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SAN FRANCISCO
 No. 30 California Street

BUILDING THE ARCH

Monument to Minister Von Kettler

Marvelous Instance of Chinese In-
 genuity—No Nails Are
 Used.

Peking, Feb. 1.—On the Great Ha
 Ta Men street, half a mile or so
 from the gate of that name, towers
 the tremendous scaffolding that en-
 circles the stone "Pai-hon" or arch-
 way that is being erected to the mem-
 ory of Baron Von Kettler. The Chi-
 nese government, acting under the
 first article of the Peace Protocol
 signed in the fall of 1900, has been
 working steadily on the monument
 for over a year and a half. It is to
 be raised in the spot where the Ger-
 man minister was killed by Chinese
 soldiers just before the Boxer upris-
 ing and will be a constant warning
 to the people against future outrages
 of a similar nature.

For many months a great space has
 been cleared off in the center of the
 Ha Ta Men street, and here the stone-
 cutters have been constantly at work
 upon the great blocks of white mar-
 ble. The component parts of the
 shafts and caps were there hewn as
 they lay upon the ground to be fin-
 ished in full detail when they had
 finally been put into place.

Along in the latter part of Septem-
 ber, when the foundation piles had
 been driven and all was ready for the
 masonry, a mammoth scaffolding was
 erected, which now towers above all
 the neighboring buildings. The wan-
 derer in any part of the Tartar city
 can turn to its wooden bulk as a
 landmark.

The construction is marvelous. A
 great mass of long fir poles, bound
 together by hempen rope, the huge
 legs and uprights being formed by
 bundles of these sticks, no single one
 of them more than eight or ten inches
 in diameter and varying from twenty
 to fifty feet in length; this is the
 framework. The most wonderful part
 of all is that in the whole structure
 not a nail has been used. It is a
 triumph of patient manual labor.
 More than 150 feet high, it is so im-
 mense that it will be strange if the
 real stone archway underneath does
 not seem an anti-climax when this
 giant wooden veil is drawn aside for
 good and all.

From the upper beams dangle the
 great ropes, which with a series of
 winches are used in raising the blocks
 of stone, some of them weighing
 many tons, to their final positions on
 the shafts. The labor is all perform-
 ed by coolies, whose songs rise, weird
 and strident, the liveliest day, from
 4 in the morning till 5 at night.

There are great lines of men tugging
 at the ropes, pulling, slipping, brack-
 ing, straining, lifting the marble,
 inch by inch, slowly upwards.

The two side wings stretch out in
 alleyways and courtyards over a
 hundred feet back from the street,
 coming down like the legs of a great
 centipede into the neighborhood. All
 the traffic of this busy portion of the
 city, carts, large and small, camel
 trains and pack mules, donkeys, rick-
 shaws and wheelbarrows, not to men-
 tion the tremendous streams of hu-
 manity, all have to pass through lit-
 tle dark passageways between the
 outside of the great pillars and the
 live shop fronts on either side of the
 street.

As one part is finished and the prob-
 able strain lessened the bits of rope
 are promptly cut and the poles taken
 away from that place in the super-
 structure to be used somewhere else.
 Once the scaffolding be all taken down
 the stone carvers will be called in to
 complete the work and put on the
 finishing touches.

The whole method of handling the
 work, the erection and gradual re-
 moval of the scaffolding bit by bit,
 is a wonderful example of Chinese
 economy. There was no rattling taw-
 of hammers; merely the binding
 and twisting with rope of these thou-
 sands of poles, until a tremendously
 strong and extremely elastic struc-
 ture had been built, to serve its pur-
 pose, and so to be disintegrated and
 used again when this work is ulti-
 mately finished.

Softly—Love makes the world go
 round.
 Shortly—Yes, there's no crank
 equal to a lover.—Harvard Lam-
 pon.

BEEF CUTS

Where to Find the Most Choice Portions

Most housewives do not understand
 the terms used by the butcher to de-
 scribe the various cuts into which a
 carcass of beef is divided. Therefore,
 they do not always know what they
 are buying. Here is some informa-
 tion on the subject.

The whole beef is split into halves,
 following the centre of the backbone
 or vertebral column from tail to
 neck. Each half contains a hind and a
 forequarter.

The forequarter is then cut from the
 hindquarter. These are the processes
 of the wholesaler. The "fores" and
 "hinds," as they are called, are now
 ready for the retailer.

The forequarter is cut into two
 parts—the rack, consisting of a set of
 ribs, and the chuck, or shoulder por-
 tion up to and including the eighth
 rib.

The eighth rib cut shows the blade
 gristle only on one side. The ninth
 rib is usually called a chuck roast.

The rack is cut into prime rib,
 standing or rolled roasts.

The chuck is a complicated piece of
 meat when cut into kitchen pieces by
 the butcher. Its anatomy yields the
 following pieces for cooking: Oven
 and pot roasts, boneless chuck steaks
 and chuck roasts cut free of bone and
 metamorphosed into top and lower
 Saratoga roasts. The lower cut is
 the more tender. It has the eye piece
 which somewhat resembles the eye of
 a porterhouse rolled roast.

The chuck yields still more cuts to
 the wizard of the cleaver. There are
 the soup and stewing pieces, plate,
 navel and brisket pieces for corning,
 oven and pot roasts, made by remov-
 ing the flesh from the shoulder bones,
 and chuck steaks cut from the cross
 ribs. In the above disguises the word
 "chuck" loses all of its plebeian
 character.

The hindquarter is less complicated,
 but its dissection is interesting to
 the culinary economist. This part of
 the beef carcass is cut in two; the
 loin of the beef and the round, con-
 sisting of the leg, top and bottom
 round, rump and flank.

Now comes a steak rollcall. The
 loin of beef is cut by the butcher in-
 to top sirloin steaks and roasts, short
 sirloins, roundbone sirloins, flatbone
 steaks, hipbone steaks, boneless sir-
 loin steaks, porterhouse steaks and
 roasts. Then there are a la mode
 top round cuts, bottom round cuts for
 pot roasts and corned beef. The rump
 goes into steaks and corning pieces,
 flank steaks and rolled flank pot
 roasts or corning pieces.

If the housekeeper is mystified by
 the shop vernacular it is because she
 has not learned the "geography of
 the beef cuts" as a Boston culinary
 student puts it. By not knowing her
 alphabet the purchaser is often im-
 posed upon and made to pay a higher
 price for an artistically arranged
 piece of very cheap meat.

New York, Feb. 16.—The Standard
 Oil Company has declared a dividend
 of \$20 a share, payable March 16th.
 This is \$10 more than the last divi-
 dend declared, but is the same as the
 one declared at this time last year.

WANTED—Clean rags at Nugget of-
 fice for wiping machinery.

Butter, two-and-a-half pound roll,
 only \$1.00, at all stores.

On March 1st
 The office of the Dawson Water
 and Power Co. will remove to
 near the corner of Third ave-
 nue and Princess street, next
 McLennan, McFeely & Co.'s
 warehouse.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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 most skillful navigators.
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All Steamers Carry Both
 Freight and Passengers

'PHONES IN ENGINE CABS

An officer of the Baltimore & Ohio
 Railroad, commenting on the disas-
 ter at Westfield, told a reporter about
 a safety device for railroads, which
 has been tested in Germany recently
 with gratifying results.

"It is the joint invention of Messrs.
 Hubert Pfirrmann and Max Wendorf,"
 said he. "Midway between the rails
 is laid a light third rail of the ordi-
 nary T pattern, the joints of which
 are so connected as to form a contin-
 uous conductor." With this initial
 statement the nature and operation
 of the device are described as fol-
 lows:

"Midway under the forward part of
 the engine is hung the working in-
 strument, an electrical apparatus en-
 closed in a square case or jacket oc-
 cupying a cubic foot of space. The
 instrument is connected with a con-
 tact rail, which slides along the
 third rail, and by wires with a tele-
 phone and electric alarm-bell in the
 cab of the engine and a red incan-
 descent lamp, which is lighted by the
 same impulse that rouses the alarm
 bell into action. A further improve-
 ment of the device sets the electric
 brakes on the engine or entire train
 simultaneously with the alarm signal
 which sounds the bell and lights the
 lamp. The apparatus is adjusted
 and arranged that the engineer can at
 any moment, by touching a lever,
 satisfy himself that it is in full work-
 ing condition.

"The tests recently were conducted
 on the main line from Frankfort to
 Hanau, between the stations Sachsen-
 hausen and Goldstein, and a transla-
 tion of the official report will illus-
 trate concisely the working of the
 apparatus. Two locomotives, num-
 bered respectively 290 and 1420, had
 been equipped with the new device
 and the experiments proceeded as fol-
 lows: Engine 290, drawing a special
 train and approaching Sachsenhausen
 at full speed, received the danger sig-
 nal and came to a full stop; the en-
 gineer of 290 then asked by telephone
 the cause of the signal and received
 from the keeper of a grade crossing a
 half-mile in front, word that a wa-
 gon had broken down in crossing the
 track and obstructed the line. After
 ten minutes' wait, the engineer of 290
 received word by telephone that the
 obstruction had been cleared away
 and thereupon resumed his trip.

"A mile further on, the signal on
 290 again sounded, and the engineer

was informed, by telephone as before,
 that the semaphore round a curve and
 more than half a mile distant was
 set at 'halt.' Thereupon engine 290
 slowed down and proceeded cautiously,
 sounding its whistle at short inter-
 vals, the telephone bell in the cab
 ringing continuously until the curve
 was rounded, when the ringing ceased,
 notifying the engineer that the
 semaphore had changed to 'track
 clear.' Thereupon 290 resumed full
 speed.

"In the tests to prevent collision,
 engine 1420 came up rapidly from be-
 hind and on the same track as 290,
 which had slowed down and was pro-
 ceeding cautiously, in consequence of
 reported danger in front. The moment
 that 1420 came within 1,000 metres
 (1,093 yards) of 290, the signal on
 both engines began to ring and their
 red lights to glow. Thereupon 1420
 halted, the engineer inquired of 290
 in front the cause of the alarm, and
 a complete understanding between the
 two trains was immediately estab-
 lished.

"An important point in this con-
 nection is that in practice the same
 warning signal is sounded upon every
 engine equipped with the apparatus,
 which is on the same track, and with-
 in the prescribed radius—a kilometer
 or a mile, as the case may be—from
 the engine and train which cause the
 obstruction. If a semaphore be false-
 ly set at safety, the train may run
 past it into a block in which another
 engine is halted or moving with per-
 fect security that warning will be
 given in ample time to prevent a col-
 lision under any and all conditions of
 darkness, fog, storm or mistaken in-
 structions.

"The invention has other minor
 points of usefulness, but the foregoing
 will be sufficient to indicate the gen-
 eral method of its operation and the
 measure of its efficiency. In effect, it
 puts the engineer of every train into
 instantaneous touch with other trains
 switchmen and station and crossing
 keepers in his neighborhood and keeps
 ever before his eye and ear an auto-
 matic and infallible signal which
 springs into activity the moment that
 his locomotive, whether running for-
 ward or backward, comes within the
 radius of danger from collision.

"The German government has di-
 rected that a section of track be
 equipped with the apparatus for care-
 ful, practical experiments, and it is
 reported that the government of Rus-
 sia has obtained license to test it in
 actual service on its new military
 lines now under construction in Si-
 beria."

A Successful Liar

Wilson was out of health and out
 of spirits, and his physician advised
 him to go away. When he asked
 where, the physician waved his hand,
 meaning anywhere. So Wilson went
 into the orchard region of the south-
 west, riding an easy-looking horse
 that he might loiter along the way and
 breathe the scent of the apple bloom.
 Inquiry brought him to a restful
 place among the hills, a small, home-
 like tavern, an ancient house built of
 logs, and moss-covered on the north
 side. Here he sat down to rest, and
 it was restful, the soft air, the mys-
 terious woods and a great spring of
 white water that burst with passion
 from under a rock. This was all
 charming enough, but to one of Wil-
 son's sensitiveness, the people were
 annoying. The fewness of strangers
 rendered the natives inquisitive, and
 immediately upon the arrival of a
 visitor they at once set about to dis-
 cover his business and the source of
 his income.

Shortly after his arrival he was
 sitting in the "best room," in the
 presence of several mountaineers who
 hemmed and hawed at him and
 glanced at one another. Presently a
 tall, gaunt fellow, with beard streaked
 with sunlight and shadow, looked
 up and said:
 "Don't reckon it's much use to ask
 you if you are a stranger in these
 here parts?"
 "Not much," replied Wilson.
 "Must have come from a pretty
 good distance?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, about how far?"
 "See that blue hill off yonder?"
 "Yes; it's plain enough."
 "Well, I came from further than
 that."

A silence fell and the hill men
 chewed their tobacco and spat into
 the great fireplace, and after a time
 another one, holding the importance
 of a reserve force, spoke up: "I take
 it that you ain't a farmer."
 "Whenever you feel like taking
 help yourself," said Wilson, and the
 reserve force cleared his throat. But
 he knew the duties of his position and
 was not ready to retire.

"Of course," said he, "it is neces-
 sary, or leastwise we think so, for a
 man to have some sort of business.
 Don't you think so?"

"Either that or he ought to be a
 pretty skillful thief," said Wilson.
 "Yes, that's what we think. And
 you have some sort of business, eh?"
 "Yes, a very flourishing business."
 "May I ask what it is?"
 "Certainly. I am—am traveling
 for a factory that makes cork legs
 and arms."

They chewed their tobacco and
 glanced at one another, and Wilson,
 looking around, saw a girl standing
 near the door. He had caught sight
 of her once before, as she swept like

a vision from the dairy-house across
 the yard. She did not shrink as he
 looked at her now; her brown eyes
 met his, and he felt that his starv-
 ing nerves were feasting as he gazed
 upon her.

"And I reckon you have come here
 to take orders," said the reserve
 force.

"Yes, that's my business."
 The hill men filed out, leaving Wil-
 son alone, no, with the girl who still
 stood near the door; and when they
 were gone, she came forward, not
 timidly but with a sweep, a dart like
 the strike of a black bass, and she
 stood at his elbow. "My father
 lives over on the hill," she said, and
 then halted to gaze into "his eyes."
 "He owns this place but lets mother
 and me run it, because he can't get
 about very well and don't want to
 be in anybody's way. He lost a leg
 in the army, and I want you to have
 him one made and brought up here."

She was so earnest that Wilson had
 not the heart to tell her that he was
 a liar, that he had never seen a cork
 leg, so he replied: "Yes, I will go
 over and see him—with you."

"They went over and talked with the
 old fellow, and while they were there
 up stumped the owner of an orchard
 whose fruit brought a good price,
 and said that he wanted a leg, and
 before long a man named Weiss ob-
 tained a right arm for himself and a
 left arm for his brother.

Wilson had now gone too far to re-
 treat. The girl led him into a buggy
 with him and drove him into another
 neighborhood where he took orders
 for six legs and four arms; and then
 they drove down the creek and took
 more orders. And he found an inter-
 est in the work. Sometimes his con-
 science would reproach him, but the
 sweetness of the girl's face and the
 brightness of her eyes made him for-
 get his perjury, and so the time grew,
 like the mellowing of an apple, and
 at last he found that he must return
 to the great wilderness called a city.

He told her good-by, at night, the
 moon in her eyes, and he kissed her
 and without a word hastened away
 with a sweet sadness in his heart.

The weeks passed and he sat in an
 office, a miserable employment ob-

tained for him by influential friends,
 and his hands were at work but his
 mind was among the hills, and down
 in his heart he saw a girl with the
 moon in her eyes. But he could not
 return to the hills—he had deceived
 those simple people. Was there no
 way to put himself right? He sprang
 out of his chair. Why couldn't he
 fill those orders? There must be a
 cork leg factory somewhere in the
 city. He would investigate. He
 found a place, quite a large estab-
 lishment, and told the manager what
 he had done. He had the orders with
 him. A liberal commission was al-
 lowed him, and a fitter was sent
 with him to try on the arms and
 legs.

And again, Wilson and the girl
 stood in the moonlight, and her lips
 murmuring sweetness were turned up-
 ward. He thought of the weary
 hours in his office and the heavy
 dullness of life without her. She in-
 spired him with rest, she was the
 spirit of the wooded hills.

"And will you be gone so long this
 time?" she innocently asked. And
 with all her innocence and frankness
 she sometimes touched him gently
 with embarrassment. "Not if I
 knew that I could sell any more of
 my goods about here," he replied,
 and she smiled softly.

"Uncle Matt has begun work at a
 sawmill," she said, and he murmured
 "yes" to relieve the growing embarras-
 sment, wondering what Uncle
 Matt had to do with his early re-
 turn. She sighed again and con-
 tinued.

"Uncle Matt isn't a careful man,
 and a sawmill is a dangerous place
 to work, and after a while a short
 while, knowing him as well as I do,
 he might need an arm. Don't you
 think you might come up and see?"
 That was enough, and the smiling
 moon veiled her face for a moment
 with a floating fleece, and came out
 to see him driving with her toward
 a preacher's house.

This all took place more than sev-
 eral years ago. Wilson is now one
 of the principal owners of the estab-
 lishment, and he told me the other
 day that he was just about to leave
 home for a time, to establish a cork
 leg factory in South Africa.

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