

GOVERNOR INSPECTS

Ledges on the Divide Between Victoria and Eldorado.

EXCURSION UP THE CREEKS

Himself as Pleased at the Outlook.

of the Forks Hold an Informal Reception in Honor of the Governor.

Senator Ross, accompanied by David Macfarlane, superintendent of improvements, made a trip today up Bonanza creek as far as the gulch. Ever since his election was first called to the attention of the public, the possibilities which may result from the opening of the Yukon, the governor has shown an interest in everything pertaining to such propositions and yesterday he visited some of the most promising gulches which are beginning to be known as the Victoria gulch famous. A number of claims located near the Victoria gulch on the divide between Victoria and Eldorado are being inspected, on one of which a ledge now down some 50 feet. The ledge is being taken out and is to be fully up to the expectations of the fortunate owners and is now awaiting only the arrival of more snow in order to sled a party of it to the Mungler stamp mill to make a thorough mill test. The owners of the ledge are being worked are certainly showing a very great degree of faith in the properties as the sun being hot in their exploitation is no amount.

On their return, the citizens of the Victoria gulch held a reception at the Gold Hotel in honor of their distinguished visitor. The affair was very informal and was largely attended by many who had not previously had the pleasure of meeting the governor of the territory. The incorporation of the Forks was held only in a general way and a late hour, thoroughly with their short excursion.

No Name Signed. This communication received at this office is signed "A few of your friends" and is not published for the reason that the writer's name is not known and for the further reason that it is a self-respecting newspaper ever to publish anonymous communications.

Prop. The Ladue Assay Office. Prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the finest equipped assaying apparatus in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work done in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free mill ledge. Call and talk it over with

The Ladue Co. The Finest House in Dawson All Modern Improvements.

EMPIRE HOTEL. The Finest House in Dawson All Modern Improvements.

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED. The Finest House in Dawson All Modern Improvements.

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DIAMOND MYSTERY

Proves a Drawing Card at the Auditorium.

Good crowds continue to patronize the Auditorium every night, the "Great Diamond Mystery" being very popular. Nearly every seat in the house was occupied last night and all present were highly pleased with the entertainment afforded. As manager of the Auditorium Mr. Bittner is a heavy-weight success.

Mr. Bittner has a way of making things go and it is easily to be seen that success will crown his efforts in taking personal charge of the Auditorium.

"The Diamond Mystery" has proven a drawing card and the company will doubtless play to full houses throughout the week.

The people are becoming accustomed to the idea of having the curtain go up at 8:30 and at that hour last evening a good crowd had assembled, although stragglers continued to come in until 9:15.

Mr. Bittner announced during the evening that the new rule will be steadily adhered to in the future and patrons of the house should govern themselves accordingly.

Next week "Friends" will be produced for which performance Mr. Cummings has been engaged. This will be the first time in Dawson that Mr. Bittner and Mr. Cummings have appeared on the same stage, and next week in consequence will witness the strongest production that has yet been played before any audience in this city.

Money Couldn't Buy It. The most expensive picture known is the Raphael in the National gallery of England, which cost the nation \$350,000. It cannot be bought. Another famous picture by the same great artist is in the possession of a country squire in the Midlands. He is not a rich man, and it must have been a temptation when a millionaire baron sent him an offer accompanied by a blank check. The check was returned. Undiscouraged, the baron made a definite offer—\$250,000 down and \$10,000 a year for life. The owner refused.

NOTICE. We offer for the holidays the following special—Campbell & McKay's "Fine Old Scotch," \$20 per case. Glenn Finnach, "Mellow Blend," \$20 per case. McLean & Co.'s "Extra Blend," \$22.50 per case. These goods have a solid reputation.

N. A. T. & Co. A Card of Thanks. We desire to express our appreciation of the liberal patronage extended to us by the Dawson public. We have endeavored to deserve the same by conducting a first-class up-to-date market, and it is a pleasure to note that the people of this community are ready to patronize those who conduct their business in a manner worthy of support.

A. R. CAMERON & CO. YUKON MARKET. DAWSON-TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. FREIGHTERS DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS DOUBLE SERVICE.

EMPIRE HOTEL. The Finest House in Dawson All Modern Improvements.

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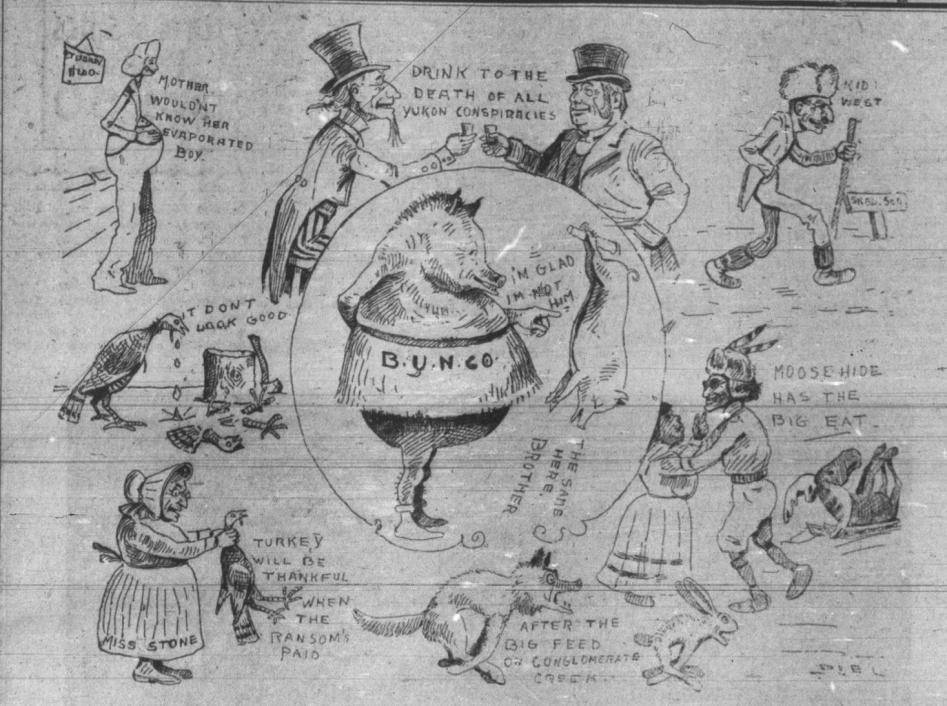
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SOME THANKSGIVING SUGGESTIONS.

PLANS ALL ARRANGED

St. Andrew's Society Holds Its Final Meeting Last Night.

St. Andrew's Society had its last general meeting prior to the ball yesterday evening at which the various committees submitted their reports. It was decided to adhere rigidly to the decision first made regarding the hour of beginning the dance. The grand march will take place promptly at 9 o'clock no matter if there are only a dozen couples in the hall. It has been decided also to have a flashlight photo taken while the march is in progress, the artist taking the picture agreeing to use smokeless powder for the purpose. The sale of tickets so far has been everything that could be desired. A feature that will be made a specialty of at the dance is one which it is thought will make a pronounced hit, is the execution of a Scotch reel by four little tots, Misses Constance and Lennie Macdonald, Master Reggie Williams and Master Clare Wilson. They have been drilled by D. C. Mackenzie and have become as proficient as many of the older lads and lassies. J. U. Nicol, as in times past, will have charge of the punch bowl and today his ingenious concocting a brew so potent as to posterity as a past master of the art. At last night's meeting R. P. McLennan, president of the society, distributed a sprig of heather to each of those present and it is presumed bougainvillees Friday evening will be composed exclusively of the flower so dear to the sons of Bonnie Scotland.

DAWSON IS QUIET TODAY

City Has An Air Suggestive of the Holy Sabbath.

Dawson has a Sunday air today that pervades the entire city. All the large stores, banks and public offices are closed and but for the fact that the saloons are open and egg-nog and Tom and Jerry are being drank in a quiet but persistent manner all things would be as quiet as a country church yard. Family dinners by the score are being served this afternoon and evening and all the public eating houses are serving turkey in a lavish manner. The union exercises at the new Presbyterian church will be largely attended this afternoon at three o'clock.

Owing to St. Andrew's ball tomorrow night, public functions tonight will be few and sparsely attended.

Hockey Game Today. The N. W. M. Police and Bank of Commerce hockey teams will meet on the police rink this afternoon. The personal of the police team will be as follows—Capt. Cosby, Sergt. Marshall, Const. Henderson (Capt.), Const. Hope, Const. Brazier, Const. Lawless, Const. Timmins, Const. Lemon (spare man).

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

THE WIDOW WILKINS

Found Great Comfort in Party Line Telephone.

Down in Indiana is a bedridden woman who lies most of the time with one of her ears glued to a telephone receiver listening to "S. M. Wilkins at the corners" talking to "Jim" Henderson up at the "McNish place," or to "Pete" Lannigan conversing with Susie Biggs, "old" Squire Biggs' second darter by his first marriage.

The induction of the telephone into the country was the dawning of a new day for this bedridden woman. Her life had been a lonely one. For over ten years she had been confined to her bed. She lives with her son and daughter. The son is always busy around the farm and the daughter around the house to permit of their being much with their mother, except the hours following supper, and so the Widow Wilkins had a lonely time of it.

She didn't get much sympathy, either. The neighbors couldn't understand why she didn't either die or get well if she was sick. Farmer Matthews said that he "allowed the widow were jest too lazy ter draw her breath, an' she oughter be ashamed of herself fer askin' like that." The Widow Wilkins got her revenge when the party line telephone was put through the country and carried down the road on which her house stands. Her son subscribed and a telephone was duly installed in the house. There are ten other subscribers on the same line. The widow discovered quite by accident one day that she could listen to what other people were saying on the wire without their being any the wiser. When the widow found this out she was happier than Robinson Crusoe was when he found Friday.

It had been hard work for her to keep in touch with current events and the happenings down at Elmtown, five miles away. Suddenly she discovered that all the events, news, scandals, political intrigues and miscellaneous gossip of all sorts were, so to speak, kept right in her room, nice and fresh every day, and all she had to do was to turn on the tap and let it run into her eager ears. The first day the widow discovered that Bill Dawson was going to sell his farm for \$5,000, that Tom Yunt wanted to be a constable, that Bill Allen's cow was dead and that Sprule Hawkesby was sparking Luke Twanby's Sur.

After she had discovered all of these state secrets the Widow Wilkins had to hang up the receiver so as to give herself the opportunity to be back in bed and gasp: It was more news than she had heard before for two weeks. "Lassy sales alive," said the Widow Wilkins, "ther new fangled things do heat all."

The next day the Widow Wilkins had the receiver at her ear before breakfast. She heard some more strange and startling information. Malinda Hawkins was talking to some man in the city about selling out her millinery store, and Pete Saunders was swearing at the man down at the sawmill for not sending up the silks for his barn. It made the widow's blood run cold to hear the flights of rhetoric used by Pete, but somehow she could not put the receiver down. "Orful, orful," sighed the widow, "to hear that Pete Saunders talk that way. He used to be in my Sunday school class, too. I wonder of his swearin' yet. I'll see! And she hurriedly picked up the receiver.

The widow's room used to be rather dull place to spend an evening, and her son and daughter were wont to yawn many times before 9 o'clock and wait listfully for the hour to retire. But now it was all different. The widow's room was turned into a social club. The widow became a most delightful conversationalist. Her son and daughter hung breathless on her words while she related a full account of all the astounding things she had heard during the day. Then at times she would vary the monotony of her recitals by taking down the receiver and after carefully plugging up the transmitter would repeat to her eager listeners just what passed over the wire.

The various church societies and the quilting bees were ever fond of holding any of their meetings at the Widow Wilkin's. The members said it was because the Widow Wilkin lived so far away, but the fact was that the Widow Wilkin, confined as she was to her house and having few visitors, was lamentably ignorant of good lively morsels of gossip and an afternoon at the widow's was unusually unspicing. But some way all of the societies, the quilting bees and the sewing circles, all going over to the Widow Wilkin's to hold their meetings. She had seemed to suddenly acquire a wide and comprehensive insight into the lives of those who lived around her and her conversation was most interesting.

But after a while the farmers who had telephones on the party wire that ran through the widow's house became tired of having their secrets spread broadcast over the country. Farmer Thompson found out that everything he told H. Miller and Bowers was known to every member of the Baptist Aid Society, and Farmer Thompson knew well enough that that only one or two members of the church had telephones. Farmer Thompson had his suspicions, as he said, but he decided to wait until he was sure. So he sent a decoy telephone message to H. Miller. He told H. that he intended to set up a saloon at the corner and sell the best Kentucky whiskey at two-drinks for five cents. "Sho," said H., "kaint do that, Thompson." "Yes, I kin," said Mr. Thompson. "It's a goin' ter be moonshine hicker. H. from down in Kaintucky." "Better look out fer revenooers." The next day the report was spread broadcast that Farmer Thompson was going to start a saloon and sell moonshine whiskey. Farmer Thompson traced the report down to the Widow Wilkin. He went up to see the Widow Wilkin. "Widder," said Mr. Thompson, "I hearn tell you circulated the story that I was a goin' ter start a saloon and sell moonshine."

The widow began to weep. "Yes, I did, Thompson," she said, "but it was the best fun I ever had in my life a listening to that telephone. You heh'n' laid in yer bed, Thompson, fer ten years er you'd know what a blessin' that telephone wur fer me, and I hope you ain't a goin' to say anything to hev it taken out. Honest, I hev been gettin' better every day since that telephone's been in th' house, 'cause it gives me something to think about and a new interest in life. Don't be mad Thompson, I won't listen to you no more."

ONLY TWO SPOKEN FOR

Young Men "To Let" for the St. Andrew's Ball in Little Demand.

Up to 12 o'clock today only two of the five young men advertised yesterday as willing to escort lonely ladies to St. Andrew's ball had been spoken for, and all arrangements have been completed, all parties appearing pleased at the prospect of attending the swell function in not only congenial but in eminently respectable company. The other three are on the quiver wire fence of anxiety, so to speak, but as they are yet 24 hours more to which to be spoken for, they are not wholly discouraged. The two men for whom arrangements have been made are wearing "Taken" cards.

An Untrustworthy Request. The experiment of taking men from the interior States for service in the navy has, in the main, been a successful one," said the naval officer who is on leave of duty, "although it is expediting work breaking them in. Many of them see salt water for the first time when they enter the service, and their greenness concerning everything pertaining to their duties makes them the butt of all the others, and, although we try to protect them all we can, the old men often take advantage of their ignorance to amuse themselves at the expense of the new men."

"Not long ago I was stationed on a receiving ship. One day during my watch one of the new men came shuffling up, and without going through the formality of saluting, burst out: " "I can't do it alone, mister!" " "Can't do what?" I asked, taking in the situation. " "Why one of the chaps ordered me to weigh the anchor, an' I can't lift it alone! Durn it all, I don't even know where the scales are!" Detroit Free Press.

Change of Avocation. It was news to those who read the morning paper that the "Devines" would conduct religious services today. Heretofore the Devines of Dawson have confined their operations chiefly to prize fighting.

Cows, Hens and a Coon. South Orrington, Me., Oct. 21.—It has become second nature for a Maine hen to use the cows turned out to pasture to scare up the grasshoppers. The cattle serve the same purpose for the fowl that a trained dog does for the bird hunter.

In their zeal to catch the insects the hens frequently follow the cows to distant lots and become the prey of foxes, hawks and skunks. This year an aged raccoon that had his home on the side of Bald Hill entered lists as a new enemy to the fowls, and for a few weeks his deeds spread terror among those who hoped to secure a large harvest of winter eggs.

The coon was doing his worst at a time when Jim Fitch, an employee of a theatre in Boston, came down to his old home to spend a week. Before he left Boston he had been practicing to represent the famous white heifer in "Evangeline," and took his stage fixings along to gain additional skill and to mystify his former neighbors. As soon as he heard of the cows luring the hens far afield, and then turning them over to the meshes of beasts and birds of prey, he laid out a plan of campaign for the circumvention of the coon.

With the help of a neighbor's son, who acted as the hind legs for the heifer in "Evangeline," he made up a stage cow and accompanied her to the pasture. The cattle, more discerning than the average Westreger, detected the fraud, but by dozing out sundry lumps of sugar and saying "So, boss" for a day or two, Fitch thought them to endure the counterfeit. Then the actor got inside the mimic cow to serve as a substitute for the fore legs, taking along a small rifle. The cows were nearly an hour in getting to the lot where the coon lurked, but Fitch was patient, and the hens followed on behind, catching grasshoppers in their usual stupid way. As the cattle drew near a strip of bushes, Fitch heard a squawking among the hens and stepped out from "Evangeline's" pet heifer in time to see the coon hurrying away with a fat pullet. Two shots from the 32-caliber rifle did the job for the coon, after which the actor walked home in triumph. The following evening about a dozen farmers sat down to a room supper, at which Fitch was the guest of honor. He said the reception was far ahead of any encore ever given to a popular actor.

The trunk of the elephant has no fewer than 3000 muscles, at least says Custer, the famous comparative anatomist. The whole of the muscles of a man's body added together only number 527.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

Ames Mercantile Co. Men's Fine Gloves...

For Street, Driving and Dress, made by the best manufacturers, in Kid, Mocha, Reindeer, Castor and English Buck; Unlined, Silk Lined and Lamb Lined. Regular Price \$5.00. SPECIAL SALE.

Price Per Pair, \$3.00

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MODERATE WEATHER

Today the Mildest Thanksgiving in Yukon History.

Thanksgiving of last year came on the 29th of November, which was the coldest day of that month, the mercury registering 39.5 below zero. This morning it was just zero, the warmest Thanksgiving ever known in the history of the country. Today is not a typical Thanksgiving, it being usually colder than this even back in the middle and eastern states, and on that account and in view of the fact that there has been but little cold weather thus far, nearly everyone appears to feel that Thanksgiving has come ahead of time.

One noticeable feature of today is that remarkably few country people are in town, the day probably being more lively in the country.

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WHISKY WAR WAGING

Northern Commercial Reduces Price of Scotch \$7.50 Per Case.

There is a war on in whisky circles. It having been precipitated a day or two ago by the Northern Commercial Company which made a cut on Scotch from \$32.50 to \$25 a case. The parties against whom the fight is generally supposed to be directed is the combination known as the whisky trust. Their price heretofore on the same goods has been \$30 a case payable in currency, which would be equivalent to \$22 as the company stores accept dust at \$16. What caused the reduction is not generally known, but the supposition is that the N. C. Co. refused to play second fiddle to any combination which might be gotten together. The company has an immense stock of liquor on hand and is certainly as strong as any trust it would be possible to form. As successors to the old A. C. Co. the whisky trust is too old in the business of entering to the hungry and thirsty public of Alaska and the Yukon to ever be dictated to by any outside aggregation of capital. The price they are now quoting on case goods is the lowest that has ever been known in the history of Dawson. No public announcement has yet been made as to whether or not it is the intention of the trust to meet the cut.

Plague Stones. How many people are there nowadays who know what "plague stone" is or was? Probably very few, yet at one time such things were not uncommon. According to an old writer, they were "stones placed on the boundary limits of towns, marking a circular or square district, having in their center a hole through which water, into which the townspeople dropped their purchase money, to prevent infection in times of plague." It is said that one of these stones stood somewhere in the outskirts of Manhattan, and the restored White Cross at Hereto says the writer, is a modern memorial of the site of such a stone.

Another Frank. "You never loved me!" exclaimed the bride of a week. "True, I did not," answered the brutal bridegroom, with a sneer, as he wrote an order for the expressman to come for her baggage. "Then why did you marry me?" she roared, gazing tragically into the mirror to see if her hat was on straight. "I did it," he answered hoarsely. "to pay an election bet." Baltimore American.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, dyed and repaired—both men and women's.—I. GOLDBERG, tailor for Herrings.

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