

THE MERRY RATE WAR

Two Boats Leave Loaded to the Guards

Creeks Being Visited by Representatives of the Different Steamer Lines.

The rate war which was precipitated Saturday by the smashing of the steamer combine is waxing merry today and there is more excitement on the water front than has been seen for many moons.

Two boats are leaving this evening and both are sold out solid. The White Pass people are dispatching the Victorian, their rates to Whitehorse being \$10 and \$20 and through to Skagway \$25 and \$35.



THE BOY SUGGESTS A WAY OF PROTECTING THE MINERS.

"The miners are the bone and sinew of the country and must be protected to the fullest extent."—Extract from interview with Deputy Minister Smart.

STEEL TRUST PRESIDENT

Chas. M. Schwab Will Retire

His Health Greatly Impaired—Speculation as to His Successor in Office.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

New York, Aug. 18.—Specials from Loretta, Pa., the home of Chas. M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, say the health of the great magnate has become so bad as to make it imperative on him to retire from business.

Reorganization of the big steel corporation will shortly be taken up when James Gayley, first vice-president, will probably be made president to succeed Schwab.

Relinquishes Control of Islands.

New Orleans, July 30.—The steamer Condor, which has arrived here from Puerto Cortez, Honduras, brings news that the British government has withdrawn all claim to sovereignty over the Bay Islands of Utilla, Ruatan, Bonacca or Guanaja, Felna and Barbarat, and acknowledged that they belong to the Republic of Honduras.

Great Britain's formal acknowledgements were carried to the islands by the cruiser Psyche, which sailed from Havana under sealed orders on July 17. The British residents at Ruatan were assembled and a proclamation was read to them by the captain of the Psyche, declaring that under treaties made between Great Britain and the United States in 1850 and with Honduras in 1860 His Majesty's government could no longer regard the islands as a British possession and would henceforth withdraw all exercised jurisdiction or claim to the allegiance of the natives.

The population of the islands is almost exclusively of British origin, coming from Jamaica, but there are some Americans from the western states who have recently come in. English is the only language spoken.

The islands do a large fruit trade, mainly with New Orleans. The United States government is the only one having a consul in the islands.

Washery Destroyed by Fire.

Scranton, Pa., Aug. 8.—The Briggs washery of the Ontario & Western Railway in West Scranton was destroyed by fire this afternoon. The origin of the fire is unknown. The washery was working with a force of thirty non-union men. The loss will reach \$25,000. The big breaker is closed, and the firemen at 2 o'clock were making desperate efforts to save it.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

MECCA FOR GAMBLERS

Saratoga Will be American Monte Carlo

Wealthy Syndicate Back of Proposition—Lord Roslyn the Drawing Card.

New York, Aug. 3.—Saratoga Springs is to be the new Monte Carlo of America, and it will be supported and backed by the colossal syndicate of wealthy Americans. Lord Roslyn, the man with a system who essayed to break the bank at Monte Carlo—and didn't—is the great drawing card in this new gambling paradise.

Valuable Information.

One of the leading specialists of Germany has just issued a very interesting circular on the treatment of dandruff and how to avoid baldness. For full particulars see CRIBBS, The Druggist King St., next to Post Office.

Lone Star Looks Good.

The Lone Star quartz mine at the head of Victoria gulch continues to look better to the promoters as work progresses. At the present time a crew of nine men is at work night and day sinking directly on the ledge. They are now down a depth of 53 feet and the ledge continues to increase in width, the greater the depth that is attained. On the surface the showing is about 24 feet.

Contractor Hepron is in charge of the work and will continue sinking until a depth of 150 feet is reached. If the present showing continues it is announced that a plant will be placed on the ground immediately and the Klondike as a quartz camp will be firmly established.

The owners are enthusiastic over the outlook, however, and say that the Lone Star is a big thing beyond question.

dicare are is not yet known. That Bud Renaud, the wealthy Louisiana planter and sporting man referred to as the "Dick Canfield of the south," is to be one of them, seems to be generally conceded as it is that Dick Canfield, of New York and Saratoga, is one of the opposing element.

The pivot of the scheme is expected to lie in the magnetic presence of Lord Roslyn, who is expected to have as large a following here as he did at Monaco, notwithstanding his inability to break the bank. His system will be exploited to the fullest extent. The news that he is traveling along the well known lines that on gamblers know is that should William C. Whitney succeed in forming Saratoga into an "American Newmarket Heath," they will find an American Monte Carlo that shall amaze the world.

Nor will the men at the head of it conceal their enterprise behind the green doors. It will be systematically advertised. Men who go there will know exactly why they are going. There will be no subterfuges. Lord Roslyn and his plunging tendencies will receive due publicity, and at the proper time, it is said, the great gambling Englishman, whose operations at Monte Carlo received worldwide attention, and who received from the Paris papers the open accusation that he was a "hireling," will appear at Saratoga.

My Mother at Auditorium.

A Slum Wedding.

Seattle, Aug. 9.—Cupid entered the King county jail and yesterday secured the release of Kitty Bird, who was serving a three months' sentence for vagrancy. Kitty, who has been an occupant of a cell in the city bastille at irregular intervals for many months past, has at last turned over a new leaf.

She was committed to the county jail by Police Judge George six weeks ago, and had served just half her sentence, when she yesterday sent a message to the judge asking for her release, on the ground that she was about to be married and would in the future steer a course away from the cup which cheers and inebriates. Judge George was a little doubtful about the stability of Kitty's information, but finally concluded to grant her release under a suspended sentence. When the word reached the jail late in the afternoon the bride-to-be arrayed herself in all her finery and started out in haste to find the happy man, who she stated was James Jensen, a truck driver. The couple is expected at the court house today in search of a marriage license.

Saved From Wreck.

Special to the Daily Nugget. St. John, Aug. 18.—The British cruiser "Ariadne" saved a Montreal liner from destruction in a fog off Cape Race, Nfld., yesterday.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

NO POLITICS FOR THEM

Nanaimo Miners Tire of Being Used

Declare the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress to be Political Organization.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Nanaimo, Aug. 18.—At a meeting held Saturday night the Nanaimo Coal Miners' Union withdrew from the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, passing a resolution declaring the latter merely a political organization in disguise. This action marks the death of Ralph Smith's power as a political force in the Vancouver Island coal centre. The Nanaimo union will now affiliate with the Western Federation.

See Capt. Daniels—Auditorium.

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

New China

All Nicely Decorated and Gilded in Newest Shapes and Designs.

- Cups and Saucers, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
China Salads, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
China Plates, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

Slater's Strathcona Boots \$4.00

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.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Yearly, in advance | \$30.00 |
| Per month, by carrier in city in advance | 3.00 |
| Single copies | 25 |
| 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 Eklorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 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.



MR. SMART'S VISIT.

The visit of Deputy Minister of the Interior Smart is significant of an awakened interest on the part of the federal government, in respect to the condition of affairs in this territory. From the tenor of the interview published in the Nugget on Saturday it is quite evident that Mr. Smart proposes to inform himself thoroughly upon all matters of vital import to the Yukon with a view to shaping the future policy of the interior department in accordance with the requirements of the community.

The salient feature in Mr. Smart's remarks is contained in the following extract:

"My trip here is almost solely for the purpose of acquainting myself with the territory and the conditions as they exist. I shall spend considerable time on the creeks as I have a great desire to meet the miners at home at their work. They are the bone and sinew of the country and must be protected to the fullest extent. There have been made many mistakes in the past but they have not been willful. We have been misunderstood and you have been misrepresented and it is to get at the true facts as they actually exist that I am here today. The department has nothing in view for the Yukon but the best interests of the territory."

Mr. Smart's language is everything that could be wished for and the only thing left to be desired is that subsequent events may prove the sincerity of his utterances. In designating the miners as the bone and sinew of the territory Mr. Smart has struck the keynote of the situation. The condition of the mining industry is the gauge by which the prosperity of all other classes of population is measured. When the miners are prosperous and working their ground to its full capacity, business conditions throughout the territory are invariably satisfactory, and vice versa, when the miners are idle business is prostrated.

In this connection the Nugget desires to draw the attention of the deputy minister to the feeling which exists in this territory in connection with the policy of granting hydraulic concessions. From first to last these concessions have been a hindrance to the progress and development of the district. They have not been opened up as contemplated by the regulations and have merely had the effect of tying up hundreds of acres of ground which under other circumstances would be contributing today toward the annual output.

The concessionaire is the Yukon dog-in-the-manger. He does not work his ground nor does he permit others to work it. He simply ties up his property and no good results to himself or anyone else. The concession holder is the worst foe with whom the individual miner needs to con-

tend. Had there been no concessions granted in the past five years, hundreds of miners would now be profitably employed upon ground that has never yet been touched with pick or shovel.

We trust that the deputy minister will carry out his expressed intention of going to the creeks and seeing conditions as they actually exist. We hope that he will go up Hunker creek and compare the first five miles of that splendid producer with the balance of the creek and then ask himself if there is any justification for the Anderson concession.

We hope that he will visit the Bronson & Ray and the other concessions located in the heart of the mining district and enquire for himself if the interests of the government or of the people of the Yukon are conserved and protected by tying up valuable ground in concessions.

Mr. Smart's language is that of a man who desires to see the miners of the Yukon prosper. On that point he is in complete accord with public sentiment. The people of the territory are of one opinion in desiring the same thing and they are of one opinion in the belief that concessions have been one of the chief obstacles that have stood in the way of a realization of their desires. It is devoutly to be hoped that the visit of the deputy minister will result in converting that gentleman to the same belief.

The success which has met the efforts of local gardeners during the present season is indicative of what will be accomplished a few years hence when the Dawson market is supplied altogether with vegetables of home production. An inspection of the gardens along the west side of the Yukon and on the Klondike island is sufficient to convince the most doubtful of the possibilities of the country in this particular respect. The practicability of gardening as a profitable and successful industry has been fully established. It only remains to have the area of cultivated ground extended sufficiently to make the people of this community entirely independent so far as the importation of garden vegetables is concerned.

If the local council had served the city one-half as faithfully as they have looked after their own interests there would be no reason for the general lack of confidence now felt in that body.

Grim visaged war is stalking all over the water front and the end no man is able to see. It will soon be your fare for nothing and a chromo thrown in.

The fact that Dawson has not been visited by a serious conflagration for nearly a year must not be accepted as assurance that the town is fire proof.

Lost, strayed or stolen, one railroad supposed to be located between Dawson and Grand Forks.

It is now in order for the News to discover a plot to tar and feather Deputy Minister Smart.

At the present time it is cheaper to travel than stay at home.

Regaining His Mind
A man named Eason who was brought down from Hunker ten days ago on account of the failing condition of his mind and who has since been treated at the barracks, has so far recovered as to warrant his discharge by tomorrow.

For suits and trousers see Brewitt's new fall goods.

New Goods!

OILCLOTH,
LINOLEUMS,
MATTING,
TABLE OILS,
ETC.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT ST. Phone 104 B

NEWS FROM EAGLE CITY

Judge Wickersham Will Home Port There

And Not at Valdez—U. S. District Court in Session—Town is Lively.

The Sarah arrived here on the second of August with Judge Wickersham and his wife and clerk of the court A. R. Heilig aboard. The court arrived at Rampart too late to hold a term there, as proposed, and arrive at Eagle in time for the regular special term called for August 4th. A number of Rampart litigants were passengers on the Sarah as the Rampart cases were all brought to Eagle for trial.

On the fourth court convened for the purpose of instructing the grand jury and then adjourned, from day to day, until the eleventh on account of the absence of United States Attorney Harlan, who was detained over one boat at Rampart.

The case of the United States against John C. Kellum, formerly of Dawson, for subornation of perjury, charged to have been committed at the trial last year of the case of the United States vs. Beaumont for adultery, was the first case called and resulted in a verdict of acquittal, the jury being out about an hour.

The case of the United States vs. Harry Owens, charged with murder, came up for trial on the twelfth and will probably consume the balance of the week.

On the fourteenth, by order of court, the Eagle commissioner's precinct and recording district was divided and a precinct and district created to include within its limits the Fortymile and Sixtymile rivers and their tributaries. Samuel M. Graff, of Pennsylvania, who has been living at Dawson, was appointed commissioner with jurisdiction over the new precinct. An order admitting to practice in the courts of Alaska Mr. Graff and Abe Spring of Circle City was also made.

The grand jury was discharged on the thirteenth, after having found five true bills and two not true bills.

There is no foundation to the rumor that the home of the court has been changed from Eagle to Valdez. Judge Wickersham expects to adjourn court here on the twenty-ninth and will then leave for the outside where he will spend a well-earned vacation, later on going to Valdez to hold court there. He will not return to Eagle until the opening of the river next year.

Oliver P. Hubbard, resident Alaska attorney for the Valdes, Copper River and Yukon railway, was here on business connected with the road and reports the contract let for its building, with a time limit of two years. Actual construction is now in progress from the Valdes end.

The government telegraph line between Eagle and Valdes is complete now with the exception of thirty miles and this gap will be closed by September first. The batteries and instruments are now installed here and all is ready for the opening of business.

The new store being built by Judge Johansen for occupancy by Peoples and Woodruff is nearing completion and adds another handsome building to the already substantial looking water front.

The new "Riverside" hotel of Gay & Boone is completed and is as good a building as can be found on the river. Orders have been received to enlarge the present military quarters to accommodate another company of soldiers, and already a number of new buildings are under construction. Fort Egbert becomes a two-company post in the spring.

The town is lively and full of people and residents here are looking forward to an active and prosperous season with the opening of navigation in the spring.

Vatican Disapproves.

Rome, Aug. 8.—The selling by the Philippine friars of their lands to syndicates of laymen is disapproved at the Vatican. The lands are considered to be church property and are not to be sold without the consent of Rome. An investigation indicates that the Dominicans alone sold their lands. When the sale is definitely ascertained the friars will be obliged to show the amount received by them and reimburse the church.

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

Furniture ! Furniture !

We are opening up the finest line of Furniture and Carpets that ever came to Dawson. Call and see "Our New Style of Bureaus in Golden Oak and Spanish Mahogany"

An elegant line of Fancy Rockers. The latest in Dining Chairs, Couches, Bed Room Suites and Upholstered Furniture.

Our Prices Are Right **N. A. T. & T. COMPANY**

POLICE COURT BUSINESS

Warning is Sounded to Sidewalk Cyclists

Led Astray by His Friends—John F. Swail Denies Charge of Vagrancy.

The usual Monday morning list of offenders was before Magistrate Wroughton this morning and each contributed his mite for violating the laws of the land.

George Cobut, a Jap, was fined \$2 and costs for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk and many persons, not Japs, will do well to profit by the penalty imposed on him.

Samuel Harsh had taken too much hooch on Saturday and had been given all of yesterday in which to undergo the sobering up process. He was fined \$2 and costs.

Murdock Stewart was all ready to go out Saturday night when he met some friends. The man who has no friends is it at certain times. Murdock's friends were glad to see him. Murdock was glad to see his friends. By 10 o'clock Saturday night it required assistance to enable Murdock to navigate. He paid \$2 and costs.

John F. Swail nervously rubbed his hands over the edge of the lonesome box and said that if he was given two weeks, or sufficiently long to communicate with Sheriff Tom Armstrong of New Westminster, he could prove the charge of vagrancy against him is not well founded. Sergeant Smith entertains the belief that he can prove that the charge is all wool and double width and in order that he may be able to produce witnesses, asked for a remand until tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock which was granted.

In the case of Barrett vs. Smith for \$196 balance for labor performed on Gold Run, judgment was given the plaintiff by default, Smith not appearing.

Three Hoboes With Nerve.

Ogden, Utah, July 30.—Three hoboes coolly held up and robbed a passenger on the Rio Grande & Western train who had stepped out on the platform of the union station here last night. A detective who went in pursuit of the robbers was in turn held up and relieved of his revolver, handcuffs and other paraphernalia and told to hurry away, which he did.

A posse headed by several policemen took up the pursuit of the robbers. They came up with them and in the exchange of shots which followed Policeman Farr was severely wounded.

The robbers then fled toward the hills north of the city. Bloodhounds from the state penitentiary at Salt Lake were telegraphed for and put on the track of the robbers this morning.

Mons Godfroy at Auditorium.

Get Others Prices

Then come to me and get your outfit.

Prices Always the Lowest
T. W. Grennan
GROCER
King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

Typesetting by Telegraph

Strange as it may seem, a telegraph system has been almost perfected in the United States which performs the extraordinary feat of operating a Linotype machine, at a distance of 100 miles. Peeping into the future it would not be surprising to find newspaper offices bereft of many of the familiar personages so essential to their working today. The number of Linotype operators would be materially reduced. No telegraph operators would be required, and much of the editorial work would be dispensed with.

It is impossible to give here more than an outline explanation of this marvelous system, but those interested in its practical working can find a detailed description in the July number of Everybody's Magazine. There, two systems are dealt with—the multiplex and the automatic. In the former, the principle employed is to have two clocks each with a hand revolving very rapidly and always relatively in the same position. On the clock the letters of the alphabet are set out, and when a signal is made at a certain letter on one, the same letter is shown up and printed off on the other.

In the automatic system, several operators prepare messages in the form of perforated paper tapes which are then used to automatically transmit messages at a high speed. The Murray variety of the automatic principle, instead of using a printing mechanism at the receiving station direct, re-perforates another tape and this is run into a small machine, which mechanically operates an ordinary typewriter. To substitute a Linotype machine for a typewriter is all that is necessary to bring about that revolution in the newspaper of-

rice depicted at the beginning of this article.—Canadian Printer and Publisher.

Alleged Baron a Fakir

San Francisco, July 26.—Through the generosity of Herman Oelrichs and perhaps one or two other clubmen, Otto Von Meder, the self-styled German baron, who for a brief time dazzled Monterey and the Hotel Del Monte with his brilliant entertainments, walked out of jail today a free man.

Von Meder gave dinners and driving parties and lined the famous sixteen-mile drive with Chinese lanterns for the delight of his friends at Monterey, and did it all on the hotel's money. Manager Schoenwald was delighted to have such a guest and put it all in the bill. Von Meder at length had the hotel man cash a check for \$700 on the Wells-Fargo Bank and took his leave, forgetting to pay his bill. He had no funds in the bank and Schoenwald followed him to this city and had him thrown into the bastille on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses.

Mr. Oelrichs and other bon vivants who had partaken of Von Meder's hospitality, had a lingering admiration for the fellow's dash and pitied him. So he went to Von Meder's attorneys and paid the \$700. Other accounts were "squared," and Schoenwald withdrew the complaint.

Von Meder's methods will not work now in San Francisco owing to the advertising he has received and it is said he will hereafter do his entertaining in the north.

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

Mons Montjoie at Auditorium.

FOR SALE Cheap for Cash

Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine

Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

STR. PROSPECTOR

For Duncan and Stewart River
Points

Tuesday, Aug. 19th

Apply W. MEED, Mgr., - - S.-Y. T. Dock

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 Monday, Aug. 18
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.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

STAGE AND LIVERY

IMPORTANT DECISION

Owners of No. 20 Below on Bear Creek

Win in a Protest Over the Ground Filed by Joe Boyle the Concessionair.

Gold Commissioner Senkler Saturday rendered a decision of unusual importance in the case of Joseph W. Boyle vs. A. D. Fields, Thos. Sparks and Frank Berry, the action being over the title to 20 below on Bear creek. The claim in question is below the mouth of the Bear creek canyon and is really in the valley of the Klondike river though located on the tributary. Boyle holds a concession on the Klondike and he alleged that the larger portion of No. 20 was within his boundaries. One point that the gold commissioner ruled upon was that no one has a right to question the title to a piece of ground granted by the government and which has been held undisturbed for several years unless fraud can be conclusively shown. The judgment in full is as follows:

"Creek claim No. 19 below discovery on Bear creek was staked by H. Lachman on September 27th and recorded on October 14th, 1896. No. 20 below discovery on the same creek was originally staked by one Halder in 1896, but after working a short time he abandoned the claim, and on February 4th, 1897, it was staked by Andrew Ness, and recorded February 5th. Both claims have been represented and renewed up to the present time and now stand on the records in the names of the defendants.

"On October 5th, 1900, the plaintiff, Joseph Boyle, obtained a lease under the hydraulic regulations of all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land in the valley of the Klondike river beginning about one and one-half miles up stream from the mouth of said Klondike river, thence up stream six and twenty-two one-hundredths miles, as shown on plat of survey thereof signed by T. D. Green, D.L.S. The placer claims in question are within the ground described in Mr. Boyle's lease.

"The third clause of the lease reads as follows:

"That the said lease or demise shall be subject to the rights or claims, but to such rights or claims only, of all persons who may have acquired the same under the regulations of any order of the governor general in council up to the date of these presents."

"A plan of survey of the placer claims above mentioned, made by Mr. Cote, D.L.S., was filed in the gold commissioner's office on August 7th, 1901, and an action was commenced by the plaintiff on September 26 following, protesting against said survey on the ground that it includes a large tract of mining property included in the lease to the plaintiff that was improperly included in said survey.

"The evidence shows that the mouth of Bear creek proper is at a point 145 feet above the down stream boundary line of claim No. 19. This point is marked on the ground by posts placed by Mr. Barwell, D.L.S. In other words, the stream from Bear creek flows into the valley of the Klondike river at this point, and the plaintiff contends that the lower 145 feet of claim No. 19 and all of No. 20, being in the valley of the Klondike river, they had no right to stake and obtain grants for this ground as creek claims under the regulations in force at that time.

"I must find from the evidence that the lower 145 feet of claim No. 19 and all of claim No. 20 is actually in the valley of the Klondike river, and I consider the ground outside of the line fixed by Mr. Barwell as the mouth of Bear creek, should not strictly be staked as a creek claim under the regulations. It also appears that the claims were staked irregularly, as the regulations required four posts, whereas these claims were staked with two posts. The plaintiff does not, however, attempt to show that there was any attempt on the part of the locators of these claims to fraudulently obtain ground that they were not entitled to under the regulations. Mr. McDonald saw Ness stake claim No. 20. He identifies accurately the position of the up stream post, and approximately the down stream post, said down stream post having been placed about 500 feet in the direction of the Bear creek valley continued towards the Klondike river. He is corroborated in this by Mr. Munroe, who saw the

posts shortly after the staking, and it appears that the down stream post of No. 19 was used as the up stream post of No. 20. Both these men, who were representative miners in this locality at that time, are of opinion that the locators of these claims were justified in staking the ground in question in the way they did, as owing to the meager information they had of the regulations at that time, the ordinary miner was not able to make fine discriminations as to whether ground should be staked as creek or river claims, or dry diggings. After these two claims were staked, however, grants were for creek claims regularly issued to the stakers by the representative of the department of the interior in this territory, and the owners have ever since worked the claims without their right to the property being questioned, until the commencement of this protest in September last. As stated before, the third proviso of the plaintiffs' lease states that said lease shall be subject to the rights or claim of all persons who may have acquired the same under the regulations of any order in council up to the date of the lease. I am of the opinion that grants having been issued for these creek claims before the hydraulic lease in question was issued to the plaintiff Boyle, he has no right whatever to attack these grants, especially in this case where the defendants held these claims for about four years before the plaintiff obtained his lease.

"The defendants and those through whom they claimed title, worked these properties very considerably, and at a very large expense, before they proved their value, and now that they have done so it would be most unjust that at this stage a plaintiff, who did not obtain his lease until after the ground was proved, should step in and question the right of the defendants to have a creek claim on the ground in question, obtained by them from the government four years previously. The crown only can question the validity of the grants issued for these claims, and the crown only can question any irregularity in the process whereby these grants were obtained.

"The plaintiffs have, however, the right to have the boundaries of the claim defined, as under their lease they are entitled to all land not lawfully occupied in that vicinity. The defendants have received grants for creek claims, and the position of the upper post of 20 being accurately defined, and the lower post approximately, there is no doubt of the ground that the stakers intended to stake from Mr. McDonald's evidence, that is, so much ground on each side of the location posts. There being no base of the hill on each side of the location line, the claim should, I consider, be confined to ten chains in width. The system of surveying with north, south, east and west lines is inconsistent both with what the parties intended to stake and with the amendment of this section passed on December 24th, 1894, in which creek claims were changed from 400 to 500 feet in length, running in the general direction of the creek or gulch. There is not a case in the history of the territory where this system of survey has been followed. From the evidence I would find that the stream at the time these claims were staked ran straight out of the gulch into the Klondike valley, a distance of about 360 feet, and then took a horseshoe turn back to the base of the hill, a short distance below the mouth of Bear, on the Klondike.

This, though, does not, to my mind, affect the case. It is entirely a question of what the locators actually staked and intended to claim. I think claim No. 20 should consist of 330 feet on each side of a line commencing at the post marked 'A' on Mr. Tyrrell's plan, 49 feet westerly of Mr. Cote's base line on the up stream line of said claim, and running parallel with said base line to a point 500 feet towards the Klondike river, excluding therefrom that portion of the southwest corner thereof that is above the base of the hill. Or in other words, Mr. Cote's survey should be amended by excluding from the eastern end a rectangular piece of 59 feet in width and adding to the west end a rectangular piece of 53 feet, excluding therefrom that portion that would be above the base of the hill as above stated. That portion of the survey of claim 19 that lies east of the east line of claim 20 as amended produced in a southerly direction, shall be excluded from said claim, and the survey shall be amended accordingly.

"The greatest Irish Bull To the Editor of the Evening Sun—Sir: Won't you please tell a "Constant Reader" who Sir Boyle Roche was, and what was his "Bird"?

"I have come to the conclusion that each party should pay his own costs."

Found a white and brown spotted bitch. Owner can have same by applying to C. E. Garrison, 34 Eldorado, and paying expenses. c20

COMING TO THE FRONT

Upper Country Tributary to Dawson

Government Representatives at Stewart Have Miserable Quarters.

In order to accommodate the local trade between Dawson and the mouth of the Stewart river, the steamer Prospector whose regular run is between Dawson and Fraser Falls on the Stewart river, made a special trip to Stewart City Saturday night, returning to Dawson last night at 9:40. A few persons, among them a Nugget representative, made the trip as guests of Manager and Mrs. Meed and to them it was given to see and form some idea of the magnitude and extent of business which is being carried on in the country above but tributary to Dawson.

Prospectors and their little outfits were dropped off all along the river, wood camps were replenished with supplies and an almost continuous business conducted all along the river from Dawson to Stewart. Far over on a navigable slough on the right limit, fully three miles from the main channel is the Henderson creek landing at the terminal of the new government road which leads from the river out to the mines. Here several tons of goods and a number of passengers were unloaded. The distance from the landing out to the first working claim is about fourteen miles but the road is perfectly smooth but rather damp at present owing to recent heavy rains. It will be a first class winter trail.

Stewart City is almost as quiet on Sunday as Dawson, but owing to its location at the entrance of a large and rapidly developing district and surrounded by wood camps, it shows indications of considerable activity on week days.

Mr. L. T. Burwash, mining recorder for the lower Stewart district, reports business as very good in his office. But it is a shame that no better quarters are provided. The office is in an old cabin of the vintage of '97. The door is only about four feet high, the roof, or what little there is of it, is so low that only in the center can an average man stand straight, and every time it rains, which is daily, the miserable little office is flooded and the recorder is put to the necessity of covering his books and safe with canvass to prevent their being ruined. However, the mining recorder has but little more to complain of than have the police boys as their present quarters are a fright, but the indications are that they will be in their new barracks now under construction before winter. An appropriation was made several months ago for a new recorder's office at Stewart but that is as far as the improvement has gone. There are five men at the Stewart police force, Sergeant Tillman being in charge.

Manager Meed of these Prospector gave his guests a "high bush" cranberry picking party in the afternoon at Stewart and Captain Johnson followed with his kodak to see that nobody or nothing was lost.

On the return in the evening a stop was made at Ogilvie where Mary Ann, the pet moose calf which is the property of the police, was kodaked in half a dozen poses. Mary Ann is probably the most hungry animal in the Yukon although she is eating all the time. Nor is she particular as to what she eats as only two days ago she made a raid on a cache and ate a bucket of lard and six bars of laundry soap. The moose is about four or five months old and looks very much like a young mule. It is very much of a pet and could not be driven away from the settlement.

The run from Indian river to Dawson, a distance of 28 miles, was made by the Prospector last night in one hour and thirty-five minutes with the result that the contents of a guessing pool were pulled down by Manager Meed, he having guessed the time by less than one minute.

The Greatest Irish Bull To the Editor of the Evening Sun—Sir: Won't you please tell a "Constant Reader" who Sir Boyle Roche was, and what was his "Bird"?

E. H. Sir Boyle Roche was a member of the Irish parliament, who was and is famous for his bulls. His greatest success in this line was when he said in the house, "A man can't be in two places at the same time, unless he is a bird."—New York Sun.

STAMPEDEERS RETURNING

Office Thronged With Locators

On Boucher Creek and Tributaries—Three Hundred Men, But No Women.

All day long on Saturday from the opening to the closing hour at the gold commissioner's office there was a crowd of stampedeers in line from the new strike on Boucher creek waiting to record their locations. Fully 300 men participated in the stampede and in addition to those who have already recorded there are still many to come. The strike is the first new one that has been made in a long time in which ladies have not taken part. Why they did not do so in this instance is doubtless on account of the hard trip the run necessitated. There were no road-houses, or cabins between here and the scene of the strike and it was necessary for each man to carry blankets and sufficient rations for the round trip. The route followed by most of the stampedeers was via the Glacier creek trail which was traveled a distance of 17 miles. Leaving the trail at that point, the route lay to the left along a ridge for 15 miles where the Sixtymile was first encountered. Crossing the Sixtymile another divide was climbed on the opposite side of which and about ten miles distant lay Boucher creek. The creek is about 30 miles long and of uniform width, the distance from rim to rim at discovery being approximately 350 feet. Everyone talked to of the general appearance of the creek thinks well of it and says that the indications are all right. There is an abundance of wood both in the creek valley and on the hillsides and plenty of water for all purposes, the creek running more than double the amount of Bonanza.

All the claims being staked under the new regulations which define a claim as being 250 feet long and 2000 feet wide, there will be no room for hill-sides. Many of the pups and tributaries have been located in addition to the main stream, the principal ones taken up being Huot, Butler and Nielsen gulches. One party which left here Saturday week ago did not

return until the following Saturday, the members of which were without anything to eat the last thirty-six hours out. The main stream is staked so far to 62 below discovery and 127 above.

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

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The Adventures of a Pioneer Plainsman.
The Night Raid on Sun River.

Written by
Forest Cressy
Told by Captain
John J. Healy

It took good grit for a woman born and bred on the frontier to go out into the Indian country back in the sixties and become the mistress of a little trading-post; but for a New York city girl to follow her husband to a post up in the heart of the Blackfoot country called for nerve and daring of the first order. And that is precisely what the mother of my children did. That kind of backing would put pluck and backbone into any man and make a home of the poorest and most isolated post ever opened—a post worth fighting for to the death!

I knew the kind of devils we had to deal with, for I had been fighting them ever since I went out across the plains with Johnson's Mormon expedition as a boy of seventeen; but my young wife staked everything on her faith in me. She gave good proof of her grit on the way up into the country about the second day after we had left civilization behind and had struck out with the wagon and three or four saddle horses on what we called our wedding trip—seven years before the big raid on our trading post.

An army officer and his wife were with us on that wedding journey, bound for the frontier garrison. The Indians were in a nasty mood, and there were alarming reports of trouble, but I had always pulled through all right before and I didn't expect this trip would break my luck. Although my wife knew there was danger she stood game and so we went ahead. Suddenly, at the top of the ridge, about a mile ahead, I saw three or four mounted Indians in their war paint. Pulling my six-shooter from my belt, I handed it to my wife and said:

"Girl, if anything should happen and those bucks make trouble, promise me you'll use this and never fall into their hands alive!" She didn't flinch—simply took the gun and said:

"All right, Johnny."

Then I headed my bronco straight for those braves and didn't pull up until just barely out of their range, when I jerked my pony to a standstill and began to talk with them in the sign language. They gave me "heap good talk," and professed all manner of friendship, but insisted on paying a visit to the wagon, which had been halted and converted into a temporary fort. Of course I knew that such a move would end in a massacre and must be prevented. Meantime a dozen or more bucks had come up with the advance riders and the situation looked desperate enough. But one element of Indian nature is always to be counted on, and it was my knowledge of that trait which governed my actions. No matter how hostile Indians surround a white man armed with a good rifle and stationed in the open, they always calculate that at least one or two braves will be killed before the white man goes down—and not one of them wants to become the dead Indian!

Staking all my hopes on this calculation, I drew my rifle ready for instant use and told the bucks that they could not go near the wagon, but must keep to the ridge which circled about to the right. Then I stood my ground and waited to see which way they would move. The suspense of those moments was something terrific. Finally, after talking among themselves for several minutes, the band moved forward along the ridge—and I moved as fast as the Indians, keeping between them and the wagon. When I saw the danger had passed, I cantered back to my party and found the girl white as a sheet, but calm and cool as an old mountaineer. That was her introduction to the wild life of the plains, and from that time until the night of the attack on the post I never saw her show the white feather by attempting to hold me back when trouble was threatened. But intuition will sometimes shake a woman who will stand pat in the face of actual danger.

Although that raid on the trading-post was more than thirty years ago every detail of it is as plain to me now as it was then, in the spring of '69. That was a red-hot night, and the scar where an Indian's pullet plowed across the bridge of my nose calls it all back whenever I look in a mirror.

There isn't a handsomer valley in Montana, or the whole west, than that threaded by Sun river, and I made no mistake when I selected it as a location for a trading-post and put up the first house in the region, built a bridge and named the place Sun River Crossing. It was on the main freighting thoroughfare, four miles from the military post and twenty-five miles from the Indian reservation. Just across the river

were the headquarters of the old Diamond R. Transportation Company, where fifteen or twenty freighters wintered, waiting for the business to open up in the spring. Our log cabin was built with heavy board doors and window shutters and with loop holes for shooting so that we could resist an attack to advantage. The trading-store was connected with the cabin and was also well fortified.

That night a band of Blood Indians—the pick of the Blackfoot nation—had camped in the "L" of the cabin and store. These were the first Bloods that had come down from the British possessions to trade with me, and consequently I was anxious to please old Many Braids, the chief of the band. The first hint of trouble came about nine o'clock in the evening when I was sitting in the lodge of Many Braids; Vielle, my French-Canadian interpreter, who had spent twenty years among the Blackfeet, was with me. When I got hold of him he was dressed in a breech-clout and a plug hat, but he could talk the Blackfoot tongue like a chief! The lodge fire had died down to a few coals and we were smoking in silence. Many Braids had a stick in his hands. Suddenly he dashed it into the ashes and smothered the fire, at the same time exclaiming "Mokak!" (Look out!). Instantly the lodge was left in total darkness, and the only sound to be heard was the heavy breathing of the chief's squaw and his three children.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired of the interpreter after a moment's silence.

"There's something wrong," he answered; "let's go into the house."

Knowing him to be a thorough-going coward, and remembering that the troops at the fort had just been paid off, I replied:

"Probably it's a drunken soldier." We then went into the store and locked it for the night. As I passed through the armory, at the back of the store, I followed my nightly custom of filling my trousers pockets with cartridges for the Springfield rifle which always stood at the head of my bed, ready for a sudden emergency. In those days we had no repeaters and the Springfield military rifle was the standard cartridge gun. After taking a look at my little six-year-old girl, as she lay in her little pine crib, I followed my habit of reading after going to bed. Knowing that my own horses and those of the Bloods were safely locked inside the strong corral, I borrowed no more trouble about the little scare in the lodge and was soon lost in my book.

Perhaps I had been reading about an hour when I was startled by a peculiar bark from old Bowser, the dog that more than once saved the life of my little girl and was her steady playmate and protector. He never barked that way at an ordinary white traveler, and I knew that he had found something that aroused his suspicions.

Instantly I laid aside my book and started to get up, but my wife caught hold of my arm and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going out to investigate," I answered. "I don't like the bark of that dog."

"Don't you go," she answered, still keeping her grip on my arm. She had never done a thing of this kind before—never—and it rather startled me. Again I took up my book, but a moment later the dog went "woof! woof! woof!" I could tell by his bark that he was dashing forward and then retreating. Once more I attempted to get up, but was instantly stopped by my wife, who again exclaimed:

"Johnny, don't you do it!" After another lapse of quiet, in which I had resumed my reading, the nervous barking of the dog was repeated. This time I was determined to go out, but was met with a more decided command from my wife to "lie still!" I don't know why I obeyed her, but her intuition affected me unaccountably, and I kept still until the disturbance had entirely subsided. Then I blew out the lamp and was soon asleep. The next thing I knew I was wide awake, listening to the spattering of bullets. It sounded as if we were being attacked by a whole army.

"Put the child into the bed—down under the clothes," I called to my wife, "and lie flat on the floor yourself." In almost a second I had pulled on my trousers and caught up my rifle. As I ran for the door leading into the store I shouted to my brother:

"Look out for the back door; I'll take care of the front."

The next instant some one struck a light—and that very second a dozen balls struck the house.

Even then I was inclined to believe that the trouble was caused by a lot of drunken soldiers on a rampage, bent on giving us an Indian scare.

"Put out that light!" I yelled. The minute this was done I opened the door—just in time to feel the cut of a bullet across my nose close to my eyebrows. The Indian behind the gun which fired that ball was just a fraction of a second too hasty. There was no time then to speculate on the results of a moment's delay on his part, but I've done so a hundred times since, looking at the ball which lodged in the post of the door. For an instant I drew back, then swung the door wide open and jumped out into the darkness, landing on the broad steps of the porch. My first survey of the situation was anything but assuring. I knew there was a hard fight ahead to save the wife and the little girl. That prospect makes a man ready to take chances, and I was—for anything that might come.

The lodges of Many Braids and his band were within twenty paces of the steps and the flashes of the guns showed that these were completely surrounded by Indians, who were riddling the teepees with balls. High above the warwhoop of the attacking party I could hear the screams of the squaws and children inside the lodges. The sound was something frightful. Holding the side of my rifle-stock against my hip—for a man always shoots high in the dark if he fires from the shoulder—I waited for another flash to show me a target. It revealed a group of about twenty Indians in front of the lodge of Many Braids.

Instantly I fired, and in a second more had another cartridge in my gun. The hostiles scattered, and in the momentary lull that followed I heard an Indian coming, at every

it's a wonder that I didn't turn and brain the man before he had time to speak, but something held me back until I heard him say:

"Don't go to that corral. You'll run right into danger there!"

Then I recognized little Johnny Kennedy—a red-headed, wiry little chap who stood the test more than once. He was a bundle of nerves and a regular little dare-devil. His advice was good, for no sooner had the big cross-bar of the gate been hacked partially in two than the gates opened out and fully sixty Indians broke out of the corral. They had picked the best horses for their mounts, and a dozen had crowded against the gate so as to force it open with the pressure from inside as soon as the cross-bar was sufficiently weakened. Sixty against one are heavy odds, and I might have been justified in contenting myself with allowing the bucks to pass me and clear out with the horses; but such a course did not even occur to me. The first brave was not eight feet away from me and was followed closely by a group of companions. There was a chance that they were not looking for any shots from outside the store and that I could shoot and roll over before their bullets would make a target of my flash. I took that chance and dropped the leader of the band from his horse, rolling quickly back from the log. Almost instantly a dozen guns were fired, but they were so well aimed as to send the balls exactly where I had been stretched out an instant before. Of course the Indians dropped to the far side of their mounts, but at intervals I could see the white of a leggin under the belly of a horse and this gave me a sure target for so close a range. In that way I caught more than one buck before the stam-

pede was fairly under way and it saved fully half the horses. For a moment it seemed as if all danger had passed, but the most of the shooting was yet to come. The war party divided, one band to the east and another to the west. Between them they kept up a red-hot fusillade and held possession of the bridge.

There was just a succession of flashes, and between each I would leap from one wood-pile to another so they could not pick me off by the flash of my own gun. Two things were mighty in my favor. The wood was piled up close about the store and cabin, forming a barricade; and the Indians shot high.

Naturally I was keyed up to know if the Indians had broken in at the other door or had hit any of my folks by means of a chance shot. The wife and the little one were constantly in my thoughts as I was jumping about there in the darkness, and you may depend upon it that as soon as the Indians put out with the horses I went inside. The wife had obeyed me to the letter, and she and the little girl were all right.

But what a picture the inside of that trading-room showed that night! It was a medley that outdid the wildest piece of description that any professional writer ever put up! Stark on the floor, in the center of a pool of blood, was old Many Braids and dancing around him, with only a shirt on and a broomstick in his hands, was the terrorized Frenchman Vielle, crazy with fright! Many Braids appeared to be dead, so I called my brother, took a lantern and went out to see if any were alive in the lodges. As we went, he told me how the battle had gone at the back end of the house. The kitchen window was the only one of the whole establishment not fitted with shutters. He reached the kitchen in

the nick of time to see a buck flatten his face against the pane. One minute more and the Indian would have been inside. The bullet hole in the glass told how the fellow had been settled and the house saved. It was a close enough call to satisfy any one having a wife and baby in the next room. The lodge of Many Braids was the first we inspected. It was simply riddled with bullets and arrows. The dim light of the lantern, as we stepped inside, fell on a scene that was too much for me, hardened as I was to shocking sights. There was the squaw of Many Braids with her papoose at her breast. One bullet had killed both of them. Huddled together were a boy and a blind girl, both children of the chief. The boy had been shot through the thigh, but the girl was unharmed.

When inside the post again I held the lantern down by the face of the chief and saw he was still alive. "Give me a blanket," said he in Blackfoot, after we had poured a good horn of whisky down his throat; "Many Braids is cold." His wounds were ghastly, but he paid no attention to them—was as calm as if arising to address the council lodge. His eyes, however, were fixed with a kind of stolid pride and tenderness on his boy, and before I went out to look through the other lodges he said "Take care of my son!"

Well, when we had brought in all the Bloods we could find that trading-post became the scene of perhaps the wildest pow-wow ever held under the foot of a white man. My wife had exhausted all her arts as a nurse in trying to save Many Braids and the young brave, but they were beyond help. By that time fully fifty persons, including freighters from the Diamond R. Company and several strangers, had gathered in the store. It was a motley gathering, and when I told the Indians that it was time to prepare for the death-song, we whites stood back and let the Bloods have full swing. To stand in the presence of a dying person is always a solemn thing; but to watch two a grim and fantastic ceremonial is—greet the approach of death with a grim and fantastic ceremonial is impressive to the most hardened observer. The wounds of the old chief and his young follower must have caused them excruciating pain, but they stood it like stoics. They were propped up so that their faces and teeth could be painted, and when this

was done all the Indians set up a chant that had the chill of the grave in every sound and syllable of it. It was an hour to freeze one's blood, but Many Braids and the young buck died in true Indian fashion.

At daybreak I went out to skirmish around and find what kind of Indians had attacked us. From a spot just under the kitchen window was a trail of blood leading away into the brush, where we came upon a splendid brave, considerably more than six feet tall. He was the one who had come so near to forcing his way inside. I found that the attacking party was a band of mountain Indians—Crows, Flatheads or Spokanes—instead of Sioux.

An officer from the military post was fussing about his report of the affair. The red tape of the fort had always riled me, and after the experience we had been through that night it stirred me up when he asked me if I wished to make a call for troops. I told him to report what he pleased and do what he pleased; that a good share of my horses had been run off by the Indians, and that after breakfast I was going to get them back, soldiers or no soldiers!

"Well, I'm going," I said to the wife. She looked at me hard for a moment, then answered:

"All right, Johnny."

As I turned in my saddle a few moments later and saw her waving her hand to me, I realized the splendid nerve of the woman as never before. She had passed through a night of war-whoops, of slaughter, of death glances, and general h—l enough to drive an ordinary woman crazy—and there she stood waving me good-bye as I was going out with only two companions to follow a band of fully sixty Indians into their own stronghold in an attempt to get back my horses. It was a foolhardy venture, but my grit was up and there was no stopping after I had declared myself to the officer. My little girl was busy pulling the arrows out of the logs of the house and the sticks of woodpile. As she waved a handful of them at me, laughing gayly at her luck in finding the feathered sticks, I wondered how the sequel to the raid would end. We were thirteen days on that trail, and I wouldn't follow it again if every hair in the tail of every horse were a thread of gold—but that's another story!

Edith Godfrey at Auditorium.



She didn't flinch—simply took the gun and said, "All right, Johnny."

step giving vent to a guttural "Ugh!"

Just as I was on the point of putting a bullet through him the thought came to me, "Possibly it may be Many Braids." Acting on this impulse I leaped inside and shut the door. He threw himself against it and called out in Indian:

"Open the door, my friends; I'm Many Braids."

As I opened the door his weight followed it and he fell headlong into the arms of Vielle, who was standing just inside. The arms of the wounded chief, who was covered with blood, closed about the neck of the cowardly interpreter and they fell together upon the floor. Vielle gave out a yell that would have shamed the war-whoop of a whole tribe. He yelled: "Murder! He's killing me! Help!" I pushed them both aside and said:

"You fool, it's Many Braids! Stop your noise!" In spite of the excitement I had to laugh for a moment at the terror of the half-crazed Canuck.

Horse stealing is almost invariably the object of an Indian attack. A war party means an organized attempt to plunder an enemy of his horses, and the bloodshed is merely an incident of the stampede. For this reason I knew the centre of activities would be at the gate of the corral. As I again opened the door and jumped out, it came to me that there was a big log which had been hauled for wood, only a few feet from the corral, and that this would afford the best kind of an ambush. By careful crawling I managed to reach this, and had no sooner flattened out behind it than I heard the hatchets chopping at the gate. While waiting to get the outline of one of the Indians against the sky, I suddenly felt the clutch of a hand on my leg.

pede was fairly under way and it saved fully half the horses. For a moment it seemed as if all danger had passed, but the most of the shooting was yet to come. The war party divided, one band to the east and another to the west. Between them they kept up a red-hot fusillade and held possession of the bridge.

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SECOND BODY IDENTIFIED

As That of Guy Joseph Beaudoin

Is From Beauce County, Quebec, Traveling With Leon Boutilete to Dawson.

It is thought that the identity of the last body found in the Yukon has been fully established and that it was Guy Joseph Beaudoin of Beauce county, Quebec, who is known to have joined Leon Boutilete, whose bullet-bored body has also been found and identified, at Vancouver on the trip to Dawson, the two men having left Montreal on June 4th, but they were not traveling partners until so arranging at Vancouver.

Another man also became a member of the party at Vancouver. He was Alphonse Constan, a farmer from the Saskatchewan country who came to Dawson in '98 but who had visited his home and was returning to the Yukon. Constan has not returned and there is every reason to believe that he, too, was murdered, as it is certain his two fellow travelers were. The three men traveled together from Vancouver to Whitehorse where it is known that they were joined by two others, the five starting for Dawson in a small boat. Of what happened subsequently details are meagre. That Boutilete and the man whose identity has been established as Guy Joseph Beaudoin were murdered and their bodies thrown into the river there can be no doubt. That Constan was also murdered and his body is yet in the river there is little doubt.

A report that of the other two men who joined the party at Whitehorse, one has suddenly died of heart failure since reaching Dawson is not known to be fully verified.

The identity of Beaudoin was established by pictures and descriptions sent from his old home and received here recently.

A most thorough and systematic search has been and is still being made for further evidence that will throw light on a murder as heinous, probably much more so, as was the wholesale slaughter of unsuspecting men by George O'Brien on Christmas of '99.

All the detective force is at work on the case while the police force, officers and men, are as active and vigilant as they are reticent, and that is in the superlative degree. The police know no such word as "quit" and if the perpetrator or perpetrators of this last dual, and very probable triple murder is or are still in the country, there is little doubt but that the guilty will be

discovered in time and pay the penalty.

Goes Free

Berlin, July 31.—Emperor William has pardoned Lieut. Hildebrand, under sentence of two years' imprisonment in a fortress for killing Lieut. Blaskowitz in a duel, last November. The affair attracted international attention because Blaskowitz was shot and killed on the morning of the day set for his wedding.

The duel, which took place at Intersburg, East Prussia, followed an episode in which Lieut. Blaskowitz, while intoxicated at his bachelor dinner, struck Lieut. Hildebrand. A regimental court-martial decided that a duel was unavoidable. An investigation developed the fact that Lieut. Blaskowitz awoke the day after his bachelor dinner without any recollection of the altercation and went to visit his fiancée, whence he was recalled to fight the duel.

Lieut. Hildebrand served only seven months of his sentence. Military men explain the pardon by saying that Lieut. Hildebrand acted simply as the law of honor required, that he had to fight and kill his opponent if he could.

There was considerable criticism of the sentence of imprisonment imposed on Lieut. Hildebrand on the ground that it was in a duel. Comment was also raised by the fact that the trial was held behind closed doors and that newspaper correspondents were forbidden to say anything concerning the meeting which brought about the duel.

Riot at a Funeral

New York, July 30.—The funeral of the late Chief Rabbi Jacob Joseph was held here today, services being held in all of the six Jewish synagogues on the east side successively as the body was borne to each. Business was generally suspended in that locality and thousands of people thronged the streets along the route of the procession. After the services the remains were taken to Brooklyn for interment at Cypress Hill cemetery.

While the procession was passing the works of R. Hoe & Co., manufacturers of printing presses at the corner of Grand and Sheriff streets some of the employes turned a stream of water on the several hundred mourners following the hearse. The act was resented by the mourners, who threw stones and other missiles at the building, breaking many windows. The police charged the crowd, using their clubs freely. A number of persons are said to have been injured.

Named it "Tracy" and Caught it. New York, July 30.—The young panther which escaped on Sunday from Bronx Park, and which has been dubbed "Tracy," after the Washington outlaw, has been captured in Bronsville by a crowd of farmers living in the neighborhood and returned to his cage.

John Stears, who lives about one mile east of the Zoological gardens, caught sight of "Tracy" near his barn. He gave the alarm and about 200 persons responded, armed with all sorts of weapons.

The panther was overtaken, but only two of the pursuers stood their ground. They succeeded in throwing a net over the animal and carried it back to the park.

Two Weddings at Atlin Miss Lydia Boudreau and Mr. Armand Piquet and Miss Marie Boudreau and Mr. Alexander Blondeau were married on Tuesday last at Mr. Boudreau's residence on Spruce creek. The ceremony was performed by Father MacKinnon—Atlin, Clain.

PROTEST DISMISSED

Survey Made According to the Judgment

Famous Case of Fleischman vs. Creese Once More Before the Gold Commissioner.

The Fleischman-Creese case which has been before the courts in one form or another for nearly a year received one more turn recently, Creese's successors having brought a protest against a survey made by Mr. Cote, alleging that it was not in compliance with the instructions contained in the judgment handed down by the court of appeal. The gold commissioner finds that the allegations in the complaint are untrue and the case is dismissed with costs. The decision in full is as follows:

"The defendants filed a survey of hill claim opposite the upper half, left limit, of No. 1 above discovery on Last Chance creek on November 1st, 1901, and advertised said survey in compliance with section 46 of the placer mining regulations. On January the 28th, 1902, the plaintiffs, the owners of gulch claims Nos. 1 and 2 on a gulch entering Last Chance on the left limit of discovery claim, brought this protest, claiming that said survey encroached on their said claims.

"On April 13th, 1901, two of the defendants in this case, namely Tobias Fleischman and Hugh F. Berry, brought protest against the owners of the gulch claims above mentioned, to determine the line dividing the hill claim and gulch claims above mentioned. The case being heard by the gold commissioner, an appeal was taken to the court of appeal, and on reasons for judgment being given by said court, a formal judgment was signed and entered, said judgment

defining the boundary between these properties.

"The question in this case is: Has Mr. Cote surveyed the defendants' hill claim according to the wording of the formal judgment above mentioned. The fifth paragraph of the judgment referring to the boundary of the gulch claims in question reads as follows: 'And it is also adjudged and declared that the side boundaries of said defendants' gulch claims as against the plaintiffs' are lines three feet higher than the lowest general level of the gulch existing on the surface of said claims at the time of plaintiffs' staking.'

"In making his survey Mr. Cote has taken the words 'existing on the surface of said claims' to refer not only to the words 'the lowest general level of the gulch,' but to the preceding words 'lines three feet higher than,' but after carefully considering the whole paragraph I can come to no other conclusion than that Mr. Cote's interpretation of the paragraph is correct.

"In construing the meaning of this paragraph I can not take into consideration the reasons for judgment given by the court of appeal, as the rule is that judgment of the court be taken to have the legal meaning properly attributable to them.

"The up stream boundary line of hill claim in question as shown on Mr. Cote's plan is according to the evidence along the surface of the ground for the length of the two gulch claims in question three feet higher than the general level of the gulch opposite. The protest is dismissed with costs.

Returns to Selwyn

Percy Overton has returned to his post as telegraph operator, leaving here on the steamer Thistle Saturday night. The strike is not yet off but Percy thought he would return to his post and be ready for business when it is declared off.

Leave for Germany

Max Komb, the scenic artist, accompanied by Mrs. Komb, will leave on one of the steamers tonight for the outside en route to their old home in Berlin, Germany.

OBITUARY.

Evansville, Ind., Aug. 8.—Albert O. Dutland, aged 62, is dead at his home in this city. He once owned a line of steamboats plying between Evansville and New Orleans. He built the first railroad from Evansville to Nashville, Tenn., now known as the Nashville division of the Louisville & Nashville.

San Francisco, Aug. 8.—Alfred Ellinghouse, the theatrical manager, is dead, after several months' illness from heart trouble. He was 39 years of age and was a partner of Selby Oppenheimer in the management of the California theater. Some years ago he was associated with L. R. Stockwell in the management of the Columbia theater and had also been connected with the Alhambra theater and other amusement enterprises.

San Francisco, Aug. 8.—Miss Quercia Vincent, the well-known vaudeville actress, is dead in this city of consumption.

San Francisco, Aug. 8.—News has been received here from Tallac, Lake Tahoe, of the sudden death of Lieut. R. P. Brower, while bathing in the lake yesterday. Lieut. Brower has been quartered at the Presidio for three years and was to have left for Fort Monroe in a few days.

Hanover, Aug. 8.—Rudolph von Benningsohn, the Liberal statesman and former chief administrator of Hanover, is dead, aged 88 years.

Lacrosse Game.

Two great lacrosse teams will cross sticks, Hardware vs. City Stars. Ball will be faced at 3 o'clock sharp on Saturday afternoon on barrack's grounds.

The lacrosse game which took place Coronation day between the above teams resulting in a draw, renders it necessary that another game should be played in order to settle the much disputed cup. The game will take place on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp on barrack's grounds. McLagan and Hinton will act as field captains. Weldon Young will act as referee.

Signs and Wall Paper

...ANDERSON BROS... SECOND AVE.

Notice to Creditors

All persons having claims against the Dawson Transfer & Storage Company, Limited, are notified to send in same duly verified to the undersigned before noon of Monday, the 25th day of August, 1902.

SMITH & MACRAE, Solicitors for the Liquidator. The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

Ladies Early to Wear

FALL HATS SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

EMIL STAUF

REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER Agent for Harper & Ladue Townsite Co. Harper's Addition, Menzie's Addition. The Imperial Life Insurance Company. Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan. Houses to Rent. Gold Dust Bought and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS PATULLO & RIDLEY - Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices: Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

N. F. HAGEE, K. C. - Law office, Monte Carlo building, First Avenue. Phone - Office, 1293; residence, 866. Dawson, Y. T.

SURVEYORS.

G. WHITE-FRASER - M. Can. Soc. C. E.; M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 106b. Cor. Church and Third Avenue.

THE

White Pass & Yukon ROUTE

B. Y. N. CO.

Regular Service Between

EAGLE CITY AND FORTY MILE

...The Fast...

Str. Zealandian

Leaves Dawson for Forty Mile Mondays, 2 p. m. Returning, leaves Forty Mile, Tuesdays 3 a. m. Leaves Dawson for Eagle, Thursdays 10 a. m. Returning, leaves Eagle, Fridays 10 p. m. Forty Mile, Saturdays 10 a. m.

J. F. Lee, Traffic Mgr. J. H. Rogers, Gen'l Agt. J. W. Young, City Ticket Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service the Rule

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

....CUT RATES!....

STR. SIFTON

....Will Sail for Whitehorse....

Tonight, 10 O'Clock!

FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY

Frank Mortimer, Agt.

Aurora Dock

Wall Paper 15c. Per Roll DOUBLE ROLLS

Cox's Wall Paper Store

Second Ave.,

Three Doors North Pioneer Drug Store

APPLIES TO THE YUKON

Statement of Special Agent Georgeson

He Says Alaska Has Great Future as Agricultural District—Ignorance of Country.

C. G. Georgeson, special agent for Alaska of the agricultural department, has given out a statement of the agricultural resources of the district. He says in part:

"He would have been considered a rash prophet who five years ago had the temerity to predict that Alaska would one day become a great and powerful state. The change of opinion is due to the fact that it has been demonstrated that Alaska has agricultural possibilities of a high order.

"Alaska has been maligned, abused and totally misunderstood. It has already paid for itself many times over and still we have scarcely begun to realize how enormous the resources are. What the profits to the lessees of the sealing privilege have been will probably never be made known, but it is interesting to note that the rentals received or due the government of the lease of this privilege from 1870 to 1895 amounted to almost the original cost of the territory. It is reported that more than an equal sum has been taken from a single mine near Juneau, to say nothing of the millions taken out in other places.

"There never could be a greater misconception in regard to a geographical fact than the popular idea that Alaska is a snow-covered waste. As a matter of fact, one can travel from one end of the Yukon to the other in the summer and never see snow. On the contrary, one will see a tangle of luxuriant vegetation, large forests and such delicacies as wild raspberries, red currants, huckleberries and cranberries in profusion. In places the grass grows as high as a man's shoulders.

"People who go as far north as Skagway and back again to Seattle fondly imagine that they are studying Alaska, when, as a matter of fact, they have not been within 200 miles of the 141st meridian, where Alaska proper begins."

U. S. Commissioner Here

U. S. Commissioner Johannes of Eagle City was a passenger to Dawson on the Zealandian. He will remain in the city about one week.

Good News, Oil is Struck Fourteen Miles From Dawson

So quiet has it been kept that but few know that a gusher has been struck close to our city. Saturday night two men came quietly into town and purchased a supply of grub. Upon leaving they told Dunham, the family grocer, who keeps the best, all about it.

Felicia at Auditorium.

Job printing at Nugget office.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Mr. J. M. Jackson, a heavy operator in the Fortymile district, returned to the city Saturday evening on the Zealandian.

The court of appeal which sits tomorrow will deliver several judgments in cases heard at the last sittings.

About the Administration building it is stated, though not authoritatively, that a meeting of the Yukon council will be held the latter part of the present week.

Additional Delegates

Since the publication in the Nugget several days ago of a list of the delegates chosen to sit in the territorial convention which will convene August 23, a number of additional primaries have been held, the representatives selected at such points being as follows:

Hunker, mouth of Gold Bottom—A. McDonald; Al. Kennedy and G. Blanchard.

Hunker, No. 56 below—J. Laport and John Lane.

Dominion, mouth of Caribou—Mr. Kelly, Mr. Wilson and one unreported.

Dominion, No. 7 below lower—E. Meriman and two unreported.

Dominion, No. 244 below lower—George Watt and J. Leliever.

Gold Run—A. C. Field, J. C. Nicholson and L. Noble.

Quartz, Eureka, Henderson, Big Salmon, Whitehorse, Fortymile and several other points are yet to report.

Viewing the Field

Mr. C. E. Newton, traveling auditor of the Alaska-Pacific Express Company, returned Saturday evening on the Zealandian from Eagle and Fortymile, where he had been looking over the situation with a view to establishing agencies of his company there. Mr. Newton considers the outlook for business in that quarter to be very bright and he will appoint an agent at each place next spring, or as much sooner as business will justify it.

How They Love Us.

Yesterday was something like Christmas with the Nugget staff. A portion was royally entertained by the Ye Idyle Hour Club, others enjoyed the hospitality of the genial Captain Salthorn of the steamer Whitehorse, while still others of this mammoth institution were the guests of Mr. Wm. Meed, of the Prospector, on a trip to the mouth of the Stewart river.

Malicious Report

Some maliciously inclined person started a report this morning to the effect that a well known and popular business man of Dawson had committed suicide. It was absolutely without foundation as are many reports carelessly started but which may redound to the injury of a good reputation.

Again Working.

After being down since Thursday evening the telegraph wire returned to consciousness Sunday and was still lucid up to the hour of going to press. The rush of commercial business, however, precluded the handling of much press matter with the result that telegraphic news is today very limited. Division Superintendent Clegg still has a monopoly of the local ticker, the strike now entering its fifth week with no signs of conditions improving.

Pleasant Club Rooms

Several members of the Nugget staff were entertained most bountifully at the rooms of the Ye Idyle Hour Club yesterday afternoon at the corner of King street and Fourth avenue. Though in existence but four months the club is one of the most prosperous and enjoyable in the city. The membership is limited to twenty, each member bearing his pro rata at the end of the month of the expense that has been incurred. In the two-story building which the club has for a home they have the entire upper floor, the large room in the front being devoted to a general club and lounging room. To the rear on one side are card rooms and lavatories, while on the opposite side of the hall there is a large dining room. The club is fortunate in the possession of a chef par excellence, well trained waiters and a governing board that supplies the table with every luxury obtainable. Newspapers and every kind of periodicals are to be found in the reading room and a more pleasant place to spend an evening could not be found. The officers of the club are: President, Mr. J. Harmon Caskey; vice-president, Mr. Gibson; secretary, Mr. M. E. Riley.

A Boy's Adventure

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 4.—John Boyle, fifteen years old, son of Stephen Boyle of No. 209 East Twenty-first street, New York, alighted today from a freight train in this city.

The boy says he was playing hide-and-seek among the freight cars in the New York Central yards in New York with some other boys on Thursday evening, and that he hid in one of the cars.

Presently some one closed the door. Boyle supposed it was closed by his companions, but in a few minutes the car began to move and he could not make himself heard. He shouted until tired and then went to sleep.

Toward evening yesterday the car came to a stop, but young Boyle was still unable to make himself heard.

A short time after he was astonished by the opening of the door and presently a tramp crawled into the car.

The boy told his story to the tramp, who helped him out of the car. He learned that he was in Rome and today, by the assistance of another tramp, he came to Utica and applied to the police for help.

Roads Finish

Today was a busy day in the office of the department of public works, a portion of the roads now under construction by the government having been completed and the laborers were in to receive their pay. The sections that are finished include the road up the mouth to No. 8 above, a distance of two and one-half miles. The other piece runs along the ridge and connects the head of Sulphur with the head of Lombard gulch, three and a quarter miles in length.

Territorial Court

There was but little doing in the territorial courts this morning. In Mr. Justice Dugas' department McMillan the principal witness against Genelle was again brought up only to be remanded until tomorrow. The trial of Genelle will begin at 10 o'clock tomorrow, the jury having been already summoned. Chamber motions were heard by Mr. Justice Craig.

WE'RE GOING TO MOVE!

On or about August 20th we will move to our new store on First Avenue, 3 Doors North of Queen St.

FIRST AVENUE
Opposite White Pass Dock

HERSHBERG

The Reliable Clothier,
1st Ave.

THE MERRY RATE WAR.

(Continued from page 1.)

The boats in the White Pass fleet will meet the cut with the exception of the Whitehorse. She will maintain the old rates in order to accommodate those who do not care to travel with the crowd. The Victorian leaves this afternoon at 4 and the Sifton tonight at 10.

The Zealandian which arrived from Eagle Saturday evening brought up a good passenger list among whom were the following: R. H. S. Cresswell, C. M. Johansen, C. Dreibilbis, F. R. Klumb, D. Kay, C. E. Newton, Miss A. Wilkins, Mrs. J. Howard, S. M. Grant, J. Gray, A. T. Smith, J. Francis Lee, Miss C. Cunningham, S. Menzies, L. S. Robe, J. A. Menzies, W. Malone, Mattie Gordon, J. W. Hill, T. G. Wilson, D. McDonald, J. Livingston, J. T. Wilson, G. L. Hansen, G. A. Larpente.

The Dawson came in Saturday afternoon with but three passengers—Mrs. A. C. Fussel, J. W. Charlton and M. C. Koonce. Almost her entire cargo was quartermaster's stores for Fort Egbert and she left for Eagle soon after arrival. She returns up river day after tomorrow. The Whitehorse leaves tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The matchless beauty of the present telegraph service was brought forcibly home to Manager Wortham of the Sifton this morning. Just at the moment the Sifton tied up at her dock Mr. Wortham was handed a wire dated at Whitehorse, Saturday, 9:15 p. m., informing him the Sifton had left for Dawson. The Sifton brought no passengers and but little freight, but is taking out a load this evening to make up for the loss coming down. Among those taking passage are: Mrs. F. T. Congdon, maid and child, Guy Congdon, Winfred Congdon, Mrs. Ferry, Charlie Thompson, Miss E. Ferry, Marie Thompson, Mrs. Forest, Mrs. Waltenbaugh, Ralph Forest, Mary Hample, Geo. Nideau, Chas. Snyder, W. Neal, C. G. Peterson, Mrs. Fitzgerald, H. J. Coleman, Mrs. M. Smith, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mrs. O. H. Hedland, Mrs. E. G. Coleman, E. Swanson, Mrs. Swanson, Mrs. H. French, Mrs. F. Brien.

The Thistle which left Saturday evening at 9:30 under the old passenger rates carried a good list notwithstanding the fact that everyone knew cut rates would go into effect on Monday. Her list included: G. H. Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Erickson, J. Epler, Ben Erick, H. A.

Cratz, A. J. Nelson, Tom Kelly, Mrs. R. Williams, Mrs. Ida Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hendrick, Geo. Phillips, Mrs. Ida Phillips, Miss Florence D'Epia, Clyde Scabrook, C. O. Cunningham, G. N. MacIntosh, J. P. Jensen, M. Martin, P. Smith, J. A. Anderson, Miss R. Howard, C. R. Welsh, O. W. Hobbs, J. Mogur, L. R. Smith, J. A. Adams, J. Holden, Percy Overton, D. A. McRae, A. Christopher, A. Matheson, Captain J. J. Campbell.

The Bonanza King arrived at 2:30 this morning with a heavy cargo and the following passengers: J. Wiley, N. Boas, W. Dowling, A. B. Newell, G. E. Pulham, E. A. Morek, G. D. Snowden, C. B. Lamont and G. McGowan. She will leave on her return trip tomorrow evening at 8.

The La France is expected Wednesday.

About 150 excursionists enjoyed an outing yesterday on the Whitehorse, the run extending up the river about ten miles and return.

The Prospector left Saturday evening for the mouth of the Stewart and way points, returning Sunday evening.

Nine Million Dollar Structure

New York, July 31.—That famous Bowling Green landmark, the old Stevens house, probably will be demolished in the near future, to make way for a \$9,000,000 office building planned to be the largest in the world.

Plans have been prepared and final negotiations are being completed by William Mairs, who owns the Stevens house property. He will erect a twenty-story structure on a plot which contains over an acre of land. It faces the great Standard Oil

Building. The Mairs site is valued at \$200 a square foot for the Broadway half, or \$3,500,000. The Greenwich street half of the block will make the entire site for the new structure worth \$4,500,000. The construction outlay will be \$4,500,000.

The Greenwich street half of the plot adjoining the Mairs holding contains an equal square foot area. This is owned by the Manhattan Railway Company which is said to have practically agreed to sell for a little under \$1,000,000 under certain conditions, by which it is understood the top of the new structure will be leased to a fashionable caterer. He will introduce an innovation for downtown office buildings in the form of private apartments. The room will occupy the entire ninth floor and possibly the eighth.

Falls Heir to Fortune

New York, July 30.—Held by the grand jury of Suffolk county on the charge of causing the death of Clarence W. Foster and "Dimple" Lawrence at Good Ground, L. I., Louis A. Disbrow, in a cell at Riverhead jail, is believed to be heir to \$50,000 from the estate of his grandfather, Hosea B. Perkins, who has just died.

He had been sick for more than a year, and when the Good Ground tragedy and Disbrow's connection with it became known, there was much speculation as to whether he would make any change in his will, which, it is understood, provided a legacy of \$50,000 for each of his grandchildren.

Mr. Perkins' condition of health was such that news of the tragedy probably would have hastened the end, so he never was informed of his grandson's plight. Mr. Perkins was 83 years old.

How Is Your Nerve ?

We sell KOLA to build you up. Fine for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Take one drink of Kola and you will find it O. K. For sale by all dealers.

I. Rosenthal & Co.

....Wholesale Liquors....

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. In Their New Quarters
MCDONALD HOTEL BLDG.
SECOND AVENUE

LA FRANCE CUT RATES! THISTLE

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 18, 19 and 20, We Will Sell Tickets, DAWSON TO WHITEHORSE,

\$25.00 1st Class - \$20.00 2nd Class

GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 1st, 1902.

Tickets Are Transferable! Passengers holding these tickets will receive every courtesy and attention from the crew.
IF YOU CAN'T USE THEM, YOUR FRIENDS CAN.

R. W. CALDERHEAD, Manager

L. & C. DOCK

Merchants' Transportation Company