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**The Klondike Nugget**

TELEPHONE NO. 12.  
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Christmas packages and other bundles to friends in Dawson. These have been brought north as far as Skagway where the accumulation is constantly increasing. While packages are not carried as second class matter, the fact remains that the Skagway post office is rapidly filling with them and something certainly should be done to relieve the situation. Many a Christmas celebration in Dawson bids fair to be less bright than it should be owing to the failure of expected packages from home to arrive.

A much bungled effort has been made by the Sun to prepare the public mind for a commutation of the sentence under the condemned murderer La Belle now rests. In effect, the Sun has stated that La Belle is deserving of the fate which hangs over him but that he is believed to possess sufficient influence to secure a change of punishment from hanging to imprisonment. For what reason the Sun should direct so gross an attack upon the integrity of the department of justice is not clear.

The creeks are making a satisfactory showing for winter work when all things are considered. The great majority of claim operators prefer to work their ground in summer when possible, and on that account winter operations have been reduced to a minimum. In spite of this fact, however, there is a volume of work in progress which speaks well for the future.

With the advent of another cold snap a careful examination of stove pipes and flues should be made by every householder or occupant of a building. Nearly every fire of consequence that has occurred in Dawson resulted from a defective flue. The proverbial ounce of prevention in this particular connection is worth many tons of cure.

Aldermanic candidates are now trotting out into the open where they can be seen and their merits inspected. There will be excellent material in sight before the day of nomination.

Steamboat time will be discounted by the overland stages in a very short time. The roads are not as yet worn down sufficiently to admit of record travelling.

San Francisco, Nov. 29.—The transport Crook arrived from Manila last night bringing 355 casuals, short term men and discharged, ninety-seven sick and a number of cabin passengers, the latter being chiefly volunteer surgeons of the rank of captain and major, who are coming home to be mustered out, according to the recent law on the subject. The junior officer of the transport is Col. J. D. Craigie, Eleventh Infantry, who is coming home on sick leave. He is the father of Lieut. Wallace M. Craigie, Seventh Infantry, stationed at the Presidio, and his wife and daughter have also been in the city for some time awaiting his arrival.

Other officers who returned on the Crook are: Maj. H. H. Wright, Ninth Cavalry; Maj. J. S. Jett, of the Inspector General's Department; Maj. G. H. Paddock, Fifth Cavalry; Maj. C. N. Nichols, surgeon; Maj. S. W. Henry, surgeon; Maj. S. W. Laurson, surgeon, and the following captains and assistant surgeons: H. W. Elliot, P. L. Jones, Paul Mazzy, A. D. Prentice, F. F. Sprague, Fred W. Palmer, Arthur Jordan, Thurston Smith, H. M. Cohen, Robert Boyd and R. N. Baker, Capt. J. H. Wholey, Second Infantry; Lieut. C. H. Weeks, Thirtieth Infantry; Lieut. H. E. Clearman, Philippine Scouts; Lieut. R. W. Ashbrook, Seventeenth Infantry; Lieut. G. R. Crawford, Eleventh Infantry; Lieut. H. F. Sykes, Twenty-fifth Infantry, and Lieut. W. S. Sinclair, Twenty-eighth Infantry. In addition to these there were a number of army ladies, a few contract doctors and some civilian employees.

Seven-year-old G. & W. Rye at the Pioneer.

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Just before Mr. Pulham, the superintendent of the White Pass mail service left yesterday, a convocation of the Mormon Elders of the Klondike was called. This is an influential body of cheechacos who have no votes and therefore make the pretence that the organization is non-political in character. The convocation was called for the Hotel Regina, with Percy Hope as the presiding elder and John Bechtel as senior deacon. The degree of bishop was passed upon Mr. Pulham, and he hurriedly left on the stage for Whitehorse burdened with that honor, Jim Rogers, of the White Pass, assisting in the ceremony.

There was other business before the

convocation, however, and that part of it which directly refers to Mr. Pulham is told in the following document, which was elaborated on volume and goes to him by next stage so as to reach him in time for Christmas.

"Worthy Brother Pulham—

"It has seem fit to this solemn convocation to elect you as bishop among the Mormons of this far north land, both for your exceeding humility and your winning ways. Your way before coming among us was one that was wild and wayward, but there is only one trail between here and Whitehorse and we sincerely hope that you will be able to keep it. As insignia of your high office we beg to send you herewith the sleeves of lawn to adorn your spotless hands, and also the many-buttoned clothing for your better intelligence."

"Signed, on behalf of the convocation, by all those present."

"Did you hear about Joe Clarke?"

"No, what's he done now?"

"He ain't done nothing and he ain't going to."

"Hah, hah, hah, well, that's funny."

"But did you hear about Dr. Clendennen?"

"No, what's he done?"

"Got himself laid up in the hospital until the elections are over."

"Well, well, well, that's just like the doctor."

**A Market Scene in Brittany.**

There is a land where the peasants till the earth in Zouave trousers, torador jackets, covered with arabesque embroideries, and green waistcoats around which runs a line of crimson.

The women wear short, red skirts, great medici collars, and coifs that flutter about their heads like the wings of doves. From beneath the points of their black caps the children gaze at you with wide eyes full of the curiosity of animals.

These people live in houses built of sculptured granite, and sleep in openwork closets carved like the mouch-arabiques of Egypt.

In spite of the "Breton Interiors" and "Returns of the Fishermen" with which painters swamp the market, this race is still unknown or misunderstood. For they should be seen, not in paintings, but in their homes, in their old-time streets, on market days, and when, in fair time, the tents are pitched in the village market-places.

Fiery little horses draw to market fish, fine vegetables and all the early produce of Roscoff. They are spread out upon the sidewalk. Chickens cackle, goats bleat, pigs, tied by the leg, strain toward the vegetables, sniffing at the fresh greens.

Farmers, in sabots, carrying great blue umbrellas under their arms, with the two ribbons of their felt hats floating down their backs, pick their way among the Dinan china displayed on the ground—capacious souperes, cider jugs, and plates covered with painted flowers and grotesque figures.

The peasants converse with but few gestures, they bargain in guttural tones.

These taciturn people forget themselves in the bar-rooms on fair-days. The taverns are full of noise. You may hear the sound of an accordion and the plaintive note of the bistro (a sort of bagpipe) leading monotonous dances.

Into the harbor come boats laden with fish; other boats go out. The fishermen are full of business. Next week will occur the departure for the new country. There are women who weep.

Above all this agitation the smoke of the village chimneys mingles with the great white clouds. The quiet sea mirrors the sun.

**Finger of Morgan.**

New York, Nov. 29.—J. Berwind is in Paris as the agent of the Morgan shipping trust, the steel trust and the Pennsylvania railroad, negotiating a huge deal for the exportation of American bituminous coal. Although Mr. Berwind has been abroad for some weeks on this work, his exact purpose was not known publicly in Wall street until yesterday.

The coal to be sold is expected to displace that now sold by Wales along the Mediterranean coast and in France. Welsh coal is the best steam producer in the world, but the New River and Pocahontas product is a close second, the latter being used by the American navy. The negotiations look to the exportation of this coal next spring, as the strike has so increased the price in America that it cannot be sold with profit now.

The Rothschilds and the Credit Lyonnais will act as fiscal agents in Europe. J. P. Morgan & Co. having general charge of all the financial arrangements in both hemispheres.

**Honors From Czar**

London, Nov. 29.—The czar has conferred the Grand Cordons of the Saint Alexander Nevsky Order on Mr. J. P. Morgan and the French government has made Mr. Tower a grand officer of the Legion of Honor for his work on the Marquis of Lafayette in the American revolution.

We guarantee our Diamonds. You cannot buy yellow, chipped or flawed stones from J. L. Sale & Co. We import our diamonds direct.

**Stroller's Column.**

It was Charles Dickens who suggested that the man who had ever seen a dead donkey should be made a knight of the garter, and there may be some deep political significance in this joke which has escaped the people of his age as well as the people of this. Of course one does not see a dead donkey very often, nor yet a deceased animal of the kind which has caused to blush for its ancestry and makes the night hideous with its unavailing sighs for posterity. It was one of these. It belonged to Gibson, now on Sulphur creek. Everybody knows Gibson. He had this—

"But this ought to be saved for a Christmas story, because there is a bell in it."

However, the Nugget is paying good hard money for Christmas stories, so it would not be fair for the Stroller to compete.

This was a commonplace mule, and there is not much of a story to it. The story is really of the bell. Gibson had the mule on the trail from Log Cabin to Atlin. He bought him for \$25 from Bob Grimes, and after working him for a time thought he was making a good deal when he sold him for \$125. But the mule declined to stay sold. He wandered back to his old master, Mr. Gibson, and persisted in doing so. Pete Anderson, who had made the purchase, in a fit of desperation said: "You can keep your blank, blank, old mule; he is altogether too blank uncanny for me."

So Gibson, the great Atlin mining promoter, had nothing left but the mule, and he started in to Dawson. He kept dark about the uncanniness of the animal. He joined his fortunes with two or three other fellows—and they got some good claims on Sulphur. In the winter of '93 they were really hard up. The mule was an old favorite, but they had nothing to feed him on. They held a council on the situation, and though it was never for a moment suggested that they should make best steak out of the faithful animal, they did deliberate upon his speedy execution to save him from dying by starvation. It only remained to decide upon the executioner, and every man carried a revolver in those days. Yet they all had an affectionate regard for the old mule, and each shrank from the dread ordeal. It was determined, as it was among Jones' shipmates, to decide in the convenient duty by casting lots.

Meanwhile, the old mule had been standing at the door with one ear cocked to windward and one drooped near the crack of the door. He softly and sadly moved away as the halloo was being cast, and he has never been seen alive since.

But among the 50's on Sulphur the miners have for a long time been complaining that they were awakened at night with dreams of home, and of the cows coming up for the milking. And the mystery was not solved until last Sunday night, when they found the much-abused carcass of the old mule at the bottom of Bob Evans' shaft on 53 below, with the bell still attached to his neck.

Gibson was so excited about it that he came to town. He obtained a volume of Sir Walter Scott's "Address to the Devil," he read all through Schwartzman's "Dictionary of Demonology," and at length he went to see Colonel Reichenbach and asked him if he had any charms for the laying of the soul of a dead mule. He was advised that Christian burial by the side of running water would settle the difficulty and he returned on Tuesday night to Sulphur. That was done in the matter is not definitely known. But a telephone message this afternoon states that all the miners on Sulphur can now sleep without any disturbance by cow bells, so it may naturally be assumed that Gibson is running for the Yukon council and has been setting up milk punches for the whole crowd.

One of the most ridiculous notions was broached at the Stroller's boarding house at dinner last night. There are a few keen politicians sit around the table and they propose to take advantage of that fancy skating carnival at the athletic skating rink by mingling politics with the amusement, and he therefore gives the whole snap away. It is nothing less than an impersonation of the leading characters of the campaign, an impersonation so close that it may make trouble with their girls or their wives. This is too bad. It ought not to be countenanced for a moment. So that if you go to that carnival, and see anyone who looks like a politician, just give him the cold shoulder.

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**ELEPHANT PACKERS**

Used With Great Success in India

**British Government Contemplated Using Them in Boer War.**

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 29.—During the recent South African war the British war department (although the fact was never published) once contemplated the employment of elephants for transport, on the same principle that has long prevailed with relation to their use in India for military purposes.

It was at first suggested that elephants be brought from India—some of those trained animals which have so well-proved their value for the transport of artillery and baggage. The enormous waste of horses during the Boer war, in addition to the New Orleans mule scandal, brought up the question of utilizing elephants for a time this was seriously contemplated, but as various difficulties presented themselves, including that of the unwieldy size of the animal in connection with its carriage by sea, the idea was finally dropped and a premium permanently placed on mules, great numbers of which, as the world knows, were shipped to Capetown and sent up country.

Considering how valuable and how readily available the elephant has been in India under the tutelage of accustomed trainers, and how much it has done in the facilitation of military operations, and its amazing sagacity and ability to receive instruction which it never afterwards forgets, the methods adopted by elephant trainers—as described to me by a veteran among them—will be read with interest.

I had been talking to this trainer about the docility of the elephant as compared with other wild animals when they go under the trainer's charge.

"Elephants," he said, "are in a sense just about as hard and as easy to train as the rest of the creatures we handle in the line of our profession. There is a general rule that he will thoroughly believe you don't care a cent for his life or strength—that you, in fact, are mysteriously endowed with a power which he cannot attempt to successfully resist.

The trainer—the true trainer—always manages to make his animal think just precisely this very thing.

"I can tell you this about the elephant. He knows more, and is more keen and clever in catching impressions, than any animal that exists. He alone fully comprehends the meaning of the words you speak to him. A partial understanding of what is said to them is acquired by other animals. They get to understand the various tones of the voice and they will learn the meaning of some words. The elephant's intelligence has no limits. That is the difference.

"You may tame an elephant in a week, possibly. It may take four, however. I cannot quote to you any fixed rule in this connection, you see. In saying 'tame' I intend to convey that the elephant is made so that it is safe to go right up close to him. The newly tamed elephant is invariably suspicious. He remembers the circumstances of his capture and he is therefore very wary and he tends to be on guard against a repetition of them.

"Finally, only one keeper can be attached to the elephant, as the object is to make him accustomed to the man's appearance. This man leads the elephant, for there is no surer way to his good grace than by feeding him with things he likes. During this period the man keeps far enough away from the elephant to prevent the possibility of his injuring him. The animal is quick to appreciate the regular appearance of the keeper who caters to his physical needs. The psychic moment has arrived when the elephant plainly evidences his familiarity with the man who feeds him. It is then that the trainer knows he can safely begin his work. At this stage the keeper will feed the elephant by hand fearfully. There may be tances, where the personal character of the elephant is such that he will not reach this stage of docility sooner than four or five weeks from the beginning of his training.

"The occasion being ripe for the trainer to begin, he goes into the cage, his weapon of defence (carried

simply with a view to possible trouble) being what is called an 'elephant hook,' and releases the elephant of a part of his shackles. Elephants are confined by chains. It is really this unchaining of the great brute that lays the foundation of the trainer's influence, for when the elephant finds himself thus magically emancipated by a creature like an everyday man, whom he could crush with a stroke of his paw, he concludes (being really a thinking animal) that this man-trainer must have a personality invested with supernatural power.

"However, it is also at this point that the elephant may show his viciousness, if he has any. His head is confined by a martingale, with iron chains reaching from the trunk between the forelegs. When this is loosened, the trunk is free to start in.

"Well, if the elephant is vicious and shows it, then is the other party's moment arrived. The trainer must again display his power, he uses the elephant hook without mercy, until the animal is forced to yell. The yell, when it comes, means the elephant has given in. No doubt of this moment, for he is forever congealed if he can't get that yell from the elephant. It will happen that in certain cases the elephant's character is such that he won't give up, no matter how fiercely he is prodded with the sharpest weapons. In cases like this resort is had to a special form of inducement. This is not a very gentle kind of persuasion, but a hot iron does its work—it brings the yell of submission and the act of submission itself.

"My Lord the Elephant has loved his colors.

"And the elephant who has once experienced the hot iron never again dares the trainer. He never forgets the one first application, nor does the elephant hook evade his memory either. He knows them both if he sees them—even though they be in a state of innocuous desuetude.

"Trained elephants are used to instruct new untrained ones, and they take to this task with a wondrous exhibition of intelligence and interest. They even teach their own acquired tricks to the uninitiated ones. This is an actual fact.

"There are two purposes for which elephants are trained—for labor and for exhibition. What we may call the 'workman elephant' will learn his business simply by watching his fellows (previously trained) performing their tasks. This is how the elephant is put in shape as a beast of burden—to drag artillery, etc.

"The American circus, in using new elephants, of course gets those which have been tamed; the circuses do their own trick-teaching. But the exhibition elephants are used to push cars when the Bazaar show goes into winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn. An elephant, while doing his work, will promptly, when a car gets derailed, seize the car and himself and replace the car on the tracks. Young elephants are the most teachable, but the trouble is that the race is not given to leading while in captivity; and often—often—the elephant-club that comes to the potter-trainer's hand is rather elderly, adult elephants being the average among the captives brought to this country.

"Elephants are taught tricks by making them watch the performance of others who have already been trained. Bell-ringing is taught by a noise themselves and when they see another animal ring a bell with his trunk they become quite anxious to do the same themselves. They are then given the bell, and at once grasp it with their trunk and begin ringing. For some of the older and elaborate tricks mechanical devices are employed in teaching, but as regards such things as the bell-ringing the method used is the same, of that I have described.

"The elephant has a brain of abnormal power; he is the most intelligent of all animals—no comparison to be made. It is a curious circumstance, the lumbering physical nature of him, and his luminous intelligence. He truly deserves the title 'My Lord the Elephant.'"

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