

DREXELS MAY FOLLOW ASTOR.
Rumored They Are to Become Subjects of Queen Victoria.

New York, Oct. 20. — Anthony J. Drexel, son of the late A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, it is said here, is soon to swear allegiance to Queen Victoria. Both Mr. and Mrs. Drexel have become enamored of London life and society. Mrs. Drexel, who was the beautiful Miss Alexander, of Baltimore, was a great success during the last London season. Her beauty and costly gowns attracted much attention, even in the big whirl of London society.

They passed the season at the Berkley hotel in Piccadilly, but if they make England their permanent residence they will take a large house and entertain on a lavish scale. They took Norway's castle, on the Isle of Wight, for the summer, and during Cowes week entertained among others the Duchess of Somerset.

Easily Answered.

Whenever there was to be an examination at school little Sammy generally had a sudden attack of illness.

This time, however, his memory turned traitor, so he found himself an unwilling victim.

The questions were unusually hard that day, and Sammy felt that he was doomed. His only hope was that the teacher would not call him up; but even this began to vanish, and when at last he heard his name, Sammy arose with the air of a martyr.

"Now, Sammy," began the teacher, "I want you to tell me in which battle Lord Nelson was killed."

Sammy was in despair, but he must prove himself equal to the emergency. "Did you say Lord Nelson?" he asked cautiously.

"Yes."

"Which battle?"

"Yes. In which battle was he killed?"

"Wal," said Sammy, with apparent surprise at such an easy question "I specs it must be'n his last."—Seattle P.-I.

The Analogy That Failed.

After much labor the savant discovered that Queen Victoria's father was one of nine sons; the Queen is the ninth sovereign since the revolution and was born in the nineteenth century, in 1819; the queen has had nine children; the Prince of Wales was born on Nov. 9 and married the Princess of Wales in her nineteenth year; the princess, too, is the daughter of Christian IX of Denmark.

With pardonable pride he presented to the world the fruit of his researches.

"But," the carping critic at once protested with his usual cruel sneer, "here are but seven facts. Where are the other two?"

The savant swooned, for he was sensitive, and all the world grieved with him.—Detroit Journal.

Her Mistake.

"Are you afraid to go down stairs and look for that burglar?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.

"Certainly not. I am perfectly willing to go and look for him. But, Henrietta, I'm afraid you have been making a mistake with me all these years. You ought to have developed my conversational powers more. After I find the burglar I won't know what to say to him. You'll have to stand at the head of the stairs and do the talking."—Washington Star.

The Change She Needed.

Mr. Clubman (appearing at the breakfast table for the first time in a month)—You are looking depressed and discontented, dear. I believe you require a change.

Mrs. Clubman—I am well aware of that, John, but I can't get it without going through the distasteful notoriety of divorce proceedings.—Richmond Dispatch.

Drowned While Saving a Baby's Life.

Spokane, Oct. 20.—Paul Montgomery, miner and carpenter, in saving the life of a baby at Lake Coeur d'Alene, became exhausted from his efforts and sank. The baby was uninjured, Montgomery leaves a wife and four children in California.

The Pacific coast must be suffering from a poultry famine if the report that Missouri is about to ship 200,000 live chickens to Hawaii is correct. It is high time our farmers and poultrymen were up and doing.—Seattle P.-I.

The Unpardonable Breach.

"Maud, would you sue a man for breach of promise?"

"Not unless the promise he had made was to buy me ice cream."—Chicago Record.

Professional Sprinters.

"In the terrible hate av' th' Philipines," said the janitor philosopher, "our brave byes found it hard t' move

around. But not so wid the enemy. Them haythin are jist loike molasses—th' hotter it isth' faster they run."—Chicago News.

Could Sympathize With Him.

Uncle Rube—How's your boy gettin' on at college?

Uncle Townley—Not any too well. He's blowing himself on comic opera. Uncle Rube—By George, that's like my Joshaway! Whistles all the time.—Chicago Tribune.

Unheard of.

Hobb—There's something almost supernatural about the way your wife and mine agree.

Nobb—Is there? I never thought of it.

"Why man, they both like the same doctor."—Detroit Free Press.

FILIPINO.

With a rag about his middle
An' a basket on his head,
An' a mess o' rice for dinner,
An' a scrap o' mat for bed,
An' a yaller cigarette
For to puff away his care,
He has all—an' he has nothin'—
Like a bloomin' millionaire.

He's a cross between a Tagal
An' a Malay an' a don;
Such a red-hot mixture, demme,
Isn't found the world upon;
An' his vices, which are many,
Bear the old-time Spanish brand,
An' his virtues, where're any,
Must explode as they expand.

But he's generous an' politeful
In his house o' leaves an' twigs;
He is fond o' shows an' music,
An' o' playin' lottery gigs;
In religion he's a Christian,
Tho' he holds a private view
That his little wooden idols
Also knows a thing or two.

He's a jolly little beggar
If you only take him right,
An' there is no doubt whatever
He's a good 'un in a fight;
With a hop an' skip advancin',
'Twas a sight to see his jags
Shootin' off his bows an' arrers
'Gainst the Maxims an' the Kraggs.

So be easy with him; let us,
Kind o' heart an' calm o' brain,
Think o' what theu poor cuss suffered
From three hundred years of Spain.
Lift him, teach him, an' befriend him,
An' perhaps some future day
He will march brigaded with us
At the carvin' o' Cathay.
—Private Will Stokes in Leslie's Weekly.

A Feminine Victim.

Mr. Lingerer—I must tell you about the dream I had last night. It was an awfully pleasant one.

Miss Weary (indifferently)—Indeed! Mr. Lingerer—Yes; I dreamed that I was hundreds of miles away from here. Miss Weary (with enthusiasm)—Oh, how delightful!—Richmond Dispatch.

Like Its Father.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby is trying to talk again. It's wonderful how he takes after you."

"What was he talking about?" "I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as he could be."—Washington Star.

Why They Didn't Suit.

"I'll have to have these collars exchanged," she said. "They'll never do at all."

"The one you have on looks all right," he asserted. "Preposterous," she replied. "It isn't high enough to feel uncomfortable under the chin."—Chicago Post.

How to Draw Them.

"Did you hear about that New York woman who gave 100,000 to a man who rescued her from drowning?"

"Yes. If there were more women like that at the seashore, they would never have to deplore a lack of men at the resorts."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Incident in Hub Life.

Western Relative—Do zey make 'ittle tootsy wootsy eat with an ugly old spooney?

Boston Infant—They compel me to receive my alment from an objectionable implement of silver.—Jeweler's Weekly.

In New York's Four Hundred.

"What a remarkably energetic woman Mrs. Gitter is."

"Isn't she? I never knew her to show sluggishness but once."

"When was that?"

"Why, after she got her first divorce she let two whole days go by before she married again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You can get stationery in big variety at the Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

HOW IS THIS?
The Nugget will print you 1000 BUSINESS CARDS on Fine Cut Stock, Round or Square Corners, for
\$10.00
Our immense stock of job printing material has reached Dawson in safety. We have the most complete line of office stationery in the city. Let us stock you up with Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, Hand Bills or anything else in the printing line.
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ANY OLD THING FOR SALE
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Finest Liquors. Our Cigars are famous for their excellency. Front St., nr. the Dominion.

THE VERY FIRST MAN.
Two Pictures Believed to Be Oldest Drawings of Human Beings.
A few months ago excavations were being made in a little-explored part of Egypt, when, in an ancient tomb, one of the relic hunters came across a potsherd, upon which pictures had been skillfully drawn with some sharp instrument.
Little was thought of the "find" at the time, but the finder—a Berlin doctor—a few days ago was showing the potsherd, with his other Egyptian relics, to a German savant, who begged to be allowed to more carefully examine the drawings at his home.
He has now given it as his opinion that they are the oldest pictures of mankind in existence, at least 300 years older than is any previous discovery of the kind.—London Mail.

Eclipsed.
"Jones was in today with a lot of fish stories."
"And did you let him tell them?"
"I let him tell one, and then I opened up with a lot of bug stories that made his fishing stories sound as out of date as a last year's popular song."—Indianapolis Journal.

Suspicious Talk.
Martha—Do you really believe those are real diamonds that Mrs. Karet wears?
Minna—I hardly know what to think. They look genuine, but she talks enough about them for rhinestones.—Boston Transcript.

Had a Sure Thing.
Citizen—Why don't you reform and become an honest man?
Beggars—No, sir. You don't catch me giving up a sure thing for an uncertainty.—Judge.

Montana Wool Clip.
Big Timber, Mont., Oct. 20.—The wool season has come to a close, with a record of 2,450,000 pounds of wool received. Prices ranged from 14 1/2 to 18 cents per pound.

A Base Slander.
Tenderfoot—I have been told that the people here are absolutely lawless.
Native—That's a mistake. We've got plenty of laws, only nobody pays much attention to 'em.—New York Journal.

An Insinuation.
"Do you have any doubts about it?"
"Not if you say so."
"Then you admit it?"
"Certainly not!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Good Suggestion.
Raiser—Don't put too much water on my hair. My head might leak, and I'd have water on the brain.
Barber—Why don't you have your hair shingled, then?—Princeton Tiger.

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Freighters and Forwarders
Pack Trains and Freight Teams.
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The Hotel McDonald
Electric Light, Bells, Hot Air and all modern conveniences.
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
HOTEL McDONALD CAFE
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SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY....
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Cuisine unexcelled in the city.
H. W. LEONARD, Prop.

One Dollar
A splendid course dinner served daily at
THE HOLBORN
Ask the boys what they think of it. Short orders a specialty. Connecting with the Green Tree.
BRUCE & HALL, Props.

Clang! Clang! Clang!
Goes the hammer on the anvil.
Blacksmithing by blacksmiths, horseshoeing by horseshoers, wagon making by wagon makers.
J. STANLEY & CO.,
Second Av., Near Fifth St.

A Certain Way.
"How can you tell mushrooms from toadstools, little boy?"
"Easy. If de guy dat eats them is alive next day, dey's mushrooms. If he's shifted off de mortal coil, den deys toadstools."—Chicago News.
The Nugget Express has made a special rate of 50 cents for carrying the Nugget's special illustrated edition to the coast. The first dog team will start as soon as the ice will permit.

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