

## SWELL EVENT AT THE FORKS

### Dance at Butler Hotel a Great Success.

#### Large Crowd Attends From All Over the Creeks—Other Dances Will Follow in the Near Future.

On last Monday night the greatest social event that has ever occurred at the Forks took place at the Butler Hotel. For some time past the affair had been in contemplation. Finally a committee consisting of Messrs. C. F. Boggs, Dr. D. McLeod, Joe Eul and Sargent Marshall was formed, under whose capable management the affair was carried out to a most successful conclusion.

Dancing was the order of the evening, although the program was varied by occasional songs, rendered by Chas. Carrol and others.

At midnight a sumptuous lunch was served, which had been prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Hunter.

The music which was of the best quality was furnished by Prof. Harry Croop, assisted by Messrs. E. E. Deely, N. G. Main and Arthur Pinkus. A similar event will take place on New Year's.

The dance was voted a complete success by everyone whose good fortune it was to attend. Guests were present from all over Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, coming from as far away as 30 below Bonanza. Among those who attended were the following:

C. F. Boggs, H. M. Wellman, W. Finney, R. Legner, C. Demirs, Henry White, S. C. Jackson, B. W. Leven, J. W. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson, G. H. Hamil, G. L. McGillen, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Clark, Joe Eul, H. B. Keif, R. Lechner, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ferguson, C. J. Hutchins, J. H. Hutchinson, A. Andette, Frank Murphy, Walker Hunter, Clair Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Leonard, John Stanley Thomas, Duncan, John Petersen, G. A. Gaisford, Joe Christian, W. Zimmerman, C. C. McGregor, Ray Norwood, V. McLary, Mrs. J. Carroll, Charles S. Carroll, C. A. Stencoe, J. L. Mitchell, James K. L. Mitchell, C. Anderson, L. Lendstad, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, H. Schamaker, Mrs. J. Bordman, Thos. Victor, Mrs. Kline, J. Biew, Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell, Gus Holtgren, A. Tarden, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Dr. Paulkner, H. J. Brooks, I. McKay, A. McIntosh, Mrs. Schwartz, A. Lavy, Dr. A. F. Edwards, Dr. W. Ramsay, Dr. D. McLeod, R. H. Fitzsimmons, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Birch, Miss Kate McMullen, H. Lee Thompson, Mrs. F. Card, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Clark McKinsey, R. E. Steele, Mr. L. Pazelwood, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Hin, T. L. Jones, A. Zuber, S. R. Bonium, T. Magunsen, Thomas Cope, E. F. Foster, Miss E. Coutts, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Green, E. O. Watkins, Miss Jeanie Coutts, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Say, C. A. Glasscock, Miss Glasscock, Ed Crawford, V. E. Gorst, Charles T. Suter, J. N. Denny, C. Wyman, N. D. Walling, Mr. and Mrs. Esterbrook, Miss Ruth Strom, Master Claude Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Miss Jessie Larson, Miss L. Stanchfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Leven, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. King, Rosa W. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Schew, Miss Grace Schew, Miss Clara Cook, Miss Lamb, Miss E. Lamb, Mrs. Primes, Mrs. Richenbach, Mrs. Odonald, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. F. A. Sniper, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Handy, Miss Handy, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. M. P. Rothweiler, Mrs. E. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Green, Mrs. Williams, Miss Rinenbeck, Mrs. Mackintosh, Mrs. O. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Barney McGregor.

## DEATH IN ALASKA.

(Continued from Page 3.)

faint, but I crawled back to my sleeping bag and lay for hours before I dared try it again. Twice more I fainted while working at the window, but suddenly I could see light and in a few minutes I had tunneled through to the top of the snow.

"I think I know what the sensations would be of a man who had been blind for years and suddenly had his sight

restored. I know how blessed a thing is God's daylight and sunshine.

"But with the opening of my light shaft came another bit of joyful knowledge. I could see the snow had been melting and the level must be below the top of the stovepipe. I crawled to the stove and soon had it and the pipe free of ice, and then gathering my little store of wood I built a fire. I knew that when the wood was gone the stove would be useless, but with daylight came wisdom, and I took a side of bacon and tried it out, and then burned the bacon grease as I had burned the candle grease, in a charred hollow in a box lid.

### RESCUED AT LAST.

"With daylight and air my health began to improve, and I was soon able to stand on my feet, then walk a few steps, and was beginning to think about tunnelling out when on April 22 last the two Donnelly brothers of our party reached the hut on snow shoes. They saw my tunnel to the window and entered the cabin that way. They at once cut me wood enough to last several days and leaving their provisions and blankets started back to bring on the rest of the party, whom they expected to find at the summit of the glacier below the valley. They expected to make the trip that day and would go, although I begged them to stay with me. You cannot imagine what the sight of human faces and the sound of human voices was to me. The trip nearly cost them their lives, for going back they got lost in a fog and wandered about for three days and nights on the glacier. They were about exhausted when the fog lifted, the fourth day, and the balance of our party, which was in camp, just happened to see them a long ways off. They went to their rescue none too soon, for Tom Donnelly was almost exhausted. His right hand was frozen and he stumbled and fell at almost every step. The boys put them on sleds and hauled them to the cabin. They got all right in a day or two.

"The first thing the party did when they reached me on April 27 was to tunnel through the eight feet of snow to the cabin door and take me out to the tent. Then everything except my father's body was taken from the cabin. "On April 28 the men of the party, except myself, headed by my brother Ned, dug a grave in the center of the floor of the cabin. They then wrapped the body of my father in a heavy canvas and buried it. The doors and windows of the cabin were securely boarded up and on the door we nailed a large stencil plate bearing father's name, E. K. Hill, and below it they chiseled the words, 'Died January 31, 1899.'

"Thus we left him. "The cabin which we had built with so much hope and joy and so many bright anticipations had been my prison house and was his tomb. It is a strong, well-built cabin and will stand for years. I never expect to see it again.

"We all went to work building a boat to go up the river, for I recovered with marvelous rapidity in the sunshine and open air and was soon able to do my full share. We went up the river, but found nothing and returned home by the same route we entered the country. Our trip home was uneventful except for the earthquakes at Yakutat, of which I have told you.

"What am I going to do?" said Mr. Hill. "Well, I may go back to Alaska, but not just now. I shall probably re-enter the university and try and graduate this year. As hard as it was and as sad an ending as my trip to Alaska had been, I am not sorry I went. It taught me many things I will never forget."

### Arrived in a Flock.

Postmaster Hartman on Monday received telegraphic information to the effect that the three first mails which left here over the ice for the outside, the dates of dispatch being November 6th, 8th and 15th, had all arrived at Bennett, together on last Sunday, December 10th.

Tritton, the Nugget Express messenger who left here November 16th, arrived at Bennett ahead of the mail.

The postmaster has news that the last two mails dispatched are making good progress and will reach Bennett on schedule time.

### Scow Island.

Is now the base of supplies for Dawson in certain lines of goods, and Sargent & Pinsky have just received from that point a large stock of buck mittens, wool mitts, moccasins and German socks.

A shaft 40 feet deep wouldn't hold the "O. my's!" people drop on looking into the Pioneer Drug Store. It's near Xmas.

Kellogg's steam laundry takes the cake on flannels; try him and be convinced. On scow, foot of Second street, south.

Nugget jewelry to order at Sale & Co.

## Don't

Wear out your moccasins chasing around town looking for stationery. Come to the "Nugget" office and save time. We have a complete line of

Writing Tablets  
Writing Paper, Envelopes  
Legal Cap Paper  
Journal Paper  
Pens  
Ink, Mucilage  
Pencils  
Blank Books

Pocket Memorandums  
Rubber Bands  
Ink Erasers  
Bill Files and Spindles  
Bill Clips  
Dating Stamps and Pads  
Ink Stands  
Ladies' Purses

Gents' Pocket Bill Books

In fact, anything in the stationery line.

The Klondike Nugget, Third Street, Bet. Third and Fourth Avenues.

S-Y-T. Co.

DON'T buy old goods when you can GET [for the same prices or less] FRESH goods, imported this season, and best brands. Give us a trial order.

Money refunded if goods are not as represented

H. TE ROLLER, Resident Manager, Seattle-Yukon Transportation Co

### ANY OLD THING FOR SALE

From a Needle to a Steamboat

ARTHUR LEWIN

Finest Liquors Our Cigars are famous for their excellency. Front St., nr the Dominion.

### NEW STORIES RETOLD.

A Mission lady rejoices in the possession of a gay young daughter who cannot always be depended on to seriously object to the labial attentions of her gentlemen friends. For this reason her mother invariably plays chaperon when there are callers. One night she had an engagement, and as a fascinating young man was expected, she promised her young son, aged eight years a nickel if he would go into the parlor and remain until her return. When she got back the three were merrily playing the game of blindman's buff. After Mr. Brown had gone Willie was rewarded with the nickel. "Did you have a good time?" asked his mother. "Yes," said Willie, who did not suspect that he was being employed as a watchdog, "but they are pretty hard for a little fellow like me to catch. They kept me blindfolded most of the time."

A leading citizen in a little town in the north of Scotland was asked to take the office of elder in the kirk. He was reluctant to accept the honor till a wag, who knew his weakness, whispered that if he became elder he would get five pounds and a pair of trousers at the end of the year. The year passed, but when the promised garment did not appear the elder went to the minister and said: "I haven't got the breeks yet." "What breeks?" said the minister. The elder explained, and the minister smiled, and replied that the promise was but a silly joke. The elder expressed disappointment about the trousers, and was turning away, when the minister said: "You seem to care more about the breeks than about the money." "Oh, ay! the fi' pun," replied the elder; "I just heipt mase!" to that fra the plete."

It was the custom on vessels of the navy to reserve space for luxuries that the crew may choose to lay in for use on the cruise. This rule obtained on the Prairie, which was manned by the Michigan Naval Reserves, who numbered in their ranks quite a few men, either personally rich or else the sons of rich parents. On the day previous to sailing, the steward sought out the commander and asked: "Shall I take on the extra stores for the crew, sir?" "Of course. Why not?" answered that officer. "I didn't know whether you'd like it, sir. There's a shore boat alongside, loaded down with cases of champagne, and it seems out of the ordinary, sir." "Oh, that's all right," replied the astute sea dog. "Charge 'em corkage—two bottles for me and one for yourself out of each case."

The Botanic Gardens of Washington have never been the pet of congress, and their superintendent has been com-

pelled to fight more than one stubborn battle in their behalf. This straightforward Scotsman has little patience with those who think that nothing save that which is utilitarian has any right to exist. It is recorded that on one occasion, when a party of congressmen were making a tour of the gardens, "What is the use of it all?" one of them remarked. "Why should congress spend the people's money for things that are ornamental?" "My dear sir," was Mr. Smith's response, "if the Great Architect of the Universe had thought of utility when he made you, he would have put you on four legs and fed you on hay."

Mrs. Mary Wright Sewell, the new president of the International Women's Council, was instructing a class at a girl's classical school on the difference between centrifugal and centripetal force. "Centrifugal," she explained, is "a force whose direction is from the center, and centripetal is a force whose direction is toward the center. You understand?" There was a chorus of assent. "Now, some girl give me an illustration," continued Mrs. Sewell. "The domestic virtues are centripetal," replied one of the girls, "because they keep a man in the center of his home, while acenrifugal force is—well, a saloon is a centrifugal force."

One was from Kentucky, and, of course a colonel, and the other had served in the Northern army during the civil war. They had been discussing with rising heat the conduct of the Philippine campaign, when some remark of the colonel's raised the Northerner's ire, and he said: "What do you know about military matters, anyway?" "I am a colonel," replied the Kentuckian, with dignity. "I don't see what that's got to do with it," rejoined the Northerner; "you were born a colonel."

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