

HOW HE LOST HIS JOB.

A Lonely Fire Laddie and a Red-Hot Stove.

A Demonstration of Some Ancient Axioms, Shakespearian Quotations and Scientific Facts.

Fireman Davison is a good fellow, but he knows nothing about a fire department. He came to Dawson over the Edmonton route, thereby proving his poor judgment. He was a year or more on the trail, thereby demonstrating his endurance. His party scattered and he was afterwards picked up alone and brought to Dawson. Since many of the party perished, Davison's arrival demonstrated his right to live, upon the principle of the survival of the fittest.

Having lost everything on the trip he applied to Mr. Ogilvie for employment, thereby showing him to know his man. Knowing nothing of machinery or fire fighting apparatus, he allowed himself to be placed on that department, thereby demonstrating his faith in Ogilvie's "pull." He has been relegated to the ranks of the unemployed during Mr. Ogilvie's absence upon a hunting expedition, thereby affording one illustration of the Darwinian theory of "elimination of the unfit." The department contains some amusing records of his doings during his short incumbency, thereby showing there to be a sweet principle with every bitter. He allowed himself to take six-hour watches on the engines, illustrating the theory that "some people rush in where angels fear to tread." He did the best he could, proving his good faith. And now the department "smiles and smiles and can be a villain still," upon Shakespearian principle. One of Davison's latest feats was the subjugation of a red-hot stove, showing a remarkable devotion to duty.

It was during the stilly hours of a lone some night watch, proving him to be awake. His orders were to keep the engine heater hot—and he did so, which shows a strict obedience to orders. The stove grew hotter and hotter, and, as it stands quite close to the walls of the building, and in a hole in the ground, our hero could not get down to the draft plate to cool the dummed thing off, giving an illustration of the theory of cause and effect. He was nonplussed but for a moment, and then the problem was solved, proving that "necessity is the mother of invention." He did not climb on the roof and sit on the stove pipe, showing a commendable regard for his person. In the department hall are 13 Miller fire extinguishers, containing about 10 gallons of chemical, and carrying a short length of hose and a nozzle, the outcome of the wisdom of our city fathers. Seizing one of these instruments he carried it close to the scene of the impending conflagration, demonstrating a keen sense of direction. The valve was turned and a half-inch stream of liquid was played up and down on the stove-pipe until it was black as your hat and all danger was past. No, it was not black, but white as encrusted salt, tartaric acid and sulphuric acid could make it, while the heater was almost killed with the shock; and the fumes—like the odors of a Chinese stink-pot—ascended offensive unto heaven. The department men were sleeping soundly, showing conclusively their easy consciences. They choked, gasped, groaned and came near suffocating before they awakened, but still the hose played on and on, showing that Davison knew a good thing when he had one. The chief was the first to choke into wakefulness and came to his feet with a "What the hotel, Bill! What the hotel!" proving much presence of mind and readiness of command. He said some other things which we will not print, thereby giving a lesson in good breeding to our contemporaries. The explanations offered by the lonely fire fighter were not accepted, thereby demonstrating their

inadequacy to their purpose. Davison blacked the stove and stove pipe before he was allowed to retire to his virtuous couch, thereby proving that virtue is not always its own reward. And now, Davison is looking for more congenial employment, proving that his patron, Willie Ogilvie, is far, far away.

ASHES.

As I sit by the fire and dream,
While the coals are glowing hot,
I think of the days that pass'd
In peace of a happy lot.
As the warmth of the cheery blaze
Relieves the aching fatigue,
I feel the ghost of the bliss
That died in a dark intrigue.
And I close my eyes to the present,
As I live that past again,
And hear the music that rippl'd
And sooth'd the trouble and pain.
As I breathe the scent of the roses
And see the glance of those eyes,
Again in joy I am sailing
Under those tropical skies.
As I bask in the light of the smiles,
That love so tenderly flashes,
I start with a shiv'ring chill—
My coals are dead in their ashes.
—Asa Thurston Heydon.

NEW CURE FOR INSOBRIETY.

A Local Story of Bears and Brandy—Four to One Proves Disastrous.

Tom Lloyd, of the Green Tree, says bears are "mighty uncertain"—something like a woman in that respect. You see the Green Tree has four young bears in one size and in two colors. The little creatures are peculiar in their ways, says Tom, for sometimes they play all together and sometimes one at a time. They are also somewhat disputative and inclined to "mix things up," as the expression goes in sporty circles. They are a valuable annex to any hotel or saloon, for there is a mighty lesson goes with each bear after the first one, and many a reclaimed inebriate has the bears to thank for his reclamation. You see, it is this way. A miner gets on a protracted "jag." Tom innocently suggests that he has an amusing little bear in the back yard. The man with the jag steps outside to see. He is highly delighted with the little fellow's antics for a while and is about to re-enter the building when Tom lets another little bear loose. He of the jag straightens up suddenly and batters his eyes hard in unbelief, but, sure enough, there are two, and thinking he is seeing double he begins to ponder over his early sins and to wonder if it isn't time to visit the Salvation Army. Turning sadly away he finds himself confronted by three bears. "Good Heavens!" he ejaculates, "I am getting 'em bad," and then he sits down on a barrel to ponder on the problem of why he sees three when there is only one. Having presently arrived at the conclusion that never again will he look upon the bottle, and feeling a sudden and comforting accession of virtue by reason of his righteous resolve, our friend of the aforesaid p. j. is slowly and humbly making his way indoors, when he turns for a last look at the miracle of three in one, or one in three, when, holy smoke! It is four now! Zipp!! Zip!! and with a hop, skip and a jump he is off for the hospital with eyes as big as saucers and hair so rigidly upright that he has to hold on his hat with both hands. And—

But that is not what we started to tell. Tom says that bears are mighty uncertain, and thereby hangs a tale—not the bear's tail for it is like a guinea-pig and has none. The bears are getting strong on the sweet stuffs fed to them, and Tom finds delight in giving them a friendly tussel occasionally. Last Saturday was one of the occasions. A few minutes afterwards Tom was having his hand cauterized at Sam Kirk's drugstore. He says that four to one is a low down bear trick, and no self-respecting Bruin would go into such a low combination. He says the challenge is still open for any amount and the gate receipts, but he bars biting and draws the line at the whole Bruin fraternity combining in one scrap. Tom says he thought for a while there were 400 instead of only four.

Amateur Minstrels.

Probably the best entertainment, either professional or amateur ever given in Dawson, was the minstrel performance last winter for the benefit of the hospital. An effort is being made to revive the disbanded minstrels for an entertainment in the near future and a meeting was held to that end on Sunday afternoon last. A number of our popular vocalists have signified their willingness to again give their time as before, and success is already assured.

Lay blanks, bills of sale, deeds and mortgages for sale at The Nugget office. Price 25 cents each.

Excellent service and moderate prices at the Cafe Royal.

TWO DECISIONS RENDERED.

In Brock vs. Crawford and Crabb vs. Morrison.

On last Tuesday, Gold Commissioner Senkler decided the case of Brock vs. Crawford in favor of the defendant. The ground in dispute in this action, was the upper part of the hillside adjoining the upper half of No. 24 below, left limit, on Bonanza. On July 9, 1898, the plaintiff staked the property in litigation by measuring 250 feet in length along the creek, and 1000 feet up the hill; in so staking, however, he absorbed a bench claim, which was about 600 feet above the edge of the creek. This bench claim had been located by one McAuslon on July 4, 1898, and was subsequently sold to the defendant. Mr. Senkler in rendering the decision used the following language: "Plaintiff, having staked the above claim (hillside) on July 9, 1898, and the claim owned by defendant, known as the McAuslon claim, situated directly up the hillside from the front stakes of the above claim, and some 600 feet from the base of the bill, having been staked on July 4, 1898, the Brock location must be confined to the ground below the lower stakes of the McAuslon claim."

CRAB VS. MORRISON.

This action involved a dispute over the lower boundary of No. 1, Alameda gulch, which comes in at No. 36 below upper on Dominion. The evidence was very conflicting, and the commissioner's decision leaves the parties in the same position in which they were before litigation was instituted. The finding of the commissioner is as follows: "The pup claim, No. 1, on Alameda gulch, was staked as claimed by plaintiff, and they are entitled to the ground within their location, as far as the defendant is concerned."

Anniversary Services.

The Dawson First Methodist church will commemorate its first anniversary on next Sabbath, Oct. 8. The services will be of a special character, appropriate discourses will be delivered and special music rendered. Time of services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. An entertainment of a musical and literary character will be given in the church on Monday evening, Oct. 9th, 8 p. m.

Cold and Warm Storage.

The public should know that I have now completed an extensive warehouse of the above description near the corner of Third street south and Fifth avenue. Terms are reasonable, and will be given upon application. Goods guaranteed. FRANK E. WOLFE.

Arctic Brotherhood.

All members of the A. B. are requested to send the names and addresses of their friends who desire to join the Dawson camp, which is about to be organized in this city.

A. F. GEORGE,

Chief Deputy Camp Dawson, No. 4, Nugget office.

Pocket memo books, counter blotters, time books, pens, pencils, ink, mullage, paper fasteners, letter paper and writing tablets for sale at Nugget office.

Lay blanks, bills of sale, deeds and mortgages for sale at The Nugget office. Price 25 cents each.

Don't forget opening of Cafe Royal Wine Rooms, Monday night, Aug. 14.

You can get your eyes tested and glasses fitted at Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

Private dining and wine rooms at the Cafe Royal.

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Entire Change of Program Every Week.

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