

SEVERAL SPECIAL OFFICERS

To Be Appointed From the Humane Society.

The Pound Established on Second Avenue — Mrs. Clark Lost Her Horses.

Members of the executive committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are to be sworn in as special constables to carry out the law bearing on the objects for which the society was formed.

At the meeting the other night a committee of one was appointed to wait upon Major Wood in the matter and today the major said he knew of no reason why he should not do so, but before carrying out the plan finally, he would consult with the judge.

This request was found advisable by the society, as several times of late members have remonstrated with the drivers of different sorts of teams for the wrong treatment of animals, and have been laughed at for their pains, and the driver passing on left the remonstrator no other resource but to let the matter drop.

A pound keeper has been found and appointed in the person of Fred Nichols, formerly a member of the police force. The pound has been established on Second Avenue opposite the Dawson City cafe, where, in future the owners of missing animals will do well to look for them.

Recently Mrs. Clark, who lives near the Klondike bridge turned out or allowed to stray a couple of ponies, which, in due time were complained of as being without food or shelter and impounded.

The animals were kept the required length of time and advertised. When, at the expiration of the legal time no owner put in an appearance, one of the horses was sold and as there was no sale for the other it was killed as provided for by the ordinance. Nearly two weeks later Mrs. Clark appeared before the proper official and complained that a hardship had been worked upon her by the law, as she had been looking for the horses all the time.

Laws must be made to deal with the rule in such cases and cannot be made fit the exceptions. If, in this case the law has worked a hardship it is regretted by those who framed the ordinance, but it cannot be seen where the law is at fault.

Territorial Court.

This morning Jacob Saltman was arraigned before Justice Dugas, charged with having made fraudulent assignment of goods, thereby defrauding M. Marks out of \$28.50.

Saltman plead not guilty and elected to be tried before a judge, and, upon his statement that he was ready to go to trial the case was proceeded with forthwith.

Joseph Merryont, agent for Marks, took the stand and testified that he had tried to collect the bill of Saltman and failing, had threatened to take goods back. He had not done so, but had entered into an agreement with the prisoner whereby the latter was to have paid an equal amount of the proceed to his creditors ten days later. Intead of doing this he made the assignment complained of.

Judgment was reserved till after the case of the Queen vs. Dinnir has been heard, as that is one growing out of the same general facts. It is before the court this afternoon.

Petty Thieving.

The police are frequently complained to these days regarding petty thefts from in front of stores, shops, meat markets and restaurants, but, as stated in this paper some weeks ago, people who keep temptation hung out after dark have but themselves to blame if "Adam" falls. The police have other matters to look after other than that of keeping an eye on a turkey, rabbit or German sock that may be hung outside a door to advertise the business carried on within.

Mad Dog Shot.

Sergeant Tweedy, in addition to keeping things straight and orderly in the jail, gets out once in a while and last Sunday while he and Sergeant Marshall, he who is so eloquent in his daily recital about O'ye in the territorial court, were taking a walk about the point near the barracks, he became the hero of a thrilling incident.

There were lots of people about and all was peace and quiet, as becomes a Dawson Sunday, when suddenly there appeared upon the scene a yellow dog

who had a large and growing case of rabies. He snapped at people right and left, and why a small boy who patted him on the back escaped without injury, is a mystery. The brute was frothing at the mouth and rapidly growing worse, when Sergeant Tweedy opened fire upon him, killing him as Sergeant Marshall says, but the modest Mr. Tweedy says it was his companion who shot the dog.

Mr. Girouard's Trip.

Respecting the proposed visit of Councilman Girouard to Ottawa Mr. Herbert Hulme stated to a Nugget representative that the information furnished this paper by him yesterday did not come from Mr. O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien was not aware that Mr. Girouard's trip had any connection with his affairs.

The Weather.

Within the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning there was a variation, according to the official weather record, of 24 degrees, the minimum temperature being 45 and the maximum 21 below zero. The weather continued to moderate during the day.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A Case in Which the Coincidences Were Remarkable.

On one occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along it a strong column of prisoners, with guards at intervals on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before and that there were 1,900 of them. I then asked some bystander what day of the month it was and was told it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream. The whole dream was extremely distinct, and it made a strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days and then thought of it no more.

Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day that had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket two miles distant from the point where I had seemed to be when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire talking to the officer of the picket when an aid to the commanding general came riding down the road. He had been a schoolfellow of our officer's at West Point, and he reined up when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news; that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before and that our people had captured 1,900 prisoners, who had just passed the headquarters that morning on their way to the rear.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stuck to His Post.

When it comes to a battle, a horse shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries in the Murfreesboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but when he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in, he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart that killed him.—Our Dumb Animals.

Literary Difficulties.

"She has been talking about writing a novel for years," said one woman. "Yes," answered the other, "but I don't think she'll ever get it completed. She has followed the plan of those authors who study their personal acquaintances for types of character."

"Isn't the method a good one?" "Not in her case. When her husband refuses her anything, she wants to put him in as the villain, and when he does as she wishes she wants to make him the hero. It keeps her continually re-writing the first chapter."—Washington Star.

Longevity of Fish.

There are some goldfish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last 50 years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Imperial aquarium at St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old, and the age of the sacred fish in some of the ponds attached to the Buddhist temples in China is to be counted by centuries, if we are to believe the priests.

Somewhat Encouraging.

"Did that rich young Goldbag propose to you last night?" "Not exactly, mamma, but he asked for an option on me for 30 days."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No News From Hootalinqua.

Major Wood has not received any information relative to the late killing at Hootalinqua since the result of the

coroner's investigation was reported. He thinks the preliminary hearing of St. Cyr, the slayer of the man Davis, is in progress before Inspector McGibbon and that nothing will be heard until it is completed. If the prisoner is held over to the territorial court, which he doubtless will be, he will probably be brought to Dawson in the near future.

"LOPES TOO BLOOMIN 'IGH."

The Englishman's Only Comment When the Broncho Threw Him.

"Most Englishmen are considered pretty fair horsemen, but when it comes to riding a bucking broncho some of them are not in or on it for long," said the owner of a large cattle ranch in Wyoming to the writer the other day. "For instance, a rich young Englishman recently came out to my part of the country in quest of some good investment. He was at my ranch as a guest for a few days, and one afternoon as the cowboys were about to round up a bunch of cow ponies the young man said that he would enjoy a good ride in the saddle. He said he was used to riding only thoroughbreds, and he didn't think we had a horse good enough for him. The boys convinced him that they had one of the finest horses on the plains, and if he knew how to ride he was welcome to the animal. He was apparently insulted when questioned about his ability to ride and answered that he could ride any kind of a horse. A sleepy looking broncho was accordingly brought out from the corral and saddled. Though the beast appeared half dead, he was the worst bucker in the herd.

"'E's lifeless," said the foreigner when the pony was brought to him. The boys said the nag would wake up after the first mile, and mildred got into the saddle. The first buck jump placed him on the horse's neck, and after the second he was in the atmosphere. He turned a double somersault and landed on the sharp end of a cactus plant. When he picked himself up, one of the boys asked what he thought of the thoroughbred now. The question made the Englishman turn pale.

"'E's a good 'oss," he answered, "but he lopes too bloomin 'igh."—Washington Star.

I and My.

The pronouns "I" and "my" are greatly to be avoided in general conversation. "I" do this or that; "my" children are so and so; "my" cook, "my" house, "my" equipages—such iteration sets terribly on the nerves of the listener, besides being in very bad form.—New York Tribune.

Handy.

"This man," said the keeper softly, "imagines he has millions." "Isn't that nice?" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."—Kansas City Times.

A Drifting Wreck.

"What is a skeptic, pa?" "Well, the most hopeless kind of skeptic is a woman who has lost her faith in doctors."—Indianapolis Journal.

Diamond mounting by Soggs & Vesco. Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Restaurant, in good location, doing first-class business. Owner wishes to engage in other business. Apply Nugget office.
FIRST Class Dog Team, Harness and Sled. Inquire at Hoffman Grill, opp. New Post office, Third Street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

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

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

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MINING ENGINEERS.

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

DRESSMAKERS

MADAM LEMERE—Fashionable dressmaking, latest fashions. Room 23 McDonald Hotel. p 5.

THE TACOMA BOYS

FINE CANNED FRUIT

IN ALL THE FOLLOWING VARIETIES:

50c. Strawberries, Raspberries, Peaches, Grapes, Damsons, A ricots, Plums, Pineapples, Green apples, Cranberry Sauce

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Corner 6th St. and 2nd Ave.

"HIGH GRADE GOODS"

Pumpkins, Squash, Excellent for Pies.

Parsnips, Turnips, Equal to the Fresh Vegetable

Evaporated Vegetables Granulated & Sliced Potatoes all kinds.

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AMUSEMENTS

The Standard Theatre

WEEK COMMENCING DECEMBER 3

Henry J. Byron's English Melo-Drama, entitled "THE LANCASHIRE LASS"

Miss Wilson GRAND OLIO, INCLUDING Miss Mitchell Miss Lorne and Miss DeLacy.

SAVOY - THEATRE

..Grand Calico Ball..

Friday, Dec. 7, 1900

\$50 Prizes \$50 Prizes

Grand March at 12 O'Clock, Assisted by the Wondroscope

A. E. Co.

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A BIG DROP!

...IN PRICES AT...

Dawson's Mammoth Department Store

150 Pairs Men's Leather

Mittens

Fur Lined and warranted to keep your hands warm in the coldest weather. While they last

\$1.50 PAIR

Men's Frieze Ulsters

With heavy wool cheviott body lining; hair cloth sleeve lining. All thoroughly made and today quoted at prices which represent half their regular value.

\$14.00 EACH

200 Pairs Ladies' All Wool Hose

Heavy ribbed. While they last,

75c PAIR

Alaska Exploration Company.

Highest Prices Paid for Raw Furs.

Notice.

Will the party who, by mistake, took the wrong pair of arctic overshoes at the St. Andrew's ball Friday night kindly return same to the Nugget office and oblige.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd. Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joslyn Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

HARDWARE, BOILERS and HOISTS.

STOVES and RANGES.

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WEST SIDE HOTEL

Skating Rink

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The finest to eat and drink. Trails out from all roads. Snug corners for private parties.

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