

ist... phum Bldg... M... LLIONAIRE'S WIFE... er Bar... 50 Per Bottle... BRATED... otch Whisky... EON RYE... Per Bottle... ck of Liquors... E BAIRD, Prop... CO... ER!... Props... HOTEL... and Biney Wholesome... OR MONTH... Goods... casins and... ska... ES... Successors to... Office Steam... Whaling Co... s Inlet

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.



WIVES THAT GO BEGGING

For the Reason That Rightful Owners Refuse Them

Work House Inmate Refused to Be Made a Baron - Some Jones Could Be Viscount Ransleigh.

There are more than a score of the going begging in this country, one with estates attached, because one will take the trouble to claim and of these a dozen are earls. In many cases the rightful heirs have been traced, but for reasons of their own they flatly refuse to assume their titles and be classed among the "upper ten."

ER!...

Props. HOTEL

Goods. casins and... ska... ES

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WAS ABSENT MINDED

And Forgot the Date Set For His Marriage.

"Ask Mr. Gresham to step here," said Follansbee, dipping his pen in the mullage and attempting to blot the stub of the book with the check he had just drawn. "Where is my list of engagements and memoranda?" he asked of the mid-eyed young man who entered. "Er—you destroyed it by mistake. I've made a new one," and Gresham laid a typewritten sheet of paper on the desk. Follansbee bent over it. "Hi!" Breakfast with Von Heilbrunn at 11 o'clock, and it's now 10 minutes to 12!" "Colonel Baskham," announced the office boy. "Shall he come in, sir?" "By gracious, I had forgotten him. Ask him to wait five minutes and then show him in. Gresham, will you take a letter to—now, who in the devil was I going to write to? What have I on for this afternoon?" Gresham picked up the list and read: "Billings & Co. at 1:30; directors' meeting, H. F. & D., 3 o'clock; safe deposit vaults with Saunders, half-past 3; try on at tailor's."

THE KAISER'S INDOLENT TALISMAN.

The emperor of Germany is always meeting with accidents, although on the middle finger of his left hand he wears a famous talisman which for centuries has been credited with supernatural power to protect the wearer from evil and injury of all kinds. It is a dark colored, square shaped stone, set in a massive gold ring, and originally belonged to Saladin, from whom it was captured by a German knight under the walls of Jerusalem during the crusades. It afterward came into the possession of Ulrich, the margrave of Nuremberg, who was the founder of the Hohenzollern family. This ring has been passed from generation to generation, one of the most highly prized and interesting heirlooms of the dynasty, but the king of Prussia of late generations have seldom worn it until it was inherited by the present Kaiser. It is a matter of discussion whether he wears it from superstition or ordinary interest. It has never left his finger since he came to the throne, although by this time he must have lost confidence in the protective power of the jewel.

Mrs. Newlands Improving.

Since the publication in a local contemporary of the serious and possibly fatal illness of the wife of Legal Adviser Newlands, now residing at her home in Regina, the many friends of the gentlemen have besieged him with sympathetic inquiries and offers of condolence and it is a pleasure to record that Mrs. Newlands has so far recovered as to be out of danger with every indication of the recovery soon being complete. The attack of paralysis was suffered November 12, over a month ago, though Mr. Newlands was not until four days later. At that time unless provided with wings it would have been well nigh a matter of utter impossibility to have gotten out of the country. Since then word has been received of the lady's continued improvement and there is now no need of any further apprehension. Ella-Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her. Stella—She's a mean thing, I told her not to tell you I told her. Ella—Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.

CONSUELO TO CARRY MYRTLE

Pretty Anecdote of the Late Queens Early Life

With Her Own Hands She Planted a Sprig of Myrtle—Figures in Royal Weddings.

To Consuelo, wife of Charles Richard John Spencer Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough, will belong the honor of bringing myrtle to deck the brow of the brides of the royal house of England. To carry it to Windsor is one of the duties of the mistress of the robes. The myrtle is a royal plant growing on the Isle of Wight in the grounds of Osborne House. It was planted there by Queen Victoria during the early days of her married life. The prince consort held the spade and pushed it into the ground, while the queen imbedded it into the soil. As it grew and flourished and sent forth green leaves, again and again spreading into a great vine, she and his prince consort grew to love it and one day the queen wrote: "The prince and I were so glad to escape again to the quiet of Osborne. Scarcely had we arrived when Bertie and little Vickey came running to tell me that the myrtle had grown at least six inches and had spread far over the ground. "Soon after tea Albert and I visited it, taking our customary walk, and to our delight found it growing greener than ever, and, if possible, becoming prettier every day."

Lochinvar Up to Date.

Oh, young Lochinvar was brought up in the west, And his automobile was the latest and best, He carried no weapons, not even a gun, When out in his horseless machine for a run; The pride of the range, and the most popular, Was this up-to-date rancher, bold young Lochinvar. Now "Lochy" was stuck on a girl o'er the range, Which was perfectly popular and not at all strange, But her dad had his eye on a citified dude, Who had cash in his breeches in great plenty; And he told his fair Ellen she better had bar All future attentions from young Lochinvar.

What the Child Prodigy Said.

My mamma, she's a singer, an' my papa does a turn As the "Greatest Livin'" Strong Man" in the show, But the both of 'em together doesn't never seem to earn 'Nough to live on, so I have to work, you know. I ain't but only seven, but they've learned me how to dance An' sing, an' do a cakewalk on the stage, An' when I play a minstrel, with a overcoat an' pants, Folks say I'm just a wonder for my age.

My pitcher's on the three-sheets that is hung up 'round the town,

An' my name is on the programme big an' black, An' sometimes I hears the children that is runnin' up an' down Say, "I'd like to be that youngster, for a fact." Gee! They ain't got no idea how I wishes that they could, An' I could jus' go runnin' 'round the street, An' have a home to go to with a papa that was good, An' a mamma that was always kind an' sweet.

So shapeless in form and so homely in face,

There never a ranch such a pair did o'er grace; And her mother did fret while her father did cuss, While the dude wondered what was the best thing to do; And the bridesmaids a whisper, "She'd better, by far, Have corralled this handsome young chap, Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,

He gulped of the mead and tossed down the cup; Miss Ellen then giggled and started to cry, So shapeless in form and so homely in face, There never a ranch such a pair did o'er grace; And her mother did fret while her father did cuss, While the dude wondered what was the best thing to do; And the bridesmaids a whisper, "She'd better, by far, Have corralled this handsome young chap, Lochinvar."

While the big briny tears filled her sorrowful eye; He took her big paw ere her father could bar, "Now wiggle your tootsies," quoth young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear, As they walked toward the altar where the auto stood near, What followed to Ellen was simply a dream, She was tossed in the auto and swish! went the steam, And away, with the speed of a Pullman steam car, Went Ellen, the Lovely, and young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mongst all of the old rancher's clan—Smiths, Browns and Johnsons, they rode and they ran, There was racing and chasing all over the plain, But the old man's fair Ellen was never seen again, So dartin' in love and so cheeky in war, Say, wa'n't he a looloo—this young Lochinvar?

E. A. BRINNINSTOOL.

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The most difficult feat was the sending of the green to Alice of Hesse when she became cararina of Russia. The Princess Alice of England had tended the myrtle in her childhood, and when she married into the house of Hesse she asked that she might take with her a great trailing bouquet of the royal vine. Her request was granted and such a drain was made upon the original plant that scarcely had it recovered in time to supply leaves for the next royal wedding.

When Alice, the eldest daughter of the Princess Alice, was to be married to the coming czar of Russia, all was forgotten in the sadness which afflicted the royal family of Russia, for the czar lay dying.

But in the midst of the sorrow Queen Victoria remembered that it was, after all, a wedding and not a funeral, to which her dear daughter was looking forward, and so, by special envoy, there arrived on the day of the wedding, November 26, 1894, a special envoy bearing a basket of myrtle.

In the bottom of the basket there was earthenware English earthenware, and platted deep in it, all warm and moist, were myrtle roots. Alice, now of Russia, wore the myrtle on her wedding day and then ordered that it be planted in the royal conservatory and carefully preserved for future use.

When the little Grand Duchess Olga comes to the throne, as she may

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