

THEIR VIGOR WAS RESTORED

How a Sourdough Drove His Laymen off the Claim.

By Cooking Food too Rich for Their Blood—Thought He Was a Culinary Artist.

Many things which are a source of plenty of vexation or annoyance at the time, become, in the course of a few years, provocation of mirth only. Such a story was told by a Dawson mining man the other evening and will perhaps appeal to the heart, and doubtless the stomach of many a sourdough who can recall similar experiences.

"It was in the time before women of the sort who cook and keep house for miners began to come to the Klondike to any great extent," said the sourdough, by way of introducing his yarn, "that I had a claim not more than a thousand miles from here, and on the claim I had three laymen under an arrangement by which we all worked together.

"In the course of time I found that the work was beginning to tell on me, and I suppose complained of not feeling well. At all events the laymen, who lived in a cabin next to mine said that they could do all the work easily enough if they didn't have to do their own cooking and offered to do my part of the work if I thought I could manage the cooking for all hands. They said they were run down from eating poor and improperly cooked grub.

"I thought I could. I had eaten my own cooking long enough so that I had gotten into the way of eating any old thing and believing it was all right, and my conscience is clear when I say that although the ground was pretty good, I had no intention of driving the laymen off.

"I said I supposed that I was one of the best cooks this side of Missouri, and that if I could get rid of the pick and shovel drill long enough to attend to the matter I could build them up and restore their lost vigor. We decided that the restoring process should commence the following morning about breakfast time.

"That evening I began looking over our joint grub stock, and after much consideration, decided that in order to give these men strength I must feed them strong food. I discovered a lot of beef extract in jars, and I thought that I had hit on a happy combination when I decided to boil some of this extract and thicken it with corn meal for breakfast. I did it.

"When the men came in to breakfast in the morning I dished up some of my new vigor producer for them and waited to see their smiles of satisfaction when they tasted it. The first man tasted it, but he failed to smile or betray other evidences of satisfaction. I thought that perhaps he had been eating his own cooking so long that he had passed the stage when he could know a good thing anyway. I waited to see what the next man would do. He looked surprised, I thought, and I felt a little bit annoyed when it seemed that his expression denoted pain.

"The third man was different. There was no mistaking his sentiments as he rolled his eyes at me in an expressive way and hurried from the room. He came back presently and asked what in h— I had done to that mush. I replied that I had tried to fix it all right. 'You fixed it all right,' was all he said and they all three went out. After they had gone I tasted the mush myself. Then I took the dish out and tried the dog with it. That didn't work either. He just smelled it and left camp.

"Somehow I got through lunch by falling back on the old reliable bacon and beans, and for dinner I was determined to prove to the laymen that I was no ordinary cook, if they were not already convinced of the fact.

"I worked hard all the afternoon making cake and pastry and biscuit. I was so taken up with the work in hand and the anticipation of how pleased and surprised those laymen would be, and how much more vigorous they would be in a day or two after eating my cooking that I forgot to cook anything else, and to make matters more dismally interesting, I forgot to put any baking powder in anything.

"That night the men came in to dinner and it didn't take me long to see that they were not entirely satisfied or happy, although I had no reason to doubt their vigor. They tasted the biscuit, looked at each other and silently filed out of the cabin. By that time I had begun to get desperate and decided that I would either have a top-notch

breakfast or my remains would be found near the stove in the morning.

"I worked most of that night making preparations for a most extraordinary breakfast, and had it ready on time, and this time I was quite sure that everything was all right. I had a good breakfast. When it was on the table I went to the laymen's cabin and rapped on the door, and getting no answer, I went in. The cabin was empty, but sticking above the door I found a note which read:

"We are too vigorous to stay here any longer. Your cooking is too rich for our blood and we have gone to Nome."

News of the River.

Last evening when the Canadian sailed she carried 110 passengers, and a large number of people were on the dock to say good by to departing friends and witness the sailing of what many believed would be the last boat out this year. Whether the steamer's whistles made more noise than the crowd on the wharf is an open question, but the Canadian got a good send-off at all events.

The sailing of the Zealandian tomorrow evening is still a matter of doubt as it depends largely on the condition of the river at that time and the demand for tickets.

It was not originally the intention to send the Flora back here this year, but the company's plans have been changed and Mr. Calderhead received a message last evening stating that she was on her way down the river. Immediately upon her arrival here she will start once more for Whitehorse, and will most likely be the last steamer to turn her bow up stream before next spring.

A few scows are arriving every day from above, and a great many are on the way.

Among others who are coming with scows freight laden is J. R. McGovern who is somewhere between here and Whitehorse with several scows loaded with machinery.

The Yukon wore a very wintry aspect this morning, and a continuous flow of ice marked the main current. Several days since it was reported that the Stewart and Pelly were both putting out a flow of ice, and this morning it is said the Pelly is increasing the supply.

The scows coming in this morning showed considerable ice frozen to their sides.

The steamer Monarch, Capt. Leech, master, and H. V. V. Bean, purser, arrived this morning, eight days from Whitehorse, with 200 tons of freight and the following passengers: Mrs. Percy Hope and child, Miss Laura Maynor, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Betsch, Mrs. McCallister, Miss May Schaffer, Pete McDonald, Mr. Pinska, H. Spafter, E. Gunderson, Ed Peterson, J. N. Farion, and Chas. Armstrong.

The Monarch was chartered for the trip by Messrs. Daniel and Hill, who were expecting a large consignment of meat at Whitehorse, but the season being late and as the meat had not arrived they filled her up with a general cargo.

There is pleasure to be found even in misfortune, for while at Hellsgate, where the Monarch was stuck for two days and where the Zealandian and Bonanza King were detained at the same place and for the same reason, a very pleasant social dance was held on the Bonanza King by the passengers of the aforesaid steamers and which was thoroughly enjoyed by the belated travelers.

Mr. Daniel, one of the charterers of the Monarch, informed the Nugget representative this morning that ice was flowing from all the rivers tributary to the Yukon and was gaining in quantity daily.

The Monarch will start for Whitehorse tomorrow where she will go into winter quarters.

Should Fix a Price.

The fact that a man saws wood for a living does not necessarily imply that he is not on to his job, for the majority of them are; they are also students of human nature in that they size up a man and charge him all they think he will stand. The usual price for sawing wood per cord is from \$5 to \$6, according to the length desired; but one man, who doubtless looks somewhat verdant, was told this morning that the price of sawing wood had gone up to \$11.50 per cord, and was liable to go higher before night. It is worth money to saw wood and people are willing to pay a fair, decent price; but those having wood to saw will do well to fix on a price before the work is done, for there is no doubt, but that there are grafters in that business the same as in all others.

If we haven't got what you want we'll send for it. Hammell's, the Forks.

Short orders served right. The Hotel.

COMING AND GOING.

Mrs. Hiley and little daughter Blanche left for the outside on the Canadian yesterday evening.

Don't forget to cut out the Nugget ballot, and after marking it as indicated, send it in an envelope marked "Vote" to this office.

The Ladue Co. has moved its office from its old moorings on First avenue to near the grocery store of Clark & Ryan on Second avenue.

Among those recently departing for the outside were the wife and children of Dr. Brown. The family has gone to Seattle, its former home, where the winter will be spent visiting friends and relatives.

D. A. Hard, of 73 above on Sulphur, left on the Canadian yesterday evening on a visit to his old home in Tacoma. It is reported that on his return he will bring with him a cook in the person of a prominent young lady of the City of Destiny.

J. J. Smith, of 2 above lower discovery on Dominion, is registered at the Yukon hotel. He has suspended operations temporarily at the mine and is in the city purchasing feed for his team and supplies for the mine. He is of the opinion that lower discovery will be the busiest part of the creek this winter.

Body Taken Outside.

Benjamin Stone, brother of Martin Stone, the unfortunate mate of the steamer Clifford Sifton, who was recently drowned near Hootalinqua, has taken his brother's corpse to the outside. The remains will be interred at Victoria, where the deceased has a wife and three sisters. The dead man was a native of Greenspond, Newfoundland. He was very generally esteemed by his associates on the boat as well as by others who knew him.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—Miners license issued to A. Marcoux. Apply this office.

LOST—October 11th, stick pin, 2 diamonds, 1 emerald. Finder please return to S. Y. T. Co. Reward. C. B.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DENTISTS.
DR. HALLVARD LEE—Crown and bridge work, Gold, aluminum or rubber plates. All work guaranteed. Room 7, Aurora No. 2 Building.

LAWYERS
BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.

ALEX HOWDEN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, etc. Criminal and Mining Law. Room 21 A. C. Co's Office Block.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY BLEECKER FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLEECKER & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys at Law. Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building. Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, First avenue

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

TABOR & HUME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Telephone No. 48. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

F. HAGEL, Q. C. Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

ASSAYERS.
JOHN B. WARREN, F. I. C.—Assayer for Bank of British North America. Gold dust melted and assayed. Assays made of quartz and black sand. Analyses of ores and coal.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.
T. D. GREEN, B. Sc., Dominion Land Surveyor. McLennan, McFeely & Co.'s Block, Dawson.

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Boys' Extra Heavy Ribbed Wool Stockings, \$1.00 Per Pair.
Misses' Suits, Elegantly braided jacket suits with sailor collars, 8 to 12 years, each \$10.00
Princess Dresses, Made of wool cheviot, camel's hair effect, tucked and braided yokes, 8 to 12 years, each \$12.50
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Misses' heavy crocheted wool skirts, assorted colors, each \$2.50
Wool Hoods, red, blue, black, each \$2.00
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SOME INTERESTING NEWS FOR BABY—Pretty silk and wool mittens, 8 and 75c per pair. White knitted leggings, 75c a pair. Leg drawers \$1.00 a pair. **HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR FURS**
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FOR RENT
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Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

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