

JAMIESON COULD PREACH

Notwithstanding That He Sometimes Cussed on the Trail.

Pilgrims to the Klondike Held Platter of Fact Religious Services While en Route.

The boat drifted in an aimless sort of way, gathering momentum from a few spasmodic strokes of the oars, or a desultory dipping of canoe paddles. Even these being interrupted by a remark by one of its occupants, the boat came to a gradual stop, or wandered to the other bank of the narrow slough. It was nearing evening and little progress was being made, but the speed was great enough to suit the fancy of the light-hearted crew. They were just returning from their bathing place. In this slough, or dead channel reaching inland from the swift, muddy river, the water was clear and quiet, and the sun's rays having a chance to act, the water was much warmer than in the river. The scene was picturesque. Behind, the curving channel was lost to view in the endless forest, the banks overhanging and screened from view by drooping trees. Before, was a small clearing by the main river in which were the log house and warehouse of the fur trader. Through the opening of the slough was visible the main river rushing by and bearing occasional clumps of driftwood on its bosom.

It was Sunday, and a day of rest, among a few days of rest before and after a period of great unrest. For months the prospectors had been toiling along the trail, and on reaching Fort Graham, a lonely Hudson Bay trading post in the Northwest territory, a thousand miles from the nearest frontier postoffice, were forced to pause until accurate information was received regarding further progress. And so, around this trading post were grouped a dozen or more tents, and this number was constantly being increased by the arrival of more parties over the trail. The boat contained five or six young men from different parts of the world, and from different stations in life, who were banded together not only by common ties of youth, but from the fact that they represented the singers of the camp, and they took advantage of the harmony-producing influences of the water, the forest, and the early twilight to gratify the soul's longing for music, which it had been denied during the busier days preceding. It was such an occasion, too, remembered as having no place in the busy world but similar in nature to a fleeting dream—a tranquil eddy in life's fierce current, where events make their quiet turn before being caught up again and hurried on.

"Let's try another verse of 'Baby' before we come in sight of camp, and give them a 'Hot Time' a we are coming in," suggested one.

"They are going to hold services up there tonight, and as this is Sunday, suppose we sing, 'Nearer My God to Thee,'" amended one whose superior knowledge of music gave him the leadership.

"Is Jamieson going to preach tonight?"

"Yes, and they want us to sing for them."

Mr. Jamieson was only another on whom the popular gold excitement had taken a strong hold. In former days, it was said he had been a local preacher, and later a missionary among Indians and backwoodsmen. Certain it was, he was accustomed to frontier ways, and acquitted himself favorably on the trail. There had at first been some unfavorable comment among the trailers regarding a man who should attempt to carry orthodox teachings into a life that had little in common with the churches. This mode of life had been a revelation to them, and they could call to mind no code of moral laws that would fill all the emergencies of the trail.

"Jamieson is not such a bad fellow," one member of the camp had declared.

"His partner says that if things do not go right he swears like a veteran packer."

"Yes," supplemented another, "and one time when one of his horses bucked the pack off, and broke its pack saddle into kindling, he called it a blank blanket blank, and threatened to break its blanked neck if it ever did that again. I always thought a good deal more of Jamieson after that," he concluded.

It was to recommendations like this that the preacher owed his growing popularity. Nor is this remarkable, for tried by a hundred vexations, they were

impatient of anyone who added to them by advocating impossible conduct, or pretending to smile as 'for the best' if a horse rolled down hill, or ripped open a sack of beans by scrubbing his pack against a tree. They knew too well what the feelings were at such times, and not to give expression to them in the customary vociferous manner, was to stamp a man deceitful and not to be trusted.

"I always like to hear a man swear when he's mad," said one who represented the moral character of the trail, "for then you know he's not keeping anything back."

In a short time the boat had rounded the curve and came in sight of the camp. The Indians were standing in front of their teepee, and conversation about the camp lagged, then ceased, as the words of the hymn, softened by distance, fell upon ears of late unused to music. It may not have been good music from a professor's standpoint. There may have been overtones, or undertones, or tones entirely wanting, but at this time and place, it was irresistibly sweet. As the boat approached, Mr. Jamieson, in his shirt sleeves, was seen walking towards the landing.

"Boys," he said, as the boat touched shore, "we're going to have a short service, and we want you to come over and sing for us."

"Oh, we don't know anything to sing," came the inevitable protest of one who must ever be coaxed.

"We have a hymn book up there, so that objection is overruled. Come up as soon as you can, for we're ready now."

"Wait till I get my shoes on," said one whom experience had taught to defer this part of his dressing until he reached dry land. "Who knocked my socks into the water?" a moment later.

"Socks? Do you wear socks?" in incredulous tones. "Never mind your shoes. Come over in your bare feet."

"Strange! I little thought a year ago I would ever go to church in my bare feet, or without socks—and sing in the choir, too! Are you going to dress?"

"Dress? How? Why? Certainly not. You don't see those hoboes over there dressed, do you?"

The "hoboes" were certainly not dressed very fashionably. Those who had gathered in the open space among the tents wore clothing in every stage of dilapidation. Blue overalls were worn out at knees and patched with white, eight-ounce canvas. Shirts had a sleeve torn off, and were otherwise mutilated beyond recognition. Trousers legs were of unequal length. Buttons had long since disappeared and a piece of wood served to hold the single suspender to its duty. There were hats brims without crowns, and crowns without brims, and footwear that exposed the feet. One or two who had black coats packed away in their dunnage bags, had brought them out for the occasion and these lightened the grotesque appearance of the whole. Such is the negligence of attire and habits manifested by white men as soon as they leave the refining influences of the world, that it is small wonder the Indians refuse to believe that they represent a higher state of civilization.

A church, teepee form, had been erected years before at this trading post. It was 18 or 20 feet in diameter, the sides thatched with slabs of bark. The door consisted of an opening which was now covered up with more slabs. As these children of the forest find the ground their most comfortable seat, the interior was entirely devoid of furniture, and instead of art-stained windows, sufficient light came through the opening which served as an entrance, or filtered through the numerous cracks between the bark slabs, for the Indian has no fear of drafts, nor the lady of the tribe of having a new hat ruined by a chance shower.

Formerly one who assumed the office of priest had made a visit here once a year and held services in the building, but of late years he had failed to make his appearance, and the trail to the place of worship now led over fallen trees, and was choked by raspberry bushes. For this reason the service of the day was called in the open air. There was a further reason for this action, and that was that it was infinitely easier in the present instance to bring the service to the men than the men to the service.

The tardy singers have arrived and take convenient seats on a carpenter bench where some one has been engaged in making pack saddles. The solitary hymn book, which somebody's mother doubtlessly insisted on being taken along, is produced, and the choir crane their necks over each other's shoulders to catch a glimpse of the words.

The preacher then calls the attention of the congregation to the front. In answer to the summons they shift their positions somewhat, and some few remove their hats. The most devout are seated reverently before the

speaker with an expression of solemn gravity. Others are seated in the background on some pack saddles beside a tent; some are thoughtfully smoking; a number of men are strung along the fence at the back of the speaker; one with his elbows on his knees and legs spread out is meditatively whittling on a piece of wood. One man, an old trapper, who says this is the first time in ten years he has been to church, gravely kindles a mosquito smudge, and at times while the service is in progress, adds to it a further supply of rotten wood. He is as attentive to business as the church official who is entrusted with the ventilation. At times when the breeze shifts and envelopes the speaker in the thick smoke cloud, an unwanted moisture comes to his eyes, and something more than emotion chokes his utterance. Ever and anon throughout the congregation is heard the sharp slap which carries the news of fatalities in the mosquito world. There are two or three, exceptionally rude, who are seated with their backs to the preacher, and, as if to carry the impression that they do not deem themselves part of the congregation, and do not feel it their right to move their seats, talk among themselves. The most attentive listener is a big St. Bernard dog, who lies in the foreground with his head between his outstretched paws, not in the least drowsy, but blinking his approval at suitable intervals.

The speaker has a hard task from want of co-operation and sympathy, and cannot find a steady flow of language, but talks in halting and patched sentences. He calls upon them to be thankful for the many dangers safely passed, and points out even in their apparently hard lot the work of a merciful Providence.

The few Indians in camp attracted by so unusual a proceeding look curiously on.

The dusk has now set in. The choir sing the doxology, the benediction is pronounced and the service is over. The congregation again shifts itself, and the restraining force gone, they again group themselves into conversational order, but conversation is forced and unnatural, and remarks are spasmodic. Perhaps they are thinking of home.

The St. Bernard dog arises, and passing towards the tent, curls himself on a pile of horse blankets and goes to sleep.

Seated in front of one of the tents and illumined by the fitful flashes of the camp fire, the late officiating choir are entertaining a circle of loungers with "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."—Sidney Church.

Remarkable Cemetery.

One of the most remarkable graveyards in Germany is the cemetery for the homeless in Westerland, on the island of Sylt. It is only a few minutes walk from the waters of the North Sea, and is surrounded by a wall of black stone. A black door leads one inside. On a tablet of the same hue over the entrance the following words in German are inscribed in gold letters: "Homesteads for the Homeless. Rev. John, 14, 13."

In this strange place are buried the human bodies which have been cast up by the sea. Many years ago when a body was found on the beach it was a common belief that as the ocean refused to hide the corpse in its bosom God meant that it should not have a fair burial. The first man to overcome this old prejudice and to give a decent resting place to the homeless was the gallant beach constable, Decker, of Westerland, and since then (1855) bodies cast up by the sea have received the same burial as the natives of Sylt. A record is kept of each burial in case any relatives may later seek information of their lost ones.

Up to July the graveyard containing 52 graves, one of which only had a monumental stone, on which was inscribed the name of the deceased. The following words are on the white stone: "Harm Muesker, perished in the foundering of the Gerhardine from October 2 to 3, 1890."

Opposite the entrance is a large block of brown granite, presented by the Queen of Roumania, who, in 1888, visited Westerland under the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva. On the block is a marble tablet on which is engraved a verse by the Royal Court Chaplain Rudolf Koegel of Berlin.

Between Snores.

"How that wind shakes the snashes, dear!" said Mrs. Shadyside nervously to her husband while the gale was high.

"Yes, the windows are having a rattling good time," assented Mr. Shadyside, who thereupon went off to sleep again.

Rex hams and soft wheat flour; job lots, at S. Archibald.

Choicest eggs in Dawson at Meeker's.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS.

Dawson Abreast of the Times in All Improvements.

The stranger who for the first time enters the city of Dawson is amazed at the remarkable development of this city within the past year. A blaze of electric lights greet his eyes, the telephone bell can be heard in all the busy trade centers and handsome structures are found erected on all the thoroughfares. In all probability the most remarkable feature to him and the one which completely shatters his previous impression of Dawson is found in the character of our leading restaurants. Here instead of the rough and ready make shift meal he can find as carefully prepared and excellently served dinner as is to be found in any country in the world.

At Germain's, for instance, the stranger will be regaled with a feast which but a few months ago could not be obtained at any price. He will find all the details as carefully attended to, the napery as spotlessly clean, the service as painstaking, and the quality of the food and the cooking of it as excellent as is obtained on the outside in the swell resorts of the good lives.

Germain has enjoyed a flourishing business and has been compelled over and over again to increase the size of his place until today he has a finely appointed building on Second avenue, two stories high, devoted exclusively to catering in all its branches. On the lower floor a commodious dining room is maintained for the general public and on the upper floor is a banquet hall and private dining rooms for small parties.

All the interior of this famous resort has recently been reapointed and is now glistening with bright colored paperings and tinted paints. Mr. Germain states that he will maintain in the future his own bakery, he having arranged to build an immense bake oven in the rear of the main building for that purpose.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Ben Davis apples at Meeker's.

Brewitt makes fine pants. crt

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HENRY BLEEKER FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLEEKER & DE JOURNEL Attorneys at Law, Office—Second street, in the Joslin Building Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. F. & A. M.) will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

Bids Wanted.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until 12 o'clock (noon) on Tuesday, February 19, for the purchase of the stock of men's furnishings belonging to the estate of Abraham Alton, deceased. Stock may be inspected on application to

G. T. CLEMENT, Acting Public Administrator, Old F. O. Building.

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