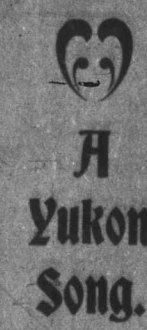


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The Nugget this year proposes to offer fifty dollars for a song. This Yukon territory, in the growth and prosperity of which every inhabitant takes the very deepest interest, has been celebrated the world over by newspapers and magazines, and books 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. We therefore invite every poet in the territory in whom the divine spark has been planted to call upon the muse and compete for the prize. Please note the following conditions: (1). The song is to contain five stanzas. (2). No limitation is to be placed as to the metre or length of the verses. (3). Manuscripts signed with nom de plume and accompanied by sealed envelope containing real name and nom de plume must be received at this office not later than December 20th. A competent committee of judges will be selected to decide upon the merits of the verses submitted and the award will be made in accordance with their decision. Everyone who desires may compete and we hope that a lively interest in the contest will be awakened.



Yukon Song

DAVE HAD A POLITICAL TACT

And Knew Just How to Handle Old Man Dullet

When He Went to Put His Wife in the Penitentiary for Letting Salty Harry Torm Hackle.

I was on a visit to my friend Dave at his mountain home and was standing one day in the courtyard at Lexington county town, discussing the possibilities of his re-election to the position of commonwealth's attorney when down the street came a long gallop an old fellow mounted on a white steed, a red coat which long rusty tail whipped between his legs at every jump. Up to the courtyard gate he clattered and, dismounting, flung the rein over the post. In utter disregard of the large printed notice posted on it that no horses were to be hitched there, through the turnstile and up the walk he came swinging. "I believe that old Dullet from Jackborough, said Dave. He's a man of influence up there and dead against me—always is. I wonder what he wants?" He had not long to wait, for the old fellow strode up to a group and said, "What's the commonwealth's attorney?" "I am the man," said Dave. "What do I do for you, Mr. Dullet?" "I want you to put my wife in the penitentiary," he said. "What?" exclaimed Dave, then recovered himself. "What do you want that for?" "She's forged my name, and she's got to go to the penitentiary," said he. "Well, tell me about it," said Dave, seeing the gravity of the situation and, turning, he led the way into his office and offered chairs. "Well, it's this way: My oldest gal Harry is been a-wantin' to marry a fella named Torm Hackle for gwine in two years, and I wouldn't let her." "Why?" said Dave in a professional tone, drawing a pen and paper toward him. "'Cause Torm's on t'other side," said Dullet. "Ah!" said Dave, writing down something. "Go on." "Well, I wouldn't let Torm come on our side. I sent him word of it to look out. And Salty he got kind of sick and peaked, and my old woman she wanted me to do it for her. I wouldn't, 'cause I had to sign the document. Then she got kinder worse, and my wife she wanted me to go for the doctor. So day after yesterday I went down for the doctor, and he said he'd come today, and I staid at Jim Miggin's store all night and yesterday a-waitin' for him, and when I got home last night my wife she said, 'What's the doctor?' and I said, 'He's a-comin. How's Harry?' And she said, 'She's done well. She's got all the doctor she wanted. She's done married Torm Hackle.' 'How did she do that?' says I, 'and I ain't signed your name?' says I. 'I signed your name for it,' says she. And I said, 'You has done commit a penitentiary offense, and I kin put you in the penitentiary for it,' says I. And she let me a dollar, she had a dollar, and I says, 'I bet you \$2 couldn't. And I says, 'I bet you \$2 I can, and I will,' says I. And now she gwine to do it. I kin do it, can't I?" Dave reflected, while the old mountaineer sat still, perfectly passive. "Well," he said slowly, "there are a great many precedents. The billow's face hardened. 'But, of course,' he added, 'forgery is a very serious thing, and, ah!' The old fellow's eye was upon him. 'How long have you been married?' he asked. "Twenty year come next month," Dave wrote it down. "Well, always been good wife to you."

ill now, when she forged my name an—" "Ever have any trouble with her?" "Never at all, 'cept, of course, fights like all married folks has." Dave wrote it down. "Infernal?" "Got no fault to find wid her about dat." "Help you save what you got?" "Ain't a hard worker, sartin' 'ooman on the mountain." "How many children she got?" "Nine—eight livin'—I don't count that one." "How many dead?" "Four." Dave wrote laboriously. "Wife good to 'em?" "Jes' as good as could be. Nursed 'em faithful." "Sit up with 'em when they were sick?" "Never went to bed at all, never took her clothes off." "Go hard with her?" "Went might hard, specially when Johnny died. He was named after me." Dave wrote silently. "Go hard with you?" "Right sort of hard." "Sort of lonesome after that?" "Mighty lonesome." "How old your youngest one now?" "Gwine on 3; that's Billy." "Fond of his mother?" "Can't bear her out of his sight." "Fond of you?" "Sort of—right smart." "Say Salty was your oldest?" "Yes." "Thought right smart of her when you didn't have any others, just at first, I reckon?" "Umh. Might a' come, don't remember." "Wife did, anyhow?" "Yes; always fool 'bout her. Oldest—see?" "She was young and fresh then?" "Yes; likelest woman on the mountain." "Bet she was! Used to have good time sitting up to her, going to see her summer evenings, walking through the woods?" "Yes, sir, did that." "She thought more of first baby than you. She had more trouble with her than you—when she was a baby, I mean?" "Oh, yes; guess she did." "Carried her round in her arms, nursed her when she was sick and made her little frocks for her?" "Yes." "As she did Johnny's?" "Yes." "And does little Billy's?" "Yes. She's made Billy a little pair of breeches." "With pockets in them?" "Yes, two." Dave laid down his pen, opened the code and read a little to himself. "Well, I can put her in the penitentiary for you," he said. "Not less than one nor more than ten years," he read. Dullet sat forward a little. "How old is your wife?" "Bout 50 year." "I'll draw the indictment. Let me see, the grand jury will meet when? Then the jury?" He was talking to himself, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling. "There might be some of those Hackles on the jury. Umh, that would be bad." Dullet twisted around in his chair. "They'd send her on for the full time, though—ten years. That would be good." Dullet leaned forward. "Are them Hackles obliged to be on that jury?" he asked. "No," said Dave; "not at all. Only they may be on there, that's all." He lifted his eyes again to the ceiling. "That might be all the better. They'd of course be pretty rough on her. Ten years. She's be about 50 when she come out. Umh! They'd have worked her pretty hard. Let me see. I suppose they'd put her with the thieves, dress her in stripes and maybe whip her." Dullet started to give an exclamation, but stopped to listen. "I suppose little Billy would be sorry at night at first, but he'd get used to it, or he might go down to see her once a year for a few minutes in his breeches if she lived. He'd miss her some. If she died, she'd go to Johnny. Well, the Hackles wouldn't be sorry. Yes,

I can do it, I think," he said, bringing his eyes down on Dullet's face and speaking positively. Dullet rose with a jump. "Look here, Mr.—Mr.—What's your name?" he said. "I'll just be darned if any of them Hackles kin put my wife in the penitentiary, and if anybody thinks they kin let me try it!" Dave looked at him calmly. "I agree with you," he said, "and I'll help you." There was a pause, in which Dullet was reflecting. Then he asked, "What would you advise me to do?" "I don't advise you to do anything," said Dave, "but I know what I'd do if I was in your place." "What?" "I'd go home and send for Salty to come over to dinner next Sunday and tell her to bring that fellow with her—'he's mine' Dullet now than he is Hackle, and every time my wife got uppish I'd tell her I could have put her in the penitentiary for ten years, but I was too good to her to do it." Dullet reflected and then said: "I'll do it. What does it owe to you?" "A good deal," said Dave, "but I want you to present it to Mrs. Dullet for me." "Well!" He walked to the door, paused and then said slowly, "The next time you runs for anything, Jackborough is a-gwine to vote for you." He went out. Dave was re-elected.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Basque Funeral Customs. Among the Basques funeral festivities were kept up not only after the funeral, but also for eight days more, and on New Year's day, when they were repeated. In their case this was purely religious ceremonial observance, even if it originated in pagan days. For religion has entered into the Basques to a degree now hardly conceivable. The deceased who was the head of the family, probably belonging to the third religious order, was usually buried in the appropriate dress of the order. The funeral was presided over by the sorore, who was a sort of nun. This probably, as O'Shea says, came down from the time when women held high ecclesiastical positions among the Basques. The very feasts were relics of days when an offering of meat, bread and defunct was to be taken into the church or churchyard not only at the funeral, but every day for two years afterward, for the supposed benefit of the deceased, but really for that of the clergy. Up to 1766 in Guipuzcoa on the occasion of a funeral an ox was taken to the church door and then killed and subsequently eaten, a survival, of course, of pagan sacrifices in primitive times. In whatever way the habit of taking the deceased to the church on an open bier arose, there can be no question that the fire lighted at the nearest crossroads and the obligatory pater a intention du defunct are of deeply religious origin and both in deed and in truth appeal to each neighbor to pray for the soul of a departed brother.—Gentleman's Magazine.

She Wasn't a Clubwoman. "Charis, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you were saying yesterday that the trouble with most people is that they don't remember half what they read." "Well, what of it?" "I want you to listen and see whether I am correcting that fault. The Shamrock was getting along very well, as I understand it, until the secretary of the navy told it to stop and coal, and then the Columbia looped the loop at Santiago, and that way Sir Thomas Lipton got the credit for the battle of Sandy Hook. And that's why the Washington club isn't going to finish at the top of the second division."—Washington Star.

A Non-centsical Remark. "This perfume shot machine is a bunco game." "I suppose I am expected to say 'twby'." "You are, I dropped in a nickle and only got a scent in return." "Glaze fruits at Gandolo's." "We sit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

WARFARE WAS WAGED

Which Accounts for the Existence of Two-Draped Mugs.

And it came to pass that in the first year of the reign of King Edward VII and in the nineteenth hundred and first year Anno Domini and in the twelfth month and on the 17th day of the month that there was war in Israel in that the house of Merrymont did do battle with the house of Grosse. Howbeit, friendliness and good feeling had previously reigned and the truce was as one. Moreover, lineage of the house of Merrymont was employed by the house of Grosse to sell "some facts." And it came to pass that after the elapse of many days that discord arose owing to the fact that the descendant of the house of Merrymont did not get around sufficiently early in the morning to conform with the business ideas of the house of Grosse. And strife and dissension did arise. Moreover, the house of Grosse did arise and say, "Get thee, I pray thee, from off my premises. Yes, verily, take thyself hence; that mine eyes shall look upon thee no more." Peradventure, the descendant of the house of Merrymont refused to muck. And he lifted up his voice, and he lifted it like to a foghorn and said: "Pay me mine hire, I pray thee; prythee, I will go mine own way. Otherwise, where thou stayest I will stay; whether thou goest I will go; thy roof shall be my roof and I will cleave unto thee even as a bull-dog clingeth unto a morsel of bull feed." Then did the house of Grosse lift up its voice and say, "Peradventure, I will pay thee thine hire in mine own good time; only get thee hence." How be it, his words were but as pusill willow down on the back of an ally. Then did both men grip 'up their loins to do battle with other than words. And it came to pass that the battle waxed fierce and the din thereof was like unto that which doth proceed from a boiler shop on a rush job. They fought like brave men, long and well. They piled the ground with Moslem slink-nit. Each conquered and the other fell. Bleeding in every vein—two nits. The foregoing explains the existence in Dawson of a pair of disfigured mugs.

MINING ON CHESNA RIVER

Chesna Mining & Improvement Co.'s Complete Plant.

Valdes, Alaska, Tuesday, Nov. 6.—With the arrival of the Hazel and Meals pack train a few days ago from the Chesna, the mining prospecting season for 1901 came to an end in the Copper River country. Hazel and Meals, or more properly the Chesna Mining & Improvement Co., are, as the name suggests, mining property on the Chesna river, a tributary to the Chesnachena. They are the pioneer prospectors in that section and they have done more hard work and made more improvements on their claims than all others in the district combined. They have built roads, erected good houses for their men and machinery, have a saw mill in operation which is run by steam power and which turns out 5,000 feet of lumber a day. They have dug more than two miles of ditches, and built several large flumes, and have invested more than \$100,000 in their property, which consists of twenty-six claims, some of which are among the best in the Chesna Mining District. This year they have had one hydraulic plant and a large force of men at work. On discovery claim on the Chesna, they got over \$3.50 to the yard. Their best claims at the head of the river, however, have been dead up this year in litigation and were not worked. Had they been able to work them, it is believed by many miners in the district that they would have taken out as much as the entire district, which was \$250,000. This district includes the celebrated Slate Creek and Miller Gulch. While this year's output has not been made public, it is believed that a large amount has been taken out. The litigation over these claims will be settled this winter and next year the company will go in again, but with provisions only, and will have four hydraulic plants in operation, a larger force of men at work than heretofore, and there is no doubt but that they will take out a large fortune.

LARGE CROP OF WHEAT

Eastern Oregon Finds a Slack Market for Its Product.

Pendleton, Or., Nov. 18.—Of the estimated 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 bushels of wheat raised in Unmattila county this year, a total of 1,500,000 bushels has been sold to date. Two-thirds of this amount was disposed of during the past ten days. The balance went out in smaller lots from harvest time to the week before last. As no time has the price gone above 4 1/2 cents, and that figure was paid for only a few choice lots of club, with a little of bluestem bought at the usual advance over club. Sales at this time are small, the fact being due to the scarcity of cars to transport to the seaboard the immense quantity of wheat bought during the past two weeks. It is claimed that the railroads will be busy with hauling the wheat already sold for sometime to come, and it is anticipated that until it has been moved, sales will be inconsequential. Another thing that has increased the shipping difficulties has been the large shipments of livestock from Eastern Oregon, and Washington-Horses have gone in great numbers to Lathrop, Mo., whence they are to be shipped to the British army in South Africa. Buyers have been throughout the entire "horse" country, and thousands of horses have been bought for the government. Horse owners have realized a considerable amount of money from these sales, it being estimated at not less than \$500,000, perhaps \$1,000,000. Cattle and sheep have been sold and hogs have been cleaned up from where ever they could be found. Quite a number of sheep are now being fed for the fat mutton market, the Puget Sound tuns appearing to offer the best of the Pacific Coast demand. Few are destined for Chicago or Kansas City, a condition unlike that of previous years.

JOHN MANNING HEARD FROM

Writes From Deadwood But Is En Route to Dawson.

Ed. Mogrow, night man at the Regina, is in receipt of a letter from "Uncle Johnny" Manning, the well-known and popular miner and road house promoter. The letter was written from Deadwood, S. D., with instructions to send the answer to Seattle in care of Captain Healy, as Manning proposed starting for Seattle shortly after writing. Later in the season he expects to come to Dawson over the ice and continue on the first steamer down the river, going to Nome, where he has valuable mining property which, owing to the shortness of the season, he was unable to work successfully last season. Manning had poor health while in Nome last summer and fall, but writes that he is feeling like a game cock now.

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