

DRUM... Too Much Johnson... CHICAGO... Eastern Points... Northern... PAUL EVERY DAY... With All Modern... folders address the SEATTLE, WASH... nship Co... eastern Alaska & Yukon Railway... Yukon points... ces... Seattle, Wash... matter to what eastern... you may be des... your ticket should... a the Burlington... GENT... SEATTLE, WN... Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co... Cook's Inlet... PORT... SAN FRANCISCO

AUTHORSHIP OF 'LA LALAGE' Reconciled Rich Old Uncle Who Was Highly Moral And Won the Author Love and Respect of the One Girl in the World

The little volume of verses entitled, "To Lalage," made quite a stir in the literary world. One critic of note said that it was instinct with classic grace, another that it was informed by the true spirit of Helms, a third that it had a whiff of Hymettus; a fourth that it was hardly suitable for family reading, and on the strength of all this laudation, "To Lalage" was a success, and several copies were bona fide sold to complete strangers. Imagine then, the bitterness of heart with which Adrian Pottles, the gifted author, saw himself compelled to maintain strict anonymity, and to conceal from a world thirsting to know him that he was the "A. P." whose initials appeared in old English letters on the title page. Yet he did not hesitate, for he knew that his uncle, Mr. Thomas Pottles, of Clapham Common, discovered that he wrote not only verses, which was bad, but anatomy verses, which was atrocious, his means of present livelihood and prospects of future affluence would vanish into thin air. For Mr. Pottles was a man of strict views; and, whether one regarded this world or the next, there could be no question that a bank clerk of Evangelical connections committed a grave fault in writing love poems. So poor Adrian had to make up his mind to remain unknown, and to hold his tongue even when he heard that another man had been claiming the authorship of "To Lalage." Luckily, perhaps, he failed to find out who this miscreant was, or probably his indignation would have overcome his prudence, and he would at any cost have claimed his own. The secret was well kept, and Adrian received the usual check at Christmas time, and with it the usual invitation to spend the festive season with his uncle, and to bring with him his young friend Peter Allison, to whom old Mr. Pottles had taken a great fancy. Peter was a man of many engagements, but, sought after as he was and proclaimed to be, he remembered the good cheer at Mr. Pottles' and accepted the invitation. They went down together, Adrian bewailing his hard fortune and denouncing the impostor, Peter warmly sympathizing, but counselling continued silence and prudence. "Ah, if I could only claim it!" cried Adrian, opening his Gladstone bag and gaining fondly half a dozen neat clean copies of "To Lalage." "I should be the lion of the season, Peter." Peter smiled and shook his head. "A fortune is better than fame, Adrian," said he. "For a day or two all went well at Clapham. The old gentleman was in the best of tempers, and the two young men did their best to keep him in it, indorsing all his views as to the lax morality and disgraceful tone which pervaded modern literature and modern society; and when they had done their duty in this way they rewarded themselves by going in next door and having tea with Dora Chatterton, a young lady whom they both thought charming. Indeed, Adrian thought her so charming that, after a short acquaintance he sent her a copy of "To Lalage"—with the author's initials regards. Now, Miss Dora Chatterton adored genius. She had thought both Adrian and Peter very pleasant young men, she had perceived that they both thought her a very pleasant young woman, and she had been rather puzzled to know which of them she would, in a certain event, make up her mind to prefer. "To Lalage" settled the question. It was the gift of an author, A. P., who deserved her love, and A. P. obviously stood, not for Peter Allison, but for Adrian Pottles. The very next morning she called early at Mr. Pottles'. She found him alone, the boys, he explained, had gone for a walk. Dora was disappointed, but, failing the author himself, she was content to pour her praises into the ears of an appreciative and proud uncle. She did so, expressing immense admiration for Adrian's modesty in not having told Mr. Pottles of his achievement. "Humph!" said Mr. Pottles. "Let me see these things." The effect of "To Lalage" on Mr. Pottles was surprising, and particularly so to Dora. In less than ten minutes she found herself being shown the door, and entrusted with a letter to her mother in which Mr. Pottles stated that she had been reading wicked books, and ought, in his opinion, to be sent to her room for an indefinite period. "And I shall know if you don't give it her!" said Mr. Pottles viciously. "Thus it happened that Adrian and Peter, as they were returning, met poor Dora on the steps with his hand note in one hand and her pocket-handkerchief in the other—for Mrs. Chatterton shared Mr. Pottles' views, and she did not enjoy having to deliver the note. They were just hastening to speak to her, when Mr. Pottles himself appeared on the steps,

holding out "To Lalage" in his hand. Adrian grasped the situation. "For Heaven's sake, Peter," he whispered, "say you wrote the beastly thing. I'm ruined if you don't." "I'll stand a pony," "Two," said Peter firmly. "Well, two, but be quick." Then Peter spoke up like a man and accepted the blame of "To Lalage." "But your initials aren't A. P.," objected Mr. Pottles. "To avoid suspicion, I reversed the other; mine are P. A."

CHINA NOT SATISFIED Is Simply Resting for Another Outbreak.

New York, Dec. 30.—Chas. F. Gammon, superintendent of colporteurs for the American Bible Society in Northern China, writes to the society concerning the present situation in the Chinese empire, as follows: "While at Shanghai I observed that the Chinese government was openly violating the provisions of the protocol. The great empire would shake off the European domination. Thousands of boat loads of small arms and ammunition were passing weekly up the Yangtze Kiang and the arsenals were being enlarged and worked day and night. Carriages of explosives were being received, and the dowager empress had issued instructions to all officials to recruit the army, and also to inform her as to the fighting strength of each division and the time required to concentrate the forces at a given point. "There were and are many other unpromising features which weighed heavily upon the minds of those interested. I must believe that the end is not yet, and that within ten years and possibly within five, a war will ensue the like of which the world has never known. For centuries China has been making repeated attempts to expel the foreigner, each time profiting by past experience, each time with more power and success, each time better equipped and better planned. She is now preparing as never before, buying vast quantities of superior weapons and reorganizing her armies on a correct basis. Therefore, the next attempt will be gigantic in force and with a judicial air, then with a smile, lastly with a chuckle. "Ask him to dinner," he said. "Oh, and, Adrian, I'll have the Chattertons. I wish you could do something to get your name up, my boy." "You like it, uncle?" "Yes, and I like the manly way he owned to it. If he had prevaricated about it, I'd never have forgiven him." After this Adrian did not dare to confess. It was too bad. Here were both his uncle and Dora admiring Peter with candor and courage. He was too lost both fame and Dora! It was certainly too much. A sudden thought struck him. He went to town, called on Peter, and, as the police reports say, "made a communication" to him. "It makes me look a scoundrel," objected Peter. "Two hundred—at six months," suggested Adrian. "And she is a nice girl—No, I'm dashed—"

MILLIONAIRE GRAIN MAN Frank H. Peavey Dies of Pneumonia in Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 30.—Frank H. Peavey, one of the best known grain men in the country, died here today of pneumonia, aged 51 years and 11 months. Mr. Peavey came to Chicago from his home in Minneapolis nearly two weeks ago on a business trip. On December 20 he contracted a cold that quickly developed into pneumonia. Yesterday it was believed that Mr. Peavey had successfully passed the crisis of his illness and up to midnight from his bedside news came of a very encouraging nature. At that hour, however, the patient's breathing became more difficult and his heart action weaker. A hurried consultation of physicians followed and everything known to science to combat the malady was done. At 2 a. m. Mr. Peavey lapsed into unconsciousness and the family which surrounded him was informed that the end was approaching. At 3.30 the great grain man breathed his last.

LADY SOMERSET AFTER LIPTON Says He Pays His Laborers Starvation Wages.

London, Dec. 29.—Lady Dilke, Lady Henry Somerset and the beautiful Countess of Warwick are among those arrayed against Sir Thomas Lipton in the contest that is coming over the wages he pays his army of cheap labor. Lady Henry Somerset is president of the Women's Working League, and the two other titled ladies are active associates in that powerful organization, of which many of the women employed in Sir Thomas' factories are members. A large number of Sir Thomas' employees are also enrolled in the Workers' Union, and it is this body which is engineering the threatened strike. It was expected that the forces would be sufficiently organized to make a demonstration at Christmas time, but the rather sudden departure of Tom Mann, the noted labor leader, who was president of the union, for New Zealand, has somewhat upset the plans, with the result that the acute stage of the dispute is not expected now before the new year. When it is revealed it promises to be pretty serious. The Countess of Warwick and the other ladies who are championing the Lipton laborers say that women and girls who are asked to support themselves on from \$1.50 to \$2.75 a week are being driven to vice to keep body and soul together. The threatened strike concerns only the laborers in Sir Thomas' works. The clerks and shop workers believe that they have grievances, too, but they have a separate organization.

High Water at Pittsburg.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 29.—A heavy rainfall has been continuous in this section since last evening. All the streams in the country are swollen greatly beyond their volume and Conestoga creek has overflowed its banks to an extent unknown in recent years. The bridge crossing this stream at Engle side is threatened with destruction and traffic on the Lancaster-Strasburg railway, of which the bridge is a link, has been suspended. The bridge has begun to move and it is believed will be washed away. It was erected seventy-five years ago. High water at the plant of the Lancaster Electric Light Company, at Rock Hill, on the Conestoga, affected the system and sections of the city are in darkness tonight.

SEATTLE HAS SEA SERPENT

The Season for Such Things is in Summer. Seattle, Dec. 30.—Although it is a little out of the regular sea-serpent season, West Seattle has come forward with a freak in the marine line which, if captured during the summer months, would have been well worthy of exploitation in connection with the advertisement of the vicinity as a summer resort. The animal in question was taken from the water yesterday afternoon at West Seattle by Moran Dettler, a fisherman, while fishing for perch. It was caught on a hook in the usual manner, but its appearance is so strikingly peculiar that fishermen who have seen it all declare that it is something like of which was never before taken in Puget-Sound waters. The animal has a head something in the shape of that of a monster bulldog, or more like the picture of a typical Chinese dragon. The eyes

HILL INTERESTS FREE TO ACT In Management of the Northern Pacific Road.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 30.—Judge Elliott, of the district court of Hennepin county, today granted a temporary order restraining the officers of the Northern Pacific Railway Company from retiring the preferred stock of that company. The order was issued on the application of Peter Power, of New York, who holds a hundred shares of the common stock. It is supposed that the failure of the action brought in New York courts by holders of preferred stock cleared away the last obstacle to the retirement of the preferred on January 1, leaving the Hill interest free to act. It is inferred, although it does not so appear, that the present action is brought in behalf of the Harriman interests to prevent control passing out of its hands for another year, or until the legal standing of the Northern Securities Company is settled. The claim is set up by Mr. Power in his suit that the retirement of the preferred stock is in violation of the agreement that such retirement would lay no additional burdens upon the common stock, and he holds that the certificates of debenture bonds to be issued to effect the retirement of the preferred stock would become a lien upon the common stock and thus work an injury to his property. It is understood that the block of one hundred shares held by Peter Power is the only block of common now held by controlled and definitely located upon one side or the other, the Harriman people or the Hill-Morgan interest. The restraining order will not only be served on the officials in Minnesota but will be telegraphed to New York and served on the officials there. St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 30.—A special Northern is to make an address January 8 to the Tri-State Grain Growers' and Stockmen's convention, and it is expected that he may make some remarks on the "merger" that will be of interest to the general public. He is expected to make some official declarations of his intentions and the future plans of the roads in the Northwest.

China's Needs.

New York, Dec. 30.—The Rev. N. G. Proun Grew, at present said to be an editor of a Chinese daily paper in San Francisco, preached the principal sermon at the Lenox Presbyterian church, one of the leading churches of this city, recently. The choir music was provided by a trio, which came to New York from San Francisco with Mr. Chew, two of whom were Chinamen brothers, Toy K. Lowe and Chee S. Lowe. Mr. Chew's address was principally along the lines of the needs of China at the present time. "Those who have followed the trend of affairs in China," said he, "know that its needs at the present time are great and varied. The younger generation are clamoring for a new order of things. They are trying to peep into the future instead of slumbering with the past. They believe that China can be rescued from its lethargy by material means—a few more railroads and many more telegraph poles, better armies, better navies. But this young and progressive element in China is wrong. It is Christianity which China needs."

Swept into the Sea.

Tangiers, Morocco, Dec. 29.—A water-spout has burst over the town of Safie, Morocco, sweeping everything into the sea. A hundred persons are reported to have been drowned. There are no Europeans among the dead. The damage to Safie is enormous. Safie is a fortified seaport town of Morocco. It has a population of 12,000, including 3,000 Jews. It is enclosed by massive walls, and has a palace and a small fort.

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