

DAWSON BUTCHERS JOLLIFY

By Holding First Annual Banquet Last Night.

The Event Being Under the Auspices of the Butchers' Protective Association - A Pleasant Occasion.

From Tuesday's Daily. The Butchers' Protective Association which was organized a short time ago for the purpose of establishing a currency basis upon which to conduct the meat business of this country held its first annual banquet last night at the Pioneer hall.

Besides the members of the Association, which includes all of the meat merchants, wholesale and retail, of the town and vicinity, invitations had been very generously extended to a number of the leading merchants and professional men of the city so that in all there were nearly fifty surrounding the festive banquet board when time was called and the first course was served.

- Manhattan Cocktail. Eastern Oysters. Bisque. Of res. Dill Pickles. Salted Almonds. Grouse on Toast. St. Julia. Turkey, Cranberry Sauce. Cold Prime Rib of Beef. Saddle of Lamb. Dupree Ham. Ox Tongue. Salads. Shrimps and Lobsters. Chocolate Ecstasies. Boston Cream Puffs. Assorted Cake. Oranges. Apples. Bon Bons. Cigars. Cafe Noir.

After the wants of everyone had been supplied and the banquet board had materially changed its appearance and lost considerable of the attractions it possessed in the earlier part of the evening, toasts were presented and responded to and the balance of the morning was passed with songs, speeches, matches of wisdom, wit and eloquence.

Mr. L. C. Tranton, of the Pacific Cold Storage Co., president of the association, acted in the capacity of toastmaster, a position which his wit and eloquence enabled him to fill admirably.

Mr. N. P. Shaw responded to the toast "King Edward the VII." and was followed by Thos. McGowan in a toast to the President of the United States, and was followed by L. R. Fuida, W. A. Beddoe, R. H. Palmer, G. S. C. Barton, John Gilson and a number of others in short speeches.

Gowan, Mr. Diehl, J. Stevenson, L. R. Fuida.

ELDORADO AND BONANZA

Resume: Winter Work, Gaieties and Festivities.

Mr. Link the popular and well-known butcher of Grand Forks is doing business in town today.

Mr. D. O. Stephenson from No. 11 Victoria Gulch is in town for a few days. Mr. Geo. Lee of Gold Hill had a very narrow escape last Monday morning. He was working in a shaft and when he was ready to come up he gave the signal to hoist. When about 30 feet up suddenly the loop which his foot was in came loose and he dropped to the bottom of the shaft. It was a miracle that he was not killed, as in the bottom of the shaft were two skids about 2 feet apart and about 2 feet from the bottom. It so happened that Mr. Lee fell between the skids; he thinks his left foot struck one of the skids for he broke the socket bone in left heel and sprained his right ankle.

Mr. Lee says a thousand thoughts seemed to fly through his mind in a moment, his first thought being that he would be instantly killed, then he thought that he would have some of his limbs broken. A sickening sensation came over him all in a few seconds. Mr. Lee says it seemed as though he was several minutes falling when in reality he was only a few seconds. He received a horrible shaking up but at present is getting along nicely. He has his foot in a cast. Mr. Lee says it was not a pleasant journey and he would not care to go through the ordeal again.

The Stockade roadhouse at No. 19 below Bonanza has been fitted up with all modern improvements. The proprietor, Mr. Thos. McMullen, has put in a barber shop to cater to the wants of his numerous patrons. There has been a marked improvement lately in his business as he is very popular with the traveling public.

The Strathcona at Magnet City is doing a large and flourishing business on strictly cash principles. The Magnet City hotel operated by Mr. Fred McKay is keeping the good reputation that the house has always held and continues to have a large number of steady boarders.

The Occidental on No. 25 below which caters extensively to the traveling public is doing a good business furnish their patrons with good accommodation. The Nugget has offered \$50 for the best song. We certainly expect our Jos. Webb will compete for the prize and uphold the name of Grand Forks as he has established a reputation as a poet.

Mr. McLaughlin is down from No. 29 above on Bonanza on business.

Her Playing. "Do you play much nowadays, Miss Smith?" he asked as they seated themselves after the wait. "Only occasionally," she replied. "I have neglected my music shamefully of late and am quite out of practice."

"I was passing your house last evening," he went on, "and stood at the gate for a moment to hear you play. Instead of getting out of practice I think you are improving, if any improvement is possible," he added lightly.

"Last evening?" she questioned. "Yes, about 9 o'clock."

"You are mistaken. I was at the opera last evening," she said as she accented an invitation from another gentleman to dance. "It was the man tuning the piano you heard."

Growing Like a Snowball

Rolling Down Hill!

That is the way the Nugget's circulation has increased since the subscription price was reduced to

\$3.00 PER MONTH!

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper.

Don't forget that the Nugget will be delivered at your door for the nominal sum of \$3.00 per month.

Yukon Song. The Nugget this year proposes to offer fifty dollars for a song. This Yukon territory, in the growth and prosperity of which every inhabitant takes the very deepest interest, has been celebrated the world over by newspapers and magazines, and books even, have been devoted to descriptions of its wonderful richness. But its praises have never yet been set to music. It is for the purpose of remedying this oversight that the Nugget makes its present offer. We desire to publish a song which will represent to Yukon what the "Maple Leaf" is to the Dominion, what "America" is to the United States, and what "God Save the King" or "Rule, Britannia" are to Great Britain. The prize of fifty dollars will be offered for the words only. The music will be cared for later on. We therefore invite every poet in the territory in whom the divine spark has been planted to call upon the muse and compete for the prize. Please note the following conditions: (1) The song is to contain five stanzas (2) No limitation is to be placed as to the metre or length of the verses. (3) Manuscripts signed with name de plume and accompanied by sealed envelope containing real name and non de plume must be received at this office not later than December 20th. A competent committee of judges will be selected to decide upon the merits of the verses submitted and the award will be made in accordance with their decision. Everyone who desires may compete and we hope that a lively interest in the contest will be awakened.

SALTMAN HELD OVER

On Charge of Defrauding Thos. G. Wilson.

Jacob A. Saltman, who was arrested last Friday on the charge of obtaining goods to the value of \$483.65 on November 28th, from Thomas G. Wilson, the importer and wholesale merchant, was before Magistrate Macaulay this morning on preliminary hearing. Saltman on November 18th secured over \$800 worth of goods on credit from Wilson and it was on misrepresentation as to their disposal that caused the merchant to trust him for the last lot, Saltman alleged while on route with the \$800 lot to Gold Run and that the goods there unsold, while in reality he had disposed of them at that time. Saltman also represented to Wilson on that date that he had paid out \$1400 in Dawson immediately preceding that date and that he then owed no money to any one except him. Wilson. He said he had settled large bills with the Ames and N. C. Co.'s and it was on these statements that Wilson extended him further credit. The cashiers of both the Ames and N. C. Co.'s were in court this morning and testified that Saltman had not paid them the money, he said he had.

The defense had very little to offer in the way of evidence and Saltman was held over in the sum of \$4000 to answer to the higher court. It is said an effort will be made to secure bondmen and his consequent release from jail where he is now confined.

GOLD BOTTOM NEWS NOTES

Events of One of the Liveliest Corners of the District.

A social entertainment was held at Discovery on Gold Bottom creek on Friday evening. A number of Hunkerties were present and report a good time and no headaches next morning. Wm. Lemox had a telephone placed in his store.

Mr. Cliff Bolling of the Gold Bottom hotel has added a barber to his staff. Major Wood and Capt. Routledge paid a visit to the village last week. Now is the time to buy flour. It's away down. There's war on the knife along flour lines among our local merchants.

Dr. Bell of Caribou paid a fraternal visit to Dr. Clendennan Monday. He says Dominion people keep well and hearty in spite of him. Rev. John Pringle of Grand Forks called on his brother George this week.

The children on Hunker are right up-to-date. The other day in school one of 8 years raised her hand to ask a question. On being asked what was wanted she said: "Please, teacher, what is the figure next the trap-spot?"

Turkey Raffle. Mr. J. T. Burkland of No. 4 above upper on Dominion, is in the city on business. He is preparing for a big shooting match and turkey raffle Christmas afternoon. There are a number of crack shots on Dominion and competition for the championship will be spirited.

Map of Koyukuk. Adolph Mosheim has prepared and placed on sale a blue print map of the Koyukuk. It is on a scale of 10 miles to the inch and shows all the creeks and their tributaries in that district. The map would be a valuable guide to anyone intending leaving for Koyukuk. It is on sale at Kilgore's.

Shod, the Dawson dog doctor, Pioneer drug store. Don't fail to see the cartoons at the Pioneer saloon.

DAWSON WHIST CLUB

Meets and Perfects Organization Last Night.

The weekly meeting of the Dawson Whist Club was held on Monday the 9th December, at the residence of Mr. A. F. Nicol. Those present were: Hugh McKinnon (presiding), Chas. McDonald, H. G. Herbert, J. B. Warden, D. S. MacKenzie, F. T. Congdon, H. E. Ridley, H. J. Jemmitt, B. A. Howes, A. E. Marks, A. F. Nicol, F. G. Crisp, W. C. Noble, F. W. Wood.

It was decided to accept the invitation of Messrs. Marks and Jemmitt of the Bank of Commerce to meet next week at their quarters in the old bank building. Messrs. H. E. Ridley, A. F. Nicol and F. G. Crisp, the committee appointed to draft a set of club rules, submitted the following for consideration, and these were unanimously adopted: 1. The club shall meet once a week, on Monday night, at such place as may be determined from time to time. Play shall begin at 8 o'clock and cease at 11:30. 2. Tables for play shall be formed by cutting or by agreement. 3. A membership fee of \$2 shall be paid by all members. 4. "Cavendish" rules shall govern all play. 5. Games of seven points shall be played, and in ascertaining the score, all points made by the winning players shall be counted, the points won being determined by deducting the score of the losing players from that of the winning players. 6. Each player shall keep an accurate record of his score in each evening's play and upon the termination of the play shall hand to the official scorer a memorandum of such score. 7. It shall be the duty of the official scorer to keep all records of scores and at the end of the season's play to make returns to the president, showing the result in the case of each player.

Give the boy a fine knife for Xmas. See Shindler. Job Printing at Nugget office.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED-At once, woman to cook for road house on river. Apply Telegraph Cabin, Seventh street north and Third ave., just below old graveyard. c10

OLD PAPERS IN BUNDLES, FOR SALE AT THE NUGGET OFFICE FIVE CENTS A POUND.

HOLME, MILLER & CO. Boilers, Engines, Hoists and Pumps. DAWSON

THE HEART OF THE ACTRESS

Was Hard to Satisfy as Many Men Learned

Finally She Married a Big Rough Cold-storage Man That Was Very Rude to Her.

Being at foundation a womanly woman she always expected to marry. I say expected instead of hoped because she had constantly too many admirers to doubt her opportunity to her mind it was simply a question of meeting the right man. She felt sure that when the right man came she would be willing to give up everything for him; indeed she contemplated with a certain serene satisfaction the coming of a time when her triumphs and ambitions and fame and freedom would be exchanged for the proud servitude of wifehood.

Still she wasn't in a hurry to meet the right man. He would come when he did come-and when it did come it couldn't be helped, and she would be glad. Upon various occasions she had thought him come.

Upon these occasions she had experienced a distinct sensation of trepidation. She had conscientiously given the admirer a fair chance to prove himself the right man, but had always been downright glad when he had failed to do so. The admirer always made some mistake fatal to his interests.

Perhaps he lost his head and went down on knees; that always immediately settled it. She was much too proud and too humble a woman to be willing to marry a man who went down on his knees about it.

Or he lost his head and threatened to shoot himself or drink himself to death or jump in the bay.

She permitted men who loved her certain privileges-they might kiss her hand, come to the theater and see her play and love her flowers and feel miserable about her.

Any one of them, she realized, might develop into the right man, so she treated them all conscientiously. She never mistook them or led them on and since she was frank with them and never discourteous she felt she had a right to be exacting about their manners, and she always was.

Upon the three or four occasions when a man's devotion had stirred in her a certain degree of interest she had rigidly demanded time to find out and to make up her mind. To find-out-meant to satisfy herself that the man in question and the "right man" were one of "identity". To make up her mind meant to decide whether, right man or not, she would have him.

The candidate having always failed to stand this test, she had, directly she was so assured, dismissed him promptly and gently.

By what subtle sign of authority she would recognize the right man she did not know. He would be big-she was sure of that-and very gentle, he would meet her mentally, "understand" her, satisfy her morally and morally and tenderly, master physically.

He would be above all her little "arts" and caprices, but he would admire them; he would be too dignified to go down on his knees from not being able to help it, yet quite fond enough of her to do it. For her part she would never wish it, and she would be very nice and gentle and glad to be so, but-but, meanwhile she was free, and of that she was glad too.

Really, her life was delightful, she lifted her white arms into her pretty lace wrapper and laughed to herself as she settled for her little rest before retiring. Her parlor was warm and the light softened by colored shades, a bit of sandalwood among the logs sent a spicy fragrance out of the heat. She rubbed her head among the cushions and laughed again to herself. It was a notion of her own, this

half hour rest before retiring. For the sake of it she usually came home at once from the theater.

Going out to supper and sitting up and drinking wine were stupid; besides such a course would soon spoil her good looks. A warm, all by herself half hour in her pretty room, with the crackling of her fire for company and her milk punch and biscuit for refreshment, was much nicer.

It was nice to feel that the comfort around her was all of her own making and to know herself in the midst of it to be very pretty and very sweet, and alone, in spite of the ones she could check off on her pink fingers as at that very moment who were miserable for a sight of her.

As a rule men had sought her out and made themselves as charming as they found possible and were permitted, Craig Demmon attracted her.

He was big, undeniably a gentleman and by nature apparently a savage. He fell promptly in love with her, and his personality riveted her attention in an insistent way which she made no effort to oppose. For the first time a man's passion for her seemed to invest the man with strength.

To face his savagery and do as she pleased in spite of his fierce jealousy she found an exhilaration; to command a creature so much bigger than herself and to feel his strength and not his weakness obeyed was an excitement.

To look into his savage sinner eyes and melt them with the smile in her own was worth doing and intoxicating.

One day he asked her to be his wife, adding that unless she gave him some definite answer he would see her no more. She was much interested.

"Could you leave me and not see me again?" she asked. "Would you shoot yourself?" "No." "She felt aggrieved. After a pause she asked, "Do you love me?" "Yes!" His teeth were set, his face was pale, and he looked at her as if he hated her.

Her breath quickened. "Why do you hurry me so?" "Because I will be made a fool of by no woman!"

A throb of fear went through her. She flung her head back and made answer, "You may go at once," and then, because his eyes frightened her, she began to cry and-"How do you expect one to decide at once like that, if she loves you? I can't, and I won't. You can go."

"How much time do you want?" "I don't know." "I will wait awhile." "Much better go. I won't be put on time. I don't think I shall care for you anyhow, and even if I did you are so ugly maybe I won't marry."

She spoke in a frightened rush. "Don't be foolish," he answered. "I will wait-awhile."

During the "awhile" he saw a great deal of her, he curbed his temper, was always gentle, always devoted, made no effort to kiss her, half strangled a man at the club who said all actresses were alike and looked at her half the time as if he hated her.

She grew frightened and meek and made an exhaustive study of his tastes. One day he spoke harshly to her; she cried out that he must not-that she loved him.

Thereat he took her in his arms kissed her and said, "Will you be my wife?" A month from that time she married him.

Her manager protested, and a good deal of money was paid over. To the wife the manager said, "You are a fool. If you ever want to come back to the stage, let me know."

Demmon carried her off to Europe. He was strong and gentle and devoted. There was little trace of his savagery, except in a fiercely jealous guardianship over her.

but once, when she received a check for a story she had written, he took the bit of paper in pieces, saying: "I will give you all the money you want. Don't forget!"

She was happy-oh, yes. Her thought was to please him, and please him made her happy. She gave up all her own fancies and endeavored only to meet his wishes. She kept up all the pretty politeness and caprice that had pleased him originally, because sometimes it annoyed him to see her childish and exacting, and how to please herself.

She read the papers faithfully, and by dint of study and close attention to a few political arguments within earshot of which she came and got a fair grasp of the party dispute to her husband's and argued with him very well.

To such men as he presented she made her charming-her lied to have other men admire her; herself, she took no interest in attracting them and she was always a bit afraid of being too successful and so annoying her husband. Besides attention from other men made her heart ache; her husband loved her dearly; but he did not tell her so very often, and sometimes when she made mistakes he called her stupid.

Of course she did make mistakes sometimes. Being very anxious to please him her instincts were not always true: There were times when he liked to have her creep to the side of his chair and push her soft hair against his face, saying nothing meaningful, unless the little caressing breath from her lips could be called speech, but then again-this annoyed him-and he had to be let alone.

Being very fond of him it was his to come near or pass him with reaching out a hand to touch his shoulder or cheek, and this fretted him-constantly when he was not in the mood. Also, there were times when she wanted him to take her in his arms and be good to her and not to how she felt, or when she wanted to cry-and be miserable and to be pitied and coaxed out of it; all this was childish and foolish-oh, dear, how her heart ached sometimes.

He loved her-of course she knew that-so there was no need that he should tell her so all the time; he should be did tell her what an awfully attractive companion he found her, and he praised her tact and sense and the way she kept her passions locked.

She was happy when she was with him, only happy when she was with him, and she used to cry her pillow wet very often.

At the coming of her child he had been distinctly displeased; he died the mother grew sullen.

They got back to America; a letter from her manager enclosed a contract for the coming season. He signed, left all her jewels and her maid started for New Orleans.

Fiddling Chinese. When Lord Armstrong some years ago constructed several vessels to the order of the Chinese government a considerable number of Chinamen were imported into the neighborhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. During their brief location in that city or two of them died and were buried in the churchyard at Elswick.

Recently, two Northumbrian men were wandering amongst the tombstones in that burial place when they chanced upon that erected over the graves of the departed Chinamen. For a while they surveyed with puzzled countenances the strange and mysterious characters inscribed upon the stone. "Then one of them, turning to his 'marrow,' explained."

"Man Geordie, ye're a better scholar nor me; ye might just tell us what that steyn says."

George scratched his head in a bewildered fashion for some minutes, then, as if fired by a sudden inspiration, he replied: "It says 'Man Geordie, ye're a better scholar nor me, ye might just tell us what that steyn says.'"

Candies, nuts, etc., for the holidays-Kilgore & Landahl's.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

The Genuine "Lubeck" Potatoes. Properly cooked can not be detected from fresh goods. This refers to genuine only. We are the sole agents for "LUBECK'S GERMAN SLICED POTATOES," beware of imitations. Genuine for sale at N. A. T. & T. Company