it rarely returns to the Canadian market.

I am opposed to private monopolies and concessions. If elected, I shall use every means to overthrow the Treadgold orders-in-council. They are so large in scope, so pernicious in detail, and the required expenditures so inadequate that in my opinion they can be rescinded. I shall recommend the government to introduce an adequate water supply on the high levels and to provide sufficient bridges, ferries and other public requisites. In the case of expensive public works I shall recommend that the government be the proprietor and beneficiary until the amount expended in construction is reimbursed.

I shall try to have all freight rates reduced to a fixed and reasonable figure.

I shall recommend an increase of pay to the officers and men of the Northwest Mounted Police whilst on duty in this mining region, as I consider them very inadequately paid for the meritorious and arduous duties they have to perform in addition to their being, in the ordinary sense, conservators of the peace.

If elected, I shall recommend the creation of a ministerial portfolio as an addition to the cabinet, viz., a minister of mines. This has become advisable on account of the extensive growth and development of mining operations throughout the Dominion.

It is not necessary to say much more for the present. Whilst exercising my best judgment in the interest of Yukon affairs, I shall, if elected, always hold myself in close touch with the people of the Yukon and under their instructions in all measures conducive to their benefit.

I would ask everyone to study the platform carefully, and discuss it freely. Every plank in it has received my serious consideration, and is put before the public in as explicit a manner as possible. Compare it with other platforms that may appear in the course of the campaign, and decide whose policy is likely to be the best, the speediest and the most lasting remedy for the present state of affairs in the Yukon. We shall have an opportunity to discuss all these and other matters. Everything will be placed before you in such a decisive manner that no doubt will be left as to my attitude towards this administration.

ests should at any time require it, I shall, if elected, put the motion and shall prepare myself to sustain it, not in a spirit of malice, but in such a manner as to elevate your revenge to the level of a public virtue.

I am not, and I never was, a member of any political caucus bound together by pledges of mutual support for every office in view.

In the coming contest I place my firm reliance on the miners and wage-earners of the Yukon, not on those alone who have suffered by a bad administration, but on all who are loyal Canadians and have at heart the best interests of the Yukon territory and of the Dominion of Canada. To all these I have confidence in saying that our last word in the campaign will be victory.

I am, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM CATTO.
Dawson, Y.T., August 17.

Stops a Runaway.

Seattle, Aug. 20.—By means of his automobile, Ralph S. Hopkins yesterday saved two persons from death under the wheels of a runaway express wagon. At about 12 o'clock yesterday noon Mr. Hopkins was riding leisurely up Second avenue in his automobile. The street was densely crowded with sightseers, waiting for the appearance of the carnival procession. Suddenly the crowds commenced running in front of the machine. Puzzled at their actions, Mr. Hopkins turned around, looking for the cause of the excitement. An express wagon, drawn by a team of large horses, was bearing directly down on the panic-stricken crowd.

Frightened by something, the horses had escaped from the control of their driver and were running away.

Mr. Hopkins brought his automobile to a quick stop and set the brakes hard. Then he turned and watched the runaway, in whose path he had deliberately placed himself.

He hoped to be able, by means of the weight of his machine, to check the flying team and save the densely packed crowd in front.

As he had hoped, the tongue of the wagon struck the rear of the auto, bringing it to a sudden stop. The horses, partially freed from the harness, sprang forward, one on each side of the machine. This enabled him to grasp their bits and hold them until bystanders succeeded in quieting them.

In their flight the horses had managed to break loose from the harness, and just as the wagon was brought to a stop had jerked the driver and another man from the seat directly under the front wheels of the heavy vehicle. Had the wagon gone a foot farther they would undoubtedly have been killed. By his prompt and courageous action Mr. Hopkins not only saved the lives of the men on the wagon, but probably of many in the crowd which packed the street in front of the automobile.

Mr. Hopkins is clerk of the United States district court, and is well known as an automobile enthusiast. He was the owner of the first automobile in Seattle.

An American Girl—Auditorium.
Job printing at Nugget office.

STR. CLIFFORD SIFTON
—WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE—
TUESDAY, SEPT. 2nd, AT 8:00 P. M.
FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY
FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

FOR SALE **Cheap for Cash**
Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine
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Regular Service on Stewart River
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The White Pass & Yukon Route
(THE BRITISH YUKON NAVIGATION CO.)
Operate the Fastest and Best Appointed Steamers Between Whitehorse and Dawson.
Str. Whitehorse Will Sail for Whitehorse **Friday, Aug. 29**
4:00 P. M.
Only Line Issuing Through Tickets and Checking Baggage Through to Skagway.
J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. H. ROGERS, Gen. Agent, Dawson. J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

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STAGE AND LIVERY

Little Cupe's Invitation.

The lace curtain was limp with rain, the windows of the house opposite reflected the clouds, and Little Cupe's own window sill was blistered with little backs of rain on which floated tobacco atoms. Little Cupe felt much as the day looked. "Go anyway," encouraged the medical students.

The day before Little Cupe had seen Eb (all the medical students knew Eb, for he had been one of the more distinguished men in college), and Cupe had told his medical mates that Eb had invited him to spend Sunday at his home in the country. The medical student knew that Eb had colored carriages and when at college had dined with the most exclusive families. They said he was "a darned bright man" and always talked earnestly and bravely when they met him.

Eb was now a lawyer in his first year's practice "and doing darned well," they had wisely agreed.

Little Cupe had begun the recital of his invitation as "if it was nothing," but had grinned with delight before he had ended it, and had dilated that a lot of girls from the neighboring houses would be there with a young chaperon.

The fact that Eb had once given a theatre party was the basis of Cupe's belief that he always entertained.

But now Little Cupe wasn't sure if he had been invited. Possibly Eb had said, "Drop in some time, and we'll go out for Sunday," or, "Let me know how you're doing. Drop in some Saturday, and we'll go out Sunday."

Suddenly a puff of determination carried him to the closet. He had decided nothing consciously. From its drawers he pulled two white shirts, seven single cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes (only 3 per cent. diluted, of these things bore Little Cupe's own red stamp mark) and was shaking the creases out of a dress suit.

"Drop it!" yelled one medical student. "I've got to wear it this evening." All the rest had to wear theirs too. "Lord, we're sorry." Cupe's own was torn and hadn't been mended. "I can't go," said he, depressed and looking frightened.

"Sure you can. Eb and the girls will understand."

Eb sat in his own "box," his desk topped by two rows of fresh leather books and a black tin box, "Re Moulton." The senior officers opened through the sunny doorways back of him. With business precision he was deciding that he would not stay in town that night, but would go to his home for a nine hours' sleep and in the morning drive to a friend's for the day. With a business chirography that had made Little Cupe when he had seen it predict for him a trust presidency he started to write to his friend to said effect (see above). But he noticed the door.

For thirty seconds a shadow had been hovering over its gray glass. Little Cupe was outside trying to muster courage to knock. At Eb's voice he couldn't go down the elevator, so he pretended he had not heard him and made the glass shiver.

"Come in!" again called Eb. With a frightened little grin Cupe entered. His hands felt cold. He shut the door so that it would not disturb anybody. He held behind him his birthday dress suit case.

"How are you, Cupe?" Eb was always glad to see his friends. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute." And he handed him a fragrant box of cigars. "Have one."

Cupe took one and held his dress suit case in his lap, but he didn't smoke, for he had no matches. Those cigars had always impressed him, and he had often told his medical students that he occasionally dropped into Eb's office and smoked his cigars.

Eb continued writing to his friend that he would be there tomorrow and, handing the note to a messenger who came from the main office—Cupe was greatly impressed—said, "Special delivery," and then, leaning back, added: "Well, Cupe, what can I do for you?" as if surveying a client.

The stone faces through the window grinned fiendishly.

"Nothin'," answered Cupe. "I was bringin' this empty dress suit case from a store"—he pointed in definitely out toward the street—"and just stopped in. I'm goin' right along, got to go now." He arose meekly and held out his hand, which felt as if its veins pulsed with mist. When he said "empty" dress suit case, the two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes weighed heavy with guilt.

"Can't you come out to dinner?"

Eb thought Cupe would enjoy that more than his boarding house.

"Haven't any dress suit," Eb assured him. "It made no difference, not the least. Cupe, after deliberating a proper while whether he could get away, said he guessed he could go, he'd be glad to.

Eb's house hid in a park and was dwelt in by two maidservants, one manservant and a chatty housekeeper. There was but little entertaining, though Eb occasionally brought home some friend for the night. The room in which Little Cupe stood was pink with flowered wall paper, flowered chairs and a flowered quilt on the bed. He had been shown into this bower by a man with side whiskers and a strange dress suit and who had been very polite. When the man had bent to lift Cupe's dress suit case, Cupe had said, "No, no, no, thanks," and, told him and Eb and the chatty housekeeper, who were also in the hall, that he would carry it upstairs himself, for he needed the exercise.

His unfolded dress suit case surged with his two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and the two changes of other clothes. Then he heard girlish voices in the hall; they must be the dinner guests chaperoned by some young wife from across the hedges. They were really the two maidservants.

"Knuckle, knuckle," deferentially on the door.

"Come in," said Cupe. In poked the side whiskered head of the butler or porter. "Will you have a cocktail, sir?"

Cupe's own head was full of dress suits, so he thought the butler said, "Will you have a cocktail?"

"Yes, please," answered Cupe, and while waiting for the dress suit to come began deciding between his two white shirts in the case.

"Knuckle, knuckle," again on the door. Cupe hoped the suit would fit, but it was Eb who entered.

"Knuckle." The butler entered with the cocktail.

"And the cocktail?" inquired Little Cupe. He said this partly to Eb. He would let him upbraid his own servant. Eb stared, the butler stared, the house seemed to sight to Little Cupe.

There had been no relieving feature to the situation. Eb thought Cupe might have meant to say some indelicate joke; the butler or porter probably thought so too. Cupe was now at the dining room table with his napkin fallen to his feet, where he was unable to pick it up. He had entered the dining room very erect, for he had expected to find the invited girls there and wanted them to be favorably impressed and whisper to each other, but he learned he was to be alone with Eb and his only conquest the courses. He didn't know how to take all of them out of the platters, but that same porter or butler was a valuable man and did it for him.

After the dinner Little Cupe felt much relieved. He discussed the paintings, for he had taken a course in "fine arts" once as a "snap" and smoked many cigars. He didn't know when to stop smoking, and Eb marvelled.

That's about all that happened to Little Cupe. Eb, who at last realized that Cupe had expected to stay over Sunday, if not a week, explained to him that he himself, unfortunately, had to be away for the day, but urged Cupe to remain and have at his disposal the house and horses.

"No, thanks, no," said Cupe. "I promised the fellows I would be back for church."

This latter tale was unfortunate, for Cupe had to rise in the morning earlier than he would have otherwise. He felt much like this story, which started with graphic enthusiasm and then wilted away like a bashful schoolboy. But you should have heard the reasons he gave the medical students why he didn't stay over Sunday. Nice Little Cupe!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Sayings About Breadcrumbs.

In the days when the "bread loaf" was dear careful mothers had a set of thrift sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big, cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and kept for some useful purpose. If a child threw crumbs in the fire, the old fashioned mother lifted a warning finger and said, "If you throw crumbs in the fire, you are feeding the devil." Children were told that the better part of the loaf was the crust, and when a child was sent to the shop for bread the order was to ask for "a crusty loaf." If a child left its crust, came the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad), you'll want for a loaf some day. You'll find hunger's a sharp thorn."—Notes and Queries.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

A Quick-Witted Doctor

A certain French surgeon, of whom The Young Ladies' Journal tells, had so much more thought for his patient than for his own safety on one occasion that he resorted to an expedient which although efficacious, might have resulted in his own death.

He had been commissioned to bleed the grand seigneur and either through timidity or nervousness had met with an awkward accident. The point of the lancet broke off in the vein, and the blood would not flow.

That point must be got out somehow. Without stopping to consider the consequences to himself, the surgeon gave his highness a violent slap in the face. This produced the desired effect, for surprise and indignation on the part of his august patient put the blood into violent circulation. The vein bled freely, and the lancet point came out.

The bystanders were about to lay hands on the surgeon when he said, "First let me finish the operation and bandage the wound." This done, he threw himself at the feet of the sultan and explained his action.

The sultan not only pardoned him, but gave him a handsome reward for keeping his wits about him in a critical moment.

Had Visited Bartholin.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—Edward Counselman, who was arrested yesterday in connection with the Bartholin-Mitchell murder mystery, was subjected to a rigid examination today, but told nothing that would throw any light on the case. Counselman contradicted himself several times.

The most significant circumstance developed was the fact that he had repeatedly visited Bartholin at his home, twice without the knowledge of the young man's mother, who had ordered him to stay away from the house.

After an hour's questioning, Counselman finally blurted out: "If I knew where William Bartholin was I would not tell you."

Counselman evaded an explanation of why he abused his wife when she refused to return to him the letter that he had received from Bartholin, July 11, summoning him to Bartholin's home, five days after the murder of Mrs. Bartholin.

To Investigate Robbery

Owensboro, Ky., Aug. 17.—Several officials of the Adams Express Company, who arrived today from St. Louis, have gone to Fordsville to investigate the robbery reported from there yesterday. Nothing has developed to indicate the whereabouts of the \$25,000 which Mr. Boatner asserts he shipped from Deanneville, and which it is alleged was taken from rural there. A man sent out to the agent at Fordsville after its arduous trip, reports that he found the wires cut under the table in the office at Deanneville.

No Redress Against Companies

San Francisco, Aug. 18.—Judge De Haven has decided that those persons having relatives drowned or otherwise lost at sea, have no redress against the steamship company owning or operating the vessel upon which the casualty may have occurred. The decision was made upon the hearing of the petition of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company for a limitation of liability in the case of the Walla Walla which was lost off the north California coast last January. The decision has excited much interest here and may be appealed from.

For Their Own Calves

A couple of young men were out fishing one day and on returning were going past a farmhouse and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?"

The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

The boys calculated that they had business away, and they went.—Country Gentleman.

TO BE MADE BEAUTIFUL

Will be Transformed Into a Pretty Park

Tenants on the Government Reserve Requested to Vacate Their Premises.

Soon after the completion of the Administration building Commissioner Ross announced that he intended to eventually beautify the grounds adjoining by converting the tract into a splendid park with well kept lawns, flowers, shrubbery and other such accessories which would transform that portion of the city into a spot more pleasing to the eye than the present expanse of rigger-heads dotted here and there with excrescences in the shape of cabins of the vintage of '97. The first step looking toward that end has been taken and in less than a year from today the predictions of the commissioner will have at least partially come true.

Occupying the tract upon the sufferance of the government are the barracks of the Salvation Army, the Masonic hall, the building now utilized by Mr. Tyrrell as a residence and the court of the Dawson Lawn Tennis Club. These have all been notified to vacate the premises occupied by them and as soon as they have found other quarters the buildings not moved will be razed to the ground and carted away.

That portion of the government reserve is about 1000 feet in length and 383 feet in width, extending from Fifth avenue east to a thirty foot alley between Sixth and Seventh avenues, and from Church street south to within 100 feet of Turner street. On the extreme southern end of the tract is a row of lots facing Turner street, that on the corner being occupied by J. Langlois Bell. The reserve contains a little less than ten acres and can be made into an ideal beauty spot. It is reasonable to presume that the unsightly slough which at present crosses one end of the tract will at some time in the near future be filled in. As a drainage canal it is of little or no consequence and may be easily done away with and no one will be inconvenienced. That done and the ground leveled off and made into a lawn would transform a spot now worthless from an artistic point of view into a veritable oasis.

The idea was the conception of Commissioner Ross and had he not been overtaken by his unfortunate illness it is not at all improbable that active work would have been begun on the scheme ere this. In the matter of providing other sites for the Salvation Army and the Masonic order, a suitable location will be found for them which will answer their purposes equally as well and which they may regard more in the light of a permanent home. None of the tenants on the tract have any

\$50 Reward.

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

Answers to name of Prince.

F. J. HEMEN, Klondike Nugget.

title to the ground occupied by them and thus but little difficulty, if any, will be experienced in causing their removal. The improvement which will result in so beautifying that portion of the city will be of immeasurable benefit in more ways than one. Dawson does not today possess the slightest semblance to a playground for children and a spot of green grass is so seldom seen that it is generally regarded in the light of a curiosity. The possibilities are almost limitless and the scheme is worthy of the most profound approbation.

Margie Newman at Auditorium.

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

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As Liza Loved the King.

The old red brick mansion stood up primly, its harsh outlines of uncompromising squareness half hidden by a riot of Guelder roses that climbed and threw long green arms of loveliness around the small diamond panes of the windows. A straight box-bordered path led down to the gate through an avenue of beeches where the sunlight fell in lance rifts down upon the blue grass fresh with the green of May—Maytime in old Kentucky in the year of our Lord 1833. Beyond the rustic gate a broad white road ran from east to west.

Those were strange processions that would along the great highroad, the artery of trade from the east over the Alleghenies to Kentucky and the southern country that lay beyond in the gateway of the wilderness—long trains of white covered wagons filled with a medley of women, children, household goods, with their escorts of stalwart men on horseback. Already the heira to the west had commenced, often a tribe of Choctaws bound for the wigwams of the great father, grim, dusk faces under nodding plumes, animated bundles, with smaller bundles bound to their backs, astride of the ponies, silent as ghosts, and passing, always passing, up the long white road.

Twice each day, with the long tantara-ra of the bugles and the rattle of whip and hoof, came the stage-coach, a flash of color from east to west, and again the quiet of earth and sky.

Over the hills, whose dim, blue line encompassed her world around the child's heart went each day with the dying echo of hoof and bugle; over the hills, where the gold lights of sunset kissed the pink limestone cliffs, brightening to emerald green the tufts of maidenhair in the deep clefts, and farther up, where the mists caught and held them, deepening into the evening's violet crown.

A slim, shy maid of barely fifteen, in her long, narrow skirt and prim kerchief drawn tightly across the childish breast, the small brown hand shading her level brows, she watched with wistful eyes up the long ribbon of road—little Anne with her peach blossom face and soft gray eyes that had dared to look from under their long black lashes at a face that was the face of a people's hero; not all the people, for here in her father's house Anne had heard fierce denunciations and even curses against that name. But when had politics aught to do with a maid's romancing? Deep down in her heart the girl cherished the memory of one summer evening when all alone the great man reined in his horse and sprang from the saddle to walk and talk with a pretty child. Two years had come and gone, but over the low gate Anne leaned and dreamed of her hero as did that Lisa in faroff Italy of her king.

The evening shadows grew longer and the sun vanished behind the hills as the tinkle of bells chimed up from the pasture. With eyes still dream-thrilled Anne wandered out and across the road to where the spring bubbled up from its mossy pool. A little rustic summer house sheltered it, and the little stream lost itself in a dense thicket of hazel bushes that grew close up to the arbor. The girl's light foot made no sound as she entered and dropped down upon the seat. Voices close at hand aroused her as a low murmur came from the hazel copse.

"The best place is where the road comes through Hungerford's woods, this side of the mill."

Then another voice: "I don't like it. It's doing all the dirty work and getting the kicks for pay. Let them as wants him out of the way put him there."

And the first voice answered with an oath. "What's that to you? The men that wants Andrew Jackson dead hain't the men as risks nuthin'."

"Andrew Jackson." Anne's heart gave a great bound, then almost stopped as there was a rustle among the bushes. She strained her ears to catch the last words.

"He'll likely spend tonight at Hungerford's, leaving there by daylight."

"No. There hain't but one nigger along. He don't like comp'ny a-travellin'." And the low chuckle died in the distance.

It was nearly dark as Anne crept out from her hiding place and glanced fearfully up the long white road. She knew that Hungerford's lay fifteen miles away as the crow flies and to reach it would mean a ride through the night—morning would be too late; knew too, poor child, that in the hearts of those about her dwelt the bitterest hatred of the man that she would have risked her life to save! Not that they would have lifted a hand against his life, but they would have laughed her

story down and bade her hush, as children should.

Alone in her little white curtained room she knelt and prayed her simple prayer. She had always been afraid of the dark—the dark that was like whispering lips in your ear and the touch of soft fingers clutching at your gown—but the life of her hero was the high gerdon of the deed.

One by one each door was closed. She heard her father's chair pushed back and knew that he was laying his pipe on the mantelshelf; heard her mother setting the house in order and then it all grew still. The tall clock ticked louder and louder through the dark with an accusing voice—ten, eleven, twelve, and at the last stroke a little dark figure hurried across the yard to the stable, where Harry Clay, the bay gelding, whinnied softly in his loose box. He knew the little fingers that slipped the bit between his velvet lips, and he laid his handsome head against her curls in mute caress as the saddle was girted. Harry Clay had never carried that weight before, and when the flapping riding skirt struck his withers the fine ears lay close as he reared and pawed the air, with the thin nostrils flared, but a whisper, a touch upon the mane, and he dropped into a light canter along the footpath, his feet making no sound upon the turf.

Fifteen miles to Hungerford's, and four hours yet until dawn. Harry Clay quickens his stride as a clock from a farmhouse chimes out, "One, two," and they have passed the brick church at the forks of Otter creek, where she had knelt so often at her mother's side. "Three," and the white road runs backward under the flying hoofs. The moments speed and they gallop into the shadow of Hungerford's woods. A dim old moon was shining, and a break in the trees let in the light full on the girl's face. There was a rustle in the shadows of the roadside, and the same rough voice cried out: "That girl of Montague's on the bay colt—stop her! Whoa, there!"

But Anne brought the whip down on Harry Clay's flank. Not quite swift enough, for a pistol shot rang out, another and yet another, and she felt a dull shock as Harry Clay, maddened by the reports and the insult of a blow, tore down the white stones of the road, the fire flashing under the iron shod hoofs—on and on while the miles rolled back in the dark and the gray of dawn came over the hills. There was something warm and wet that trickled down the great bay's shoulder as the little figure swayed and clung to the saddle. As the gold broke along the east a horse man rode out of the woods in the opposite direction, the same that had walked his horse and talked with the pretty child two years ago.

The reins dropped on Harry Clay's neck as Andrew Jackson rode alongside just in time to catch her as she reeled from the saddle, and then, with her head against his heart, the little maid sobbed out her story, while the sweet face grew paler and the wild roses died from the pretty cheeks as the drip, drip of the blood went pattering down.

The grim, dark face hardened into steel as he beckoned to the negro that rode a little behind him.

"Go back to the farm and tell them to make ready, and, mind you, lose no time in sending for the doctor." Very carefully and slowly he rode, bearing the light weight, while the still face lay against his breast, smiling dreamily.

At the farmhouse all was bustle and stir. Mistress Hungerford's capable hands laved the wounds and made all sweet and clean in the chamber where they carried her to await the coming of the doctor.

Very quiet and still she lay when he came to bid her farewell. His face was sad and stern when he bared his head by the low white bed where the face of her dream-mmm mm mm Anne lay. They two were alone when Anne opened her great gray eyes on the face of her dreams, and in that look he whose heart lay buried in a woman's grave in Tennessee read the old story sanctified in the white shrine of the maiden soul; read also, with a soldier's unerring knowledge, the whiteness about the pretty mouth. The stern face grew tender and the eagle eyes were dimmed as he leaned to that unspoken prayer, laying his lips upon the white ones beneath, that quivered a moment and were still.

The child's eyes looked beyond the hills at last.

"Dear me," sighed the bread dough; "I would like a raise."

"All right," said the yeast cake, "wait a minute, and I'll set you to work."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Rider Roosevelt.

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I, No publisher would hesitate my manuscripts to buy.

I'd make no rhymes about the crimes committed by our courts, But praise in prose our costly wars and other strenuous sports;

I'd print a book of tactics on the way my cowboys drilled, And write a brilliant brochure on "Wild Animals I've Killed."

The printers of my books, I ween, could scarce the trade supply. If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I, He could not sell his books because the public would not buy.

He could not ride at eventide upon a prancing steed, Nor earn the wherewithal to buy the clothes his children need.

He could not keep his charming wife in necessary gear, Not even if her frocks cost less than fifty pounds a year;

And often when he tried to sleep these thoughts would make him sigh. If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I, No commonplace amusements would my nature satisfy.

I'd bust a broncho every morn, as no mere cowboy could, And walk to Cabin John and back with lucky Leonard Wood;

Then after lunch I'd rush across and from Elihu's files Extract some confidential facts and reprimand old Miles;

I'd snub Mark Hanna and his friends and on myself rely. If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I, He'd think it strange that I should thus the deencies defy.

And ask me if I had forgot the gallant deeds Miles did While I squirmed in my mother's arms, a squalling, kicking kid—

How Miles fought on a hundred fields where thickets ragged the fray, With nary nigger regiment to charge and save the day.

At least I am inclined to think that he would thus reply. If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

—Sam C. Dunham.

The German Police

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over your past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of little books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality, and how long you intend to stay.

You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going and so on.

If you fail in any of these multitudinous requirements of the government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as 2 cents.—The Independent.

On the Free List

Some years ago there was a toll-gate on a plank road leading to Elmwood cemetery, Detroit. All funerals were allowed to pass along this road without paying.

One day Dr. Pierce, a well known physician, while paying his toll, jokingly remarked to the gatekeeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," said the gatekeeper, "we can't afford that. You send too many deadheads through as it is."—New York Times.

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MURDER ON HIGH SEA

Japanese Cabin Boy Kills Captain.

Murderer Has a Narrow Escape From Being Thrown Overboard by Sailors.

San Francisco, Aug. 18.—Advices have reached this city from Honolulu, per steamer Alameda, of the murder of Capt. J. J. Jacobson, of the lumber schooner Fred J. Woods, by the cabin boy, a Japanese named Tanbara Gesabaro. S. Oto, the Japanese cook, is charged with being an accessory before the fact. The murder occurred on the high seas July 30, the captain being stabbed with a butcher knife.

The four-masted American schooner Fred J. Woods, bound from Portland to China with a cargo of lumber, anchored off the port of Honolulu early on the morning of August 5, flying signals of distress and in charge of Mate H. Meyer. The custom officer who went out to her found the captain, J. J. Jacobson, lying dead and mutilated, wrapped in a canvas shroud in the forepart of the vessel. The Japanese cabin boy who had butchered the captain was in the hold, heavily ironed, with lumber piled all around him. The Japanese cook was found locked in a cabin.

In another cabin, with her 5-months-old baby in her arms and a 21-months-old girl playing about her, was Mrs. Jacobson, the widow of the dead commander.

The story of the murder, patched together from details given by different members of the crew, is as follows: Both the cook and cabin boy were picked up in Portland. After sailing the cook and the boy refused to do any work that did not please them. Between 6:30 and 7 a. m. on July 30 the captain went to the galley to learn why the boy had not done certain work which had been ordered. The commander found

the boy sitting in the cook's galley and when questioned as to his negligence he drew from under his coat a long butcher knife and made a lunge at the captain. The latter got out of harm's way and ordered the boy to give him the knife. At this command a small panel which is used to pass food from the cook's galley to the sailors' quarters was opened by a French sailor named Moore. He saw the boy with the knife and noticed that the captain had the boy by the shoulders, but Moore was powerless to go to the assistance of the commander, the hole being too small to allow his body to pass through. The cook was not in sight. The boy and Jacobson struggled to the donkey room, where the passage way is only two and a half feet wide. The boy was seen to bend his knees and run the knife up through the captain's body. The captain fell over the little assassin's body and in a moment the whole ship's crew and Mrs. Jacobson were on the scene. It was only the determined stand taken by Mate Meyer which prevented the crew from throwing the murderer into the sea. The captain was carried on deck, dead.

Capt. Jacobson is spoken of in the highest terms by the entire crew, who claim that he treated them, as well as the boy, in the most gentlemanly manner. The Japanese cabin

boy expressed no sorrow for his deed. When the cook was leaving the boat he was heard to say in Japanese to the cabin boy: "Don't you give me away." This remark caused an investigation to be made, and he was charged with being accessory to the murder.

Curious Freak

A Belgian physician, speaking of simulation by the insane, says that in cases of insanity where the intellectual faculties are not too much disordered the insane may simulate another form of insanity than their own. The forms of insanity most often simulated are, in order of frequency, imbecility, dementia and mania. The other forms are not so frequently simulated. A lunatic generally simulates insanity to escape punishment, and an expert physician should not therefore in such cases be satisfied with a diagnosis of simulation. Such diagnosis does not exclude real insanity, and the physician should therefore endeavor to ascertain whether or not the simulator is himself a lunatic. With care, patience and a long continued observation it is possible to make a complete and correct diagnosis, and this is the more important as in these cases the serious question of responsibility arises.—London Family Doctor.


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TIDAL WAVE OF MORALITY

Encompasses the Police Court Roundabout

Not a Case of Any Kind up for Hearing Today—May be Due to Watered Stock.

If Wallpaper Drummer Hees had visited our police court while in Dawson and found it as quiet as it was today, he might have had some grounds for saying Dawson is a dead one when he went back to Toronto.

Like the burial of Sir John Moore, police court this morning was very quiet affair—so quiet, indeed, that the next man to occupy the lone some bench will sit in two days accumulation of dust instead of but one.

There was not a case of any kind to be heard; not a jag was cultivated in the previous 24 hours, not a sluicibox robbery or a holdup reported. This condition of affairs is not due to lack of vigil on the part of the police as the dinky caps have not thus far gotten the best of them to such an extent as to render them derelict in the faithful performance of their duties.

It may be that the local dealers in "gents' furnishing goods" are watering their stock, or it may be that a tidal wave of morality is sweeping over Dawson. At any rate, nothing was doing at police court this morning.

Newfoundland Tragedy

"The lack of physicians is one of the horrors of the isolation in which the Newfoundlanders of this coast live," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "There are none within fifty miles of most harbors; none within reaching distance of many. It is related of a well-to-do fisherman who was something of a merchant that his wife, whom he fondly loved, lay in agony for many days while an autumn gale raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest physician, who lived fifteen miles down the coast, for there was no possibility that he who ventured could survive. On the fourth day the wind moderated. Two men volunteered to accompany Allerton. They set sail in the first hours of a snowstorm, which abated, however, before they reached their destination. Fighting doggedly, they took the boat safely in, after indescribable hardship and through ever present danger. The gale had gone down when they knocked on the physician's door. A heavy sea was running, but the danger of wreck on the return voyage was quickly passing.

"What's the matter with the woman?" the physician asked.

"He was informed.

"The husband minutely described his wife's agony. Then he offered what amounted almost to half his fortune as a fee.

"I'll take that," said the doctor, "if you fetch her here. Go back and get her, and I'll attend to the case."

"In an open boat," the husband exclaimed. He pointed out that his wife's condition put such an arrangement beyond the bounds of reason.

"Well, I can't do anything," said the physician. "If you bring her over I'll attend to her."

"When the husband got back to his home, the child had been born, but the woman died the next day."

Men and Beasts.

I once had a trailer, an old Irishman, who had served in a British regiment in India and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the show arena than I have ever seen done by tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat, knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their

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teeth and wine, and that in half playfulness.

One day he got very drunk. I had never known him to transgress before. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers tried to take him out of the cage, but to have done so would have meant a bitter and bloody fight with the three striped ones. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. The next time he put them to work, however, they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them. They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end completely. — F. Bostock in Frank Leslie's.

Cost of Tracy Hunt

Seattle, Aug. 18.—Tracy cost King county less than \$3,000. This made the county commissioners smile yesterday morning, when the computed costs of the desperado hunt were submitted to them.

According to Deputy Sheriff Corcoran, the amount figured up to date is just \$2,638, divided as follows:

Guards	\$1,700
Telegrams	160
Guns and cartridges	553
Deputies' expense account	175
Telephone (estimated)	50
Total	\$2,638

Sheriff Hartman of Pierce county filed a bill of expense in Tacoma this week of nearly \$700.

Will Not Go to Posen.

Berlin, Aug. 19.—The headquarters of the approaching army maneuvers have been abruptly changed from Posen, Prussian Poland, to Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, province of Brandenburg, Prussia. Emperor William, the general staff and the foreign guests will therefore lodge in a sympathetic Prussian city instead of in an unfriendly Polish atmosphere. No official explanation is procurable of the abandonment of the programme which was arranged months ago. The official inference is that it will be more judicious to make a prolonged stay at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder than at Posen, because Polish political hostility might be aggravated or an opportunity might be given for an unpleasant incident.

Gets Respite

Lansing, Mich., Aug. 19.—The supreme court today granted a writ of error in the case against Frank C. Andrews and ordered that Andrews be remanded to the custody of the sheriff of Wayne county until discharged by due process of law. The effect of this action is to prevent Andrews' immediate removal to Jackson prison and will keep him in the county jail while his attorneys are arguing the motion that will be made in the circuit court here for bail, pending the settlement of the bill of exceptions that will be filed in the supreme court.

Insane Deed

Salina, Kan., Aug. 19.—Joseph Anderson, a farmer living east of Salina, in a fit of despondency today, drowned his four children, three girls and a boy, in a cistern, and then shot himself with a revolver. Anderson will probably die. Financial matters had affected his mind. The crime was committed during the absence of the mother. The oldest child was 6 years old and the youngest a babe of four months. Anderson left a note on a table in the parlor, notifying the mother that the children could be found in the cistern.

Rails Spread

Neenah, Wis., Aug. 19.—The Wisconsin Central "St. Paul flyer" was derailed shortly after midnight, one mile west of Fremont, while running at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. Nearly 200 passengers were on the train and all of the coaches left the track except the rear truck of the last sleeper. The entire train narrowly escaped being precipitated over an embankment.

The cause of the accident is unknown, but probably was due to the spreading of the rails. Nine persons were severely injured and all of the passengers were badly shaken up.

Surrounded by Posse.

Napoleon, Ohio, Aug. 15.—Henry and Eck Thomason, who shot Sheriff Barnhill, have been traced to a dense thicket a few miles from Miller City, and are surrounded by armed men, who are determined that they shall not escape. Marshal Hiser has called for more men and bloodhounds. A \$500 reward is offered for the men, dead or alive, and there is a standing reward of \$200 for horse stealing.

Mrs. Hutchison Returning

A private telegram received in Dawson recently stated that Mrs. Hutchison, the well known dealer in ladies' clothing, had left Vancouver with a complete stock of the latest novelties. She is expected to arrive in Dawson in about ten days.

Suspended From Duty.

New York, Aug. 19.—Edward Croker, chief of the New York fire department, was suspended from duty today by Fire Commissioner Sturgiss. Mr. Croker, who is a nephew of Richard Croker, had been absent on a vacation, but returned to the city yesterday, saying he did so to resume his duties, on advice of his attorneys.

Mr. Croker said this advice was given because his name had been mentioned in connection with the hearing of charges against Chief of Construction Ryan, of the department. When the chief reached his office yesterday he found that a new lock had been placed on his desk, that his key would not fit, and that his letters and books for three years past had been carried away.

"Swift" Gates Broke

Seattle, Aug. 16.—The Pacific Clipper liner Santa Ana sailed for Valdes and Copper river points shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The steamer took north about thirty passengers and a large cargo, much of the latter being mining supplies. The new Nazima gold digger have already created quite a stampede towards the Valdes country and many of the north-bounders were prospectors going to try their luck in this new camp.

One of the best known passengers was William Gates, better known as "Swift Water Bill." Broke, or nearly so, Bill sailed north, the happiest man aboard.

He told some friends just before the steamer sailed that when he returned again to Seattle, he would have dust enough to start a corner grocery with a bank annex.

To Fight Whisky Trust

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 19.—The Post says:

"A plan is on foot to form a combination of the outside distillers in Kentucky and the outside distillers in Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, the proposed consolidation being a revival of the so-called 'Greenbaum plan,' which was stopped in its infancy three years ago by the formation of the present combine, known as the Distilling Company of America. It is claimed that the outside distillers of Kentucky would have a combined output capacity about equal to that of the trust, and that the outside spirit distillers would have a combined output greatly in excess of the trust's."

One Dead, Another Dying

Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 15.—Authentic details have been received of a desperate affray in which three young men and a woman, all of them prominent in Scott county, Tenn., were involved, and which is said to have resulted in the death of one and the flight of both the woman and the other man implicated. Jarrett Trammel was killed, but by whom is not definitely known. Mrs. Trammel and Wig Duncan, one of those involved, escaped over the border into Kentucky. The scene of the tragedy was at Winfield, a small town in Scott county, Tenn.

Money in Letters.

London, Aug. 15.—The annual report of the postmaster-general shows that the large total of \$3,375,000 was found in letters undelivered during the past year. The undelivered letters totaled no less than ten millions, while the delivered missives amounted to 2,415,590, an average of 58.9 for each person in the United Kingdom. The postmaster-general also reports that fresh experiments with motor cars showed that they cannot be relied upon to carry heavy loads of mail matter with the same regularity as wagons drawn by horses.

A Famous Tenor

San Francisco, Aug. 15.—Carl Friederich Willibald Peter Mosbrugger, of Baden, died last Monday at the county alms house. He was to have been buried in the Potter's field, but a telegram from a cousin to Rev. Mr. Vogel, of the Swiss church here, provided for his suitable burial. Mosbrugger ten years ago was one of the world's most famous tenors. At Berlin, at St. Petersburg, at Paris and at Moscow he made his mark. For a time he was a favorite of the crowned heads.

Will Was Not Found

New York, Aug. 19.—Charles Fair's will was not found in his vault in the Stock Exchange building, which was opened and examined by his sister, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, and her counsel, Col. William May, yesterday. The order of the court granting permission to search the vault stipulated that if found the will must be filed forthwith, which is held to mean within forty-eight hours, in the surrogate court. No such will was filed today.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Horrible Murder by Boys

St. John, N. B., Aug. 11.—The coroner this evening resumed his inquiry to ascertain the cause of the death of William Doherty, who was found dead on the outskirts of Rockwood Park on Aug. 8. Frank Goodspeed, aged 14, who was captured with Fred Higgins at Vancouver, en route to Portland, was brought before the coroner. It would be hard to conceive the story he told of the fiendish murder of Doherty. From the lad's story it was shown that a number of boys had formed themselves into a band of robbers. A few months ago Higgins, Doherty and a lad named Holm, who is now serving a term in the penitentiary for breaking into a store in St. John, went on a raid through Maine. At Waterville they broke into a place and stole some \$300 in cash, jewelry, etc. The police gave chase, and in crossing a bridge they were forced to hide the plunder. Some time afterwards Higgins went to look after the booty, but found it was gone. He blamed Doherty for stealing the stuff as he maintained to one else knew where it was.

Higgins then made up his mind to kill Doherty. On Friday, Aug. 1, he carried out his plans. Getting hold of Goodspeed, he asked him did he like Doherty, and the latter replied he did. However, Higgins prevailed upon Goodspeed to accompany him and Doherty to the park to pick berries. Goodspeed and Doherty were walking ahead in a lonely spot when Higgins fired four shots from a 38-calibre revolver, each shot taking effect in the back. Doherty fell, and lifting himself on his elbow, shouted to Higgins that he was shot, and said, "For God's sake go for a doctor, quick," and that he would swear it was an accident.

Goodspeed also maintained he said he would go, when Higgins covered him with the revolver and threatened to shoot him. Higgins then went up to Doherty and battered him on the head with the revolver until he was dead. Then he pushed the corpse down into a hollow with his foot, which accounts for the coat being over Doherty's head when found. He then compelled Goodspeed to help him cover up the body with brush, burned trees, etc. Before doing so, however, Higgins rifled the pockets of Doherty of change, about \$1.50. He threatened to kill Goodspeed by shooting if he ever told anyone about the deed. The murder was committed at three o'clock in the afternoon. Higgins and Goodspeed returned to the city, and Higgins threw the revolver into a creek near where the gang gathered.

No other evidence was taken. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that Doherty was killed by Higgins. The murderer is only 16 years old. He still sticks to his story that he was not with Doherty on the afternoon he disappeared.

Stabbed With a Pocketknife

Seattle, Aug. 20.—T. N. Mitchell, a Blaine bartender, was dangerously injured in a stabbing affray which occurred at 11:45 o'clock last night, either in the Diamond saloon, at First avenue and Washington street, or on the sidewalk near the entrance to the saloon. The police have been informed that the cutting was done by Robert Burns, a steamboat man of bad reputation, who has been under arrest several times on various charges. Joe Hart, suspected of complicity in the affair, was taken to the city prison shortly after the row occurred. Burns had not been located at a late hour.

The mysterious element enters the affair in two ways. J. Timberman, the proprietor of the Diamond saloon, pretends to know neither the victim of the affray nor the person responsible for his injury. In every way, it is said, he attempted to mislead the police and himself narrowly escaped arrest by Patrolman Stuart Mitchell, who came to Seattle yesterday morning, claims to be ignorant of the reason why he was stabbed. The authorities are satisfied that he has a motive for his secrecy.

From the information obtained by Detectives Lane and Byrnes, Patrolman Stuart and Special Officer Clark, it appears that Mitchell and four or five other persons got into a wordy altercation in the Diamond saloon. Mitchell was struck on the jaw and then stabbed with a pocket knife just over the spleen. The wound is an inch long and three inches deep. Whether the stabbing occurred in the saloon or on the sidewalk has not yet been ascertained. Timberman declares he put the principals to the fracas out of the saloon before the trouble occurred and knew nothing of the cutting until Patrolman Carr came after him for information.

After he was stabbed Mitchell walked up First avenue and around on Yesler way, where he met J. B. Smith, and asked him to send for two friends, at the Seattle bar. Smith, however, telephoned for Dr. Beatty and Dr. Boris. Dr. Beatty placed a temporary dressing on the wound and turned the case over to Dr. Boris, who sent Mitchell to Providence hospital in an ambulance. An examination showed the wound to be of a dangerous character. The physician is satisfied the patient had not bled internally and says the chief danger lies in peritonitis developing.

Mitchell claimed not to know the cause of the trouble, nor who had stabbed him. He told the same story to the police and to Dr. Boris. His father, he says, is a deputy internal revenue collector of Minneapolis. Others who know Mitchell say that his statement regarding his parentage is true.

Joe Hart was seen by Special Officer Clark on the corner of First avenue and Washington street, across from the saloon, shortly after the stabbing occurred. He had a pocket-knife, with the blade open, in his hand. Clark did not then know of the stabbing and when he heard of it arrested Hart at the Star theater. Hart claims to be from Portland and denies all knowledge of the cutting affray.

Caused by Explosion

New York, Aug. 19.—Something exploded in a furniture store on the ground floor of a double tenement at No. 35 Essex street and before the tenants could remove from the surprise the building was a mass of flames. The fire obtained frightful headway, which the firemen had to fight while the work of rescue was going on, and before the flames were under control two women and three children had been burned to death and a man and a woman taken to the hospital, suffering painful injuries. Many others were badly injured.

In addition to the three children burned another is reported missing. One of the dead bodies was believed to be that of Mrs. Hannah Balothin and the other that of Mrs. Joseph Knott, but both were so badly burned that they were not recognizable. The three dead children were believed to be those of Nathan Liebowitz, who reported to the police that four little ones, Moses, Julius, Louis and Sallie, respectively, 3, 5, 6 and 8 years of age, were missing.

The persons seriously injured were Mrs. Rosa Miese, who was burned about the body and face, and Jacob Muscovitz, who had three ribs broken by jumping to the pavement. The money loss by the fire was \$5,000.

Will Resist to Death

Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 19.—The armed posse chasing the murderers of Watkins Newman, the wealthy young bachelor of Jefferson county, who was burned to death Sunday morning, has surrounded the two men on the summit of Bay mountain and will, it is believed, take them before night, burning the house if necessary. Firing has already begun, the two men defiantly shouting that they will not be taken alive.

Additional evidence shows that when Newman was first assaulted he resisted, but in the struggle was mortally wounded. Then his assailants, who were actuated by revenge, seized and bound him to the post of his bed, finally firing the house.

Portage Road.

Portland, Or., Aug. 19.—Paul F. Mohr says considerable progress has been made toward clearing up the affairs of the Dalles portage railroad enterprise. On account of the relations of the construction company to the transportation company the latter could not transfer its property and give a clear title, because of the claims of creditors against the construction company. Those claims have nearly all been adjusted on the basis of 30 per cent. of their face. Upon the completion of this adjustment all claims against the property of the transportation company arising from the construction account will have been extinguished and the company will be in shape for further negotiations. It is probable that it will then be transferred to interests representing the Northern Pacific railroad.

Struck by a Special.

Asbury Park, Aug. 19.—A regular Pennsylvania train on the New York and Long Branch railroad, bound north, was run into from the rear at Belmar station, where it had stopped tonight, by a special Central Railroad of New Jersey train. The engine of the Central train telescoped the rear car of the Pennsylvania train. Six cars were wrecked, several persons were killed and a number injured. Alice Higgert, thirteen years of age, of Rahway, N. J., was killed as she was being put aboard the waiting train.

Engineer Lippincott, of the Central train, stuck to his post, and is believed to have been killed. Brakeman Towle was seriously injured and may die.

The first body recovered was that of an unknown man about thirty-five years of age.

His Bonnie Bride

Mr. George Cunningham, head chef at the Standard Library Cafe, and Miss Bessie Dick were married last night at 8 o'clock at St. Paul's church, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. R. H. Warren.

The bride only arrived on the steamer Whitehorse at 5 o'clock yesterday evening, having traveled all the way from Carrimore, Scotland, to wed the man of her choice.

A Drunken Dream

As mentioned in the Nugget of Tuesday a holdup was reported on the Bonanza road near 60 roadhouse at an early hour that morning. Police were dispatched simultaneously both from Dawson and the Forks to the scene of the reported crime and when they arrived all they found was a drunken man who had fallen from his horse and been cared for at the roadhouse where he told a cock and bull story to the proprietor who, believing it, telephoned to the police. The holdup took place only in the inebriated mind of the equestrian.

Due to Jealousy.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 19.—Rev. Frank Lomack, pastor of the First African Baptist church, will probably die as the result of two bullet wounds received at the hands of J. L. McKinney last night, while escorting Mrs. Sophia Tyler home from the opera. McKinney sprang from a clump of bushes and opened the duel, Lomack rushing with four ineffectual shots. McKinney is under arrest. He had sought the hand of Mrs. Tyler, and was jealous of Lomack.

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All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

WHO OWNS THE DUST?

The Police Have Wealth Awaiting Owner

Sluicelox Robbery on Skookum Jim's Claim is Not Yet Cleared up.

The matter of the recent sluicelox robbery on Skookum Jim's claim, No. 1 above discovery on Bonanza, has not yet been cleared up. Presumably the loot has been found but until it is identified it will not be turned over to the supposed owners, but revert to the person who found it, Mrs. Nelson. The lady was picking berries and found two sacks of sand and gold on the hillside about 150 yards from the claim.

While there is little doubt but the contents of the bags found the day following the robbery constitutes the loot in question, those interested are adverse to claiming it lest they be suspected of the theft.

In the meantime, the force employed on the claim by the laymen, with one or two exceptions, have quit work without their pay, save in time checks which the holders have little hope of ever being cashed.

The contents of the sacks found by the woman are in the hands of the police awaiting identification.

Breach of Faith.

Panama, Colombia, Aug. 19.—Inquiries made by the Associated Press show that serious international complications may arise at Buenaventura, where the Colombian government assembled 2,000 troops under Gen. Velasco and threatened to compel the British steamer Ecuador, owned by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, of Liverpool, to transport reinforcements to Panama. The agents of the line refused to embark the troops, and appealed to the company's representatives here, who in turn placed the matter before the British consul, with the result that the cruiser Phaeton was sent to Buenaventura to protect British interests.

The action of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company in refusing to transport the troops has caused indignation in Colombian government circles. A high official, who was interviewed on the subject, said that a contract was made by the government in 1897 with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company by which the government granted many liberal concessions to the company. The Colombian government, it was added, has since the contract was signed, paid the Pacific Steam Navigation Company over \$20,000 in subsidies, in consideration of which the company agreed to transport Colombian civil and military employes, prisoners, mails and soldiers at special rates.

In conclusion, the high official of the Colombian government referred to said that the refusal of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company to transport Colombian troops here may be sustained by the presence of a British warship at Buenaventura, but nevertheless it is a clear violation of the contract between the Colombian government and the steamship company, made in good faith by the government, which has faithfully adhered to its agreement. In government circles it is claimed that the nonarrival of the reinforcements of troops from Buenaventura will prolong the revolution on the isthmus and cause unnecessary bloodshed, and that consequently the government of Colombia has ground to claim damages from the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. There is no doubt that the government will bring suit against the company.

Kaiser and Son at Odds

New York, Aug. 11.—A special cable to the Sun from Paris says that the Matin declares that the Crown Prince of Germany, after an escapade at Bonn, where he is attending the university, had a violent interview with Emperor William.

It is said he expressed to his father his desire to renounce his rank and claim to the throne. He is 29 years old. A woman is supposed to be concerned in the affair.

\$10,000.00 For Loss of Love.

Such was the verdict of the jury in a case recently tried in which one man sued another for the alienation of his wife's affections. In a case that has been tried here in Dawson the verdict is that Dunham carries the best of everything in the grocery line.

DENIES THE STATEMENT

Deputy Minister Smart Misquoted

Did Not Say Concession Had Been Granted on Account of Misrepresentations.

Deputy Minister of the Interior Smart returned yesterday evening after having spent the day viewing the beauties of Hunker creek and enjoying the hospitality of C. George Johanssen at 6 below. To a representative of the Nugget Mr. Smart expressed himself as being amazed at the work being done on Hunker and laughs at the pessimistic idea held by a few people that the country is worked out and as fast going to the everlasting demitition how-wows. As already stated in these columns Mr. Smart is in the territory for the purpose of personally learning the needs and desires of the residents, the miners and others who have made of the country what it is, and he disclaims political matters entirely, but he does object to being misquoted upon questions of such vital importance as concessions in general and the Treadgold concession in particular. In the News of yesterday evening Mr. Smart is made to say through an interview alleged to have been taken from the Whitehorse Star, that he "thought the reason for the government granting the Treadgold and other concessions had been because of misrepresentations that had been made by parties interested."

"With reference to that article in the News," said Mr. Smart, "I never made any such statement and it is therefore entirely incorrect. If the editor of the Whitehorse Star quoted me as saying that he certainly misunderstood me."

From the indifferent manner in which Mr. Smart spoke of the misstatements it is easy to infer that they worried him but very little. He again left this morning for a trip up Bonanza and may not return until tomorrow. He will visit the big dredge on 12 Bonanza, will watch Billy Leek make one of his famous cleanups on 3 below and will view the workings of Phiscator's steam shovel on Eldorado. The deputy minister is enjoying his excursions up the creeks hugely and before his departure will have visited probably every producer of any consequence in the entire district.

Work of the Pythians.

San Francisco, Aug. 19.—Several important questions were before the supreme lodge of Pythians today at their session in the Palace hotel. The statute reducing the supreme tribunal from five members to three was adopted, and the present members were deposed. A new board will be supported by the supreme lodge before the close of the present session.

Another proposition, which was suggested by the Hinsey and Kennedy cases, that the supreme statutes be so amended that members of the order be tried for offenses only in their own subordinate lodges from whose decision there should be no appeal, was voted down after a long debate.

The following were elected members of the supreme tribunal: John A. Alexander, Leesburg, Va.; Tully Scott, Cripple Creek, Col.; John A. Helcher, St. Paul, Minn.

Asks Fair Play for Alaska.

Seattle, Aug. 19.—Hon. Dudley G. Wooten, of Dallas, Texas, member of congress from the "Lone Star" state who has just arrived from a tour of Alaska, today sent the following telegram to the Texas delegation to the Trans-Mississippi congress which convened today at St. Paul:

"Do and say all you can for Alaska. The great southwest should help the great northwest. All Alaska wants is fair play."

The Texas delegation to congress is one of the most representative and the greatest in point of numbers in the body.

Wants no New Convent

Berne, Switzerland, Aug. 19.—The federal council has decreed the active enforcement of an article of the constitution forbidding the establishment of new convents by religious orders, or the re-establishment of suppressed congregations. Three months' grace is allowed the orders who have infringed the constitution in which to comply with the decree by closing their establishments.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Given Reception

The Hague, Aug. 19.—A public reception was accorded to the Boer generals on their arrival here today from Rotterdam. Gen. Eyster, in a speech, paid a tribute to their heroic deeds. Gen. Botha replied, expressing the appreciation of the Boer officers at the warmth of their reception and referring to the consolation which it had been to them to know that while they fought their women and children were being supported by Dutch generosity. The time, added Gen. Botha, had not yet arrived to make public all they knew, but probably at no distant date they would publish their accounts of the war. The visitors were escorted in procession through the town in open carriages and were everywhere loudly cheered by the crowds assembled. A number of Boers who served during the war formed a guard of honor for the generals.

The space in front of the hotel where apartments had been secured for the generals was closely packed with people. Shouts of "Long live the Boers" greeted the South African commanders when they appeared, and then the crowd sang the Transvaal national anthem, whereupon the generals bared their heads and waved their hats in acknowledgement of the enthusiastic welcome accorded them. Subsequently a reception was held in the drawing room, former State Secretary Reitz, of the Transvaal, and Dr. Leyds, the European agent of the Boers, introducing the local celebrities to the visitors.

In the course of a speech General Botha declared that he and his colleagues had not come here to hold festivities, but the cordiality of their reception was some recompense for the great sorrow they had experienced.

"We are deputies," said the Boer commandant general, "of one of the most ruined people—ruined only because we have done our duty and surrendered our liberty and independence, for which no sacrifice could be too great."

The Boer generals are expected to visit former President Kruger at Utrecht tomorrow, and will probably remain there until August 31.

The generals have requested the members of Boer associations to refrain from making anti-British speeches, which, the Boer commanders say, may possibly impair the success of their mission to Great Britain.

During the day the Boer generals visited former President Steyn.

The generals also attended the pro-Boer exhibition which is being held here. Responding to the welcome they received at the exhibition building, Gen. De Wet, in a voice broken with emotion, said:

"All those who organized this exhibition of art and industry have contributed to the growth of nations. We South Africans were on the road to the development of art and industry, but our legs were cut from under us; consequently we next need help and support to rise again. It is for that very purpose that we have come to Europe, and we are grateful for the honors shown and the help given us by the Dutch."

Enjoyed the Ballet

London, Aug. 19.—The shah of Persia, who reached London yesterday as the guest of King Edward, was entertained tonight at the Empire Music hall. He went to the hall in a carriage, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and escorted by a detachment of the household cavalry. The shah was received with loud cheers when he entered the building, and he apparently enjoyed the ballet, the animated pictures and the other attractions offered.

Today the shah gave a reception to the members of the cabinet and the foreign diplomats in London and this afternoon he took a long drive.

Galloped into a River

London, Aug. 20.—In a dispatch from St. Petersburg the correspondent of the Daily Express says:

"During the maneuvers near here a squadron of cavalry was ordered suddenly to charge. It galloped into a river and fifty men are reported to have been drowned. Details of the affair are difficult to obtain."

LOST.—Gold Locket with small Diamond setting. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

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Signed Protocol

London, Aug. 18.—In a dispatch from Shanghai, the correspondent of the Times says the protocol of the tariff treaty was signed yesterday by the British, American, German and Japanese representatives, without reservation, and by the Austrian, Belgian and Dutch representatives by adopted referendum.

This action, continues the Times correspondent, was principally due to the American commissioner, T. S. Sharretts, desiring to conclude the business before returning to the United States. The Chinese commissioner, lacking imperial sanction, did not sign the protocol, therefore, if China rejects it, the signatures affixed yesterday will be void. The document provides that the new tariff becomes operative November 1.

Portugal, adds the correspondent, complicates the situation by claiming a concession of two small islands near Macao, and the right to build a railroad from Macao to Canton, as a quid pro quo for her acceptance of the new tariff. This incident, says the representative of the Times, illustrates the difficulty underlying this whole question.

New Seal Rookeries.

Washington, Aug. 19.—New seal rookeries have been discovered in Alaskan waters. Lieut. Bertholf has reported that he had seen two immense herds of seals in rookeries never before discovered on Bonedvier island, at the extreme west of the Aleutian

islands. None of the seals were branded and there was no evidence that white men had ever been in the locality before. It is believed that there are many more herds in the little western islands. Lieut. Bertholf is the executive officer of the U. S. revenue cutter Daniel Manning, and he made the report quietly to the department some time ago, but it has just been given out.

Cable a Failure

Skagway, Aug. 20.—It is now apparent that the United States government has been balked in the matter of the Skagway-Juneau cable. Al-

though the cable was not broken at all, the Henry Finch and the crew of experts working upon it have ceased operations and given the proposition up in despair.

The line refuses to work and those who are in position to know what they are talking about, do not believe it will ever be useful again unless the work of laying it is done over, for the whole blame for the condition of the wire is laid at the door of the contractors and the faulty manner in which the cable was laid in the beginning.

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