

LIKE THE HISTORIC POTOMAC

All Is Quiet Along Society Lines in Dawson.

People Not Yet Recovered From Effects of Cold Weather—Surprise Parties the Order.

Society seems to be taking a prolonged rest for some reason not entirely apparent, as instead of the many social events which were said to have been planned and interrupted by the cold weather, and which were supposed to take place immediately after the ice king withdrew to a respectable distance, we have a state of positive stagnation as regards social happenings of greater magnitude than informal card parties and family dinner parties. During the past two weeks there have been two or three surprise parties, in at least two of which the recipients have been gentlemen who gave rise to the affairs by incautiously allowing it to be known that on a certain day they would pass another milestone on life's journey, and the descent upon their homes made by their friends under cover of the darkness was a complete success.

The S.-Y. T. Co., and a large circle of friends will miss the cool head and genial presence of F. W. Arnold presently, as he recently departed for the outside world which lies beyond White Pass. In view of that fact last Tuesday evening Mr. Arnold's co-workers tendered him, as a token of their esteem and in testimony of the fact that they knew before hand that they would miss him when he's gone, a farewell dinner. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Te Roller, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mutch, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Howe, Mrs. W. A. Purdy, of Gold Hill, Miss Gussie Arnold, Miss Jay, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Axe, Capt. W. P. Edwards, John Frank, J. C. Short, Frank Cavan, J. J. Putraw, of Eldorado, Capt. E. Spencer, of Gold Hill, E. F. Christie of Grand Forks, A. B. Hardwick, C. E. Hughes, W. P. Wilson and Wilber Lan'ison.

H. Te Roller, on behalf of the employees of the company, presented Mr. Arnold with a very beautiful gift. Making at the same time a very neat and well turned presentation speech, which was replied to by the recipient in the best way he could, as he was much affected by Mr. Te Roller's words and the gift.

Mrs. Te Roller was assisted in entertaining the assemblage by Mrs. W. A. Purdy, who, after the well spread tables had received the attention they so well merited, added greatly to the evening's entertainment by some choice readings, being ably seconded by Mr. Frank who rendered a selection from Bobby Burns in a way which showed him to have been to the major born.

About midnight the guests departed, having spent a most delightful evening and left a bright spot in the Dawson experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold long to be remembered.

Last Friday evening the Travelers' Home roadhouse was the scene of a very pleasant gathering, the occasion being a surprise on Miss Berkimer.

About a dozen couples participated and all enjoyed themselves immensely, the young lady surprised not less than the others. There was dancing and music, song and story, and a general good time till a late hour, when the party broke up every one going home glad that they had been there.

Surprise parties seem to be very much in favor here this winter, judging by the number that have taken place, and while that form of social gathering is very old, dating back to the time of Noah, it seems to lose none of its attractiveness by reason of antiquity.

Last week the birthdays of two well known Dawsonites were celebrated in this way, and it is said the end is not yet, as more are to follow.

Much sympathy has been expressed for Mrs. L. R. Fulda in her recent misfortune which necessitated the postponement of numerous calls and visits already decided upon.

A Skin Game.

"Some of these hunters just about know their business, I'm here to tell you," remarked a man who has seen the ice go out, a day or two ago, "and anyone thinks they don't know how to skin a fish of the right sort as well as they do a moose, let him try doing a little business with them."

"Wasn't the meat good?" asked the man whose ear had been borrowed.

"The meat was all right. I've got no kick coming about that, but I do dislike having the abnormal 'con' extended to me in the way that hunter did it, and that ain't the worst of it either. He made me think I had a good thing, and being generous to a fault I went to a friend and convinced him that it would be a good thing for both families for us to buy a hind quarter of moose between us."

"My friend is not very bright, anyway, and so said, all right, to get the meat, which I did. I bought the quarter from the hunter, and after he hung it in the cache for me I took him in and gave him a drink out of my private bottle. It makes me sore every time I think of it."

"There was one thing that bothered me about that moose meat; it had the hide on it, and had to be divided, and as I am not very good at that kind of work, and have got sense enough to know that much, at least, I finally persuaded that hunter to accept a five dollar bill and do the work for me."

"Well, the hide was removed and the division made, and everything was lovely till I met another neighbor and told him about the good buy I had made. I thought he didn't enthuse much, and when I told him what I had paid per pound for my meat he grinned like a fiend."

"How much did the hide weigh?" he asked, and I remembered that I hadn't weighed it or thought of it.

"Well, to make a long story short, I found that the hunter had charged me five or six dollars more than what I could have bought it at the shop for, besides making me pay for that hide which weighed 15 pounds, and I hired him to take it off."

"The friend I divided my bargain with thinks I am in with the hunter, and the other 'gieser' laughs sarcastically every time he sees me."

Ups and Downs.

"Really your face is very familiar, sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names."

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

"I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honor to be your coachman."

The face of the lady blazed.

"Sir!" she fairly snarled.

"But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments," he went on, "has enabled me to become your next door neighbor."

The lady's face softened.

"So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.

—Ex.

Vastness of St. Peter's.

During a recent ceremony in St. Peter's, Rome, one of the crystal chandeliers suspended from the ceiling began to creak ominously, and the people beneath it hastily scattered. In a moment the mass fell and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the floor below.

In St. Peter's a few days before when the workmen were suspending these chandeliers they were taking them out of piles of numbered boxes, for St. Peter's, like a theater, has many "properties" and is decked in a different manner for its different ceremonials.

Cords run over pulleys fastened far up aloft, and with these the chandeliers were hoisted to their places. St. Peter's is so enormous that the eye there is continually deceived. The chubby cherubs at the holy water font look to be the size of ordinary babies, yet they are nearly seven feet tall, and a man standing beside them looks like a dwarf. When the workmen were hoisting these chandeliers from the floor, a traveler noted with amazement that the masses of crystal were over eight feet high. Yet when hoisted to their places far up in the dim heights they looked about the size of a man's head.

Workmen in St. Peter's are called "sanpietrini." They take their name from the basilica "San Pietro"—"sanpietrino," plural "sanpietrini." They have a set of lofty scaffolds mounted on rollers. These they move from place to place about the vast church. They are not unlike our fire departments' water towers. Ladder after ladder runs up the scaffolding, and by their aid they reach places from 100 to 150 feet above the floor. Other ingenious scaffoldings are used for work on the inside of the dome. Seen up there the "sanpietrini" look like flies crawling on the ceiling. The top of the dome is about 700 feet above the floor.—Ex.

Hay and grain at Meeker's.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers. 75c

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street. 75c

Hay and oats to cents, job lots that must be sold. Brien & Clements, Second avenue. 23

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

CREEK NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of 43 above Bonanza have been visiting friends in Dawson during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harrison, of 38 Eldorado, were in town last Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. Fairchild, of Chechako Hill, was in town on business Saturday.

Mr. Garvie, of Grand Forks, came to town on his byke yesterday morning.

Mr. Martin X. Johnson, of 25 Eldorado, has been suffering with a severe attack of neuralgia for the past week.

Mrs. J. D. Barnes, of Monte Cristo Hill, is very low with pneumonia, two physicians being almost constantly in attendance.

Mr. O. H. Perkins, night engineer on 40 Eldorado, fell down a 75 foot shaft last Thursday night. His rubber boots slipped when he attempted to go down the ladder, and sent him to the bottom landing on his feet. He sustained no further injuries than a badly sprained ankle.

Mr. Chas. Worden, of 25 Eldorado, received a telegram from Phoenix, Arizona conveying the sad intelligence of the death of his brother, M. Worden, who died at that place last week of consumption. The deceased was an old timer in this country, although but 23 years old, and the original staker of one of the group of claims now owned by Stanley & Worden.

The Forks four hundred was all out last night to a dance given in the town hall. The music was of a superior quality and the affair was one of the big events of the social season.

Not the Strenuous Life.

"I have always envied those men who sit in front of livery stables," said a citizen who admits that he is constitutionally lazy.

"That seems to me a beautiful life. It must be one long, sweet song, as the poet puts it. I have never known any of them personally," he continued, sighing, "but I have watched them all my life, and they fill me with a yearning to be a livery stable man. When I was a boy, I had to pass a large livery stable on my way to school. It had an immense double door, which was never closed, and inside was a cool, dim vista of stalls and buggies in rows. Four men were always seated at the threshold, tilted back in cane bottomed chairs. They were large, well fed, contented looking men, and what impressed me particularly was their air of placid abstraction. They never said anything to one another, but sat there calmly gazing into space and chewing straws. I remember distinctly that the sight of them always filled me with rebellion against work and made my school tasks seem all the more abhorrent. I had an almost irresistible inclination to chuck my books into the gutter, seize a cane bottomed chair and a straw and become a livery stable man myself."

"I have never got rid of that feeling," the lazy citizen went on, lighting his pipe, "and the strange part about it is this: In all the years that have gone by that group at the big door has never changed, and moreover, it isn't peculiar to any one stable; it is common to them all. Go where you will, whenever you encounter a livery stable you will invariably find four large, well fed, contented looking men tilted back in cane bottomed chairs at the entrance, chewing straws and gazing into space. They always look exactly alike and never get any older or any younger. It is my private belief that they are immortal, and I have never asked any questions because I don't want to run the risk of shattering a beautiful ideal. What is it that Bret Harte says about San Francisco—

"Serene, immutable as fate,
Thou sittest at the western gate,
That describes them exactly, and I am certain the poem must have been inspired by a California livery stable. Wars may rage, and thrones may decay, and Mac may snuff the Filipinos or tell them to go to thunder, but nothing will ever disturb the grand serenity of that group at the front door. I think it very unkind of fate that I should have become a hardworking professional man. I would have made a superb ornament for one of those cane bottomed chairs."—Ex.

Crowned King of Prussia.

Berlin, Jan. 1.—Emperor William was crowned king of Prussia today at Koenigsberg. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught represented Great Britain at the ceremony. All the monarchies in Europe were represented. The ceremonies were very elaborate. The crowning will be celebrated by fetes lasting for many days, and the entire German empire will be given over to festivity.

Out of His Line.

Crawfoot—Say, if you see all fired good at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll.

Calculator—I can't do that, sir.

Crawfoot—Vegu kain't?

Calculator—No, I'm the lightning calculator.—Ex.

Arsenic Law Takes Effect.

Boston, Jan. 1.—The arsenic law went into effect today. It will be enforced

by the state board of health. Its passage was a complete surprise to many manufacturers and dealers. It is practically prohibitory to some classes of goods. No woven fabric, paper, or article of dress or of household use containing arsenic in any form can be sold under severe penalties. The state board of health worked 14 years to secure this law.

\$25 reward for one black malamute dog, with white tips; name Jack. Return to Sam Means, No. 20 above Bonanza.

For Rent.

Office room in McLennan-McFeeley building. Heated with hot air. Apply McLennan-McFeeley store. crt

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Linon and official envelopes at Zaccarelli's Bank Cafe corner. crt

Imported Turkish cigarettes, at Zaccarelli's Bank Cafe corner. crt

Sweet potatoes at Meeker's.

Chewing tobacco's all brands, at Zaccarelli's, 75c per pound up, Bank Cafe corner. crt

Steel marten traps, just in—0, 1 and 45. Shindler's. crt

Brewitt makes clothes fit. crt

All watch repairing guaranteed by C. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, opposite Bank B. N. A., Second street.

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry

Fresh Meats

Bay City Market

Chas. Bossert & Co.

THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager.

City Office Joslyn Building, Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 2

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TON CHISHOLM, Prop.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER

Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

"HIGH GRADE GOODS"

When the Weather Moderates

FRESH PROVISIONS

GIVE US A SAMPLE ORDER

S-Y. T. CO., SECOND AVENUE.

TELEPHONE 99

"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 J. FRANCIS LEE, Traffic Manager J. H. ROGERS, Agent

Special to the

Family Trade

Wine, Beer and Liquors

Will be sold by the bottle or gallon at satisfactory prices. These goods are bought direct from the best vintages, breweries and distilleries in the world thus insuring quality.

A. E. Co.

Here We Have

"the Drayman"

If you were engaged in the Freight Business this illustration would look well on your cards or letterheads. We make all kinds of engravings appropriate for all kinds of business.

We have the only engraving plant in the Territory.

THE NUGGET

WE HAVE

Steam Hose, Points, Ejectors, Injectors, Valves, Pipe, Fittings, Lubricating Oil and a Full Supply of

...MINER'S HARDWARE...

The DAWSON HARDWARE CO. PHONE 38 SECOND AVE.