

IN SOUTH END OF TOWN

Death Makes an Early Morning Call on a Business Man.

Hardware Dealer Alexander Godfrey Succumbs to Heart Failure in His Store This Morning.

Early this morning Dr. Hurdman, of the N. W. M. P., was called to South end of town to attend to an illness of Hardware Dealer Godfrey who had been suffering since last Saturday from heart failure, although not being considered seriously ill.

This morning, however, he was stricken with a sudden attack, which grew rapidly worse.

Dr. Hurdman was telephoned for and made haste to respond, as the call had been one of urgency, but before he could cover the distance between his quarters at the barracks and the home of the patient, the latter's troubles, or at least his suffering was over, as he died within a few minutes after the call and the doctor had been made.

Mr. Godfrey was formerly connected with the largest hardware firm doing business in Atlin, B. C., and on the failure of that town came to Dawson, bringing with him his stock of hardware on scows. He had contemplated constituting a much more portentous business in the spring, when he intended bringing a large stock of goods into direct competition with the down town houses.

Whether or not deceased left a family is not known, but he was well and favorably known among business circles and left many warm personal friends to mourn his loss.

Change in Prose Style.

Thirty or forty years ago writers and readers took delight in the delicacies and beauties of prose style. Lamb, Addison, De Quincey and Hawthorne were admired, especially by young men, for attentiveness, elegance, vivid rhetoric and melodious cadence. The vigor and point of Macaulay was imitated by young aspirants. This taste was not cultivated or stimulated by professors of literature—the idea of making any master of prose a subject of study would have been deemed absurd—it was a natural and widely diffused sentiment among all persons of any education. It seems now to have disappeared in great measure. And with it has gone the capacity to write prose except in sensible, unornamented, straightforward manner.

Consider our historians. They are careful, exact, truthful and lucid. But since the death of Froude we may search the pages of the modern writers in vain for examples of rushing narrative, of exciting description, or of any appeal to enthusiasm. All is colorless and unimpassioned. Parkman's brilliancy and Macaulay's fervor are alike out of date. They would be stigmatized as "mere literature" or tawdry rhetoric. The expression of elevated sentiment is no longer the fashion. It is considered "bad form," or the affectation of a mind not solidly ballasted with facts. You may read a hundred novels without finding anything similar to the description of the storm by Dickens in David Copperfield, or a passage suffused with the pathos of Thackeray's description of the death of Col. Kerbowne. The note of the style in modern prose is subdued and repressed. The object of the writer is to suggest quietly. He never lets himself go. Meredith is in many ways the greatest of modern writers of fiction, but his style is epigrammatic and enigmatical, and certainly the reverse of beautiful. Henry James is our greatest stylist, but he seems purposely to shun clarity, he takes special pains to avoid the Addisonian qualities our fathers admired. A balanced sentence is an abomination to him. He is as careful to avoid any expression of enthusiasm for the good or the beautiful or any detestation for the mean as if these qualities did not exist. All this is typical. The maxim of the writers of prose at present is "show no zeal or enthusiasm or you will be laughed at, and to be laughed at is the greatest of misfortunes."

We are far from saying that the old way was the best, though it does seem most natural. We merely wish to call attention to the fact that there are fashions in prose style just as there are in dress. The modern unornamented fashion is far preferable to the excessively antithetical and balanced form which Johnson and Gibbon made the fashion in the 18th century. Men's relations to the principles of the beautiful or at least their manner of expressing their love for it seem to change in different

periods. Today we are more reserved in prose expression than we were 50 years ago. But it is a little remarkable that in expression through the medium of color as shown in painting, household decoration, binding of books and the like, we are bolder than our fathers were. It is impossible, for instance, to find an old book bound in brilliant red.—Hartford Courant.

Two Tight Corners.

"Yes, we have to deal with some queer people and some dangerous people," said a police captain. "and I must say, but not boastfully, that we now and then have to use judgment that is at once quick and reliable. I remember several years ago we had a highwayman in the station house who had shot a man and robbed him. He was a dangerous criminal and a mighty powerful man, and he was in a good position to go down for life or be executed, for his victim was at the point of death. One night he asked that I be sent to his cell. I had arrested him and had tried to get a confession from him, but all my efforts had been vain. He had taken a violent dislike to me, and he had laughed at all my endeavors. The deduction I made when I heard he wished to see me was that he had changed his mind and intended to confess, so I went to the cellroom and talked with him.

"Captain," said he in a confiding way, 'I want you to come in here and sit down. This secret is making a wreck of me, and I want to tell you everything.'"

"He seemed quite penitent, and without any hesitation I opened the cell door and sat down on the bench beside him.

"Is Mr. — going to die?" was his first question.

"The doctor says he cannot live," I replied.

"Then the chances for my going to the chair are better than good?" asked he.

"I replied that they were. The prisoner lapsed apparently into deep meditation, and while the spell was upon him he paced up and down the cell. Suddenly he slammed the door of the cell, placed himself before me and said in a rather fearsome voice:

"I've finished one, and if I do two I can get nothing worse than the chair."

"Saying which, he leaped at me, leading out a powerful blow as he did so. I was, of course, up and ready for him and had a billy in my hand. He had nothing but his big fists, feet and teeth, any of which he was ready and anxious to use, but he was twice a match for me even up. I don't know how I did it. If he had got the best of me just for a second, I would have been pounded to death; there is no doubt of that. I rapped him on the head time and time again with my billy, felt his blood flying over me, heard him snarl and also felt the imprint of his powerful fists. It took me five minutes to lay him out, and I must say that I never spent five busier minutes in my life. Oh, he's in prison now. He's doing 20 years."

"I remember another little experience I had that is not easy to forget. I was sitting in my private office one afternoon when a well built, stylishly clad young man entered, bowed pleasantly and sat down on the edge of the sofa."

"I never was down in this part of the city before," he said, "and, being here, I thought I'd stop in and visit with you."

"That's right," I rejoined. "I'm always glad to receive callers."

"I looked closely at the man. I couldn't place him at all. It seemed that I had seen him some place too. He was about 30 years old, was stalwart and had an attractive face that bore slight traces of dissipation."

"Beg pardon, my friend," said I, "but I really can't just place you. I know we've met, but where?"

"No, we haven't met before. I never saw you before today in my life. I'm from Baltimore. I've heard of you a lot of times."

"The dialogue lagged for a few moments, and in that time I scrutinized the stranger. He mystified me in a small degree, and I was interested in him. He broke the silence:

"Say, captain, I've got something very important to see you about. I'll just close this door, and it's just as well that no one knows what we do or say. Now, I wish first to impress you with the importance of this meeting. It is the most momentous occasion of my life, and on its success or failure depends my future. Captain (the stranger leaned over and whispered in my ear), I'm going to cut your throat!"

"I was sitting with my profile to the stranger, and he was leaning toward me. Casting my eyes sidewise, I saw that he held an opened razor in his right hand. I did not move immediately.

"So you're going to cut my throat?" I said, quietly turning part way around.

"Yes, captain. I have been commanded by God to do so. I'm sorry, but it must be done. Get ready."

"That's all right, my friend. I'm perfectly willing you shall carry out your mission; but, to tell the truth, I hate to get blood all over my furniture here. It wouldn't be nice to dirty up the office, would it? Suppose we go in the back room?"

"That'll do. Come on," rejoined the maniac quickly.

"I got up. The maniac's back was toward me. With one bound I had my arms about his waist and his arms pinned to his side. I then called for help, and two officers rushed into my office. It took four big men to put that maniac in a cell. He's in an asylum now."—Buffalo Express.

A Good Snake Story.

The latest authentic snake story is from North Glenwood Farm, near Easton, one of the country places in Talbot county, Md. The other day a big black snake was seen emerging from an ice pond. It was killed. A protuberance was noticed about the middle. The snake was chopped in two, and a porcelain turkey nest egg rolled out. Captain Noble Robinson was tenant on the farm last year. Mrs. Robinson raised turkeys, using china eggs in their nests. She says that 14 months ago she missed the nest egg from a nest near the ice pond. She supposed a boy who had the range of the meadow had taken it. When the egg from the snake was shown to Mrs. Robinson, she identified it as one she had lost by a certain incised mark upon it. The snake had carried the china egg 14 months in his vermiform appendix, apparently without appendicitis. But he must have thought very hard of it and that it was very singular that it could not be digested.

Countries That Teach Gardening.

School gardens were established in Belgium many years ago, and it is said that to them is due the prosperity of the rural population, the larger portion being engaged in truck gardening. After the introduction of agriculture into the public schools of France, by a law passed in 1885 school gardens increased in that country. Annual appropriations have been devoted to an extension of the system in Switzerland since 1885.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOLING.

The time I've lost in wooling,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she taught me;
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
Her smile when beauty granted
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,
Whom maids by night
Of meet in glen that's haunted
Like him, too, beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh, winds could not putrun me!
And are these follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas, the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever. —Thomas Moore.

Notice.

Any person who went to Seattle on steamer City of Seattle that arrived about July 4th will confer a favor by seeing. A. D. WILLIAMS.

Notice.

Miss B. V. Robson can learn something to her advantage by calling at the Nugget office.

The Fairview.

Mrs. Blaker has assumed charge of the Fairview dining room and will give her personal attention to the cuisine of the house. Every delicacy obtainable is on the Fairview bill of fare and the service is unexcelled.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowrey's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons, in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Xmas at the Pioneer drug store. You know what that means.

RE-OPENING OF GREEN TREE.

A Big Time to Be Had There Tomorrow Night.

Tom Bruce & Bruce & Hall, has girded up his loins, figuratively speaking, and is now engaged in remodeling the Green Tree hotel and saloon. It is his intention to make the Green Tree the leading resort of this city, and if comfortable quarters upstairs and elegant and attractive furnishings and high-class commodities at the bar below can accomplish the result his success is assured. All the rooms have been repapered, new furniture has been purchased, electric lights and electric call bells have been installed and the apartments are furnished with all the accessories of a first-class hotel. A billiard table is set up in the large room back of the bar, the whole place being brilliantly illuminated with electric lights.

Tomorrow night a grand reopening of the Green Tree is to take place when the genial host will dispense the cup that cheers as well as some of the solid comforts for the inner man. The Holborn restaurant under the same management is enjoying an ever-increasing patronage and during the dinner-hour the best people in town are to be found discussing a well-cooked and carefully served repast.

Going to Whitehorse with a fast dog team; one passenger wanted. Apply E. M. Culbertson, Belmont, Third avenue.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

For special designs in jewelry see Soggs & Vesco, Third st., opp. A. C.

Public Notice.

Under ordinance No. 38, of 1900, an ordinance respecting vaccination, two public vaccinators have been appointed namely, Dr. Macfarlane, First avenue, Dawson, for Dawson and neighborhood, and Dr. La Chapelle at Grand Forks, for Bonanza and Eldorado with their tributaries.

All residents in those districts who have not complied with the said ordinance in procuring declaration of cer-

tificates according to schedules A or B of said ordinance before the end of the year shall be dealt with according to the provisions of said ordinance.

Dated at Dawson this 13th day of December, 1900.

J. H. MACARTHUR, M. C. H. Dr. Macfarlane's hours in office daily, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

A new and large jewelry store now occupied by Lindeman; Monte Carlo building.

Mumm's, Pomerey or Perinet champagne \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

THE TACOMA BOYS

YOU CAN HOLD US UP

If we don't succeed in Pleasing and Satisfying You in every particular.

OUR MONEY IS YOURS

CLARKE & RYAN, GROCERS
Corner 6th St. and 2nd Ave.

Now Girls

If you're going to give Benny or George or Charlie a Christmas Present, just let us whisper a word of advice.

Cut Out....

Those silk cuff boxes, handkerchief cases, embroidered neckties.

GIVE HIM a Good Pipe or a box of Good Cigars, if he smokes; A Razor or Shaving Set, or may be a pair of Military Brushes will be appreciated by him.

We have just what he would like.

Alaska Commercial COMPANY

Telephone 23

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between
Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.

SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS,
General Manager

S. M. IRWIN,
Traffic Manager

J. H. ROGERS,
Agent

Xmas Goods

I have just opened a case of Quadruple Plate Silverware in

Jewel Powder Boxes
Smoker Sets
Biscuit Jars
Children's Mugs
Photo frames
Ink Stands, Etc., etc.

I have a large line of useful articles for Christmas Gifts

Ties, Fur Mitts
Slippers, Handkerchiefs
Smoking Jackets, Etc., etc.

Mail Is Quick

Telegraph Is Quicker

'Phone Is Instantaneous

YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE

SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN

And All Way Points.

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

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

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

Miners Attention!

MEET THE BOYS AT HOME
When in town they stop at

Hotel Flannery

HADLEY'S STAGE LINE Leaves Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Gold Run, Dominion, Etc., reasonable rates from Hotel Office.

STABLES FOR HORSES AND DOGS

SECOND ST. G. Vernon, Prop.
DET. 2ND & 3RD AVES.

WE HAVE

1 40 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN

also TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS

The DAWSON HARDWARE CO.

2ND AVE. PHONE 36

**Wall Paper...
Paper Hanging**

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue