

LAI TO REST BY BROTHER ELKS.

The Remains of William Cobleigh Interred on Sunday Last.

An Impressive Service Under the Auspices of the Local Fraternal Orders—The Body Will be Sent Home in the Spring.

William Cobleigh, formerly assistant postmaster at Skagway, who came to Dawson in July last and recently died at St. Mary's hospital, was buried Sunday afternoon in the Dawson cemetery, under the auspices of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, attended also by members of the Masonic Fraternity and Knights of Pythias. Bro. Cobleigh was a member of these orders, his Elks lodge being located in Peoria, Ill., and in which order the deceased had always manifested a lively interest. In life, he was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, being over six feet in height, and in good health, weighing 225 pounds. Contracting typhoid fever, despite the most diligent attention medically and otherwise, he succumbed to the dreaded disease. The B. P. O. Elks immediately had the body embalmed and under their auspices as stated, the deceased was interred. A committee was appointed to take charge of all the details of the funeral consisting of Brothers J. D. Jourdan, chairman, Wm. Chenoweth, Wm. Wilson, R. C. Gardner and Geo. E. Noble. About one hundred members assembled at Hart & Cate's nail-taking establishment and conveyed the remains to the place of interment, with Bro. D. W. Semple, of Portland Lodge No. 142, acting as Exalted Ruler and Brother James Donaldson of Cripple Creek Lodge No. 316 as Esquire. The pall bearers were M. J. Sullivan of Cripple Creek Lodge No. 316 B. P. O. E., E. L. Cole, of Denver Lodge B. P. O. E., W. R. Johnson of Mesa Lodge No. 55, and G. H. McPherson, of Minto Lodge No. 17 F. & A. M., Samuel Yarde of Cripple Creek Lodge, No. 316 B. P. O. E. and F. J. Couch of St. Paul Lodge, K. of P., St. Paul, Minn.

At the grave a simple but beautiful service was rendered, the Rev. R. J. Bowen, rector of St. Paul's church, officiating. Bro. Captain Jack Crawford, the famous poet scout, making some most fitting remarks, followed briefly by Bro. Semple. Bro. George Noble of Seattle Lodge B. P. O. Elks sang "Nearer My God to Thee," his magnificent voice and the beautiful rendition of this hymn touching the hearts of all. It is expected to forward the remains to his former home at the opening of navigation next spring. The deceased leaves a wife, but no children.

THROWING THEIR MONEY AWAY.

Geo. Carmack and Wife Amuse Themselves in Seattle—"Chee-Charko" Money Gratis.

From the Seattle P. I. of a late date we clip the following:

"yesterday, unheralded and unannounced, Geo. Carmack and his Indian wife and brothers amused themselves by throwing money from the top floor of the Seattle hotel. In a few moments there was a scramble that would have put a college cane rush in the shade. As the merry jingle of the coins resounded and the pieces bounded from the pavements into the streets, men dived from the walks and off passing street cars, butcher boys and teamsters hurried themselves into the air from their seats, conductors and gripmen forgot all about their charges, policemen forgot to say 'move on.' The street became a seething mass of struggling humanity. Hats were broken and lost; faces were bruised and bleeding, coats were torn and linens soiled. A barber who had been standing on the corner when the golden deluge began, was one of the first in the scramble and the last to emerge after the 'sto' of it was over. He went in spotlessly clean and came out soiled and torn. But in his hands he had \$1, which he thought would compensate him for his experience. One man went into the scramble with a good hat and came out bareheaded and empty-handed, and all this time Carmack and his native Alaskan relatives were splitting them with laughter in their apartments at the top of the hotel. Having nothing but money, they knew of no better way of becoming popular and having amusement than by distributing it in the streets. The idea is amusing but decidedly uncomum in Seattle. An announcement to the effect that another distribution is to take place will, no doubt, bring out a large crowd."

"The Bodega."

It was a revelation yesterday to the people of Dawson when the two Billy's, Billy Chenoweth and Billy Wilson, opened their beautiful new resort to the public yesterday. And it was done with a style that carried people back to San Francisco, Chicago and New York. Salads, sandwiches and free lunch all day are now to Dawson; and it took like "snap jacks" to the human frame.

Billy Chenoweth is well-known on the Pacific coast, as having been—all at the same period, the proprietor of The Auditorium, The Mirror, and The Peerless, which cost \$30,000, in San Francisco. The Cluney Opera House and Crystal Palace in Sacramento. The Bodega is a novelty in the way of bar, is a model of good taste, while upstairs are the finest private club rooms in the northwest.

This popular firm, whose card appears in the Nugget are to be congratulated upon the little jewel they have just opened.

The Combination.

At the Combination this week there is a novelty introduced by the Rodolphs in the singing and some illustrated with beautiful silken flags of all nations. Mulligan and Lynton continue to be the general comedy stars around which all else revolves. To many of the audience the Mulligans are old Washington friends. Caprice, Eveline and Corinne May are retained on the bills.

Friday night there will be given in this theatre a grand masquerade ball, at which several prizes will be distributed. The first prize will be for the best sustained character and consists of a handsome diamond cluster ring.

The Montz Carlo.

The work of building's winter theater at the Montz Carlo goes on without interruption to the slight performances. Each week sees a new outfit with the Newman children as strong a drawing-card as ever. To the average Dawson-

ite to see and hear little Margie Newman is like a whiff of the old home atmosphere which we long for so fruitlessly. Green and the Estepps are furnishing the comedy to full houses nightly.

Dawson Incorporation.

EDITOR NUGGET:

Sir.—With reference to the last meeting held in Pioneer Hall, will you allow me to make two observations first, in the nature of a correction? More than one speaker emphasized the importance of naming Dawson a city, stating as a fact, that all big important towns in England were called cities. This is not the case. A very clear distinction is drawn between the terms "town" and "city" in the old country. A city must possess a cathedral, and may be considerably small and insignificant. A town, on the other hand, may consist of several hundred thousand inhabitants, and be equal in importance to any city, but it is still a town, notwithstanding.

For instance, York and Eli are cities; Birmingham, known the world over, is a town, while Manchester, equally famous, is a city. University towns are also cities: Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin and Edinburgh. By all means add to the importance of Dawson as much as possible, but let us be true to nomenclature. In regard to the unnecessary heat introduced into some of the remarks, this was entirely owing, in my opinion, to the ill-advised action of the meeting, in discussing the draft ordinance. Surely it would have been far wiser to have postponed such consideration until after the report of the committee on the matter, and kept to the main object of the meeting, namely: How best to obtain the necessary number of signatures to the petition for incorporation, and to get, if possible, the financial support of responsible people.

I may add that I made several ineffectual attempts to ventilate these opinions, but was unsuccessful. I am, sir, Yours faithfully,

A. C. FIELD.

Impromptu Farewell Poem.

We all remember our trail experiences. Captain Jack Crawford crystallized them in poetry one day in a hurry, and has kindly allowed their publication in this paper. The occasion was the conclusion of a series of socials at Lake Bennett.

Oh, comrades, friends and women fair! Oh, girls and boys without a care! Age and youth with hearts aglow! While hope's bright star is shining so Beyond the lakes, where we are told, Is found the bright, seductive gold. God knows I hope with you—and pray That fleck fortune will not play You false; good friends, and that before Old ninety-eight is known no more— Your hopes may all be realized. And not a boat or sloop capsized; But sailing smoothly down the lakes, Behind the treacherous little cakes Of once-strong glistening, glorious ice—with dogs, and sail and loaded sleds, Whereon you've spread your feather beds! Of soft and soothed hemlock boughs. Now changed to holds of rusticsows. And while you smoothly glide along, Let voices ring in merry song. Let faith in Him who, over all, Doth even note the sparrow's fall; Give heart and strength and bring good cheer, And make us glad that we are here— Give mirth full sway; let laughter now, And scatter sunshine as you go. Forget the hardships of the trail; Forget you ever heard men rail; And ease, and "mush"—mush on, Dick Blue! Oh, maybe I won't larrup you, Gee, say I say! "Hooray! Dick! Gee, Spot! Confound you now, I'm getting hot. There now, take that and that! Now, yell!" And then he whispered "this is hell."

Ah, friends, we must forget all this, And think of home—the parting kiss From woman's lips, so sweet, so fair. Oh, those same lips that swore a swear. Don't blame the man; don't censure. Hish! Just blasphe the dog and too much "mush." Or, if you wish, just blame the cat. (And thereby hangs a tale, Eh, Watt!) But, seriously, I am won't win That touch that makes the whole world kin. Spanish-excepted, for, I declare. There is no human nature there—but you, my boy, with prospects fair, Think of home—mother's prayer: "God bless my wayward, wandering boy; His father's pride, his mother's joy. Oh, guid his bairns from shore to shore And bring him safely home once more." Think of the wife, of little Ted. Of guiltless May, of rorugh Fred. And how they chambered on your knee, And laughed with merry, childlike glee; And how, at eve, with faces bright And all aglow with heavenly light, They clasp their hands and say: "God bless dear papa, far away."

So men and boys—and you, dear girls— Sweetness refined, you precious pearls, Who graced our camp, mingled at the gate, And sprinkled the sunbeams on the trail! And you it was, who started these "Mental improvers"—if you please. These meetings where, as brothers, we can meet and "mush" and "haw" and "gee," Enjoy as good a social feast.

As that dashed up in South or East. And, as for estables, we fare—

As good as people over there— Except that we are short on greens; But Boston cannot beat our beans. And toothsome pork, and solid cake, And doughnuts only men can bake;

And then the firm: the rubber pie. We'll use for ballast ire-and-bye.

And then, we've got some talent, too, As good as York and Kalamazoo;

Where every robust lad and lass

Who passes through, I've heard them say, Are mighty glad to get away.

From "shell-game" finds and "bunco steers," And all the lies one daily hears

And the town across the bay, Just neatly built and called Dyea.

But, as for lies—to be quite fair— They're just as robust over there.

While here in Beaufort—well, I'm loath To tell the truth—it's worse than both.

But, joking all aside, good friends,

Success or failure all depends on you!

You! Each one must do his part— Must work with hands and brain and heart.

For there is no such word as fail.

Except to those who will not sail.

When wilds are fair. So come what will.

Despite the rushing stream or hill.

Press on and climb. Say "never die."

And you will get there hie-and-hye.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

NOTE.—"Mush"—dog-drivers' corruption of the French "marche," "Watt"—a noted news-paper man in camp; "Bunco steers"—beguilers' of the tenderfoot in "sure thing."

The Young Men's Club are using every effort to make their Masque Ball a success. Excellent refreshments served.

The man that cures dogs sick with mange or distemper lives at the Pioneer Drug Store.

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ON OR ABOUT

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For passage further information apply at office opposite Combination saloon.

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High grade meats at popular prices at Portland market.

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Do not fail to attend the Grand Masque Ball at Pioneer hall, October 5th. Three grand prizes.

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Are you buying your drugs at the Pioneer Drug Store?

Blank bills of sale at the NUGGET office.

Tickets for the Grand Masque Ball at Pioneer Hall will be on sale at Kelly's Drug store, Fairview hotel and at J. Kline's Cigar stand.

Notice.

Just received large shipment of Choice Tobacco, which must be closed out at once, preparatory to my moving, as I have only a few days more to remain in present location. The following are some of the brands:

Genuine Turkish smoking tobacco.

Hyson's Sun Cured " "

Tycoon's Cavendish " "

Players' Mild-leaf Honey Dew, and other popular brands.

Fine line Imported Cigars and full line Cheving Tobaccos.

Call at once and secure some of these goods.

JAKE KLINE, Hoffman Cigar Stand.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH: Regular services Sunday at 4:15 p.m. and 7 p.m.; Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock; Sunday school at 2 p.m. R. G. BOWEN, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH: Regular services every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; evenings at 7; Bible class at 3 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings at 7:30, and Y. P. S. G. C. Thursday evenings at 7:30. ALEXANDER GRANT, Pastor.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND.—Large black dog, marked white on breast; strap on neck. Owner unknown by calling at NUGGET office and paying charges.

FOUND.—A black pocket book containing valuable papers in which the names of H. C. Currie and J. E. Black appear. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—Good cabin, 14x16, good location, handy to wood and water. A snap. HEMEN, his office.

FOR SALE.—Good log cabins, best location \$450.

Dawson. Snap bargain prices. Call at once. HEMEN, his office.

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