

HOOT, MON! DINNA YE KEN?

Elaborate Preparations for St. Andrew's Ball This Evening Completed—Decorations on a Magnificent Scale Never Before Attempted—Will Surpass Previous Efforts.

From Friday's Daily.
The small sized army of carpenters and decorators which has for several days been engaged in transforming the barren walls of the A. B. hall into a veritable thing of beauty ended its labors this afternoon and the result of the artistic skill shown will be as a picture from fairyland. Bunting and flags have been used with the greatest profusion, the riot of colorings blending most harmoniously. Harry Sedley, who is assisting Cox & Cloes, the decorators, has painted a setting which will adorn the rear of the stage, the scene depicting a camp of Highlanders in one of their mountain fastnesses. In the center of the stage suspended from the proscenium arch will hang the huge St. Andrew's cross composed of myriads of electric lights. Attached to the ceiling in the center of the room will be another St. Andrew's cross from which will run to the sides, ends and corners bunting of variegated hues. An artistic effect is produced by the panels formed in the construction of the balcony along the sides of the room. There are five on each side, adorned with palms crossed over scrolls of bunting. Each of the pillars supporting the balcony is draped in a manner similar to the general tone and effect of the decorations. As a whole, over the main balcony are hung garlands and festoons in every conceivable shape thus affording a grateful relief to the bare ceiling which would otherwise be visible. Hanging from the front of the balcony and in its center is a large picture of King Edward likewise suitably draped.

The erection of the two extra balconies was a wise decision on the part of the executive committee as additional seating capacity to the extent of nearly 100 is thus afforded. From the rear of the balcony greater egress is given by an extra stairway which has been put in. In the ladies' dressing room, the large room directly in front of the hall will be a couple of maids to attend the wants of the fair ones and repair any trifling damage that may be inflicted upon their gowns in the crush of dancing. The ladies will also find at their disposal mirrors and all kinds of toilet accessories. The room adjoining wherein are the lodge lockers will be devoted to the gentlemen for smoking and cards. The gentlemen's check room

is found at the rear of the main balcony where ample provision has been made for checking and caring for their outdoor apparel. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. A. P. Friemuth will occupy the front of the stage. At the rear of the tables from which supper will be served will be spread. Everything may be said to be in perfect readiness for the great social event of Dawson and tomorrow the executive committee and members of St. Andrew's Society will modestly receive the many encomiums they so richly deserve.

The Tide of Telephone Talk.

"It's very curious how talk ebbs and flows over the wire," said a New Orleans telephone girl. "Low tide is at 1:30 in the morning. Around that time several minutes will elapse when nobody in this whole big city is using the phone. When you come to think about it, that is something remarkable. Between 1 and 3 o'clock the calls will average from 160 to 180, rarely more, but for some reason I was never able to understand, business always picks up between 3 and 3-in fact, it nearly doubles. Then, for equally mysterious reasons, there is another lull, and the hour between 3 and 4 is almost as quiet as between 1 and 2. I have often tried to figure out some theory for those two curious fluctuations, but have never even hit upon one that was even plausible.

"After 4 o'clock, however, there is a steady and continuous increase in the stream of talk. We girls who have been in the exchange a good while get to know exactly how the city wakes up. The market men head the procession, and then follow the different tradespeople and clerks and office employees, according to the necessities of the various callings. All of them use the phone more or less, and it is very curious and interesting to watch the graduations by which the community settles down to its day's work. By 9 o'clock the rush of traffic has become something tremendous, and it grows by leaps and bounds until it reaches a climax at 10. From 9 to 10 the calls will often exceed 4,000. Then there is a slight falling off, becoming more marked as the day advances, and between 4 and 5 five-tenths of the business phone calls have subsided. But

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oddly enough, the residence phones at that juncture suddenly take up the tale, and their heaviest business is between 4 and 6. I suppose the business folks are through then with the main cares of the day and have a little leisure for long distance gossip. Throughout the early evening calls don't vary much one way or the other, and, with 9 o'clock, they begin to dwindle steadily down to 1:30, which, as I said before, is extreme low water mark."

"How many calls can a girl attend to in an hour? Well, I have made connection for 300 talks between 9 and 10, exclusive of the numbers I reported as busy."

Made Herself a Baroness.

Passengers who arrived in New York on the White Star liner Ocean yesterday, were on tiptoe with curiosity when the vessel reached her pier to learn the identity of a mysterious voyager who appeared on the passenger list under the title of the Baroness Bazus. Persons skilled in the family histories of the continental nobility had tried in vain to guess the nationality of this family.

It has been noticed that the baroness, who seemed an unassuming woman of rather more than middle age, wore many costly rings and that a crest appeared on most of her possessions. She had a small, long haired dog, of which she seemed very fond.

All the other passengers were on the alert at the docks to see what friends met the baroness. They were surprised and mystified when the baggage was distributed according to the initials of its owners, to see the baroness go to the letter "L" instead of the letter "B". Some of the curious ones were near enough to over hear a waiting friend say, "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Leslie?" and the mystery was solved. The baroness was Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Mrs. Leslie willingly explained the origin of her title. She had taken it she said, because she did not approve of the policy of the publications which bear the Leslie name and did not wish longer to be identified with them.

"This title dates back to the time of Saint Louis, king of France," said the baroness. "Saint Louis conferred it upon Philippe Picote, the head of a family in southern France. He had, besides the title of Baron de Bazus, that of Count Lateyrolche.

"This last title is now in the family. I have just come from visiting them, and I have had a delightful time. "Ancestors of mine came to Louisiana from France on account of the Huguenot persecutions. About ten or fifteen years ago my aunt established her right by birth and marriage to the title of Baroness de Bazus, and she decided to claim it for the benefit of her son. This son died seven or eight years ago, and as my aunt too, is dead, the title passes to me. The family in France received me with open arms and were glad that I had the title. As they have the title of Count de Lateyrolche they could spare the other one.

"By an act of the French parliament in 1847 the Barons de Bazus are mentioned and their rights of procedure and the like are confirmed."

Upon the accession of the baroness to the title, which took place in Paris the Baroness Salvador gave a soiree for her.

This is the fifth name the Baroness de Bazus has acknowledged as her own. Originally she was Miss Marianne Florence Folin. She married E. G. Squier, afterward United States minister to Peru, and after she separated from him married Frank Leslie. After Mr. Leslie's death she married in 1891, William C. K. Wilde, from whom she obtained a divorce. Among her ardent admirers before her marriage to Mr. Wilde was the Marquis de Leville, who freely offered his title. It was not accepted, and it was shown afterwards that the "marquis" was not a Frenchman at all, but a London tailor's son.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Perry Reid of Gold Run is in Dawson for a few days.

Union Services.
The Presbyterian and Methodist congregations united in holding services at the Presbyterian church yesterday. Rev. Hetherington, opened the services and Dr. Grant, preached the sermon. Special music had been prepared for the occasion which was well rendered under the leadership of Director Searell.

The large church auditorium was comfortably filled, and the services throughout were in accord with the spirit of the day.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

COMING AND GOING.
J. H. France and J. Ellison of Hunker are guests at the Empire hotel.
Messrs. Chas. Worden of 16 Eldorado and John S. Day of Cheenago Hill are registered at the Regina.
L. McDonald and A. James of Bonanza, and John Payne of Dominion, are registered at the Empire hotel.
Mr. Peter Dore, the sour dough miner who arrived from the Koyukuk on Tuesday evening is making the Regina hotel his headquarters during his stay in Dawson.
Capt. Donovan of 6 above lower Discovery on Dominion is in town for Thanksgiving and is a guest at the Regina. The Captain reports a big stampede from lower Dominion to Mail creek, caused by a report of a big strike made there recently.

A Chinese Heroine.
The moral and intellectual standards of the Chinese are so different from ours that their popular characteristics are as likely to appear ridiculous in our own eyes as to look sublime. When, for instance, they accord memorial honors to a young woman who cut slices from her arms and added them to the medicine of an aged parent in the hope of imparting vigor, our sentiment of admiration is not unmingled with other feelings.

Still, there are Chinese characters whose heroism we can admire. One of them—and a great favorite with Chinese historians and poets—is Queen Mi, wife of the Emperor Liu. During the rebellion of Tsao a great battle was fought, the chronicles relate, in which the forces of the emperor became scattered and his household dispersed. While the combat still raged Queen Mi found herself alone, abandoned, cruelly wounded by an arrow and tottering feebly through the bloody grass on her "three inch gold lilies" (compressed feet), bearing in her arms the little A-tou, heir to the line.
She was not his own mother, but

her maternal devotion was none the less perfect. Dragging herself painfully to a half ruined hut, she crouched against the wall with the baby wrapped in her robe. Presently a horseman rode up and discovered her. He proved to be Chao-tzu-lung, a faithful general of the emperor. Prostrating himself at her feet he begged her to mount his horse with the child; he would fight on foot at their side and endeavor to break through the enemy's lines to the royal army on the farther side.

Ceremoniously bidding him rise, the grateful queen in her turn knelt, not to her general, but to his loyalty, and assured him that she trusted him to rescue the heir, but that he must leave her to die. A warrior on foot, with a wounded woman as well as a baby, would be at a fatal disadvantage. He must ride and carry the child.

"Place him beneath your corselet, next your heart," she said, "not tightly nor yet so very loosely."

But Chao-tzu-lung could not bring himself to abandon the queen, seeing which she suddenly stopped, laid A-tou at his feet and running with the last muster of her strength to a wall near at hand sprang down it to her death.

Then, indeed, the general took the baby as she had hidden him, and charging the enemy in a fury of grief and rage broke through the lines, bore the heir in safety to his father, Liu, and told him and guard the story of the queen's sacrifice.—Youth's Companion.

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