

AD HOCKEY

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BEATS CRIPPLE CREEK MINES

GOOD THINGS WITH MILLIONS IN THEM WHICH TO THE SURPRISE OF MRS. BOWSER HE DECLINES TO INVEST IN.

A man with a patent potato digger had been waiting for Mr. Bowser to call an hour when he reached home the other evening.

"If you remember," began the man, "I called at your office with my Universal Potato Digger about two weeks ago, and you said—"

"I don't want it," interrupted Mr. Bowser. "But here is an invention that is bound to revolutionize potato digging the world over, and there are several fortunes in it."

"I want nothing to do with it," said Mr. Bowser. "Why, Mr. Bowser, you don't tell me that you don't want to make \$50,000 in the next twelve months?"

"I'll want to invest in your digger," persisted the agent, "you must see—"

"I have no further time to waste on the matter," interrupted Mr. Bowser, and he conducted the man to the door and turned him out into the cold world.

"The man must have been a fool to think he could catch me with any such bait as that," he remarked, as he sat down to dinner, and no more was said on the subject.

The meal was scarcely over, however, before the bell rang and a second stranger was admitted. He was a man who had compounded a cough syrup which all creation would buy as soon as it was properly advertised.

"I don't want anything whatever to do with it," interrupted Mr. Bowser. "But it's a sure thing, I have tried it in fifty cases, and it has been a success in each and every one. I have been told that you—"

"Well, they told you wrong. I am no soft mark. I won't invest a cent and, as I am very busy this evening, you will excuse me."

"I'd be willing to call it 'Bowser's World-Wide Cough Cure,'" said the compounder, as he reached the door. "Yes, and you'd be willing to have me called a fool? Good night, sir—good night!"

"It might have turned out a good thing," observed Mrs. Bowser a minute later. "I presume there is money in a good cough syrup."

"Then let it stay there," replied Mr. Bowser. "I can't imagine why people should come to me about such things. My own business is enough for me."

Surrendered Himself

Kosciusko, Miss., Jan. 17.—Brooks Story, the famous outlaw and express runner, voluntarily walked into the sheriff's office today and informed Sheriff Love that he wanted to return to the penitentiary and finish his sentence.

Story was convicted of robbing the express office at Durant and given ten years' sentence in 1892. After being incarcerated for some time he and several others made a bold dash from the thin walls at Jackson, but Story was recaptured after being seriously shot. The next time he escaped, he was recaptured in Georgia, and while being conveyed back to the penitentiary by traveling Sergeant Montgomery escaped by jumping from a moving train.

This cost Montgomery his position, but he was revenged on Story by capturing him some time later at Madison station. Story twice escaped from the officers of Atalca county. Once he was struck across the head by the deputy sheriff with a shot gun, and the officer, believing that he had killed him, went to get a wagon to haul the body home, but when he returned Story was gone.

Story's last escape was from the prison hospital at Jackson, November 18, 1900. Since that time he has been in the Indian Territory, beginning work as a carpenter, he accumulated some money and embarked in the restaurant business at Ardmore. He went under the name of Charles May, and prospered. Story is thoroughly repentant and says: "If I had the wealth of Rothschild I would give it all to recall that night's work," meaning the robbery.

Many of the best citizens here have signed a petition for Story's pardon, believing that he has been sufficiently punished.

To Aid the Starving Stockholm, Jan. 17.—In addition to continuously seeking to the famine district money for fodder, the central famine committee in this city, in cooperation with local relief committees, is collecting destitute children from the remote homes in the northern districts and bringing them down to civilization, providing nourishing food and warm clothing for them.

The headmaster surveyed the neat room. At last his eyes lighted on two very small boys who were standing as far away from him as might be.

Toby was well snuggled in the capacious depths of a voluminous armchair well drawn up to the hearth. Outdoors it was raining piteously, and the wind was rattling loose shutters and hurrying itself in fitful volleys on the window-panes.

Toby sighed deeply; he shut the book, and, holding his forefinger in the place where he had left off, trotted dutifully upstairs in the wake of Miss Battlemore.

When it was pointed out to him that under the bed was not the place for his Sunday trousers; that the closet door was not the place for clean collars; that the soiled clothes-bag was not the place for oranges and apples; that the bureau drawer was not the place for muddy shoes; that the wash-basin was not intended as a receptacle for stockings, Toby humbly admitted his sins, meekly expressed the profundity of his sorrow, and gave earnest promise for better things of himself thereafter.

"Said Miss Battlemore after a thoughtful pause: 'Toby Tolliver, I'm coming up here tomorrow at half-past three, and if everything isn't in order I shall take away your stamp album.'"

"All right," murmured Toby, "and with one transcendent bound was back again on the great sandy waste, and perched high upon his stanch ship of the desert, making swiftly for the oasis. Toby came down a little late for supper—indeed, the second bell had rung when he sat down. But he was fairly contented. The oasis had been reached, and left far behind once more; seaport had been gained, and, carrying well-worn laurels of fame and fortune, he was sailing homeward over the rolling deep. It is true that a ship far off to windward and carrying a black flag was a disturbing element. The captain supposed it was a merchantman. Toby felt that he could have told the captain better."

Family service concluded, and the quarter past nine gong having sounded, Toby, in company with Philip and their several peers (boys on the second story—third-story boys stayed up till ten), ascended to upper regions.

"The album's mine, I'll count three. By that time drop it." Miss Battlemore, frantic with rage, took a step toward the door, album in hand.

"Two," said Toby. "She was almost upon him. 'Let me by,' she cried, in a white fury. Toby's hand flashed from behind his back. Even Philip was stung to admiration. Toby had begun to think he was the Midshipman, and it seemed to him that Miss Battlemore bore a striking resemblance to Slowstow the Bearded Pirate."

"Three," said Toby, hand raised. Miss Battlemore saw what he held in his hand. If there was anything she dreaded it was a pistol. Through a mist of terror she beheld his unflinching eyes. With a suppressed scream she let drop the album, and it crashed to the floor. Toby threw open the door and pointed with stern finger to the hallway. It was so the Midshipman had done. Miss Battlemore needed no further hint.

Toby slammed the door after her. He turned to Philip. "Well," said he, a little shaky about the knees, "I kept the album, didn't I?"

But the only comment that young man had to make was, "Gee whizz! I wouldn't like to be in your boots." For a short space after that the two boys regarded each other in silence; dreadful doubts filled Toby's mind.

"Toby," said Philip, suddenly, "let's fix up the room." Rarely has complete order been brought out of absolute chaos with such silent expedition. As it was, a few tortoise-collars still protruded from under the bed, when heavy footsteps were heard approaching.

"Guess I'll go out and play ball," remarked Philip, suddenly remembering an engagement. Toby looked at him with contemplative contempt, and then, before Philip had quite made good his exit, there entered the great body of Amos Benton, M. A., followed by the trembling Miss Battlemore, who chose to keep well sheltered by the headmaster's impermeably broad shoulders.

"Toby," said he, "you're not going to let her take your album, are you?" Toby first completed the task in which he was then engaged—the somewhat complicated business of removing all at once his stockings, his trousers, and his drawers, by sliding them downward together. This took him only a very little more time than he had taken of each garment separately.

"I say," Philip repeated with grave force, "I wouldn't let her take it if it were mine. It's your personal private property. If she takes it, it's grand larceny, and you can have her arrested."

At first Toby was horrified at Philip's heresy; but gradually he began to see with Philip that a great principle of constitutional law was here involved. The lamp was out; the boys discussed the matter in suppressed but enthusiastic whispers. Toby was unable to see the grin upon Philip's face.

The day was Tuesday; the hour, three-thirty in the afternoon; Miss Battlemore was a punctual soul. Alas! the sight presented to her eyes when she entered Toby's room was one to daunt a stancher soul. Toby had learned a fine point of constitutional law, and he was putting it to the test of practice.

Pray imagine that a cyclone had scattered the bureau drawers on the floor, had swept from the closet the shoes and hats and coats and shirts and whatsoever the closet perchance contained, and whirled all into a chaos illimitable. In one corner sat Philip, prime author of this ruin, a coldly impartial and vastly interested observer. In the middle of the room, surrounded by the hurricane-tossed litter, stood Toby, cheeks flushed, eyes aflutter, lips tense. One hand clutching something shining he held behind his back.

"This shall be reported to the headmaster! Oh! Outrageous!" said Miss Battlemore, and, picking her way through the room, she went to Toby's desk and extracted therefrom the stamp album.

bum. The headmaster handed it to Miss Battlemore. "It seems you also pointed a pistol at her. Give me the pistol," said the headmaster sweetly.

"It's a cap-pistol," he observed, taking it and turning to the window. His lips were twitching, while Miss Battlemore's face went scarlet.

"Yes, sir, it's only a cap-pistol," repeated Toby, in a choked voice. "Ah!" The headmaster glanced smilingly around the room. "It all seems to be in order, doesn't it, Miss Battlemore?" he asked. Miss Battlemore answered, yes. "Are you willing, Miss Battlemore, to accept Tobias' apology?" he asked. Again Miss Battlemore answered affirmatively.

"Then if Tobias asks pardon I suppose you are willing to return the album?" A third time an affirmative answer trembled from Miss Battlemore's lips.

"Tobias," queried the headmaster, and glanced suggestively toward Miss Battlemore. "Please, Miss Battlemore, excuse me," came with little grace indeed from Tobias' lips, and the stamp album was returned to him.

The headmaster slipped the pistol into his pocket and started to leave the room. Toby was breathing rather more easily. He bent over to Philip. "He's got your pistol!" whispered Toby. "You're not going to let him take it? It's grand larceny!"

The headmaster had apparently heard, for he turned, and looking at Philip, said more sweetly than ever: "I think I shall keep your pistol, that is, Philip, unless you have anything to say." But Philip was silent.

GOING TO SIBERIA.

Well Known Dawsonites Faith in the Siberian Concession

None, Dec. 1.—E. Manchester, better known as Duke Manchester, will be remembered by many old Dawsonites. He went to Dawson five years ago, and was placed in charge of the fuel supply of the A. E. Co.'s Yukon steamers, and since the organization of the Northern Commercial Company has held a similar position with them.

Last season the 12 steamers of the N. C. Co. burned 20,000 cords of wood, which cost them \$80,000, but next year three vessels will burn oil, and Manchester is going to Siberia. He said: "Siberia is a new country, and I want to be on the frontier. I have been on the frontier for fifteen years. Siberia is undoubtedly rich in gold and is now open to the miners of the United States. Heavy interests are backing the region embraced in the concessions secured from the czar by a retired Russian colonel of cavalry and John Rosene, of the Northwest Commercial Co. Large steamers will ply between the Pacific coast and Siberia, and materially assist in the development of the country."

South Africa Announced

It was officially announced in August last that an Imperial pension would be granted to the widows and orphans of Canadian non-commissioned officers and soldiers who fell in South Africa, just as in the case of the dependents of deceased British regulars. Now the Imperial authorities have cabled asking the Canadian Government if they will ascertain who are entitled to the pension and act as agents for the war office in paying the same. The matter has not yet been brought before the cabinet, but it is likely that an affirmative reply will be sent.

The Flag Has Grown

The flag of the United States has grown since '76—the thirteen stars are now fifty-eight. And so has the trade of the Family Grocery grown, because Dunham is always on the front for fresh goods. A lot of butter and lard has just arrived over the ice. He bought it fearlessly at price. His customers demand the best and they can always depend on him.

Monogram Hotel

AND STORE No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska. Good meals, good beds, good bar. Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take get-out at the mouth of Lost Chicken which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.



A FOX IS WATCHING THE RABBIT. FIND IT. In Saturday's puzzle Newell may be found by using the upper part of the picture as base. He is then in the lower left-hand corner.

THE ART TO PLEASE.

You may boast the wealth of Croesus, you may have a Caesar's power, And the fame that wins the future may be your easy door, But if one modest quality you cannot add to these, Your case is poor and pitiful. I mean the art to please.

Since life is full of friction, and our paths are sore beset By obstacles that hinder us, 'tis better not to fret, But try the gentle manner, whatever comes to tease, And practise with a kindly heart the helpful art to please.

FOR SALE—Four strong dogs, year Try Blue Ribbon—Frankfurter and a half-old. Apply to Dr. Rich-Kraut, 3-lb. cans. Finest in the ardsen, York street, between 3 and land, 3 cans for \$1.00. N. A. T. & 4 p.m. M. T. Co.

DOWNING'S EXPRESS

For Fortymile and Eagle City. Carrying mail, passengers and express, leaves every TUESDAY MORNING AT 8 O'CLOCK From Calderhead's dock, Dawson. Four-horse stages, plenty of fur robes, careful drivers, insuring a fast, comfortable service. All road-house stations on this route are strictly first class. For rates apply at office of Merchants Mail & Express Co., L. & C. Dock, Dawson.

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