

## Life in Dawson City.

Through the kindness of Mr. Harry Domville PROGRESS received two copies of newspapers published in Dawson city and a glance at their contents gives one a better idea of life in the city in the far north than any description. There are so many New Brunswickers there that the following extracts will prove interesting. The papers bear date of May 9th:

"Major Hemming, commanding the Yukon Field Force, has received orders to withdraw his troops from the Yukon territory and return them to their respective stations in Eastern Canada. Permission is given however, for the men to secure a free discharge in Dawson if they desire to remain here. The following telegram was received by Major Hemming yesterday:

"Ottawa, May 1, 1900.

"Major Hemming, Dawson:

"The Yukon Field Force will be withdrawn immediately on the opening of navigation. The enlisted men will be permitted free discharges if desired.

"CHIEF STAFF OFFICER."

The reasons for the above order are of course unknown here, although for some time it has been rumored in military circles that some such move was contemplated. It may mean that the soldiers are destined for service in South Africa, in which event Canada intends sending another contingent of troops. But it is more than likely that the government has decided to recall the redcoats from the Yukon because the supposed necessity that caused them to be sent here has passed away and the N. W. M. P. is deemed capable of maintaining the law and order.

The Yukon Field Force numbers 90 men, eight of whom are stationed at Fort Selkirk and the balance in Dawson. The force is composed of detachments sent from the military depots at Winnipeg, Quebec, St. Johns, London, Toronto and Kingston and will be returned to their respective stations. The cavalry detachments came from Winnipeg. Major Hemming will personally report to military headquarters at Ottawa.

In a talk with the News last evening Major Hemming said:

"The order, of course, while not entirely unexpected, came as a surprise. It is brief and contains no details, but I expect to receive full instructions by mail on the first boat, as I expect a letter was mailed to me about May 1. I cannot, of course, tell whether the Field Force will go to South Africa or not, but the men will be returned to their respective commands from whence they were drawn and I will personally report at Ottawa.

"I do not expect we will be able to get away before June 15 at least, as there is a vast amount of work to be done before we can depart. The stores of the commissary department, I presume will be sold here, as it would cost more to freight them outside than could be obtained for them there. Other incidental work will also detain us somewhat, and besides I cannot act until I receive full instructions from the department by mail.

"The granting of free discharges to such of the men as desire to remain in the Yukon will permit them independent choice in the matter, but I do not think many will avail themselves of it. I regret leaving Dawson, as I have made many warm friends here and I believe the men all share my feelings, but we are soldiers and of course must obey orders," concluded the major, smiling.

The Yukon Field Force were sent to Dawson in 1898, celebrating the second anniversary of their arrival day before yesterday, when they were given a holiday. Colonel Evans commanded them until last fall, when he was succeeded by Major Hemming. All the boys are well liked and popular among the citizens, while Major Hemming has won the universal respect and esteem of all by his genial nature and upright character.

All gambling tables and every game of chance running in Dawson may be closed by the police authorities within a few days.

A rumor is current among the gambling fraternity today that an order for the enforcement of such a measure may be decreed by Captain Primrose in the police court tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, when a large number of gambling cases come up for hearing. There is consequently great perturbation among the knights of the green cloth and they are making most doleful predictions concerning the future of Dawson should any such an order be enforced.

It has long been a matter of common report that the authorities intended closing all gambling just as soon as the river opened, the object being to prevent miners coming in from the cleanup with their winter's wages from jeopardizing them at the games. This was said to be the determination of Major Perry before he was called outside and Inspector Primrose is reported to possess similar ideas in the matter.

The question of whether the gamblers like it or not will cut no figure with the police magistrate, which will be guided entirely by what it deems right and proper in the premises. There is a constantly increasing class of people in Dawson, who are bitterly opposed to gaming, claiming that it injures the reputation of the city, destroys the morals of many otherwise honest young men, leads to crime and robs many men of the money their families need. These people naturally would gladly welcome the promulgation of a police order closing the game.

On the other hand there are many, perhaps a majority who claim that gambling keeps money in circulation better than any other means, and that to stop it would "kill" the town, as they express it. They say an almost Sunday-like quiet would prevail and that the waves of the Yukon would sweep over a deserted city's site.

Among the many arguments advanced against such a radical step as shutting up the gambling houses is the one that the men running gambling houses have all their capital invested in the most central and valuable portion of the city and that such a radical move will practically ruin these men. As a matter of commercial equity it is felt that these men should be given time to dispose of their properties and that if such a ruinous measure is contemplated a warning notice of at least six months should be given in which to put it into effect.

Superintendent Primrose was seen by a News representative today, to learn what would be officially done in the regulation of gambling and if there was any truth in the rumor about closing the game. His reply was:

"I have the matter under consideration and will not decide for several days."

A nugget weighing 77 ounces, the largest ever found in the Klondike, was picked up on the Agnew claim on Cheechao Hill Wednesday last. Senator Lynch is said to have bought the nugget for \$1500. The nugget was found in what was considered waste dirt and while it contains considerable quartz, it is certainly one of the handsomest ever found in this country. The Agnew claim on which this nugget was found lies on the point of the hill between Wood's and Senator Lynch's.

Yesterday afternoon at 4:30 a shooting affray occurred on No. 34 Gold Run creek, as a result of which James Rogers is lying at the point of death in his cabin on the claim, and Nelson A. Soggs, who did the shooting, is in the hands of the police.

The first report of the affair reached Dawson early this morning when Dr. Cassels was summoned by telephone to come immediately to Gold Run to attend a man who had been shot. Dr. Cassels left at 7 this morning and is well on his way to the scene of the shooting by this time.

The circumstances leading up to yesterday's tragedy are in substance as follows: Rogers and Soggs are joint owners in 34 Gold Run, which is known as one of the rich claims on that creek. For some time past it has been known to mutual friends of the two men that bad blood existed between them.

Some disputes have occurred at various times concerning the property in which both are interested, but whether any threats passed between the two men cannot at this time be said. It appears that no one expected that any serious results would arise from their disagreements, as they were considered to be merely ordinary partnership troubles.

Yesterday afternoon, shortly before the time mentioned above, the two men met on the claim and began a renewal of the quarrel which for some time has existed between them.

One word brought on another until Soggs suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket, aimed it at his partner and fired.

Rogers was standing facing Soggs at the time and the first bullet struck its victim just below the collarbone, penetrating through the shoulder and coming out behind. After the firing of the first shot Rogers uttered a shout and turning ran in

the opposite direction from Soggs. The latter, however, was not thus to be turned from his purpose and immediately fired a second shot which took effect behind Rogers' left shoulder, coming out just over the heart. Rogers continued to run and again the trigger was pulled, and what will probably prove the fatal wound was inflicted. The third bullet penetrated the left side near the small of the back, and has not, so far as present information extends, been located. A fourth shot was fired which did not take effect. Rogers continued running until he reached his cabin, when he went in and sat down on his bed. Soggs went to the police immediately and surrendered.

Last year the ice broke in front of Dawson on the 17th of May, and the first boat from Lake LeBarge reached here on the 23rd, or six days after the break up. According to this precedent, there should be a boat in Dawson this year not later than the 14th inst. However, precedents are bad things to go by in this country, as was clearly demonstrated yesterday. All the sour doughs in the country, figuring upon precedents, had confidently placed the break up around the 15th of the month. The cheechakos, on the contrary, knowing nothing about Yukon precedents, figured the moving of the ice for an earlier date, and events have proven that they were wise in their day and generation. In view of these circumstances, it would be dangerous to suggest the date when a boat will get in. It would not, however, be surprising to see one arrive at any time after the next 24 hours.

### MAN AND MOUSE TRAP.

The Wreckage Made by an Exciting Encounter in a Dark Room.

"Talk about your peculiar mishaps," said a young man employed in one of the railroad offices in St. Charles, "something happened at our boarding house the other night that I think is entitled to first money. One of our lodgers is a very fat man, who has a job as bookkeeper in a wholesale house near the river. He is almost as tall lying down as he is standing up, and, with such a paunch, is rather slow in getting around; but for all that he is a perfect bundle of nerves and the most excitable man I ever knew in my life. Well, he has a room directly under mine, and lately we have all been bothered more or less by mice. The landlady declared war on them, and for light artillery she bought a lot of small wire traps—those dome shaped affairs with holes around the top for the beasts to stick their heads into.

"The servant put one in each room and a few evenings ago, when she was going around baiting the lot, was careless enough to leave the fat man's standing on the dresser. He happened to be out attending a singing society that night and didn't get home until about 1 A. M. His room was pitch dark, but he knew there were some matches on the dresser, and moving cautiously across the floor, he began pawing around for the box. At about the first plunge he made he stuck his fat forefinger into one of the apertures of the mouse trap, and the thing snapped down on him like the jaws of a bulldog.

"Now, imagine, if you can," continued the railroad clerk, "how you would feel yourself if you were pawing around in a dark room and some unknown monster suddenly nailed you by the finger and hung on. I am sure to say I would probably have howled just as loudly as the fat man did. He supposed, of course, that the thing that had hold of him was alive, and when he tried to knock it off his hand encountered the corse of two mice that had been caught in the other holes before he came in. The touch of their soft furry bodies confirmed the idea that it was a living creature and it was then as he explained afterward, that he tried to escape to the hall, and got tangled up with the furniture.

"How he came to demolish so many different things in such a short time is a mystery, but you know how easy it is to bump into all the articles in a dark room under the most ordinary circumstances, and a fat man with a mousetrap, hanging to his finger would naturally be a great deal more destructive. Anyhow, it was that first blow of mortal terror that awakened me, and the next thing I heard was a succession of frightful crashes mixed with the noise of breaking glass, shuffling feet, torn cloth, falling furniture and ten ply profanity. I could have sworn that my neighbor was having a fight with at least eight burglars, and, needless to say, the whole house was up in a moment. Of course nobody was anxious to go in and get murdered while that awful row was in progress, but presently it died down, and when we pushed open the door we found the bookkeeper sitting in the middle of the room, totally collapsed, with the mousetrap still hanging to his finger and the floor littered with the wreck of all his belongings.

"A 50 pound lydite shell couldn't have

produced a more picturesque ruin. Ever since then a desperate argument has been in progress as to who is responsible for the damages. The landlady declares the fat man will have to pay for the smashed furniture, and he swears by the nine gods he won't give up a cent. On the contrary, he wants remuneration for his lacerated finger the shock of his nerves and the suit of clothes ruined in the battle. I wouldn't be surprised if the case got into the courts with the mousetrap as 'Exhibit A.'

### FEW AMERICANS IN PARIS

The World's Fair Attendance as Yet not Very Large.

There may be a great many Americans in Paris, but if there are they do not make a very brave showing, and the comparatively small number that one meets in the Exhibition grounds are not exactly representative. The hotel keepers and managers of boarding houses are consoling themselves with the belief that the foreigner will appear on the scene in the proximate by-and-by, but this is speculation. If the tourist does not come to time, or if he limits his sojourn to hours when he might have spent days, the Frenchman has no one to blame but himself. The complete condition of the Exposition has caused thousands of voyagers to seek in England or on the Continent the recreation expected in Paris, and the dread of high prices has done the rest.

The Exposition is now pretty nearly in shape, and prices have, in most instances, risen less than people feared they would, but the impression produced will not be speedily effaced. Of course in some directions rates have gone up considerably. The swell restaurants are no dearer than they were before but the popular resorts have demanded a slight advance, and many of the "pensions" have doubled their charges, to the great discomfiture of the persons that usually partake of their humble fare.

The cheap boarding house in America is not a desirable abode, but the inexpensive Parisian home has mysterious caverns, kitchenward, that the imagination shrinks from describing. One has only to walk through a populous neighborhood and glance at the marble slabs of a butcher dealing in horse-flesh and announcing a "specialty of mules" to revert, mentally, with horror to the possibilities of a menu in an establishment where you are taken in and done for, at five francs a day—in ordinary times. Pork and beans and corned beef and cabbage may not tempt an epicure, and the flavor of rye coffee never suggests the waving fields of Java, but these articles are genuine, as far as they go. He that would partake of a rabbit stew just at present, knowing Paris as I know it, would make the heroes of antiquity appear cowards by comparison.

### THE TONIC OF THE WATER.

Why a Trip to the Shore is of Much Benefit to the Tourist.

The natural impulse of almost every one who lives inland, when the thought of vacation comes to him, is to seek a place by the water—either the sea itself or a lake of good size. This impulse is due, no doubt in a measure to man's desire for change, for we often see the reverse—those living by the water seeking recuperation in the hills.

Yet there is a physical reason also for the longing for the sea; air blowing off the water possesses certain tonic properties which we do not find elsewhere. We feel this in winds coming over any large body of water, whether fresh or salt, but especially in sea breezes.

Part of this invigorating effect is doubtless attributable to the presence of ozone in increased proportions; for it is known that this substance is found in air which is in contact with water, especially if the surface of the water is broken by waves and whitecaps. This exhilarating form of oxygen exists also in winds blowing from the mountains or ever pine woods, in the early morning air while the dew is still on the grass, and in a brisk snow-storm; but there is something added, something still more bracing, in the sea-breeze.

This tonic is comparable to that of a sea bath, and is probably due to the presence of minute quantities of iodine and chlorine in the air.

In Europe, where much attention is paid to the influence of climate on health, a careful study has been made of the treatment of disease by sea air and sea bathing—thalassotherapy, as it is called. The weak and the debilitated, and convalescents from acute disease, are sent to the seashore to gain strength; and others, who are temporarily run down by hard work, worry or social dissipation, find by the sea new force for the next season's drain. Delicate children, especially those of a scrofulous constitution, and sufferers from rickets are often greatly benefited by a prolonged stay at the seashore.

But sufferers from actual disease, partic-

ularly rheumatism, various affections of the skin, heart disease and kidney troubles, are usually advised against a sojourn at the seashore. It is those who simply need toning up, and who have sound organs to maintain the tone after it is once regained, to whom the invigorating air from the sea is a benefit.

### "DIAMOND BILL" IS THRIFTY.

A Negro With a Collection of Fine Gems Which are Worth Thousands of Dollars.

"I spent my vacation this year fishing on the East Florida coast," said a well known New York lawyer yesterday, "and among other places I visited was a primitive little settlement north of Cedar Keys. One of the characters of the place is a big mulatto known as 'Diamond Bill,' and I engaged him several times to take me out in his lugger. I saw at once that he had derived his sobriquet from the gaudy jewelry he wore, but when we were out together on the boat I was surprised to note that the gewgaws were all genuine, and worth a good deal of money.

When I questioned him on the subject he sat down by me on the thwarts and told me an interesting story: It seemed that some years ago he had saved the life of a child that fell overboard from a pleasure yacht, and the mother gave him a small diamond ring. Later on a St. Louis jeweler came to the settlement to fish and told Bill that the ring was worth \$75. The luggerman was astonished, and was proportionately impressed with the advantage of diamonds as representing large sums in small compass.

It instantly occurred to him that it would be a good idea to invest his surplus cash in that way and always have it on his person, secure from fire or thieves. The jeweler agreed to act as buyer for him, and since then he had gradually acquired his present collection, which consists of three studs, four rings, a large solitaire collar button and a cluster pin, worth altogether at least \$2,500.

"Bill is a thrifty ducky, and between fishing and tourists does well, but diamond buying has become a mania with him, and he saves every cent he makes for that purpose. I asked him if he wasn't afraid of being drowned with all his treasures on him which would be unjust to his pretty mulatto wife. 'I've thought 'bout that,' he said, gloomily, 'but Liza's too good lookin' ter stay er widder very long, an I dont want other bigger man struttin round with my sparks.'

### Loose Snake Starts a Picnic.

A rattlesnake got loose in the United States Express office at Orange, N. J., and created all sorts of excitement for a few minutes. The snake was one of fifty which had been received in crates a few hours previous to be shown as an attraction at the Elks' carnival the other day.

Richard Holmes, who was to exhibit the snakes at the carnival, opened one of the boxes to see that his pets were well and comfortable after their trip, and while he was handling them one of the rattlers wriggled over the side of the box, and before its escape was noticed disappeared under a pile of boxes in the rear of the office.

A messenger boy employed by the telegraph company which uses part of the office saw his snakeship escape, and shouted that a snake was loose. Telegraph operators and clerks made a rush for the door. Holmes gingerly overturned boxes and barrels, and finally located the rattler piled in a corner. He diverted the snake's attention for a moment while he grabbed it by the neck and replaced it in the box with its companions.

### A Rule of Thumb.

In the note book of the late Bishop Walsham. How there is a story of a former young curate of the English village of Stoke which shows the value of a little common sense in deciding a knotty point.

The curate, being exceedingly anxious at all times to do things in the order of the liturgy, once insisted, when marrying a couple, on the ring being put on the fourth finger. The bride rebelled, and finally said:

"I would rather die than be married on my little finger!"

For an instant the curate wavered, then he said, "But the rubric says so."

Matters were at a standstill—the bride tearful, the groom uneasy, the curate determined—when the parish clerk stepped forward and said:

"In these cases, sir, the thumb counts as a digit."

"Brethern," said the repentant man at the revival meeting, "mine is a sad story. I was born in Brooklyn, but soon went from bad to worse."

"How long did you stay in New York?" asked the long whiskered man near the organ.

"Do you believe that the meek shall inherit the earth?"

"Well, it stands to reason they never can get it unless by inheritance."