

ARCTIC PERILS ARE FEW

And the Number of Fatalities Very Small.

Out of Many Expeditions to Discover the North Pole But Few Men Have Been Lost.

Contrary to the general opinion on the subject the disasters that have attended expeditions into the Arctic have not been numerous. Exploration in that region began with Edward VI. and Sebastian Cabot. Under Cabot's direction three ships were fitted out by the Muscovy Company, and Sir Hugh Willoughby was appointed to their command, with Richard Chancellor in the Edward Bonaventure, as his second. The latter brought up safely on the Muscovy coast. Sir Hugh's ship and her companion, the Bona Confidentia, were cast away on the shore of Lapland. Months after their bleached hulks were discovered by Russian fishermen, and the first voyage into the frozen north ended in disaster. Then ensued a considerable interval during which vessels set sail for the arctic circle and came back home again without the loss of a single man.

The next fatality was the loss of the expedition commanded by the brave Dutchman, Sir Henry Hudson. In 1616 he entered the polar seas in a vessel of 35 tons and was never heard from again. He did not die, however, until he had reached 81 degrees, a mark not surpassed until two centuries later, when Scobey planted the British flag at 81 degrees 12 minutes 42 seconds. Then for over 250 years brave seamen sailed the arctic seas in comparative safety.

Sir John Franklin was the first to break the chain of successful voyages. In 1845 he set out in the Erebus and the Terror at the head of 137 picked men. Not a soul survived. The evidence gathered by the scores of searching parties who were sent to discover Franklin or his fate was that of the 138 men had perished of starvation. The search for Franklin brought to public notice such explorers as McClure, Collinson, Belcher, Ross, Kane, Hayes and Hall. None of them lost a single man from causes peculiarly arctic.

Down to 1879 there were no deaths. Then came the crushing of the Jeanette in the ice of Behring straits, and the subsequent death by starvation of 10 men who had taken refuge in the New Siberian Islands. Among the survivors of the ill-fated expedition was Chief Engineer George W. Melville, U. S. N. The partial loss of the Greely expedition at Cape Sabine was the next exception to the rule. This expedition, which was under the direction of the United States government, went out on July 7, 1881, and came back without 11 of its members in the summer of 1884. Since 1884 there have been few deaths within the arctic circle.—Ex.

An English Project.

The latest and most important project on foot in England, so the Associated Press learns, is the construction of a canal from Southampton to London. The surmise as to the far-reaching consequences such a step would entail is scarcely less interesting than the fact that, if it is accomplished, it is likely to be through the instrumentality of American capital. Coming on top of London's adoption of the American transit system and utilization of American money and brains, this latest project may well be said to cap the climax. No word of the new scheme has yet been mentioned in the papers, and few people know of its existence. Nevertheless, the route from Southampton to London has been carefully surveyed by competent engineers, who declare that the canal is not only feasible, but that it could be built at a comparatively small expenditure. The whole matter has just been put in the hands of the same firm of contractors which is handling Charles T. Yerkes' new London railway, although the Chicago millionaire himself is not known to be taking an active part in it at present. Indeed, the legal and other difficulties which it is necessary to overcome before the construction of the canal is assured are so great that some time must elapse before the financial part of the matter comes up prominently.

The opposition encountered by the promoters of the Manchester and Liverpool ship canal in parliament and elsewhere would probably be as nothing to the jealous efforts of other cities in the same direction in this case, for since the American line of steamers made Southampton its port of call, Southamp-

ton has so improved itself and has so affected the trade of other ports that it is already regarded with a jealous eye. What commercial revolutions will ensue from a ship canal enabling trans-Atlantic and other lines to land their passengers in the heart of London many hours earlier than any other route can be easily judged by the growing popularity of the smaller steamship lines now sailing direct to and from London by the slow and difficult way of the Thames.

The fact that American capital is now largely employed in an electrical underground scheme in London has at last stimulated the British owners of District Railway stock to buy those securities in the belief that an electrical installation must speedily replace the present steam and smoke which make traveling on the old underground railroad such a noxious experience for all foreigners. Murray Griffiths, who is probably the largest owner of District stock, had a conference with Mr. Yerkes' representative in London Friday, but the both have denied that there is any expectation of a necessity that Mr. Yerkes will interest himself in this new enterprise. Mr. Griffiths, whose buying sent up the stock to points, informed a representative of the Associated Press that he believed an electric installation could be satisfactorily accomplished if the directors could only be brought to realize the necessity of keeping up with the times.

An Officer's Mistake.

"Now, then, I've caught you in the act!" exclaimed the policeman as he came upon a colored man who was just coming out of an alley at midnight with something in a bag.

"Yes, sah, you've got me," was the reply.

"I've been laying for you for a dozen nights past, and here you are at last! How many you got in that bag?"

"Only one, sah."

"Got a tooth for chicken, eh?"

"Yes, sah; drefful fond o' chicken, sah. But de price is awful high dis winter."

"We'll see about the price. Anyone with you?"

"No, sah."

"Got scared before you filled the bag, eh? Well, you come along with me."

"Yes, sah—whar you gwine to?"

"I'm going to ring up the wagon and have you taken in. The judge will put you where you won't taste chicken again for three months. Where did you get it?"

"De chicken, sah?"

"Yes."

"Hain't got none, boss. I dun tote you de price was so high dis winter dat I couldn't afford chicken."

"So you don't call this a chicken?"

"Exclaimed the officer as he reached for the bag and shook the contents out on the walk."

"No, sah," replied the man as a big black and white cat was dumped out with a yowl and ran up the officer's body to his head and sprang into the limbs of a shade tree.

"No, sah," he went on as he reached for the bag and foisted it up; "no, sah, dat ain't no chicken, but an old cat dat I was carryin' off to get losted. Can't dun make out, sah, how you calls dat a chicken, but if you says so I hain't gwine to dispute it. As I told you befo—"

But the officer raised him one and ordered him to move on.—Ex.

She Had Influence.

"The cop has been down on me a year or so because I found fault with the color of his hair," said the Fourteenth street fakir as there was a lull in business the other day, "and yesterday he comes along as I was sellin' an old lady two pairs of shoestrings for 5 cents."

"I'll run ye in if ye don't hev a keener!" says the copper as he halts at my elbow.

"But what am I doin'?" says I.

"Obstructin' the sidewalk," says he.

"But I'm up ag'in the buildin'."

"Don't make no difference. When I say yer obstructin', then I knows yer obstructin', and obstructin' the sidewalk is ag'in the law."

"But ain't I ag'in the buildin'?" says I.

"Yer body is," says he, "but wheres yer breath? Ain't ye breathin' over the sidewalk, and ain't that obstructin'?"

"Then I'll stop breathin'."

"And ye'd better shut yer eyes too. Obstructin' is obstructin' whether it's with the body, the breath or the eyes."

"Can't I use my voice to tell this lady that she kin hev two long or two short pairs for 5 cents?" says I.

"If ye do, I'll collar ye!" says the cop. "Didn't I say yer breath was an obstruction, and kin ye talk without usin' yer breath. And what's the old woman a-doin here blockin' the way?"

"Take off yer hat when yer ad-

dress a lady!" says she as she braces up to him like a brick!

"But I ain't addressin' of one!" he says.

"Mebbe not," says she, "but yer are addressin' the mother-in-law of Police Captain —, and we'll leave it to him to decide!"

"Say, cully, yer orter see that copper kerflunk!" He went red and pale, and his knees knocked together, and his tongue hung out. I chipped in and called him a liar and a loafer, and he never even tried to hit me. Bimeby he sorter groaned and wobbled off, and today he is shufflin' his brogans among the darkies on Thompson street. Yer can't allus tell whose mother-in-law an old lady may be, and it's a good rule to go slow and not let yer freshness work out through the top of yer hat. M. QUAD.

A Lesson in Modesty.

When our heads reach that stage when a foot tub will about fit us for a hat it's a mighty good thing to have some wise friend or relative to put ten under the pump and hold 'em there until the swelling subsides. A nice young fellow here married into a society family, says a Louisville paper. His father was one of those blunt, honest sort of men who have accumulated a pretty good fortune by hard labor, and who had no nonsense in him. The young couple began pretty soon to put on fancy trimmings with the old man. He was not imitated when they had a pink tea or green breakfast, but was used to fill in the chinks. Well, the old man wouldn't have enjoyed it anyhow, for he was used to plain, substantial eating, and a supper of little cakes, ice cream, one croquette, a dab of salad and a glass of frappe would floor him. When he had suppers there would be a big dish of birds, hot biscuits, pickles and preserves, coffee, old style chicken salad and a hot punch afterward. But the old man stood the change in the boy for a while until one day he came down home and asked him to give his wife a chiffonier, pronouncing it a "chee-fon ee-ay." This was too much. "Get in the buggy with me, said the parent sternly; "I want to drive you to see something." The son complied, and the two drove up a side street until they came to a little old, tumble-down cottage. "There, sir," said the irate parent, "there's whar you were born. Don't you forget it again and be talking to me about your wife's schee-long-yeas."

Gracious Victoria.

Out of the lengthy deliberations and reports of the recent Church congress in London there is one story of the Queen connected with it which will be remembered when the sermons and speeches are forgotten. It was told by Prof. Bevau, who heard it from the Dean of Windsor. The dean went to see a kitchen maid at Windsor Castle who was suffering from influenza. Her

fund of \$100,000, which was quietly placed in Wall street at odds that averaged a little more than 4 to 1.

Louis Wormiser is reported to be the largest winner on the election. He was a consistent McKinley adherent all during the campaign, and never neglected to bet, as he thought when the opportunity offered. He made many wagers at 2 to 1, but later gave as good as 5 to 2. He refused to raise those figures until about a fortnight ago, when he offered 7 to 2, and placed several small sums at 4 to 1. He confesses to having won \$90,000, but intimate friends of his assert that his winnings will aggregate nearly a quarter of a million.

Jacob Field was also a firm believer in Republican success. He began betting on McKinley the day of his nomination in Philadelphia, and made his last wager late Monday night. He won about \$80,000.—N. Y. Sun.

His Future Is Bright.

"It does seem," sighed the lady, "that my John hain't got any good 'luck in this world." He went in the war, an they shot off his leg. That wuz somethin, kaze he got a pension fer it. But on his way home the train run off the track, an instead of cuttin off his good leg, so's he could git damages, it run over his wooden leg, an to my sartin knowledge, he's been in a life insurance company ten years, an he ain't dead vit an appears like there ain't no prospects of it. I never did see a man hold on like him!"

Fortunes in Election Bets.

An immense sum of money changed hands in New York city as the result of the election. In Wall street alone more than \$2,000,000 was held in the balance, awaiting sure returns from the polls. Beside many wagers of large size were made between men who refused to advertise their doings. Immense sums were at stake in the aggregate as the result of the ventures made by the small betters. Of these, of course, no record was kept. Richard Croker apparently is the largest individual loser. During the campaign he was credited with betting on Bryan from time to time until he had posted \$120,000 with various stakeholders. It was reported that Mr. Croker last week bet \$90,000 on the general result. If this be true the Tammany chieftain lost \$20,000 because of his confidence in Democratic success. On the other hand, he is known to have won heavily on the result in Manhattan Borough. He began betting on 10,000 majority, and gradually increased his estimate until before the close of the campaign he was placing his money on 25,000 majority. He may have realized \$50,000 on these ventures, but if so he is still more than \$150,000 to the bad. Others who met financial disaster as a result of overconfidence in Democratic success, being influenced by the attitude of the Tammany chieftain, are Senator T. D. Sullivan, who had \$18,000 at stake, James Mahoney, the pool-room magnate, who lost \$22,000, State Senator P. H. McCarren, who gave his Republican friends \$20,000, and "Jack" McDonald, a bookmaker, whose losses totaled \$11,000. Patrick Keenan, city chamberlain, took a modest flyer of \$2500 on Bryan's changes. Robert Rose, a horse owner and bookmaker, was one of those who firmly believed in the success of the Democratic ticket. He placed \$18,000 at 4 to 1. Joseph Vendig, a bookmaker, bet \$15,000 on McKinley at 2 to 1, and later succeeded in hedging his wager, guaranteeing himself a profit by betting \$5000 on Bryan at 4 to 1. P. H. Brooks, a stock broker, placed money for customers, for whom he won \$60,000. For Democratic customers he placed nearly \$40,000 at 5 to 1. The largest transaction of the campaign in this line of betting was so manipulated as to attract no attention. Late in October a syndicate of Democrats raised a

room was at the top of the house and was reached by long staircases. The moment the dean entered the patient said: "Oh, sir, what do you think! Her majesty has been to see me!" This only happened a few months ago, and when the Queen came into the room she said: "My dear, I have got up here, but it was hard work for me, and I sat down on the stairs." Coming from the Dean of Windsor this charming little story may be accepted as authentic, and it is not the least touching incident in this memorable year of her majesty's life.—Ex.

Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

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We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately. J. LANGLAIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner. Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Celery at Meeker's.

Case goods all descriptions for the holidays at the Pioneer.

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Eagle Milk, 3 cans for	1.00
Reindeer Milk, 4 cans for	1.00
Highland Cream, 5 cans for	1.50
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Oysters, 2 pound cans, per can	.50
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FRUITS	
Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extras, per can	.50
Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can	.50
All other can vegetables, 3 cans for	1.00
All kinds of Dried Fruits, per pound	.224
Macaroni, per pound	.25
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