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### MISSION OF LILY LUHUPA

#### Will Travel Over Islands of the Pacific

#### Warn Women to Not Trifle With Men's Hearts As Marie Trifled With Kealoha.

Lily Luhupa, a beautiful young woman, has dreamed herself a wandering life among the islands of the Pacific. Wherever the brown waves of her race live and love and where she will go to preach the message of constancy.

"I have one and live for one only" was her watchword.

Though love has been denied her, Lily Luhupa will teach her sisters to love as the dearest blessing on earth, and not a thing to be tossed like a faded lei.

Two weeks ago Kealoha Makahi, young Hawaiian fisherman, shot Marie Kalamakee because she trifled with his love. Over her body Kealoha wrote a message warning to all women who goad such crimes as his. Then he traveled quickly from Honolulu to Hilo, the home of Lily Luhupa. She read his dying statement and determined to sound his warning note among the women of the tropical isles dotting the Pacific.

Lily Luhupa loved Kealoha. She knew his heart was given to a different Maria Kalamakee, and she understood the love which she herself felt when Maria and Kealoha lay in their death. She has taken up the burden, and she forces her to wander far from the white Hilo. But her heart is in warning all native women of the land of reviving men as Marie Kalamakee.

Kealoha wrote his dying statement in the language of the Hawaiian. "To the Whole World," he wrote his remarkable letter, written in blood at his elbow.

"When Kalamakee lies dead and I will soon go to join her, either in heaven or hell. I write this of my unhappy death that women may be warned by it. It was my wish that Maria promised to my wife and my heart was as a stone. But when the wedding day she suddenly changed her heart and my heart turned to stone.

Twice again did she make life glad by promising to marry me, but after all preparations were made she refused at the last moment.

"So I left Honolulu without seeing the one I loved, but at Waianae she came into the car where I was sitting and began talking to me, but I did not answer her. At Kaneohe, where my place is, and where I followed my trade of fishing, I left the train and got out. My loved one went back to Waialua. I lived alone at this place, keeping all my sorrows to myself, although whether I slept or was awake in the night or in the day and in the rain and in the wind, or when the sun was shining, or when the fireflies were in the cane, I was always thinking of her and ever was she before me. I loved her more than any man ever loved a woman, but she—though I thought I understood girls—she humbugged me all the time in every way.

"About this time I began to think of doing what now you know I have done. When I had satisfied myself that she was only toying with me, making me love her, then casting me aside, only to make me love her more than ever until she grew tired again, I felt very badly. I wasn't right. It was something like a fish nibbling at the bait and letting go again—always nibbling, but never biting. Some may say I am foolish to do this because I could get other sweethearts, as I am a young man.

"But this is not for me. My love is not a wave that kisses every beach, and when I love once I love always.

"Maria's actions and manners were those of a child. I never heard of a woman of her age doing what she has done and she will pay the penalty when the black deed is done. It is better for a woman once loving a man to love him always and to live with him in happiness so that she will then be an ornament to the home, like a hat that is fit for the king to wear.

"Listen, oh women, whether white or brown, to Kealoha from whom the warm blood will soon be flowing. Never trifle with the love of a man. You see the black deed that such trifling has caused me to stain my soul with—I have had to do something that is not good. It must be taken into consideration that the one I loved was not stupid and that she was well educated and had lived with intelligent people. Such inconstancy must have been put into her heart by the kahunas (witch doctors). When a woman's heart is not constant she is like a worm-eaten apple.

"Remember, women of all kinds, the fate of Kealoha and Maria. She lies there dead and will never steal men's hearts, for I have fired the shot at her which has brought her to the grave, and soon will turn the pistol at my own breast. Before my hand is cold I ask the legislature to prevent

women from playing with the love that is in men's hearts, for trifling will turn sweetness to bitter poison. It will bring men to commit black deeds as I have done.

"There is one woman in Hilo who will mourn for Kealoha and Maria. But she must not beat her breast and tear the flowers from her hair. Nor should she go to the kahunas, for their witchery will not heal her sorrow. Let Lily point out tragically before the eye of all Hawaiian women, that they will read the lesson of our cruel deaths.

"With this warning to you women and my love to my friends and enemies I cease writing. I want you all to mourn me from Ewa to the far islands. I have died owing to the one I love.

"KEALOHA MAKAHI"

Kealoha's "hand is cold," but the Hawaiian legislature has not framed his dying request. It has not framed a law "to prevent women from playing with the love that is in men's hearts." Nor is it likely to do so, for such affairs are beyond the powers of legislation. But Lily Luhupa will carry on Kealoha's wishes. She did not "beat her breast" nor "tear the flowers from her hair," nor did she "go to the kahunas." Instead she will travel from Ewa to the far islands to tell the women to remember the fate of Maria Kalamakee, who trifled with a good man's love. Kealoha's letter will smart the ears of the just and the unjust, for she will read it to them all, that the guilty may reform and the innocent may take warning.

Lily Luhupa is very beautiful according to the standards of her race. She is still in the flush of youth and has many suitors, but she will not wed. Her love for Kealoha was as fervent as his for Maria. It began in the days when they were children at the mission school. Kealoha was several years older than Lily, but her little hand guided his clumsy fingers over the crooked English letters that her quick mind easily mastered. Her childish affection ripened into a woman's love and when they parted, he went to his father's home in Hilo, and she to her father's home in Hilo, she counted the days between her visits to Honolulu, when Kealoha could come to see her.

Last May Lily went to visit an aunt in Honolulu. Kealoha had written to her that he longed to see her for a great love had stolen into his heart and she alone could help him. He did not guess the false hopes Lily built on this letter. Her first interview with him shattered her air castles. Kealoha told Lily of his love for Maria Kalamakee and begged her to persuade Maria to marry him without delay. Lily Luhupa, descendant of a Hawaiian chief who lorded

it in the days before the white man came, suffered this blow to her hopes without a moan. She went to her rival and pleaded with that coquette till she promised to marry Kealoha as soon as arrangements for the wedding could be completed.

Lily helped make the wedding dress and attended to all the details for the ceremony. But on her wedding eve Maria suddenly decided that the marriage must be postponed and the arguments of Lily and the anger of Kealoha she insisted on the postponement. So the wedding dress was folded away, the decorations torn down and the sweets scattered among the children.

June was an unhappy month for Kealoha and his unselfish friend. But Maria enjoyed her lover's impatience and laughed at Lily's warning not to go too far with her lover. After much dallying the wedding day was again set and preparations once more were completed. But at the eleventh hour the changeable Maria again refused to have the ceremony performed and Kealoha's hopes went a-glimmering. Lily again set herself the task of bringing Maria to terms, and the wedding day was set for the third time. Then Lily left for her home in Hilo, expecting daily to hear of their marriage.

Instead came the tragedy enacted by the hopeless and embittered Kealoha and the dying appeal to Lily to take his heart-breaking story and bear it over the islands of the Pacific as a warning to all women who trifle with the love of good men.

Lily Luhupa says that since his death Kealoha has twice appeared to her in her dreams and earnestly implored her to carry out the mission. Her former teachers at the mission school, who know the fervid nature of the noble girl, have tried to convince her that the visions are but the creatures of her high-strung temperament. He that as it may, Lily Luhupa is preparing to carry out the wishes of Kealoha and will leave on her mission at once.

LOST—From stage Sept. 28 on Hunter road near 69 roadhouse, a tan satchel containing \$96 in currency, bank book and personal effects. Mrs. P. Stewart. Finder return to Nugget office or 69 roadhouse, Hunter.

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### PLEASURE IN SELF-DENIAL

#### Max O'Rell's Story of a Thoughtful Husband.

A few weeks ago I published an article on Bohemianism, in which I attempted to show that no pleasure is enjoyable which costs nothing, that no gift is really appreciated and touching which costs no sacrifice, that happiness consists in contentment with always some wish left unsatisfied, and that the sweetest and most enjoyed pleasures in life are the pleasures of poverty.

I should like to be well off, but I should dread to be rich enough to satisfy all my desires and those of the people around me.

I would not be a millionaire for the world, especially if I wanted to keep the heart of a woman I loved.

The only happiness possible for a millionaire must lie in giving his money away to help his less favored fellow creatures.

The surest way, indeed the only way, perhaps, to prove to a woman that we love her, is to let her constantly feel that we can make sacrifices for her.

To illustrate all this, I gave many instances taken from my personal reminiscences, including that of a loving couple enjoying great wealth, who never found real happiness, who never thoroughly enjoyed themselves except when they succeeded in forgetting that they were rich and played at poverty and Bohemianism.

A dear, good fellow writes me the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Your article on 'Bohemianism' has done me a great deal of good, and has taught me how to be happy. I am a hard-working man, with a wife and two little children, whom I dearly love. For five years I have not had a holiday, because I could not afford it without denying my wife and children some of the comforts of life.

"I one day made the resolution to save enough, little by little, to give myself a few days' treat by the sea or in the mountains. I smoked a pipe and saved 15 cents on a cigar, walked to the office and kept the fare until I had succeeded in accumulating the amount of \$30.

"I saw my coveted few days' rest looming in sight. One evening, however, my dear wife expressed the wish to possess a sewing machine. Had she had the remotest idea that I was the hoarder of \$30, she would have cut off her tongue before doing so.

"Well, it didn't take me long to make up my mind what to do with

that money, and the next day the dear girl had the wish of her heart, and I'm getting more happiness and a more enjoyable holiday sitting by that machine and watching my wife make baby clothes than I would be having lounging comfortably by the sea smoking a 25-cent cigar.

"I have had so many kisses since that machine was bought that I am going to save another \$30 as soon as I can.

"Baby seems to see the fun too. I never heard the dear little kid crow so cheerfully before."

My friend is right. If you want to be happy, make some one happy and you will enjoy a good time.

The love of a woman is to be had that way. It is the direct road to her heart. The happiest couples are not the richest, but the least selfish ones. If you cannot afford to give your dear wife a useful present, or even indulge in a passing little fancy without a sacrifice, make that sacrifice. You will thus penetrate the inmost corners of her heart and invest your money at a thousand per cent.

Write my correspondent. Suggest good cigars, fill up your pipe with tobacco and your heart with love.

The sight of a cheerful, happy, loving and grateful wife making baby clothes with her sewing machine bought at the price of a holiday, is a better and healthier holiday for you than any you can have by the sea or in the mountains.

MAX O'RELL.

Tenders.

Tenders will be received up to and including the 31st day of October, 1901, for the following horses owned by the government of the Yukon territory: One gray draught horse, one chestnut saddle or driving horse, one pair (bay) draught horses. For further information apply to D. R. McFarlane, superintendent local improvements, comptroller's office. Tenders to be addressed to the commissioner of the Yukon territory, Dawson and marked "Tender" for horses.

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THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M. will be held at Maenan hall, Mission street, monthly Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.

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