

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 2 No. 83

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

MEETING TONIGHT

Of Board of Trade Will be for Discussion of Gold Dust Question

WHICH IS NOW LEADING TOPIC

Its Retirement as Medium of Exchange Will be Argued.

MANAGER MIZNER HAS VIEWS

Says Adulteration of Dust is Largely on Increase—Manager Delaney Favors Retirement.

At tonight's meeting of the Board of Trade the gold dust problem will be the topic of discussion and some resolution will probably be framed which will have for its object either the retirement of gold dust as a circulating medium or some scheme will be advanced whereby the merchant will be protected from the unprincipled adulteration of gold dust. Manager Mizner, of the A. C. Co., when seen this morning relative to the subject, said: "For the past two weeks our company has refused dust which has been tendered to us for payment of bills when it was

not clean of sand. On one brick of 1000 ounces which we melted recently our loss amounted to over 40 ounces, more than four per cent. I am not in favor of putting an arbitrary value of \$15 on gold dust as clean dust as it comes from the mines is worth more than that and such action would do great injustice to the miner. Something should be done to stop adulteration. There are people here in Dawson who are making large sums of money by that practice. A short while ago a man came into my office and asked for the loan of \$10,000, stating that he wanted to buy and sell gold dust and in three months' time would guarantee me a profit of \$20,000. We have had to refuse dust from the banks, in fact in one instance we were compelled to send back a large amount three times and demand the return of our check before comparatively clean gold dust was sent to us. I am in favor of an inspector of gold dust being appointed, one who has knowledge on the subject, who shall have authority to fix the value of any quantity of dust."

Manager Delaney, of the N. A. T. & T. Co. said: "I am in favor of the retirement of gold dust as a circulating medium. Our present system works a hardship not only to the merchant but to the miner as well."

Manager Fulda said: "Oh, I will do my talking at the board of trade. I may change my mind before then."

'GAT' HOWARD IS DEAD.

Famous Soldier Killed by Boers February 17.

"Gatting Gun" Howard who gained such fame during the Reil rebellion is dead, having been killed in an engagement with the Boers, which occurred in February last.

Howard was an American, his home being in the state of Vermont. He was in the employ of the Gatling gun manufacturers and his services were secured to handle a Gatling gun secured by the Canadian government to aid in the suppression of the Reil rebellion. During that exciting period Howard acquitted himself most excellently and was substantially rewarded by the Canadian government. Since that time he has lived in the Dominion, having acquired large interests in Quebec and elsewhere.

During the recent war with the Boers he offered his services to the government which were eagerly accepted.

When the Canadian contingent was preparing to return home Howard organized a corps of scouts from among those who desired to remain in South Africa and was given command of same. While on a scouting expedition he was killed in a skirmish with a Boer foraging party. His death occurred on February 17 last.

Pipe Burst.
An accident occurred this afternoon at 7 o'clock at the Yukon Mill. A pipe connected with the big boiler at the mill became filled with water resulting from condensation of steam. The pressure of the water became so heavy that the pipe gave way at the joint with an explosion like a pistol shot. A cloud of steam followed but fortunately no one was near enough to come in contact with it. The pipe was repaired immediately and no delay in the working of the mill resulted.

"Mose Gunst has come." So have the big cigars at the Pioneer.
See Lang as Brander the Texas congressman at the Standard.

TO ARRANGE RECEPTION

For His Excellency Commissioner J. H. Ross.

A meeting will be held late this afternoon by citizens of Dawson and leading miners to arrange for properly extending to Hon. J. H. Ross, newly appointed commissioner of the Yukon territory, who is expected to reach this place on Monday, a fitting reception. It is barely possible that Mr. Ross may not reach Dawson before Tuesday as he did not leave Whitehorse until Wednesday morning of this week.

The meeting today to arrange for the reception of the honorable gentleman will be non-political and will be not alone the action of the British citizens, but of Dawsonites regardless of nationality or party affiliation.

EASTER SERVICES

Fitting Exercises Will be Held at All Churches.

Easter Sunday is always a joyous occasion. It is commemorative of the greatest victory ever recorded in sacred or profane history.

When Christ after a three days' struggle with death arose from the grave and proclaimed himself the victor there was great rejoicing in heaven and on earth.

Ever since that event although nineteen centuries have passed that victory has been resounding and reverberating until now it is known and celebrated in all lands.

The churches of Dawson have all prepared special services in commemoration of the occasion.

At St. Mary's church the following well selected musical program has been arranged:

Rosewig's Mass in F; soloists, Mesdames Mullen, Atkinson, Miss Carr, Messrs. Clayton, Mahoney, Provah, Genest and Randall; Lambillotte's "Hæc Dies," chorus and duet, Mrs. Mullen and Miss Carr; Gregorian, "Victimæ Paschali."

Evening services will be held at 7:30, when the following program will be rendered: Solemn vespers (first rendition in Dawson); Aizolo's "Dixit Dominus," chorus; Lambillotte's "Magnificat," Mrs. Atkinson and chorus; "O Salutaris," Mesdames Mullen and Atkinson; "Ave Mariâ," Luzzi, Miss Carr; "Pantum Ergo," (Gounod), Messrs. Clayton, Mahoney, Genest and T. Sheridan.

At the Presbyterian church in the morning Mrs. Ritchie will sing "Hosanna" with special Easter songs by the congregation. In the evening the choir will sing "Christ, Our Passover," with Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Wye taking the solo parts and Mr. McPherson will sing, "The Palms."

Special music has been prepared by St. Paul's Episcopal church including the anthem, "They Have Taken My Lord Away," to be sung in the evening together with "Strainer's," "Seven Fold, Amen." Rev. B. Totty from Moosehide will conduct the evening services.

At the Methodist church tomorrow the services will be of a special character. The choir will render the following Easter music:

Anthem, "Christ is Risen," Parks; solo, "Resurrection Song," (Shelley), Mrs. W. T. Libbey; anthem, "Choir Angelic," Hanscom; solo, "Holy City," (Adams), Mrs. Devig.
Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 3 p. m. A special Easter session for the children. All are invited.

Another Pug Found.
New York, March 20.—Billy Madden, who manages Gus Ruhlín, thinks he has another pugilistic wonder in "Denver Ed" Martin, and is confident that he can defeat all the heavyweights except Ruhlín and Jeffries.

Madden believes that Martin will be heavyweight champion some day, and he intends to try him out with the best heavyweights in the business. Madden has issued a challenge on behalf of Martin to meet Robert Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Peter Maher or Kid McCoy.

Martin is not particular as to which

one accepts his challenge, and to show that he is sincere he will post \$1000 as a forfeit.

This forfeit is to go as a side bet after the match is clinched. The winner of the contest is to take all, as Martin says he will not accept one cent if he does not dispose of any one of the above quartet.

Martin is a giant in physique, and has a longer reach than any of the heavyweights. He stands over six feet and weighs more than 300 pounds.

For several months Martin has been Ruhlín's sparring partner, and the latter has showed Martin many points of the game.

Professor Parkes Ill.

Professor Parkes went up to Flat creek to take a moving picture of the A. R. Company's coal mine in operation last Wednesday. In going down the shaft to change a film, he took a chill which has since turned into a severe case of la grippe. Mr. Parkes was unable to get any further than the nearest roadhouse, to which place Dr. Rimer was immediately summoned. Yesterday Mr. Marsden went up with a team and cutter and brought the professor to his rooms, where he is now resting easily. As a consequence of Mr. Parkes' illness, the Savoy, is dark on moving pictures this week.

The big cigars have arrived at George Butler's Pioneer Saloon.

BELCHER'S WILL FOUND

Was at His Home, Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

After the death of Frank J. Belcher, of 17 Eldorado the court appointed Duncan McDonald, his partner, and C. M. Woodworth to look for his will. A thorough search of his cabin and personal effects was made but no trace of the will could be found. A telegram was sent to his home in Carbondale, Pa., asking if they had any information concerning the missing will.

Yesterday a telegram was received in reply from S. C. Whitmor a former partner of Mr. Belcher's which reads: "Will of Frank J. Belcher here. Eliza M. Belcher, Clarence E. Spencer, of Carbondale, and James E. Walsh, of Dawson, appointed executors."

It is said that Mr. Belcher's estate outside is larger than in Dawson. Mr. Walsh will take charge of the estate in Dawson and the other executors of the estate outside.

Reminiscence of a Thespian.

At Brighton Beach I hit Mose Rosenstein, who was organizing a one night "Faust" company, for a job.

"What part do you wish to take?" he inquired shortly.

"I wish to take the place of Mephistopheles, of course, I answered, drawing myself up proudly, for I had on a new suit of clothes and could afford to look him in the face.

"And why do you wish to take that particular part?" he inquired.

I was amazed at his dullness; but, concealing my disgust as far as possible, I explained that it was because the devil always gets his dues. He seemed pleased at my repartee, wrote me out a \$500 per week contract and paid me my first week's salary of \$7.50 in advance. I played the devil in "Faust" until nearly the end of the season, after which I was cast in "The Foundry," a workingman's play.—Indianapolis Sun.

The olio at the Savoy this week is unexcelled.

Shoff, the Dawson-Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Chechako eggs by the case. Meeker.

Fresh turkeys at the Denver Market.

Choice loins at Denver Market.

SHARKEY COMING

Wires His Willingness to Meet Frank Slavin in Dawson.

ASKS THAT EXPENSE MONEY BE SENT.

Sporting Editor of Chicago American Also Accepts

IN BEHALF OF THE BIG SAILOR

Who Will Reach Dawson in June—Men Will Meet Early in July—Slavin Gets Expenses.

New York, March 28, via Skagway, April 5.—Tom McDonald, Dawson, Y. T.—"Will accept. Send one thousand expenses to New York Journal. (Signed) 'TOM SHARKEY.'"

The above is a copy of a telegram received this morning by the person to whom addressed, but to those not familiar with what led up to its being received it would be unintelligible.

On March 16th, a telegram having two days before been received by Frank Slavin asking him to arrange for meeting Sharkey in a glove contest in San Francisco, and Slavin not being able, owing to business interests here to get away, Tom McDonald wired to Sharkey offering a purse of \$10,000 to be contested for in this city sometime during the coming summer, also \$1000 for expense money.

The receipt of the wire today was in answer to that sent by McDonald and it signified the willingness of the sailor pugilist and hero of any hard fought battles to go up against Dawson's big Australian who has ever been recognized as a hard man to put out.

In corroboration of the telegram from Sharkey the following message was also received this morning:

Chicago, March 29, via Skagway, April 5.—O'Brien & Jackson, Dawson, Y. T.—Sharkey in New York. He will accept if \$1000 expense money and half of purse is posted with one of Hearst's newspapers.

(Signed) W. W. NAUGHTON, Chicago American.

Messrs. O'Brien & Jackson are proprietors of the Savoy theater of this city and are interested with Tom McDonald in the enterprise of bringing about the meeting of the giants. As will be seen, the wire received by them asks for the posting of half the purse; but as this is easy for Dawson, the request will be complied with at once.

Tom McDonald is a personal friend of Tom Sharkey, having been his business manager for one season. McDonald was also manager for Jeffries for several months and is highly thought of by both Sharkey and that is probably why his wire did not ask that any portion of the purse be posted.

As it is now too late for Sharkey to reach here over the ice, it will be some time in June before he can arrive. It is expected to hold a series of holidays

(Continued on Page 4.)

THE LATEST

HATS SHOES CLOTHING

Sargent & Pinkska "The Corner Store"

Hotel McDonald

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON. JOHN O. BOZORTH, Manager

Orr & Tukey. FREIGHTERS

DAILY STAGE TO AND FROM GRAND FORKS 9 A. M. AND 3 P. M. Office - A. C. Co. Building

H. H. Honnen FOR Freighting

SHERWIN WILLIAMS' PAINTS

THE ONLY READY MIXED. We also have a full line of Painter's Brushes, Boiled Oil and White Lead. HARNESS MADE AND REPAIRED.

McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO. LIMITED

Wholesale - A. M. CO. - Retail

...Large Hydraulic Canvass Hose....

Also full line Hardware, Steam Hose and Steam Supplies

AMES MERCANTILE COMPANY

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	\$40 00
Six months	20 00
Three months	11 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4 00
Single copies	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 Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901.

THE MATTER OF GOLD DUST.

In considering the gold dust situation the Board of Trade should, above all things, see to it that no recommendations are made which will accrue to the injury of the miner. The man upon whose shoulders rests entirely the burden of maintaining the country. Everyone is agreed that the use of gold dust as a circulating medium is unsatisfactory. The end to be attained is some method whereby currency may become the general means of transacting business without effecting any injury to the miner. It the Board of Trade is able to bring forward a satisfactory solution of the difficulty it will accomplish a result very much to be desired. The question is a delicate one to handle, however, and should be dealt with exhaustively and from every standpoint before any final determination is reached.

To assume any fixed valuation at which dust shall be accepted does not to our way of looking at the matter, furnish a logical way out of the difficulty. Gold dust from the different creeks in the district varies in value, all the way from a few cents to several dollars per ounce.

To argue, therefore, that one valuation can be taken for dust of all grades is contrary, not only to laws of finance, but to laws of common sense as well. The point to be attained, if it can possibly be done, is to furnish the producer of gold dust with some equitable and satisfactory means of securing currency for his dust.

This is the line of action, if any action is taken at all, which we hope to see followed by the Board of Trade.

The free public bridge across the Klondike has been completed and on Monday next will be formally opened to the use of the public. The fact that the construction of the bridge has taken place during the present spring and has not been delayed for another period of six months or more is due largely to the persistent efforts of Commissioner Ogilvie. In fact it was only through the very best of fortune that the bridge reached Dawson earlier than the opening of navigation this year. Unavoidable delays caused the bridge to be late in leaving Vancouver and when it finally reached Whitehorse, it became necessary to resort to scows or leave the bridge at that point during the winter. That all the parts arrived in safety and that the bridge is now an accomplished fact are matters over which the entire community in general may well rejoice. When Commissioner Ogilvie leaves Dawson he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has left behind a monument which is strong and staunch enough almost to defy time itself.

Dawson has come through the winter without anything disastrous in the way of a fire. This is unprecedented in the history of the town, each winter heretofore having witnessed the destruction of a large section of the business portion of the city by fire. That Dawson has thus escaped during the past twelve months is due not only to the fact that

more care is taken for the prevention of fires than formerly was the case, but also to the fact that the fire department is now organized on a basis which affords much better protection than formerly was the case. These facts should be taken into consideration by landlords in determining the rents which they ask. The decrease in risk from fire should admit of a substantial reduction in rents.

The latest thing in the way of mixed drinks is the "Carrie Nation Cocktail." These are said to have attained widespread popularity on the outside, three of them only being required to place the most inveterate consumer hors de combat. As Carrie only requires three good strokes of her trusty ax to reduce a handsomely fitted saloon to an unrecognizable mixture of glass, wood work and general bric-a-brac, the name of the new drink seems particularly appropriate. If Mrs. Nation only realized the full possibilities of the situation she would take out a copyright on her name and compel all sacrilegious mixologists who make such use thereof to pay a handsome royalty.

All the local churches are preparing special services for tomorrow—Easter Sunday. Spring bonnets will not be wanting to lend their color and charm to the situation, as Dawson is well supplied with those most attractive features of feminine apparel. From all indications Easter Sunday will be an occasion long to be remembered.

The Boers have derailed another train. Those troublesome Boers are worse than Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men. Why a man who is licked will refuse to admit it, is something which no one can understand, save possibly the man himself.

Whatever means may be taken for protecting the forests of the territory should be given all possible encouragement.

The outlook for a carnival of sporting events in Dawson during the coming summer is very favorable.

MRS. NATION.

Dame Nation of red Kansas
By all her ribbons swore
That her bewhiskered neighbors
Should quench their thirst no more!
She smashed a glass and chewed it,
And spat the pieces out,
And tore out bunches of her hair,
And freely danced about.

East and west and north and south
She ran with all her might,
And never did a maddened cow
Present so fierce a sight!
Shame on the Kansas woman
Who sits at home and croons
A lullaby when she might be
Demolishing saloons.

The bourbon and the lager
Are pouring out again,
From "Frank's Buffet" and "George's Place,"
To irrigate the plain!
And many a costly mirror
Is cracked in forty ways,
And all her actions are designed
To frighten and amaze.

The sheriff hurries forward
And bids her cease a pace,
She pulls his ears and tweaks his nose,
And roughly snags his face!
She rips the hat to pieces
And, knocking out all the bangs,
And, round about, five hundred men
Stand with protruding tongues.

Ah, may her muscle ever
Bulge till her sight is won,
For, oh, I wot, she'll need a lot
Before the job is done!
Hurrah for Mrs. Nation—
Ten thousand times hurrah,
For her who in her good right hand
Can swing the fearsome brickbat, and
Herself become the law!

—Chicago Post.

Must Have Liked It.

The following letter has been received by the manager of the Standard theater which, added to the request of many others, has decided that gentleman to reproduce at his theater the play which seems to have caught the popular fancy.

Dawson, April 2, 1890.
M. S. Eads, Esq., Manager Standard Theater, City:
Dear Sir—We should be pleased if you would again present at your earliest convenience that splendid comedy, by Hoyt, entitled "A Texas Steer," in order that ourselves and friends may witness what we consider the best effort of your excellent stock company. Very respectfully,

E. B. CONDON,
W. D. BRUCE,
H. D. HULME,
And Others.

George Butler was made happy today by the arrival of his invoice of big cigars. Get one at the Pioneer.

Miss Clotilde Rogers, the old time favorite, has returned to the Savoy.

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

Young veal at Denver Market.

Kodaks bought and sold. Goetzman.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.



"I defies yer ter move der kid. She has er stifferate from der doctor and her fadder tradas at Hershberg's."

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

While surveying in this country in the far away, dim and distant past Commissioner Ogilvie had some very peculiar experiences in his efforts to obtain information from the Indians. A short time ago he related in presence of the Stroller an account of a diagram of a route drawn by an Indian away back in the Edmonton, McKenzie river or some other place 500 miles from any known point.

Mr. Ogilvie and his party had reached a Hudson Bay trading post and knowing that they yet had from 300 to 500 miles of practically untrudged forest to penetrate were not feeling at all jubilant at the prospect before them. In conversation with the trader in charge of the post they were informed that a certain Indian in the locality was thoroughly familiar with the country through which they desired to pass and the trader was of the opinion that having more intelligence than the average native, the Indian could draw for the party a very fair map or diagram of the route to be followed. He was accordingly sent for and the trader explained what was desired of him. A sheet of paper and pencil were provided and the son of the forest sat down to a table to draw the diagram. The first mark took him off the paper and on to the table. He continued to the edge of the table, dropped to the floor, drew a line of many crooks and curves upon the floor and finally reached the wall which he began to ascend with the pencil; then he stood up on a stool and finally moved the table to the wall placed the stool on top of it, stood thereon and continued to draw his line as high as he could reach. Making a mark there he informed Mr. Ogilvie through the trader who understood the language spoken "When you get here you are at the fork of the river."

"And how far is that from here?" asked Mr. Ogilvie who had been busy with a sheet of paper copying the map on a smaller scale than that of the original. The trader repeated the question to the Indian and when he translated the reply "About three miles," Mr. Ogilvie fainted and the next time he saw a mirror, which was not for five months, there were several gray hairs mingled with his raven locks.

"Only foh weeks ago I left Louisville and by gad, sah, in foh weeks from today, sah, I expect to be theah again."

"What is your objection to this country?" asked the Stroller of the newcomer.

"I have no objection to the country at all, sah," replied the Kentuckian. "The country is all right! In the laws of the country that are too much foh me. Why, sah, I asked a gentleman to take a drink with me last night, sah, and another gentleman touched me on the shouldah and whispahed in my eah 'he can't drink as he is on the Indian list.' Not knowing what he meant, I inquired, and by gad, sah, I was infohmed that theah is a law heah that keeps a man from taking a drink foh a yeah at a time. Think of it, sah, a whole yeah! I shall stah out and back to old Kentucky tomorrow. I will not stay in any country wheah theah is any dangah of me being put on the Siwash list. Heah, theah, mix us a couple of whisky toddies and put plenty of sugah in mine!"

Mr. Chairman! Some time ago I was very much in favor of an assay office for the reason that I then thought it would increase the yield of huckleberries this coming season, but as the royalty on huckleberries has been reduced, and as there is every reason to believe the water in the Yukon will have a muddy tinge after June 1st, I beg leave to introduce the following substitute for the previous question: Resolved, That we believe what we believe. And further, be it Resolved, That so long as we believe we believe what we believe, we will

When a Woman Wills

Some of the greatest men in history have succumbed to a stubborn woman. When your wife tells you to dress up, you might as well discard your old clothes and loosen up your purse strings; when added to that, you are told to see HERSHBERG, then give up gracefully and accept the inevitable.

We have on display the finest clothing in this or any other country and at prices which are reasonable. All our immense stock is tailor-made goods and guaranteed for Style, Wear and Fit.

SEE US BEFORE YOU GET INTO TROUBLE.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK **HERSHBERG**

continue to believe we believe what we believe.

This resolution, Mr. Chairman, I respectfully submit as the most feasible and satisfactory solution of the assay office question. Of course, I am only one small nail in the great boot-heel of humanity and I do not wish to be considered forward in this matter and I merely submit the resolution for your distinguished consideration.

Chaplain—Let us pray for divine guidance in the consideration of this very weighty and important matter.

The latest secret organization in Dawson is the Boosters' Union which organized last Sunday with 125 members and 40 applications yet to be considered.

The only stipulations are that no booster who eats more than two meals each day or that ever goes to bed with a dollar in his pocket can belong. Officers are not elected for any specified time, the member owing the greatest number of restaurants in town being entitled to fill the chair. In the absence of funds to hire a hall, the union will hold its meetings on the river until the ice goes out, after which some vacant lot will be selected. Of the present membership 38 answer to the name "Kid."

Comedy in the Ambulance.

"When I was an ambulance surgeon," said the young family physician, "I used to start like a fire horse at the sound of the call. I was just as much interested in the work at the end of two years as I was the day I began. It was the excitement of the life that made me so fond of it. I had all sorts of experiences at all sorts of hours. There was an element of danger in it, too, but that only added to the charm. "One night I had a call from the west side in the neighborhood of Chelsea square. It was for a drunken man who fell down and broke his leg. On the way back to the hospital with him I picked up a drunken woman to whom

a similar accident had happened. There was nothing to do but put her in the ambulance along with the man. "After that the ride across town was exciting enough for a cowboy. At first the patients sympathized with each other. Then they began to cry in chorus. At Broadway they fell to kissing each other. At Third avenue they were fighting like a pair of Kilkeny cats, and I had my hands full in keeping them apart. The woman had scratched the man's face dreadfully and he had nearly closed her eye with a punch. When we struck the asphalt in Twenty-sixth street, they were singing 'We Have All Been There Before Many a Time,' and such singing! The uproar attracted a crowd who evidently thought I had an ambulance full of lunatics. When we reached the gate, they swore eternal friendship, and at the office they parted in tears."

—Ex.

The Winchell twins are making a big hit at the Savoy in "Belfry Chimes."

For choice meats go to the Demos Market.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

FALCON JOSLIN..... BROKER
Loans, Mines and Real Estate. Managing agent for Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

JOSLIN BLDG. SECOND ST.

TO THE LADIES

Just received, The Most Stylish and finest assortment of

..LADIES' SILK WAISTS..

Ever brought to this country. Handsome Silk Waists, \$7.50 Up.

THE WHITE HOUSE

BEN DAVIS, Proprietor

FIRST AVENUE Opp. Yukon Dock

Answer This "Ad" Quick!!
..AND GET A BARGAIN..

FOR SALE ...A "SNOW" PUMP...

10 inch Cylinder; 16 inch Stroke; 8 inch Suction; 7 inch Discharge.

Ask Any Engineer About It.

S-Y. T. CO.
Second Avenue 'Phone 39

AMUSEMENTS

The Standard Theatre Week of APRIL 1st

Thursday Night Ladies Night **"COL. RAVEN"** Special Vaudeville Features This Week Magnificently Staged Gorgeous Costumes

ORPHEUM THEATRE TO-NIGHT!

J. H. HEARDE'S "FIRST MAYOR OF DAWSON" ED. DOLAN'S "JUST JUSTICE" JOHN FLYNN'S Gaity Girls, in "King for a Day"

Reserved Seats for Matinee at Reid's Drug Store

COUSIN ANSELM'S RABBIT

Was Carefully Nurtured Although Only Imaginary.

When the Time Came to Eat It Anselm Was Seen Buying a Rabbit at a Market.

"But what is the use?"

"The use! Decidedly you are not up to the fine little psychological points. The rabbit in a lie, in a true lie, is precisely that it is useless. A lie is its own reward, its own pleasure. What use is it though Anselm—Cousin Anselm, you know—had been influenced by any motive the day he benevolently invited me to help eat his famous rabbit? You, of course, remember Anselm's rabbit?"

To tell the truth, I did not remember it at all. My interlocutor was a southerner from the far south, a liar from excess of imagination and skeptical, and all liars are, for they believe only in their own lies. He is an agreeable talker, however, and his fancy gallops so gaily along that his tongue has difficulty to keep pace with it.

He begins a story, forgets it and suddenly replaces it with another. So, without occupying my mind any further with the subject on which we started, I prepared to listen to the adventures of Cousin Anselm and his rabbit.

"You don't seem to recall it. Well, never mind. It was one day last year. I had risen early, as is the habit of all our shopkeepers, and sold nothing. I was standing on the doorstep with you or someone else deciding about the weather when Anselm went by and said, 'How do you like rabbit cooked?'"

"I love it potted, with a great deal of thyme and wild thyme," I replied, and I think I said a bit of orange peel as big as a nail.

"Good! It just happens that I was looking for you to ask you to eat some potted rabbit with me at the Bastion."

"Potted rabbit at the Bastion!"

"Those words alone made my mouth water. One is so comfortable here, far from one's wife, for the meekest of men in our town would defend this peaceful refuge with Mohammedan ferocity against an invasion of the roset sex. The only room serves as both diningroom and kitchen, and one can sit and watch his breakfast simmer and the coals in the oven glow, and die out with a last hot flame while outside in the scraggy pines of the slope a few parched grasshoppers creak despairingly.

"When shall we eat our potted rabbit—tomorrow?"

"What haste! Jestings aside, yesterday I visited the rabbit hutch, and there is a mother who will have her little ones in two days. It is a precious breed, and we will date the breakfast for five weeks from now."

"Well, in five weeks," said I, a trifle set back. During these five weeks I did not find leisure to forget the rabbit.

"The next morning Anselm came to bring the latest news.

"Six superb little rabbits have arrived—one especially, all gray, with a pink nose, already moved his ears like his father and mother at the sight of a cabbage stalk."

"He was the one we would eat."

"Two days later it was another matter. The male, in a jealous fury, had devoured his progeny. They had to imprison him under a basket, with a heavy stone on it."

"Three little rabbits had fallen victims to this modern Saturn, but by a miraculous chance the gray one with the pink nose had been spared."

"The next week Anselm came with a sad expression and said that three such strong and healthy little ones exhausted the mother, and he should have to sacrifice two of them."

"He felt bad over it, but the last would profit the more thereby."

"From this time the remaining rabbit filled our lives. At the cafe or on one promenade Anselm talked only of him, molting over his infantile graces and his caprices, noting his progress."

"More than once at the hour of departure for the pastures, when the street streets were awakened by tingling bells, Anselm knocked on my window, crying, 'While you are lying in your bed I shall be gathering the herbs our rabbit is fonder of—groundsel and birdweed,' and on leaving to prove his zeal, 'I shall spread the herbs out in the sunshine a minute, for you know dew is deadly to the rabbit.'"

"In the vapors of my interrupted

sleep this rabbit appeared gigantic to me.

"One morning the rabbit escaped, and Anselm, still much perturbed, came to tell me about it. After some hard running he had succeeded in recapturing him."

"At last Anselm announced that the rabbit would be just right in a week. The feast was set for Sunday. For the remaining time the rabbit was to have a dry regime—no more herbs, no greens, none of those water soaked plants that make the flesh of rabbits so soft and insipid—nothing but lavender and marjoram should be eat, an odorous diet gathered expressly for him on the mountain by Anselm. For nothing in the world would Anselm have charged another with this duty."

"Sunday came.

"Anselm wished to depart the first of all at dawn and dispatch the victim with a blow on the head classically, then clean him and put him in the pot."

"I was to come later at my ease with two friends, who would help me to carry the wine and other provisions."

"Was the rabbit good?"

"Alas, my friend, this rare rabbit, so fat, so round, so sweet smelling and daintily fed, never existed—except in Anselm's imagination."

"I arose very early that Sunday morning, and by accident I surprised Anselm in the act of buying a rabbit of the meat vendor."

"I have found since that Anselm never possessed either rabbit hutch or rabbit, and it was solely for pleasure that the good fellow had lied to me for a month, adding each day a new bead to his rosary of innocent deceptions."

"And what do you conclude?"

"Dear me! What with that rabbit and Anselm I have forgotten the point!"—Ex.

Liquor Imports to Yukon.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 28.—A return brought down today shows that during the past year 49 permits, covering 74,685½ gallons, were issued to take intoxicating liquors into the Yukon territory. Of this number 19 were commercial permits. Those to whom they were issued are: C. E. Carbonneau, Ottawa; Klondike Mining, Trading and Transportation Corporation, Victoria; T. D. Sayre, Montreal; J. H. Russell, Atlin; J. Barrette, Dawson; Canadian Development Company, Dawson; George Elliott, Dawson; 1000 gallons each.

Thos. O'Brien, Dawson; Alaska Exploration Company, San Francisco; E. E. Lewin, Ottawa; Macaulay Bros., Dawson; J. B. Simpson, Victoria; 2000 gallons each.

Wm. Chron, Dawson; A. McDonald, Dawson; 5000 gallons each.

J. S. Williams, Dawson; 10,000 gallons.

Murray and Ross, 3600 gallons.

North American Trading & Transportation Company, Dawson; 15,200 gallons.

Alaska Commercial Company, Dawson; 17,000 gallons.

An office fee of \$10 is charged for a commercial permit, and \$2 for a personal permit. The other fees are \$2 a gallon on all spirituous or other intoxicating liquors, or spirits of the strength of proof or under, and so in proportion for any greater strength over proof, and 50 cents a gallon on beer and light wines forms part of the local revenue of the Yukon council.

During the year Supt. Wood, of the mounted police, was authorized to import 500 gallons of beer to be sold in the police canteen.

Application was made by a firm to take in 25 gallons of alcohol, to be used in connection with the manufacture of soda water, with all the popular flavors of cider, ginger ale, etc. The department was a little dubious as to the bona fide of this request. It will come as a great shock to temperance people, who have been pinning their faith upon the non-alcoholic character of ginger ale, etc., to learn that a number of manufacturers of soda water sent in declarations to the department to the effect that the use of alcohol as a preservative, and to cut the various extracts and oils used in the preparation of these drinks, was absolutely indispensable. If the compound of apple jack is used in making cider, one per cent of alcohol is required.

A French-Canadian miner, named Turenne, who had been living in the Yukon since 1898, appealed to the department for a permit for 50 gallons of liquor. He meant wine, but the department understood it to mean spirits, and decided to grant him a permit for five gallons. He writes:

"I am going to bring to Dawson my wife and three children, all raised on French claret. What can I do with 25 bottles for five persons for 365 days. I have been living in Klondike since 1898; I know by sad experience how

the climate exhausts the strongest constitution, and kills the weakest. Wine, beer and iron should be used to fight against it. Under the present system no California wine is to be had at moderate cost, and everyone is tempted to use alcohol. Claret or beer are now sold at 25 cents per small glass in Dawson and if Mr. Sifton will only taste it once, Canada would mourn a minister."

There was no resisting this appeal, and Mr. Turenne got his order to import 50 gallons of claret.

Mr. Chron's application to take 5000 gallons was refused at first, but finally granted through the influence of Senator Templeman. A Vancouver lady secured an order for five gallons of liquor for personal use, and then wanted the order to cover, in addition, one gross dozen Schlitz lager. She explained that the lager was really a necessity to her personally. The lady had to do without her lager.

Beats a Dutch Puzzle.

Walla Walla, March 20.—In the superior court Friday Judge Brents assisted in straightening out the affairs of a family which, to say the least, were very much mixed.

A few years ago Emma Clark, a widow with a grown daughter, married William L. Brown. After two children were born the couple separated, and Brown married his stepdaughter, Susan Kotz. As the relations now stand, Mrs. Brown is the present stepmother to her own half-brother and sister, and the wife of her own stepfather. The children are in doubt whether they are sister and brother of their stepmother, or son and daughter of their half-sister. The husband is father-in-law to his own wife and son-in-law of his ex-wife. He was not sure but that he would prove to be his own father before the courts got through with him. The family troubles were brought into court through the efforts of the former Mrs. Brown to get possession of her children, which were awarded to her by the Idaho courts, when she and her husband were divorced. The judge decided that she should have the custody of both children.

Her Criticism.

Mary is very stout, quite deaf and the trusted housemaid of a family in the East park section. Incidentally she seems to be something of an art critic. When she cleans the family rooms, she is heard to mutter and shake her head in dusting the pictures, and she seems to be especially severe on a few representatives of the "altogether" that hang in the little den. One day Mary was flirting her dust-cloth about in this little room when her mistress happened in. Mary was standing gazing intently at a beautiful photograph of Bouguereau's "Cupid and Psyche."

"And phwat pictur' is that?" asked Mary in hard, cold tones.

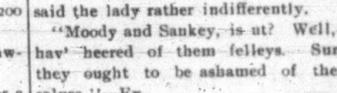
"Oh, that is 'Cupid and Psyche,'" said the lady rather indifferently.

"Moody and Sankey, is it? Well, I hav' heered of them fellers. Sure, they ought to be ashamed of their selves."—Ex.

Fresh oysters. Selman & Myers.

Want an expressman? Ring up 197 for Hicks & Thompson. Special delivery in town. Stage and express to Hunker.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. offers every facility for keeping frozen products.



Sheriff's Sale.

In the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district. Between W. SIDNEY FRENCH, ET AL., Plaintiffs, And THE STEAMSHIP ELDORADO, Defendant.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the command of the registrar of the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district, I will sell to the highest bidder by public auction on Tuesday the 9th day of April, 1901, at 2:30 p. m., at the sheriff's office, Dawson, Yukon territory, the following described steamboat, to-wit: Eldorado, official steamboat, registered in Dawson, number 107,852, registered in Dawson, Yukon territory, May 20th, 1899. Previously registered in Port Townsend, Washington, U. S.—A. Stern paddle-wheel steamship built in Seattle, 1896. Length 140.3 feet; breadth 31.3 feet; depth in hold from tonnage deck to ceiling at amidships 5.8; gross tonnage 466.03 tons; registered tonnage 260.45 tons.

One double engine, non-condensing, made by the Washington Iron Works, Seattle; two cylinders 16x7; length of stroke six feet; made 1898; two steel boilers 170 pound pressure.

Dated at Dawson this 4th day of April, 1901.

R. J. EILBECK, Marshal of the Exchequer Court of Canada, Yukon Territory, Admiralty District. Black & Smith, Attys.

Steam · Hose

EVERY FOOT GUARANTEED
...AT...
The Dawson Hardware Co.
Telephone 36 SECOND AVENUE

Things Washington Never Saw.

It is hard to make it seem true that Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and the fathers of the republic never saw a railroad or a telegraph line or a sewing machine or a photograph or a type writer or a rubber band or shoe or a piano or a stem winding watch or a cyclopedia or a dictionary or a chromo or a steel engraving or a friction match or a heating stove or a furnace or a gas or an electric light or a fire engine or a thousand and one other things common to every one today.

Cecil Marion, the operatic prima donna, is still enjoying a big hit at the Savoy.

Mumma's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

Fresh eggs. Selman & Myers.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A small wolf colored malamute dog named "Mucklucks." Communicate with Atwood & Cantwell, 3rd ave, and 1st st.

Mail Is Quick

Telegraph Is Quicker

'Phone Is Instantaneous

YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE

SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN
And All Way Points.

Have a phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.

Business Phones, \$25 Per Month
Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month

Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.
DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monie, Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 50.

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

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C. Barrister, Notary, etc. Over Melonnan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PAATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

DELCOURT, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Office at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Delcourt, Q. C. M. P.; Frank J. McDougall, John F. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below Discovery, Hunker Creek.

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUCE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Offices: At Mill; at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Soyer's Wharf. J. W. BOYER.

FOR SALE

Four Horsepower Tubular Boiler And Engine

Apply Nugget Office

The Fall of Snow

This year is unprecedented for the Yukon.

It is no more so than the FALL in prices. All Staples are sold on MUCH CLOSER margins than ever before.

We can satisfy your wants and fill your complete order without your going outside the store.

Alaska Commercial Co.

The Printer's Devils

ARE HERE DISPLAYED HARD AT WORK!

This is a sample engraving for illustrative purposes.

We Make All Kinds of Cuts

The Nugget

We Have the Only Engraving Plant in the Territory

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

On Busy Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks.

Work is Going on Everywhere and a Big Cleanup is Imminent—Social Notes and Personals.

Mr. W. Lowden, of 51 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. Jas. Tweed, of 7 above Bonanza, took a run to Dawson this week.

Mrs. Lowell, of 51 roadhouse is visiting friends in Dawson.

Mrs. Croyden, of 29 roadhouse, made a special trip to Dawson Friday.

Mr. T. A. Safford, one of the progressive young business men of Grand Forks, made a flying trip to Dawson and return last Friday.

Mrs. E. K. Allen, of 7 below Bonanza, is suffering with a severe cold.

Miss Blanche Barjon and Miss Jennie Parry, of Magnet gulch, are visiting friends in Dawson this week.

Mrs. W. Seebohm, of Oro Fino Hill, is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Alex McDonald is setting up two 100-horse power boilers at the mouth of Adams gulch, with which he will be able to pump three sluice heads of water to the top of Adams and Chechako Hills for sluicing purposes the coming season.

Mrs. M. P. Rothweiler, of the Magnet roadhouse was given a birthday party last Friday evening. The champagne dinner given on this occasion to the shrewdest business woman on Bonanza was the most sumptuous affair of its kind ever given on the creeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of the Occidental hotel at 25 below Bonanza gave an opening dance at their place last Thursday evening. The Occidental has undoubtedly the finest floor for dancing purposes of any place on Bonanza. The large roomy building was comfortably filled with guests by 10 p. m., and with the Stockade orchestra furnishing music and fudge Barnes as floor manager, it was not surprising that everybody had a glorious time. An elegant supper was provided at midnight, and no one was more cordially greeted than the hostess who has almost fully recovered from sickness that had confined her to her room almost the entire winter. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Nilsen, Young, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Pairnent, Frame, Bowles, White, Barnes, Anderson, Johnson, Goldensmith and Bradberry, Dr. Edith H. Chambers, Misses Olsen, Barnes, Johnson; Messrs. Tipp, Weis, Johnson, Brooks, De Lo Belle, Legault, St. Louis, Frame, McKenzie, Coffey, Dahneke, Thurber, Prondlock, Nicholson, Hansen, Zahuda, Payson, Dinsmore, Spencer, Clark, Rooted, Hope, Olson, Bean, Vincent, McDonough, Brooks, Hunter, Lowe, Evans, Rowe, Casley, Berckhardt.

At this afternoon's session of court Rosenfield was held over to the territorial court, and is now in jail. His next bath will not probably be at the Stockholm.

Steamboatman Jobbed.

All the sports in Dawson know Patsy Renwick of Whitehorse and Skagway, and will enjoy the following as his latest "break," an account of which appeared in the Alaskan:

Agent J. H. Kelly, the genial local representative of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, brings down a good story from Whitehorse.

It appears that a few days ago Chief Clerk McKay, in the traffic manager's office of the W. P. & Y. Route, dropped up to Whitehorse to see if the track really extended that far and also to learn whether the locomotive pulled or pushed the train on the return trip.

Superintendent Rogers happened to be up there looking for trout, business, or any old thing he could find, and arranged with Pat Renwick to don his cable which he calls a nugget watch chain, step under a plug lid and manipulate a staff of life in his hand like a real actor.

He was coached to put up a joke on McKay, who stood shivering on a piece of ice and wondering why glass was put on the sidewalks to light the basements when there were no beer cellars in sight, when Renwick pulled in alongside of him.

"Say," said he, fingering his nugget chain and looking like the sorrowful end of a cheap show, "are you running the traffic part of this road?"

"I am," said McKay, swelling up like a toad and seeing an increase of salary close at hand on account of large business secured. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I have a show," replied Patsy, "and I want 18 people brought through at once. What rate can you quote on the lot?"

"You had better—" McKay started to say, when Renwick kept right on talking like a threshing machine eating up hay.

"Never mind about 'better' or 'worse'—I want rates. My company must be brought through. I am here to do business, and I want you to do what you are paid for and tell me what it will cost."

"You had better see Mr. Lee, the traffic manager at Seattle. He will give you the desired information."

"Lee be —," rejoined Renwick, apparently greatly incensed. "I'll ask a Chinaman. I don't believe you know anything about a railroad, anyway."

Rogers, Kelly and all of the rest of the gang took a drink and chuckled over McKay's discomfiture.

All T. Layne will do Brassy Gall in "A Texas Steer." Standard.

Mr. W. Lowden, of 51 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. Jas. Tweed, of 7 above Bonanza, took a run to Dawson this week.

Mrs. Lowell, of 51 roadhouse is visiting friends in Dawson.

Mrs. Croyden, of 29 roadhouse, made a special trip to Dawson Friday.

Mr. T. A. Safford, one of the progressive young business men of Grand Forks, made a flying trip to Dawson and return last Friday.

Mrs. E. K. Allen, of 7 below Bonanza, is suffering with a severe cold.

Miss Blanche Barjon and Miss Jennie Parry, of Magnet gulch, are visiting friends in Dawson this week.

Mrs. W. Seebohm, of Oro Fino Hill, is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Alex McDonald is setting up two 100-horse power boilers at the mouth of Adams gulch, with which he will be able to pump three sluice heads of water to the top of Adams and Chechako Hills for sluicing purposes the coming season.

Mrs. M. P. Rothweiler, of the Magnet roadhouse was given a birthday party last Friday evening. The champagne dinner given on this occasion to the shrewdest business woman on Bonanza was the most sumptuous affair of its kind ever given on the creeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of the Occidental hotel at 25 below Bonanza gave an opening dance at their place last Thursday evening. The Occidental has undoubtedly the finest floor for dancing purposes of any place on Bonanza. The large roomy building was comfortably filled with guests by 10 p. m., and with the Stockade orchestra furnishing music and fudge Barnes as floor manager, it was not surprising that everybody had a glorious time. An elegant supper was provided at midnight, and no one was more cordially greeted than the hostess who has almost fully recovered from sickness that had confined her to her room almost the entire winter. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Nilsen, Young, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Pairnent, Frame, Bowles, White, Barnes, Anderson, Johnson, Goldensmith and Bradberry, Dr. Edith H. Chambers, Misses Olsen, Barnes, Johnson; Messrs. Tipp, Weis, Johnson, Brooks, De Lo Belle, Legault, St. Louis, Frame, McKenzie, Coffey, Dahneke, Thurber, Prondlock, Nicholson, Hansen, Zahuda, Payson, Dinsmore, Spencer, Clark, Rooted, Hope, Olson, Bean, Vincent, McDonough, Brooks, Hunter, Lowe, Evans, Rowe, Casley, Berckhardt.

At this afternoon's session of court Rosenfield was held over to the territorial court, and is now in jail. His next bath will not probably be at the Stockholm.

Steamboatman Jobbed.

All the sports in Dawson know Patsy Renwick of Whitehorse and Skagway, and will enjoy the following as his latest "break," an account of which appeared in the Alaskan:

Agent J. H. Kelly, the genial local representative of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, brings down a good story from Whitehorse.

It appears that a few days ago Chief Clerk McKay, in the traffic manager's office of the W. P. & Y. Route, dropped up to Whitehorse to see if the track really extended that far and also to learn whether the locomotive pulled or pushed the train on the return trip.

Superintendent Rogers happened to be up there looking for trout, business, or any old thing he could find, and arranged with Pat Renwick to don his cable which he calls a nugget watch chain, step under a plug lid and manipulate a staff of life in his hand like a real actor.

He was coached to put up a joke on McKay, who stood shivering on a piece of ice and wondering why glass was put on the sidewalks to light the basements when there were no beer cellars in sight, when Renwick pulled in alongside of him.

"Say," said he, fingering his nugget chain and looking like the sorrowful end of a cheap show, "are you running the traffic part of this road?"

"I am," said McKay, swelling up like a toad and seeing an increase of salary close at hand on account of large business secured. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I have a show," replied Patsy, "and I want 18 people brought through at once. What rate can you quote on the lot?"

"You had better—" McKay started to say, when Renwick kept right on talking like a threshing machine eating up hay.

"Never mind about 'better' or 'worse'—I want rates. My company must be brought through. I am here to do business, and I want you to do what you are paid for and tell me what it will cost."

"You had better see Mr. Lee, the traffic manager at Seattle. He will give you the desired information."

"Lee be —," rejoined Renwick, apparently greatly incensed. "I'll ask a Chinaman. I don't believe you know anything about a railroad, anyway."

Rogers, Kelly and all of the rest of the gang took a drink and chuckled over McKay's discomfiture.

All T. Layne will do Brassy Gall in "A Texas Steer." Standard.

Mr. W. Lowden, of 51 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. Jas. Tweed, of 7 above Bonanza, took a run to Dawson this week.

Mrs. Lowell, of 51 roadhouse is visiting friends in Dawson.

Mrs. Croyden, of 29 roadhouse, made a special trip to Dawson Friday.

Mr. T. A. Safford, one of the progressive young business men of Grand Forks, made a flying trip to Dawson and return last Friday.

Mrs. E. K. Allen, of 7 below Bonanza, is suffering with a severe cold.

Miss Blanche Barjon and Miss Jennie Parry, of Magnet gulch, are visiting friends in Dawson this week.

Mrs. W. Seebohm, of Oro Fino Hill, is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Alex McDonald is setting up two 100-horse power boilers at the mouth of Adams gulch, with which he will be able to pump three sluice heads of water to the top of Adams and Chechako Hills for sluicing purposes the coming season.

Mrs. M. P. Rothweiler, of the Magnet roadhouse was given a birthday party last Friday evening. The champagne dinner given on this occasion to the shrewdest business woman on Bonanza was the most sumptuous affair of its kind ever given on the creeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of the Occidental hotel at 25 below Bonanza gave an opening dance at their place last Thursday evening. The Occidental has undoubtedly the finest floor for dancing purposes of any place on Bonanza. The large roomy building was comfortably filled with guests by 10 p. m., and with the Stockade orchestra furnishing music and fudge Barnes as floor manager, it was not surprising that everybody had a glorious time. An elegant supper was provided at midnight, and no one was more cordially greeted than the hostess who has almost fully recovered from sickness that had confined her to her room almost the entire winter. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Nilsen, Young, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Pairnent, Frame, Bowles, White, Barnes, Anderson, Johnson, Goldensmith and Bradberry, Dr. Edith H. Chambers, Misses Olsen, Barnes, Johnson; Messrs. Tipp, Weis, Johnson, Brooks, De Lo Belle, Legault, St. Louis, Frame, McKenzie, Coffey, Dahneke, Thurber, Prondlock, Nicholson, Hansen, Zahuda, Payson, Dinsmore, Spencer, Clark, Rooted, Hope, Olson, Bean, Vincent, McDonough, Brooks, Hunter, Lowe, Evans, Rowe, Casley, Berckhardt.

At this afternoon's session of court Rosenfield was held over to the territorial court, and is now in jail. His next bath will not probably be at the Stockholm.

Steamboatman Jobbed.

All the sports in Dawson know Patsy Renwick of Whitehorse and Skagway, and will enjoy the following as his latest "break," an account of which appeared in the Alaskan:

Agent J. H. Kelly, the genial local representative of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, brings down a good story from Whitehorse.

It appears that a few days ago Chief Clerk McKay, in the traffic manager's office of the W. P. & Y. Route, dropped up to Whitehorse to see if the track really extended that far and also to learn whether the locomotive pulled or pushed the train on the return trip.

Superintendent Rogers happened to be up there looking for trout, business, or any old thing he could find, and arranged with Pat Renwick to don his cable which he calls a nugget watch chain, step under a plug lid and manipulate a staff of life in his hand like a real actor.

He was coached to put up a joke on McKay, who stood shivering on a piece of ice and wondering why glass was put on the sidewalks to light the basements when there were no beer cellars in sight, when Renwick pulled in alongside of him.

"Say," said he, fingering his nugget chain and looking like the sorrowful end of a cheap show, "are you running the traffic part of this road?"

"I am," said McKay, swelling up like a toad and seeing an increase of salary close at hand on account of large business secured. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I have a show," replied Patsy, "and I want 18 people brought through at once. What rate can you quote on the lot?"

"You had better—" McKay started to say, when Renwick kept right on talking like a threshing machine eating up hay.

"Never mind about 'better' or 'worse'—I want rates. My company must be brought through. I am here to do business, and I want you to do what you are paid for and tell me what it will cost."

"You had better see Mr. Lee, the traffic manager at Seattle. He will give you the desired information."

"Lee be —," rejoined Renwick, apparently greatly incensed. "I'll ask a Chinaman. I don't believe you know anything about a railroad, anyway."

Rogers, Kelly and all of the rest of the gang took a drink and chuckled over McKay's discomfiture.

All T. Layne will do Brassy Gall in "A Texas Steer." Standard.

Mr. W. Lowden, of 51 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. Jas. Tweed, of 7 above Bonanza, took a run to Dawson this week.

Mrs. Lowell, of 51 roadhouse is visiting friends in Dawson.

Mrs. Croyden, of 29 roadhouse, made a special trip to Dawson Friday.

Mr. T. A. Safford, one of the progressive young business men of Grand Forks, made a flying trip to Dawson and return last Friday.

Mrs. E. K. Allen, of 7 below Bonanza, is suffering with a severe cold.

Miss Blanche Barjon and Miss Jennie Parry, of Magnet gulch, are visiting friends in Dawson this week.

Mrs. W. Seebohm, of Oro Fino Hill, is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Alex McDonald is setting up two 100-horse power boilers at the mouth of Adams gulch, with which he will be able to pump three sluice heads of water to the top of Adams and Chechako Hills for sluicing purposes the coming season.

Mrs. M. P. Rothweiler, of the Magnet roadhouse was given a birthday party last Friday evening. The champagne dinner given on this occasion to the shrewdest business woman on Bonanza was the most sumptuous affair of its kind ever given on the creeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of the Occidental hotel at 25 below Bonanza gave an opening dance at their place last Thursday evening. The Occidental has undoubtedly the finest floor for dancing purposes of any place on Bonanza. The large roomy building was comfortably filled with guests by 10 p. m., and with the Stockade orchestra furnishing music and fudge Barnes as floor manager, it was not surprising that everybody had a glorious time. An elegant supper was provided at midnight, and no one was more cordially greeted than the hostess who has almost fully recovered from sickness that had confined her to her room almost the entire winter. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Nilsen, Young, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Pairnent, Frame, Bowles, White, Barnes, Anderson, Johnson, Goldensmith and Bradberry, Dr. Edith H. Chambers, Misses Olsen, Barnes, Johnson; Messrs. Tipp, Weis, Johnson, Brooks, De Lo Belle, Legault, St. Louis, Frame, McKenzie, Coffey, Dahneke, Thurber, Prondlock, Nicholson, Hansen, Zahuda, Payson, Dinsmore, Spencer, Clark, Rooted, Hope, Olson, Bean, Vincent, McDonough, Brooks, Hunter, Lowe, Evans, Rowe, Casley, Berckhardt.

At this afternoon's session of court Rosenfield was held over to the territorial court, and is now in jail. His next bath will not probably be at the Stockholm.

Steamboatman Jobbed.

All the sports in Dawson know Patsy Renwick of Whitehorse and Skagway, and will enjoy the following as his latest "break," an account of which appeared in the Alaskan:

Agent J. H. Kelly, the genial local representative of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, brings down a good story from Whitehorse.

It appears that a few days ago Chief Clerk McKay, in the traffic manager's office of the W. P. & Y. Route, dropped up to Whitehorse to see if the track really extended that far and also to learn whether the locomotive pulled or pushed the train on the return trip.

Superintendent Rogers happened to be up there looking for trout, business, or any old thing he could find, and arranged with Pat Renwick to don his cable which he calls a nugget watch chain, step under a plug lid and manipulate a staff of life in his hand like a real actor.

He was coached to put up a joke on McKay, who stood shivering on a piece of ice and wondering why glass was put on the sidewalks to light the basements when there were no beer cellars in sight, when Renwick pulled in alongside of him.

"Say," said he, fingering his nugget chain and looking like the sorrowful end of a cheap show, "are you running the traffic part of this road?"

"I am," said McKay, swelling up like a toad and seeing an increase of salary close at hand on account of large business secured. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I have a show," replied Patsy, "and I want 18 people brought through at once. What rate can you quote on the lot?"

"You had better—" McKay started to say, when Renwick kept right on talking like a threshing machine eating up hay.

"Never mind about 'better' or 'worse'—I want rates. My company must be brought through. I am here to do business, and I want you to do what you are paid for and tell me what it will cost."

"You had better see Mr. Lee, the traffic manager at Seattle. He will give you the desired information."

"Lee be —," rejoined Renwick, apparently greatly incensed. "I'll ask a Chinaman. I don't believe you know anything about a railroad, anyway."

Rogers, Kelly and all of the rest of the gang took a drink and chuckled over McKay's discomfiture.

All T. Layne will do Brassy Gall in "A Texas Steer." Standard.

Mr. W. Lowden, of 51 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. Jas. Tweed, of 7 above Bonanza, took a run to Dawson this week.

Mrs. Lowell, of 51 roadhouse is visiting friends in Dawson.

Mrs. Croyden, of 29 roadhouse, made a special trip to Dawson Friday.

Mr. T. A. Safford, one of the progressive young business men of Grand Forks, made a flying trip to Dawson and return last Friday.

Mrs. E. K. Allen, of 7 below Bonanza, is suffering with a severe cold.

Miss Blanche Barjon and Miss Jennie Parry, of Magnet gulch, are visiting friends in Dawson this week.

Mrs. W. Seebohm, of Oro Fino Hill, is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Alex McDonald is setting up two 100-horse power boilers at the mouth of Adams gulch, with which he will be able to pump three sluice heads of water to the top of Adams and Chechako Hills for sluicing purposes the coming season.

Mrs. M. P. Rothweiler, of the Magnet roadhouse was given a birthday party last Friday evening. The champagne dinner given on this occasion to the shrewdest business woman on Bonanza was the most sumptuous affair of its kind ever given on the creeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of the Occidental hotel at 25 below Bonanza gave an opening dance at their place last Thursday evening. The Occidental has undoubtedly the finest floor for dancing purposes of any place on Bonanza. The large roomy building was comfortably filled with guests by 10 p. m., and with the Stockade orchestra furnishing music and fudge Barnes as floor manager, it was not surprising that everybody had a glorious time. An elegant supper was provided at midnight, and no one was more cordially greeted than the hostess who has almost fully recovered from sickness that had confined her to her room almost the entire winter. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Nilsen, Young, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Pairnent, Frame, Bowles, White, Barnes, Anderson, Johnson, Goldensmith and Bradberry, Dr. Edith H. Chambers, Misses Olsen, Barnes, Johnson; Messrs. Tipp, Weis, Johnson, Brooks, De Lo Belle, Legault, St. Louis, Frame, McKenzie, Coffey, Dahneke, Thurber, Prondlock, Nicholson, Hansen, Zahuda, Payson, Dinsmore, Spencer, Clark, Rooted, Hope, Olson, Bean, Vincent, McDonough, Brooks, Hunter, Lowe, Evans, Rowe, Casley, Berckhardt.

At this afternoon's session of court Rosenfield was held over to the territorial court, and is now in jail. His next bath will not probably be at the Stockholm.

Steamboatman Jobbed.

All the sports in Dawson know Patsy Renwick of Whitehorse and Skagway, and will enjoy the following as his latest "break," an account of which appeared in the Alaskan:

Agent J. H. Kelly, the genial local representative of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, brings down a good story from Whitehorse.

It appears that a few days ago Chief Clerk McKay, in the traffic manager's office of the W. P. & Y. Route, dropped up to Whitehorse to see if the track really extended that far and also to learn whether the locomotive pulled or pushed the train on the return trip.

Superintendent Rogers happened to be up there looking for trout, business, or any old thing he could find, and arranged with Pat Renwick to don his cable which he calls a nugget watch chain, step under a plug lid and manipulate a staff of life in his hand like a real actor.

He was coached to put up a joke on McKay, who stood shivering on a piece of ice and wondering why glass was put on the sidewalks to light the basements when there were no beer cellars in sight, when Renwick pulled in alongside of him.

"Say," said he, fingering his nugget chain and looking like the sorrowful end of a cheap show, "are you running the traffic part of this road?"

"I am," said McKay, swelling up like a toad and seeing an increase of salary close at hand on account of large business secured. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I have a show," replied Patsy, "and I want 18 people brought through at once. What rate can you quote on the lot?"

"You had better—" McKay started to say, when Renwick kept right on talking like a threshing machine eating up hay.

"Never mind about 'better' or 'worse'—I want rates. My company must be brought through. I am here to do business, and I want you to do what you are paid for and tell me what it will cost."

"You had better see Mr. Lee, the traffic manager at Seattle. He will give you the desired information."

"Lee be —," rejoined Renwick, apparently greatly incensed. "I'll ask a Chinaman. I don't believe you know anything about a railroad, anyway."

Rogers, Kelly and all of the rest of the gang took a drink and chuckled over McKay's discomfiture.

All T. Layne will do Brassy Gall in "A Texas Steer." Standard.

Mr. W. Lowden, of 51 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. Jas. Tweed, of 7 above Bonanza, took a run to Dawson this week.

Mrs. Lowell, of 51 roadhouse is visiting friends in Dawson.

Mrs. Croyden, of 29 roadhouse, made a special trip to Dawson Friday.

Mr. T. A. Safford, one of the progressive young business men of Grand Forks, made a flying trip to Dawson and return last Friday.

Mrs. E. K. Allen, of 7 below Bonanza, is suffering with a severe cold.

Miss Blanche Barjon and Miss Jennie Parry, of Magnet gulch, are visiting friends in Dawson this week.

Mrs. W. Seebohm, of Oro Fino Hill, is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Alex McDonald is setting up two 100-horse power boilers at the mouth of Adams gulch, with which he will be able to pump three sluice heads of water to the top of Adams and Chechako Hills for sluicing purposes the coming season.

Mrs. M. P. Rothweiler, of the Magnet roadhouse was given a birthday party last Friday evening. The champagne dinner given on this occasion to the shrewdest business woman on Bonanza was the most sumptuous affair of its kind ever given on the creeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of the Occidental hotel at 25 below Bonanza gave an opening dance at their place last Thursday evening. The Occidental has undoubtedly the finest floor for dancing purposes of any place on Bonanza. The large roomy building was comfortably filled with guests by 10 p. m., and with the Stockade orchestra furnishing music and fudge Barnes as floor manager, it was not surprising that everybody had a glorious time. An elegant supper was provided at midnight, and no one was more cordially greeted than the hostess who has almost fully recovered from sickness that had confined her to her room almost the entire winter. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Nilsen, Young, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Pairnent, Frame, Bowles, White, Barnes, Anderson, Johnson, Goldensmith and Bradberry, Dr. Edith H. Chambers, Misses Olsen, Barnes, Johnson; Messrs. Tipp, Weis, Johnson, Brooks, De Lo Belle, Legault, St. Louis, Frame, McKenzie, Coffey, Dahneke, Thurber, Prondlock, Nicholson, Hansen, Zahuda, Payson, Dinsmore, Spencer, Clark, Rooted, Hope, Olson, Bean, Vincent, McDonough, Brooks, Hunter, Lowe, Evans, Rowe, Casley, Berckhardt.

At this afternoon's session of court Rosenfield was held over to the territorial court, and is now in jail. His next bath will not probably be at the Stockholm.

Steamboatman Jobbed.

All the sports in Dawson know Patsy Renwick of Whitehorse and Skagway, and will enjoy the following as his latest "break," an account of which appeared in the Alaskan:

Agent J. H. Kelly, the genial local representative of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, brings down a good story from Whitehorse.

It appears that a few days ago Chief Clerk McKay, in the traffic manager's office of the W. P. & Y. Route, dropped up to Whitehorse to see if the track really extended that far and also to learn whether the locomotive pulled or pushed the train on the return trip.