

AFRICAN VOLUNTEERS

Commit Suicide in City of Vancouver

Survived Service in the Boer War and Took Their Own Lives.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Vancouver, Jan. 14.—Constable Lohman of this city committed suicide this morning...

ALLEGED ILLEGALITY

Altermaths of Tuesday's Election

Accusations of Having Illegally Voting—One Third of Total Vote Were Plumpers.

The first of a series of sequels to the election of Tuesday took place in the police court this morning when a Japanese named Harry...

This afternoon thirteen more individuals will be brought before the court to answer to a similar charge...

Another peculiar feature of the election that has been disclosed by a comparison of notes by the returning officers is that out of 1600 votes cast there were 51 plumpers...

E. A. MacDonald, formerly mayor of Toronto, died on Dec. 32 after a tedious illness, aged 44 years.

TRAVEL IN COMFORT Weld's Stage and Express Dawson to Gold Bottom

Good Dry Wood! A. J. PRUDHOMME 211 Harper St., N.E. Free Library

PRISONER ESCAPES

Leaves His Guard Yesterday Evening.

Grimesby, Like Many Others Since First of the Year, Was On the Water Wagon.

An entirely harmless individual who a month ago succeeded in breaking into jail and thus provided himself with a home for the remainder of the winter...

Fact of the matter is, Grimesby is a very insignificant looking individual and probably as harmless as a chicken. When he was in court...

Weds Can dian - Maid London, Dec. 27.—The octogenarian Marquis of Donegal, who on Tuesday married Miss Twining...



PLEASE, OH PLEASE, RETURN OUR DEPOSITS.

OBSTRUCTED STREET.

Wood Sawing Machine Causes a Bit of Trouble. F. E. McDonald, the wood man, was up before the police court...

ON THE GUSHER

Pumping the Shaft Dry to Make Necessary Repairs. Dan Matheson returned from the Forks last night...

Weds Can dian - Maid

London, Dec. 27.—The octogenarian Marquis of Donegal, who on Tuesday married Miss Twining...

Despite his great age the Marquis still has a keen eye for money. His marriage to a girl a quarter of his age has created a sensation...

CHARGED WITH COMMITTING THEFT ON DOMINION.

John Wesley, the great Methodist divine, must have turned over in his grave this morning when his name...

ON THE GUSHER

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Used uted by Plague

Mazatlan, Mexico, Jan. 1.—There is no longer the slightest doubt that the disease now afflicting this city is genuine Asiatic plague...

"WHITEY" MOORE

Charged With Committing Theft on Dominion. John Wesley, the great Methodist divine, must have turned over...

RAPIDLY GROWING

Young Men's Institute Gets More New Members. At the usual weekly meeting of the Young Men's Institute...

Took the Oath

Albermarl MacDonald, who is his own successor in the municipal council, appeared yesterday morning...

CHINESE MINES

Now Possible for Foreigners to Work Rich Placers. In his recent report H. M. Commercial Attaché at Shanghai...

Whitehorse School

Mr. Fisher, principal of the Whitehorse public school, has prepared his report for the term which ended Dec. 23d...

FAMOUS DAUGHTER

Of Famous Man Succumbs to Death

Accompanied Her Father Throughout All His Campaign—Died Suddenly.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Rome, Jan. 14.—Teresita, daughter of Garibaldi, and wife of Gen. Cane...

WAR SECRETARY

LIBERALS WIN

Three Candidates

London, Dec. 27.—Court and society are wondering who will be appointed Archbishop of Canterbury...

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ARE THREE CANDIDATES

Wanting Election in the Burrard District

Chris Foley Will Oppose Robt. McPherson as Labor Candidate.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Vancouver, Jan. 14.—Three candidates are in the field for Burrard...

HON. GEO. E. FOSTER

Rink Burned

Big Order

Another Earthquake. Constantinople, Jan. 14.—There was another violent earthquake at Andijan...

Sultan Submits

Fatal Accident. Ridgewood, N. J., Jan. 14.—F. Martin was killed and 3 men injured on the Erie railroad tracks near this place...

Burned to Death

Dallas, Tex., Jan. 14.—J. B. Williams, a stable boy, and 23 horses were burned to death at Dallas.

Sagasta D. ad

Congress Re-Convenes. Washington, Jan. 14.—United States congress has reconvened after a holiday of 15 days.

Jan. 15 - THURSDAY - Jan. 15 FIRE SALE Ladies' Furnishing Goods LUEDER'S

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 THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE
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 Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway
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 A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.
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 Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points
 All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.
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 And Small Packages to be sent to the Greys by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

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 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,
 THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903



AMUSEMENTS.
 Auditorium—"The Parish Priest."
DISLOYAL TO THE CHIEF.
 In view of the fact that there will be no further elections in the territory other than municipal, for the next two years, the political declaration in the Sun this morning is intensely amusing.

The morning Joke is always funny—but its issue today rather over-reaches its customary funniness.
 There is one clause, however, in the Joke's editorial which demands some little attention, and the Nugget feels called upon to deal with it, though in terms as brief as possible.

Referring to the Yukon council election the Joke delivers itself in part as follows:
 "The newspaper or politician that at election time asserts that there is no party politics in any election in this territory lies—plain and flat."

In spite of its inelegant and ungrammatical method of expression, there is no mistaking the meaning of the foregoing, and it is interesting in the light thereof to read what Hon. Fred T. Congdon, now Yukon Commissioner, has to say upon the same subject.

Prior to the new commissioner's departure for the outside, he wrote a letter to the Sun. That letter was written in protest against a demand made in the Sun for party nominations for the Yukon council.

Mr. Congdon says—
 Dawson, Dec. 6th, 1902.
 "Editor Yukon Sun, Sir:—I can not refrain from putting upon public record my strong protest against the ill-advised position you assume in two matters in your editorial columns yesterday morning. First you claim the election as a liberal victory. It was NOTHING OF THE KIND. IT WAS A VICTORY FOR THE BETTER MAN AND A VICTORY TO WHICH CONSERVATIVES CONTRIBUTED AS GENEROUSLY AND AS EFFECTIVELY AS ANY LIBERALS. I KNOW THAT PARTYISM CUT LITTLE FIGURE IN THE RECENT CONTEST, AND TO CLAIM A LIBERAL VICTORY IS NEITHER HONEST NOR FAIR.

"Second: You advocate the selection of liberal candidates for the Yukon council. I deprecate as most unwise the introduction of party lines in the council. I advocate the selection of the best man without regard to their politics, further than to see that among the candidates the conservative who fought with liberals for the election of Mr. Ross, be fully and fairly represented. I regret that business compels me to go outside and to abstain from taking any part in the election. Were I in Dawson, I should support the nomination of Dr. Thompson, and work and vote for him, because I know him to be honest, capable and fair-minded, and that he would be an efficient and useful member of the council."

"Yours truly,
 "FRED T. CONGDON."

Mr. Congdon's letter is plain, straightforward and concise. He leaves no doubt as to his meaning. He did not claim Mr. Ross' victory as a straight liberal triumph but gave proper credit to the large number of conservatives and independents who aided in electing him.

The Sun, therefore, has placed itself this morning in the position of giving the lie direct to Mr. Congdon, who is certainly entitled, if anyone is, to speak for the Liberal organization in Dawson.

But more than this. In the same issue of the Sun which contained Mr. Congdon's letter appeared an editorial, withdrawing absolutely the demand for party nominations and stating the Sun's complete agreement with the remarks of Mr. Congdon.

The editorial in question which was published in the column next to Mr. Congdon's letter reads as follows:
 "The statement made yesterday that Yukon will be represented in the next parliament by a liberal member was not meant to convey the impression that the Sun considers the result in Yukon as a liberal victory pure and simple, as a correspondent seems to believe. IT IS A PLAIN FACT THAT POLITICS—PARTY POLITICS—DID NOT ENTER INTO THE ELECTION OF MR. ROSS. THAT SOME OF THE STRONGEST WORKERS FOR MR. ROSS ARE CONSERVATIVES IS TOO WELL KNOWN TO CALL FOR RE-PETITION."

Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Congdon's utterances upon the subject, in spite of the Sun's own editorial, that

indescribable journalistic freak comes out this morning with the bald statement that "The newspaper or politician that at election time asserts that there is no party politics in any election in this territory, lies plain and flat."

In order to make an exceedingly foolish point—for as noted above no further elections are to occur for two years—the Sun in plain words has dubbed itself and Commissioner Congdon as liars. It has completely reversed its position of a month ago and has willfully gone out of its way to slander the man who was the unquestioned leader throughout the Ross campaign, and who today holds the highest official position in this territory.

Instead of being known as the Joke, the Sun in the future should be called the Morning Imbecile.

Inspection of the election returns indicates very plainly that Messrs. Tabor and Thompson were the only men in the field who stood any show whatsoever of defeating Clarke. With Joe's "plumbers" out of the field, both gentlemen would have been elected very easily.

Joe has obtained his present success by walking rough-shod over the political remains of every man who has been closely identified with him during the past four years. One would naturally think that some people would begin to learn after a while.

To the Public
 Having been delayed in the completion of arrangements for the issuing of my paper, the Free Lance, the first publication will be on Thursday, January 22.
 E. J. WHITE.

At Auditorium—Virginia.

WHEN TOBIAS SAW— THE OLD YEAR OUT

By Geo. Ade.
 Once there was a financial heavy-weight, the milestones of whose busy life were strung back across the Valley of tribulation into the green fields of tridulation.
 Like most of our Aristocrats, he got his heart out among the Corn Crows. His youth was spent very happily but he did not get onto the Fact until years later. He used to work 14 hours per for his Board and Clothes, and his only dissipation was to take in the Swiss bell ringers once every Season.
 At the close of every year he was permitted to attend a Watch-Meeting at the Mount Zion church. The Watch-Meeting is a form of gayety invented a long time ago by some one who was not feeling well at the time.
 The bunch was supposed to sit for three or four hours on the hard benches meditating on all the low down, ornery things they had done during the old year. Some of them had to hurry in order to crowd this line of meditation into a brief four hours.
 Now and then a local High Guy with throat whiskers would arise and talk for a short time on the subject of Death, and wonder how many of those present would be taken in by the Grim Reaper during the new year.
 Just at midnight the Sexton would toll the Bell, so as to cheer everyone up. Then each of the merry-makers would go home and eat a piece of Mince-pie and a bellflower Apple and retreat to the feathers feeling a little ashamed for having stayed up so late.
 Later on, after Tobias moved into town and began to wear store clothes and stand up Collars and put oil on his Hair, he encountered another kind of New Year's day.
 The eta was that of the Open House. All the woney received, and the men went over the entire Circuit and traded job printed cards. For something to eat and drink. This made it fine for those who were not ordinarily invited into the best homes.
 The Men roamed about in flocks and usually they had a hard finish, for it was customary in those good old days of Democratic simplicity for every true Gentleman to take a drink when it was proffered by the hand of lovely Woman. And lovely Woman seemed to regard it as her assignment to put all of the nice young fellows to the bad.
 It was customary to mix tea, coffee, sherbet, lemonade, egg-nog, artillery punch, flaxseed and straight goods until the happy New Year looked like a scrambled Rainbow and the last Caller was Sozzled.
 To be sure to go out every New Year's day to meet the Good Looking and to fuss around with them, for those were his salad days. He made it a Combination Salad and philanthropist with about seven before he took the big-risk and bought a Home with a mortgage attachment and settled down.
 Then the happy New Year began to have an entirely new meaning. He drew a red mark around January

first, for that was the day when he had to make the Books balance and take up some big Note that was hanging over him like a storm-cloud.
 His usual plan for celebrating the happy New Year was to sit in his office figuring on how to trim—the Pay Roll, and sneak up selling prices, and keep out of the Sheriff's Hands for another twelve months.
 But the time came when Tobias could take out a pencil on Deceit 31st and compute a net profit big enough to fill a Furniture Van. To all intents and purposes he had come to the High Ground where he could afford to sit down for a while and enjoy the scenery.
 He certainly possessed all the accessories of a happy New Year. He had a Bank-Roll and a House on the Boulevard and a Wife who was slowly but surely worming her way into Society.
 He had a Son attending a High-grade University and gradually accumulating an Oxford Accent, while his daughter was at a School which used the French Novel as a text-book. She was the wife of the seventeenth president of our country, Andrew Johnson, who became head of the nation when it lost Lincoln, and who completed Lincoln's term.
 Andrew Johnson would probably never pass into history on the presidential list if he had married a different sort of wife. When he was a little chap of ten his father died and he was bound out to learn the tailor's trade. Under great difficulties he managed to acquire a meagre knowledge of the rudiments. Luck was with him later though, when he met and loved an educated girl, and she, recognizing his worth and believing in his mental material, married him and made him her pupil. She was well repaid for her pains. The ignorant tailor whom she educated became a prominent citizen, a mayor, a governor, a senator, vice-president, then president of the American people.
 Miss Metson has yet to see the result of her own work, but she is only twenty-four and he little more than thirty. And there is not any doubt that she will be the happiest bride of the new year in San Francisco. It has taken her three years to graduate her lover to her liking. Although he holds no official parchment from an alma mater, he will have his equivalent—a marriage license, his proof of eligibility as the bridegroom, of a bride whose educational advantages no longer excel his own.
 When Miss Metson lost her heart up in Alaska three summers ago she did not lose her head.
 Love began in the ice fields in a very unexpected way. It set all NOME to talking. NOME had talked about Miss Metson, indeed, ever since she first appeared upon its streets, and always in terms of highest admiration for her beauty and her style. Men called her stunning and women envied her, when, as the sister of a prominent San Francisco lawyer, Mr. W. H. Metson, she had accompanied him when he went there on business. Wearing already in her first year after graduating, of, leas

absorbed and attained. And there is no teacher to be compared with love. The young people parted in NOME to meet later in San Francisco. There the serious work of their lives began for the lovers who had determined not to give each other up. There was pride, ambition and beauty on one side; on the other, pride, ambition and manliness. Slowly and through preparatory and grammar grades with system and exactness, patiently traveled the two comrades, teacher and taught. Lindbergh spent all the time possible away from NOME. While there he continued his studies persistently, intelligently. In private life he strove to prove himself worthy of the prize that should be his when the barriers were broken down that separated these two eyes of the world.

During the three years of this unusual courtship, in which the practical has been so oddly interwoven with the sentimental, Miss Metson has known no other absorbing interest a life than her lover's intellectual development. Step by step they traveled the path that the plucky girl marked out for them both when she declared through her tears that far-off day in NOME, "I will teach you all that I have learned in college and in society." More than the magnificent jewels which her betrothed had bestowed upon her as engagement gifts—she does not value the stability of the man in adhering to the resolve he made to gain an education that would make him her equal.

And this is why the gay pleasure of society has not allured Miss Metson for three years past—why faint objections have finally been withdrawn, why it is that a reindeer herder may be none the less a man for a that and a that, why his altar fires of a true love may be brightly burning while Arctic snows fall and friends from disapproval why all the book-learning that can be crammed into a pretty girl's brain may not hinder bridegroom from claiming bride.

To Admit Chinese.
 Washington, D.C., Dec. 20—Senator Burton of Kansas, who was a member of the special committee that visited Hawaii last summer, says he is going to present a bill allowing restricted Chinese immigration into Hawaii, and that he is moved to do this because the island are actually suffering from a lack of labor. Senator Burton said tonight before annexation to the United States, Hawaii spent a great deal of money and made a large appropriation for the purpose of importing laborers from a great many different countries. Laborers have been brought there from the Straits Settlements, New Zealand, Samoa, Porto Rico, American negroes, Portuguese and others, and yet the kind of laborers that will go into fields are Chinese and Japanese. These experiments covered a great many years, and, as I said, cost a great deal of money.

"Now we are up against the proposition of whether we will permit Japanese to dominate the labor of the islands, and eventually overrun and control the country, or permit their great competitors, the Chinese, to come in and perform agricultural labor. To admit them under such restrictions in no way injures skilled labor. On the contrary, skilled workmen in Hawaii tell me it would be to their great advantage."
 "Under our treaty the Japanese are coming in by shiploads and the can enter all classes of service and perform all kinds of labor and they are not only dictating the price of labor, but they also are invading the fields of skilled labor. They are driving Hawaiians from the sea and controlling fisheries. They are not a desirable class as Chinese."

Monogram Hotel AND STORE
 No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska.
 Good meals, good beds, good fire, Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-off at the mouth of Lost Chalk which brings you to the door of our waves; you three miles travel on the river.

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Cause of Stone-Fight
 An expert claims that stage fright really comes from a disordered stomach. He argues from this fact that persons in Dawson contemplating appearance should be careful of their diet and always buy groceries of Dunham, where they are always sure of getting the purest and best.
 "Is he a well-informed man?"
 "I should say so. Why, his wife tells him, everything."—Town Topics.
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ROMANCE OF THE TRAIL FROM DYEA TO NOME
 SOCIETY GIRL EDUCATING MILLIONAIRE LINDBERGH, ONCE A MERE REINDEER HERDER.

When frolicsome little Cupid, turning pedagogue, tosses away the arrow of tradition and takes most solemnly to slate and spelling book instead, something entirely out of the ordinary has happened.

This time it has happened in San Francisco.

A beautiful girl of well-to-do family and social standing has done a very interesting and unusual thing. She has carefully and thoroughly educated the man of her choice, that it may not be said in whispered asides when the wedding day dawns in the very near future. "An excellent match, to be sure, so far as money goes, but he is not her equal."

lovely women of education and social advantages are losing their hearts every day, but not to men whose reading, writing and arithmetic are of fourth-grade perfection and to whom the English grammar is as comprehensible as Greek. Though man woo with delicious ardor he must likewise be able to spell "I love," rather than "I luv," is calculated to arouse responsive thrills in a high-bred woman's heart.

Nor does the finely educated and socially advantaged young woman, whose life training has tended to develop a pronounced regard for the conventions, single out from her list of correctly tailored suitors the one man of them all to whom the word Tuxedo is not even a name and whose acquaintance with an inner vest has been through plate glass. For though man may be of-hero stuff he must likewise be informed upon the small niceties of etiquette, and able to deport himself differently from a performing elephant when required to escort a lady in a gown that trails.

Such is the rule. Here is the exception to it in the engagement, as yet not formally announced, of Miss Josephine Elizabeth Metson of San Francisco and Mr. Jafet Lindbergh of NOME. No rosiest romance has ever come out of the north, where the Ice King himself cannot chill the fires of love—even love nurtured in the spelling.

She is a graduate of the University of California. Their paths were apparently as far apart as the proverbial poles when, unaware of each other's existence, she was bending over Euclid, fashionably gowned, in a luxurious boudoir, and he was herding reindeer in Esquimaux garb at Chitkin, on Golovin bay, in Alaska. Refined girls with university education are not likely to meet on social footing unlettered herders of reindeer, much less are they likely to fall madly in love with and marry them. Still less likely are they to impart their university education to them and put them through a systematic course of social as well as academic training previous to the wedding day. Perhaps the exception to the rule has occurred because Miss Josephine Metson is as brave and loyal and independent as she is cultured and beautiful.

Once upon another time another young woman set herself to the same unselfish and loving task. Those of us who have not forgotten our United States histories remember her. She was the wife of the seventeenth president of our country, Andrew Johnson, who became head of the nation when it lost Lincoln, and who completed Lincoln's term.

Andrew Johnson would probably never pass into history on the presidential list if he had married a different sort of wife. When he was a little chap of ten his father died and he was bound out to learn the tailor's trade. Under great difficulties he managed to acquire a meagre knowledge of the rudiments. Luck was with him later though, when he met and loved an educated girl, and she, recognizing his worth and believing in his mental material, married him and made him her pupil. She was well repaid for her pains. The ignorant tailor whom she educated became a prominent citizen, a mayor, a governor, a senator, vice-president, then president of the American people.

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This time it has happened in San Francisco.

A beautiful girl of well-to-do family and social standing has done a very interesting and unusual thing. She has carefully and thoroughly educated the man of her choice, that it may not be said in whispered asides when the wedding day dawns in the very near future. "An excellent match, to be sure, so far as money goes, but he is not her equal."

lovely women of education and social advantages are losing their hearts every day, but not to men whose reading, writing and arithmetic are of fourth-grade perfection and to whom the English grammar is as comprehensible as Greek. Though man woo with delicious ardor he must likewise be able to spell "I love," rather than "I luv," is calculated to arouse responsive thrills in a high-bred woman's heart.

Nor does the finely educated and socially advantaged young woman, whose life training has tended to develop a pronounced regard for the conventions, single out from her list of correctly tailored suitors the one man of them all to whom the word Tuxedo is not even a name and whose acquaintance with an inner vest has been through plate glass. For though man may be of-hero stuff he must likewise be informed upon the small niceties of etiquette, and able to deport himself differently from a performing elephant when required to escort a lady in a gown that trails.

Such is the rule. Here is the exception to it in the engagement, as yet not formally announced, of Miss Josephine Elizabeth Metson of San Francisco and Mr. Jafet Lindbergh of NOME. No rosiest romance has ever come out of the north, where the Ice King himself cannot chill the fires of love—even love nurtured in the spelling.

She is a graduate of the University of California. Their paths were apparently as far apart as the proverbial poles when, unaware of each other's existence, she was bending over Euclid, fashionably gowned, in a luxurious boudoir, and he was herding reindeer in Esquimaux garb at Chitkin, on Golovin bay, in Alaska. Refined girls with university education are not likely to meet on social footing unlettered herders of reindeer, much less are they likely to fall madly in love with and marry them. Still less likely are they to impart their university education to them and put them through a systematic course of social as well as academic training previous to the wedding day. Perhaps the exception to the rule has occurred because Miss Josephine Metson is as brave and loyal and independent as she is cultured and beautiful.

Once upon another time another young woman set herself to the same unselfish and loving task. Those of us who have not forgotten our United States histories remember her. She was the wife of the seventeenth president of our country, Andrew Johnson, who became head of the nation when it lost Lincoln, and who completed Lincoln's term.

Andrew Johnson would probably never pass into history on the presidential list if he had married a different sort of wife. When he was a little chap of ten his father died and he was bound out to learn the tailor's trade. Under great difficulties he managed to acquire a meagre knowledge of the rudiments. Luck was with him later though, when he met and loved an educated girl, and she, recognizing his worth and believing in his mental material, married him and made him her pupil. She was well repaid for her pains. The ignorant tailor whom she educated became a prominent citizen, a mayor, a governor, a senator, vice-president, then president of the American people.

Miss Metson has yet to see the result of her own work, but she is only twenty-four and he little more than thirty. And there is not any doubt that she will be the happiest bride of the new year in San Francisco. It has taken her three years to graduate her lover to her liking. Although he holds no official parchment from an alma mater, he will have his equivalent—a marriage license, his proof of eligibility as the bridegroom, of a bride whose educational advantages no longer excel his own.

When Miss Metson lost her heart up in Alaska three summers ago she did not lose her head.
 Love began in the ice fields in a very unexpected way. It set all NOME to talking. NOME had talked about Miss Metson, indeed, ever since she first appeared upon its streets, and always in terms of highest admiration for her beauty and her style. Men called her stunning and women envied her, when, as the sister of a prominent San Francisco lawyer, Mr. W. H. Metson, she had accompanied him when he went there on business. Wearing already in her first year after graduating, of, leas

absorbed and attained. And there is no teacher to be compared with love. The young people parted in NOME to meet later in San Francisco. There the serious work of their lives began for the lovers who had determined not to give each other up. There was pride, ambition and beauty on one side; on the other, pride, ambition and manliness. Slowly and through preparatory and grammar grades with system and exactness, patiently traveled the two comrades, teacher and taught. Lindbergh spent all the time possible away from NOME. While there he continued his studies persistently, intelligently. In private life he strove to prove himself worthy of the prize that should be his when the barriers were broken down that separated these two eyes of the world.

During the three years of this unusual courtship, in which the practical has been so oddly interwoven with the sentimental, Miss Metson has known no other absorbing interest a life than her lover's intellectual development. Step by step they traveled the path that the plucky girl marked out for them both when she declared through her tears that far-off day in NOME, "I will teach you all that I have learned in college and in society." More than the magnificent jewels which her betrothed had bestowed upon her as engagement gifts—she does not value the stability of the man in adhering to the resolve he made to gain an education that would make him her equal.

And this is why the gay pleasure of society has not allured Miss Metson for three years past—why faint objections have finally been withdrawn, why it is that a reindeer herder may be none the less a man for a that and a that, why his altar fires of a true love may be brightly burning while Arctic snows fall and friends from disapproval why all the book-learning that can be crammed into a pretty girl's brain may not hinder bridegroom from claiming bride.

To Admit Chinese.
 Washington, D.C., Dec. 20—Senator Burton of Kansas, who was a member of the special committee that visited Hawaii last summer, says he is going to present a bill allowing restricted Chinese immigration into Hawaii, and that he is moved to do this because the island are actually suffering from a lack of labor. Senator Burton said tonight before annexation to the United States, Hawaii spent a great deal of money and made a large appropriation for the purpose of importing laborers from a great many different countries. Laborers have been brought there from the Straits Settlements, New Zealand, Samoa, Porto Rico, American negroes, Portuguese and others, and yet the kind of laborers that will go into fields are Chinese and Japanese. These experiments covered a great many years, and, as I said, cost a great deal of money.

"Now we are up against the proposition of whether we will permit Japanese to dominate the labor of the islands, and eventually overrun and control the country, or permit their great competitors, the Chinese, to come in and perform agricultural labor. To admit them under such restrictions in no way injures skilled labor. On the contrary, skilled workmen in Hawaii tell me it would be to their great advantage."
 "Under our treaty the Japanese are coming in by shiploads and the can enter all classes of service and perform all kinds of labor and they are not only dictating the price of labor, but they also are invading the fields of skilled labor. They are driving Hawaiians from the sea and controlling fisheries. They are not a desirable class as Chinese."

Monogram Hotel AND STORE
 No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska.
 Good meals, good beds, good fire, Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-off at the mouth of Lost Chalk which brings you to the door of our waves; you three miles travel on the river.

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 LAWYERS
 PATTELLI & RIDLEY, Attorneys at Law, 100 North 1st Street, Dawson, Alaska.

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.

SHIRT SALE
 I am offering the balance of my stock at very low prices.
 White Shirts \$1.50. Colored Shirts \$1.00 and \$1.50. W. G. & R. make.
J. P. McLENNAN
 235 FRONT ST Phone 101-B
 Agent for Standard Patterns.

Cause of Stone-Fight
 An expert claims that stage fright really comes from a disordered stomach. He argues from this fact that persons in Dawson contemplating appearance should be careful of their diet and always buy groceries of Dunham, where they are always sure of getting the purest and best.
 "Is he a well-informed man?"
 "I should say so. Why, his wife tells him, everything."—Town Topics.<

MINING BY DREDGING

Where the Dredge is Now in Use

London Mining Authority Shows How Economically They Can Be Operated.

The attention which this branch of mining is attracting, and the belief entertained as to its possibilities of wide application, are illustrated by the numerous contributions which have appeared in this journal recently. Alluvial working is naturally the first to claim the attention of mining pioneers. The deposits are, comparatively speaking, easy of access, the gold is free and no problems of ore treatment arises, the returns are speedy, and little or no capital is required. For these reasons alluvial workings on any considerable scale are only to be looked for in a new country. Localities where there is a long settled population engaged more or less systematically in mining operations offer no chances to the prospector for alluvial gold. Conversely, where there has been in the past extensive working by "the ancients," the inference is in favor of greater richness.

One portion of the alluvials, however, ancient miners could make little or no attempt to work, and this was the river beds, and it is, therefore, not surprising, when the practicability of recovering gold from the bottom of streams by means of dredges has been demonstrated, that the idea should arise of applying them to countries the extent of whose gold yield in past days shows them to have been rich in auriferous alluvials.

The credit of the conception and the perfecting of the modern dredge is due, as Mr. Turner points out in an article which we conclude this week, to New Zealand. Beginning in 1865, when the late Mr. Sideberg began to operate the Molyneux river with a suction dredge formed of hide fastened to an iron ring, steady improvement both in the number and efficiency of these machines was made until at the end of last year there were working in the South Island a total of 183, while considerably over 200 were in existence. The country which has shown most alacrity in imitating New Zealand has been the United States—Idaho, Colorado, and California being all interested in this industry. Other countries in which dredges are, or were, being tried are New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, British Guiana and Siberia.

The dredging industry is emphatically one of those in which local conditions require steady experience and frequent modification of plant successfully used elsewhere. American engineers have devised a form of dredge differing in many particulars from the New Zealand prototype, and similar modifications are not unlikely to be developed in other countries also. Thus in New South Wales, where there were at the end of last year some 43 dredges erected or in course of erection, considerable alterations were in many cases required in the mining machinery, and when it is remembered that the present New Zealand type represents some 40 years of progressive experience in constant success is hardly to be looked for under unknown conditions.

The history of gold dredging in the only three countries in which gold dredging can be said to have established itself as an industry—viz., New Zealand, the United States and New South Wales—shows the occurrence in each case of an unjustified anticipation followed by severe losses and discredit. That this should be so is not unreasonable. The dredge can operate exceedingly poor ground at a profit, a return of grains (4d.) to the cubic yard being usually considered to cover expenses; the initial outlay, as compared with underground mining, is exceedingly small, and profits may be handled at once. Against these must be set, however, the fact that reliable prospecting is in many cases impossible, and always difficult, and the difficulties to be encountered can

only be known when the machinery is put to work.

The number of dredges which spend a large portion of the year in idleness owing to breakdowns is proof, if any be needed, of the precarious character of the work, and the necessity for making a very wide margin in calculating the probable returns. At the same time, especially with values so high as those suggested by our correspondents writing of Spain and West Africa, there are the possibilities of very high returns upon capital, so long as the vendors do not seek to make exaggerated profits. It must, however, be borne in mind that the industry is new in both countries, and that experience will undoubtedly have to be bought, and the cautious investor will do well to remember that hitherto the tendency has been to make insufficient allowance for adverse factors, which under strange conditions frequently turn out to be unpleasantly numerous.

At the same time, considering the enormous capitals with which it is customary to float companies in these days, the dredging industry affords the possibility of good returns upon very modest capitalisation, and, besides, haphazard less of the public money, should offer the ordinary shareholder greater assurance of some share in the management of his selection—Mining Journal.

Rais B & Row.

New York, Dec. 28.—Consternation was caused in the red sitting room of the Waldorf-Astoria Christmas afternoon by the actions of a powerfully built man, evidently a foreigner, who attacked a man and woman among the guests before he was finally subdued, arrested and removed to a hospital for examination as to his sanity.

On entering the sitting room the stranger grabbed a passing guest by the arm, shook his disengaged fist in his face and said rapidly, and with a decided accent:

"You're rich and you've had a good Christmas dinner. The encroachments of organized capital on the poor of the country have driven me from pillar to post until I cannot get work. What right have you to eat when I am starving?"

Attendants rescued the guest, and the excited man then sprang at a young woman. He snatched a fur boa from her neck and then began to berate her in similar language. She screamed but at that moment the detectives rushed in and began to struggle to subdue him.

No papers or anything that would identify the man were found in his pockets. All the way to the hospital he raved of the inequalities brought about by wealth.

The prisoner is said to be the same man who, during the Cornelius Vanderbilt illness, has frequented the neighborhood of Mr. Vanderbilt's home and has several times attempted to obtain an interview with Mrs. Vanderbilt. He has also written to Mrs. Vanderbilt complaining that her servants would not admit him to the house.

Dredging Pays

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 26.—Mining men talk of a steady growth in the mining industry, and the enquiry at this writing is more noticeable than last year. Loud talk and newspaper gossip regarding rich mines is at an end. Indications point to the fact that the Britannia Copper Mining Company has so good a thing that they are very busy keeping quiet and narrowing down the number of those who would directly benefit by the successful operation of the mine. From the Fraser river comes word that the Cobblehead dredge, which has been stopped for the season, made a handsome cleanup. This is the first to pay in British Columbia.

"What was the cause of that awful racket and disturbance in your office just before you came?" asked one of the tenants on the third floor.

"You know that young cowboy that came to me yesterday to begin the study of law?" said the other.

"Yes."

"Well, I thought he might as well begin at the bottom, and I told him that when he came down this morning the first thing for him to do would be to clean out the office. He found half a dozen fellows there waiting for me, but he did it, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office.

Auditorium—Parish Priest.

NOME TO BE A SUB-PORT

Is Now Only a Customs Station

Increase of Business Deemed Sufficient to Change Its Rating.

Port Townsend, Wash., Jan. 1.—It is not improbable that before the next season of navigation opens in Bering sea, Nome may be made a sub-port in the customs district of Alaska.

At the present time Nome is what is known as a customs station, where very little customs business can be transacted. There is a deputy collector there, but his authority is only advisory.

No vessels can be entered or cleared at Nome, and those that go there direct from Puget Sound or San Francisco, do so under a special permit issued in each instance by the secretary of the treasury, and they are not allowed to carry bonded cargoes of any kind.

Under the present arrangement all customs business for that section of the District of Alaska is transacted at the sub-port of St. Michael, where records are also now kept for the Nome office, and whatever business is done at Nome is carried on through the St. Michael office.

When the Nome gold discoveries were made and the rush began one of the first vessels that carried a crowd there was the British steamship Alpha, which was declared an outlaw by the United States customs authorities for having violated the law which prohibits a foreign vessel from engaging in commerce at a place which is not a sub-port of entry.

The Alpha was afterwards chased by the revenue cutter Bear, but escaped and was later wrecked with all on board.

At this time American shipping interests combined in an effort to shut foreign vessels out of the Nome trade and they have done this by preventing Nome from being made a sub-port of entry.

The American vessels have therefore enjoyed a monopoly of the extensive trade of that camp, and during the past two seasons there has been little or nothing said about changing the status of the Nome customs station.

With the increasing customs business at that place, however, largely on account of the great amount of small shipping in those waters, Collector Jarvis is now considering the advisability of making Nome a sub-port of entry. This will not be done however, until shipping interests have been fully consulted. It is known that Mr. J. R. Causten, special deputy collector of customs for the district, who is spending the holidays in Port Townsend, went to Seattle last week, took the matter up informally with shipping men in that place and discussed the question with them. In conversation yesterday Mr. Causten said:

"Nome may be made a sub-port of entry before next summer. It all depends on the attitude of the shipping interests on Puget Sound and at San Francisco. From a customs standpoint it would be a great convenience to have it a sub-port.

"There is not only the matter of routine customs business, such as entrance and clearance of vessels, documenting, etc., to be considered, but also the provisions of the new law requiring mercantile statistics for Alaska, to be considered.

"At the present time the vessels doing business direct between San Francisco or Puget Sound and Nome do so on permits, and there is no way of keeping track of the business they carry on with Alaska, as required by the law passed last year, except in the most indirect and unsatisfactory way. Questions arise there constantly in the customs business that must now be adjusted at the sub-port of St. Michael, often causing an annoying delay.

"The change can be made by an order from the department, on recommendation of the collector, but the recommendation will not be made by Collector Jarvis until the shipping interests have been consulted. I called on several firms in Seattle last week for this purpose, but found so many of the steamship people away for the holidays that I was unable to get expressions representing more than one or two of the big companies.

"While it is of course known that American shipping interests have strongly opposed opening Nome to foreign vessels up to now, it has been represented to us that at the present time the American companies at San Francisco and on the Sound have the Nome trade so well in hand, and the freight and passenger rates there are so reasonable, that probably there would no longer be any objection to making Nome a sub-port. Collector Jarvis would be glad to have expressions from all the shipping men on the Sound between now and the opening of navigation in Bering sea in the spring."

"Well, yes, if you want it," said the old cavalry sergeant to a group of interested listeners. "I'll tell you a story. I went last night to see the play where the Indian girl falls in love with a young officer and, y'her heroism saves the garrison. You've seen the play."

"Yes," his listeners assented.

"Well, then I'll tell you a story something like that in the play. It was just after the Kearney massacre, that is we whites call it a massacre, but if as many Indians had been killed as there were soldiers it would have been nothing but a fight, and I say this though I have been a regular for thirty years. The whole country up toward that afterward was the Custer battlefield was filled with Sioux. There was old Red Cloud, he was comparatively young. Red Cloud then, American Horse and some others, all big chiefs and had, who were on the war path with bands of young bucks, and they were burning and lifting hair whenever they got a chance.

"I was a duty sergeant in the 11th cavalry at that time, serving with 'A' troop. With 'B' troop we had been following the trail of a bunch of reds near the Grand River. We struck 'em unexpectedly and killed some eight or ten and lost four men ourselves. The rest of the band scattered and got away, but we made a queer capture. No Indian on the war path ever takes a squaw along with him, that is if he's regularly on the war path, but that bunch had along with 'em the prettiest Sioux girl any one ever laid eyes on. Indian girls ain't pretty anyway, but this one was, and you have my word for it. She wasn't more than 18 years old. A lot of meo spoke 'er the Sioux boys and we got her story. Her name was Winta, and she was the daughter of a Sioux chief. She had gone down Grand River way on a visit to a Sioux village that was peaceful. Her father was a tough old warrior who hated the whites and he was now up near the Black Hills.

"Winta said she had become homesick and that this rising band of Sioux coming along and being headed for her father's headquarters, she had asked them to take her home. Being a big chief's daughter, the braves had done as she requested.

"This was along in October and the weather was getting sharp. 'B' had orders to go into winter quarters up Black Hills way. We and we were mighty well content if they wouldn't come to attack us.

"When Winta, the Indian girl, heard about the village she said that it was her father's, but that he had changed his place since she last had seen him. For three weeks now Winta had been billing and cooing with young Blake, and they certainly were sweet on each other. The fellows were betting even, though such things don't happen often, that Blake would make her go back to civilization with him and that there they would splice up. They were two regular turtle doves.

"The day after we heard of the Indian village Winta went to the major, got down on her knees in front of him and prayed that she might be allowed to go to her father's village. The major understood Sioux. He'd been up against the devils often enough to be able to write a dictionary of their lingo.

"'Why, Winta,' he said, 'if you go back they'll know that somebody must have brought you most of the way, and they'll be down on us like a whirlwind.'

"'I'm putting the girl's talk into straight English. She said that the reason she wanted to go was to keep her father and his men from attacking us. 'I am' his own child,' she said 'and he can't refuse me anything. I'll tell him of your goodness to me and his heart will be soft. Some of the warriors will find you are here when they rove in search of game and then you will be attacked and killed.'

"It was about this time that young Blake came up. The girl turned a face full of love toward him. Blake blushed a little and said to the major, 'I guess Winta knows what she's about, and I think she can keep these fellows quiet until spring, when we'll have some kind of a chance at them.'

"We follow all said to one another, 'The girl's going back to her father to keep him from getting after us just for the sake of the youngster. She don't care a rap for all our kindness but she does just dote on Blake.'

"Well, the upshot of it was that the major let the girl go. It was only a matter of fifteen miles, and she had the same pony that she rode when we captured her. Winta and Blake had a tearful parting. 'My father's people shall protect you,' she said. Then she rode away just at reveille on that bright November morning.

"Just at gray of the day the following morning the rifles of our two outposts on our exposed side rang out and then rang out again. Then came the alarm from the guard, and inside of a minute every trooper in the camp was in the little redoubt which we had constructed on our exposed side. Out of the half darkness there came a thundering horde of warriors. We met them with volley and then with another, crash, crash, crash. They went hilling back, but we knew it was only to come again. We hid them off, and it became broad daylight. They swept down on us time after time. I never saw Indians come like that before, never the open against an entrenched foe.

"Well, the providential happened. The rest of the Eleven had been ordered to join us in winter quarters. They came just in time. The reds went off like the wind with our comrades and us after them. We got two or three long range volleys before they got into the hills and escaped.

WINTA

By Edward B. Clark

As any prairie flower that ever grew she took a shine, however, to the West Point youngster, and he was mighty attentive to her. You can bet the old major commanding our little squadron wouldn't a-had it any other way, for you see, a woman under the protection of a bunch of soldiers is safe, be she red, white or yellow. Blake, that was the youngster's name, used to ride alongside of Winta, and he saw so it that she got the best bits of Buffalo meat that the carcass afforded. She used to hang her head on one side and look at him just the way you have seen many a white girl look. They're all alike, these women.

"Well, we got up near the Black Hills some time early in November, and it was getting colder than sin. The old major looked about for a suitable place for our winter camp and found it under the shelter of some bluffs, with plenty of water close at hand. Our position was all right except that we were pretty badly open on one side in case of attack, but as a matter of fact we didn't think much of that because there were sixty odd of us and we thought we were good for all the Sioux and northern Cheyennes that were likely to come.

"We had the Indian girl Winta with us yet, and the major gave her a tent by herself. She was sweeter than sweet still on the youngster Blake, that is, her eyes would follow him round, and she always smiled when he spoke to her, something she wouldn't do for any one else in the outfit, though she was always polite and nice enough. Sioux fashion.

"We were running short of meat and the major sent out a hunting party into the hills with a lot of arky horses. They were gone ten days, and they came back with a tough hunt. Last us all winter, but they had a bit of news that we didn't like. They told us that not more than fifteen miles off where two creeks came together there was a huge encampment of Indians, evidently settled for the winter. They had counted the teepee poles by the aid of a glass and figured that there must be at least 3,000 Indians in the place, which meant a fighting strength of about 800 men.

"A soldier's willin' to fight, but he can't fight long with odds of four to one against him. We didn't care about going to attack the reds, and we were mighty well content if they wouldn't come to attack us.

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