

THE BRAKEBEAM PASSENGER

Daniel Barry Saved \$13.50 but Was Sorry.

Holding on by Teeth and Toenails Not Conducive to Comfort in Railroad Traveling.

Never again will Daniel Barry travel by the brakebeam route. Never again will he try to save a railroad fare by stealing a ride. Never again will he practice economy by beating the railroad.

Once, he says, is enough for him. He has had an experience that will last him a lifetime, and after it railroads tickets to him are cheap at any price.

It is all because of a wild ride under the Owl train to Los Angeles. It is all because, hanging by his teeth and toenails, as it were, to the underside of a fast flying Owl Pullman he was literally bumped along at the rate of 40 miles an hour from Burbank to Los Angeles.

Traveling on the bucking, bounding Owl is quite rough enough, in all conscience, even when one is snugly braced in a plush seat of a Pullman, say the captious critics who have a preference for well ballasted roadbeds; but traveling underneath the bucking, bounding Owl, between the ties and the truck, hanging on for dear life with precarious hold, is—well, Daniel Barry, who had the experience, says he thanks the Lord he is alive.

Daniel Barry is an athletic young man of 21 years, who, with a cash fortune of \$13.50 in his trouser's pocket, decided to abandon Oakland for the more alluring charms of Los Angeles. Barry had formerly worked in Los Angeles driving an oil wagon, and counted among his Los Angeles friends Miss Mary C. Howell, a sweet girl of Union avenue, which perhaps had something to do with his desire to travel southward.

He felt that he couldn't afford to waste his \$13.50 in railroad fare, so he took the Owl—while no one was looking.

Fortune favored him by giving him a short day that put the starting time at dusk. In the friendly darkness he crawled under the train just before it left Oakland, and arranged himself on a brakebeam as comfortably as that sort of accommodation permits for his long night ride.

Things went very well with him. The train made 14 stops, and the trainmen missed 14 chances to interrupt his ride. As the hurrying limited rumbled and bounded and rolled along he chuckled to himself over the folly of the passengers overhead who paid fare while he, with his \$13.50 safe in his pocket, was traveling as snug as a bug in a rug on his brakebeam—a little cramped perhaps, but leaving the miles behind as fast as they.

The police of big cities have a disagreeable habit of gathering in the travelers who arrive over the brakebeam route; and Dan Barry to avoid any such humiliating denouement planned to arrive at Los Angeles in the orthodox way—as a passenger on the other side of the car floor. He meant to slip out from under the train at Burbank, board it again right side up, and pay his way from there to town.

At Burbank, however, the train stopped only for an instant. He thought he had time to make the change, but just as he crawled down from his retreat and was about to slip out between the wheels the train started. A second earlier and he would have been ground to pieces, but he escaped death to encounter the most harrowing experience of his life.

The train was moving and he had to get back to his roost somehow. With the quickness and agility that fear and athletic training gave him, he managed to get good luck to throw his feet over the brakebeam, and with one hand caught wildly at a providentially provided rod. There he hung between the truck and the ties, clinging for dear life, while the train gathered speed and more speed. Every now and then his swinging body grazed the ties. He felt the thrill of every grinding turn of the wheels. With the swaying and jerking of the hurrying train his body trembled from side to side against the projecting bars. Twice his free hand sought additional support against the flanges of the truck. With all the strength of despair he held on with his feet and one hand, shrieking for help.

Through the clanging turmoil of travel one of the passengers above him

heard his agonized cries, and wondered idly what the sound meant, but he said nothing about it to anyone, until the train stopped at a station and Barry was found, when he announced: "That must have been what I heard—his cry for help!" As the train sped out of Burbank, too, a bystander saw Barry himself from the wheels, and realizing the poor fellow's perilous predicament, tried to flag the train, and failed.

From Burbank to River Station, the first stop, it is only 11 miles, but to Dan Barry, bumping and thumping along at the rate of 40 miles an hour, it seemed the longest distance he had ever traveled, and that it took an eternity to travel it.

Finally, with one last thump, the train stopped at River Station, and then the trainmen and alighting passengers discovered Dan Barry bruised and bleeding under the train.

His clothes were torn, his shoes were in tatters; his body was battered from head to heel, and covered with blood. Tenderly he was taken out and cared for. The sweet girl who made the attractions of Los Angeles outweigh those of Oakland was sent for and went with him to the County hospital. There on examination it was found that not a bone was broken.

Although his clothes were wrecked, his body covered with bruises and he had to spend a week in bed, he succeeded in saving his \$13.50.

But in spite of that Daniel Barry is determined never again to try to economize by beating the railroad.—Examiner.

HONEY AND SALT.

Rose leaf damsel, tell me this— You with your seventeen years— How much honey is in a kiss, And how much salt in tears?

"Nay," she said, "such words, I wis; Are not for maidens ears. How should I know the sweet of kiss Or the bitterness of tears?"

White haired woman whose grief and bliss Overrun seventy years— Tell me true, does the sweet of a kiss Outweigh the bitterness of tears?

"Yea," she said, "but the bitterness Enmixed with the sweet is kind. My life's most tender treasure kissed Is kept in brine of tears."

He Had Three Others.

"It kinder does a man good to hear folks praise one of his children," observed the little old man who had just boarded a Columbus street car.

"Yes, a father likes such things," replied the man addressed.

"They say my son Joe is the best boy in the whole place," continued the old man as a smile lighted his face.

"Yes?"

"Hasn't made a kick in the last two years?"

"No?"

"Got religion three months ago and is stickin' right to it like a dog to a root. I skassly believed that Joe would ever take to religion, and I'm awfully glad of it. They say he's truthful and honest and quiet, and they wouldn't be afraid to send him down town alone."

"Is it a manufacturing establishment that your son is connected with?"

"Kinder that way, though they call it the penitentiary."

"You don't mean that he's in state prison?" exclaimed the man.

"Right thar, sir," was the reply, "and will be for three years more, and the way they go on about how hard he works and the way they praise him for his goodness of heart jest makes me feel to wish that my other three boys would git up and do suthin for themselves to be talked about!"

M. QUAD.

Not Till He Was Hanged.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, the legal luminary and redoubtable wit, was once about to pass judgment upon an old Irishman who had been convicted of highway robbery, which was at that time punishable by death.

At first the prisoner tried to prove an alibi, but as convincing evidence was brought to show that his statements were false, he used other stratagems to gain a pardon.

He surprised Sir Nicholas by affirming that he was a very near relation of the judge's, and on this ground pleaded for mercy.

The judge asked in what way he was related.

"My lord," said the accused, "your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and bacon and hog have always been considered akin—so we are relations."

"That is quite correct," answered the judge; "but as hog is not bacon until it is hung, then until you are hanged you are no relation of mine."

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OZARK MOUNTAIN RANGE

Has Undergone Many Changes in Former Centuries.

Salt Water Once Ebbcd and Flowcd in the Great Mississippi Valley—Scientific Deductions.

To walk or drive across the Ozarks is not without pleasure; but no one, during such a walk or drive, can measure the history of the range nor fathom its mysteries. When we visit the majestic, snow-capped Rockies, and contrast Pike's Peak with Dixon's Hill, we are prone to indulge a sentiment of contempt for the low-lying and gently undulating Ozarks. In fact, only by sufferance and license may we use the word "mountain" in speaking of our beautiful Missouri hills; yet, in point of record, these hills tell a story of age and magnificence, growth and decay, long antedating the rise of the Rocky mountain system. The most ancient land on earth is that upon which Missouri's big red apple grows.

Long ago, when the earth was young, the heavens, heated by the lately heated liquid ball, poured torrents of water upon the world's wide and unbroken ocean; and as the earth's crust cooled, so, also, it shrank. But the shrinkage was irregular, uneven, and in two long, almost equilateral districts, extending northeast to southwest, the fragile crust broke and dipped toward the earth's center, creating two immense basins. Between those two equilateral basins a tract of land of varying width extended—land appeared, not so much by some great and sudden upheaval as by the slow subsidence of the crust on either side of it, for as the ocean's bed deepened in those two basins, hundred of miles apart, the intervening land was correspondingly elevated. So the Ozarks were born—slowly brought into being by the labor of mother earth. It was a labor not performed in a day, nor in a year, nor in a century of centuries; yet, giant like, the mountains grew at last to stand above the clouds. The war of the elements had created dry land. The spirit of God had moved upon the face of the deep.

At one place in Boone county a solid edge of fossil rock 15 feet in thickness extends a distance of several miles along the Missouri river. Pick up a piece of this rock. Look at it. It consists of a mass of fossils, and each fossil is distinct. The rock seems porous and ready to fall in pieces. But examine it more carefully. It is closely woven. It is cemented by calcite. It is impervious to water, and its durability is attested by the fact that, exposed on the top of the bluff, it has, but slightly affected, withstood the effects of time and the elements. Such is the basal rock in the Burlington-Keokuk series, and it underlies fully one-third of the state, but in only a few places does it appear upon the surface. Generally it is overlaid by hundreds of feet of rock, clay, coal, drift and loam.

The Ozark range, extending from northeast to southwest a distance of some 1500 miles, must have been, in those early days, of truly sublime proportions. Just to the west of where the great lakes are, there once the mountain towered to the skies. Lake Superior in the north, and Texas to the southwest, mark the original length of the Ozark. How tall these mountains were we have now no means of knowing. We may only guess; but that they rose to a height of three or four miles is confirmed by reasonable evidence.

Let me submit the evidence. Drillings to a depth of from 1500 feet to 2000 feet in Western Iowa and in Nebraska, Kansas, the Indian territory and in parts of Texas, develop rocks of a secondary character—that is, rocks formed by the concreted remains of other rocks, which have been worn off and washed away by the elements. Such drillings have often developed at great depths clays and vegetable remains which must have been at the surface somewhere. When it is remembered that formerly the entire western slope of the Ozarks emptied their waters into the ocean basin where Nebraska, Kansas, the Territory, and Texas now are, the mystery of vegetable remains and surface clays found at 1500 feet depth in Kansas is explained. Even while the Rocky mountains were being slowly raised above the waters, washings from the Ozarks were filling up the intervening basin. But another ocean valley was also being filled. In what way do you suppose the lands along our majestic Mississippi happened at last to rear their heads above the salt water? Why has old ocean

ceased to wash the eastward slope of the Ozarks? The answer is easy. The valleys filled up and the waters receded. But from whence came the mud, which, purified, solidified, pressed, has turned to rock in the depths of that old valley? From whence could it come, save from the Ozarks?

But the tale of the Ozarks is not thus easily told. Their birth presaged and made necessary the rise of the entire American continent. The subsidence of the earth's crust on their side of the Ozarks compelled a corresponding uplift on either side. That uplift, to the east, has developed into the Alleghenys, the western uplift we call the Rocky mountain system. And when the ancient world wide ocean was so divided by the central mountain system, the Ozarks, and on either side of it by slowly rising islands, which later became mountain chains, the dim configuration of the American continent here only in outline. Our valleys were then an ocean waste, washed by the waves and tides and slowly filling up. Then a sea filled the Kansas and Nebraska valleys. Another sea occupied the space of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and when in the fullness of time the American mountain system were complete, these inland seas were almost entirely separated from connection with the surrounding ocean. Then the valleys filled more rapidly. And when at last the encroaching land filled all the valleys' space, the continent became a solid field—became a thing of fact.—S. G. Douglas in Globe-Democrat.

Fresh candies made daily at Zaccarelli's Bank Corner.

Notice of Revocation of Power of Attorney.

To all Whom it May Concern: Take notice that a certain power of attorney, granted to Joseph McGilivray, of Dawson, Y. T., by the undersigned company, to carry on the affairs of the said company in the Yukon Territory, bearing date the 23d day of January, 1900, has been revoked.

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SOCIETIES

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, U. D. E. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y

Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for appears open for relocation upon the records. The allowance of two weeks which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on and after March 1st. Holders of claims are warned, in order to avoid trouble with relocators, to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease. (Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, c28 Assistant Gold Commissioner.

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