

MR. DOOLEY ON THE BOERS.

Thinks There Is Much to Be Said on Both Sides.

Uncle Paul Krueger Does Not Care to Give Up the Presidency Just Yet—What Hennessy Thinks.

"It looks like war," said Mr. Hennessy, who had been glancing at the flaming headlines of an evening paper over Mr. Dooley's shoulder.

"Always does," said Mr. Dooley. "Since the Czar in Rooshia intrajured his no-fight resolution, they've been no chancst that they wudden't be ructions."

"An' what's it all about?" demanded Mr. Hennessy. "I can't make head nor tail iv it at all, at all."

"Well, ye see 'tis this way," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see th' Boers is a simple, pastoral people that goes about their business in their own way, raisin' hell with everybody. They was born with an aversion to society an' whin th' English come they lit out befor them, not likin' their looks. The English kept comin' and the Boers kept movin' till they cudden't move any further without bumpin' into Kitchener's army an' thin they settles down an' says they, 'This far shall we go,' says they, bein' a religious people, 'an' divvie th' sthrep further.' An' they killed off th' irreligious naysgurs an' started in fr to raise cattle. An' at night they set outside av their dorps, which, Hinnessy, is Dutch fr two-story brick house an' lot an' sip their la-ager an' swap horses and match texts fr th' Bible fr th' seagars, while th' childher played marbles with dimons as big as th' end iv ye'er thub."

"Well, th' English heerd they was goold be th' bucket in ivry cellar fr'm Oopencoff to Doozledorf, which, Hinnessy, is like New York an' San Francisco, bein' th' extreme points in th' country, an' they come on in great hordes, sturdy Anglo-Saxons fr Saxony, th' Einsteins an' Heidebaecks an' Werners, an' whin they took out goold enough so's they needed raycreation they wanted to vote. 'An', says Joe Chamberlain, he says, 'Be hfyens they shall vote,' he says. 'Is it,' he says, 'possible that at this stage iv th' world's progress,' he says, 'an' English gentleman shud be denied' he says, 'th' right to drop off a thrain annywhere in th' civilized warruld an' cast his impeerly vote?' he says. 'Give thim th' franchise,' he says, 'or be this an' be that,' he says, 'fr we have put our hands to th' plow,' he says, 'an' we will not turn back,' he says."

"Krueger, that's th' main guy iv th' Dutch, a fine man, Hinnessy, that looks like Casey's goat an' has many iv th' same peculiarities," he says. "All r-right, he says, 'I'll give him th' franchise,' he says. 'Whin?' says Joe Chamberlain. 'In me will,' says Krueger. 'Whin I die,' he says, 'an' I hope to be a hundred if I keep on smokin' befor breakfast,' he says. 'I'll bequeath to me frinds, th' English, or such av thim as was here befor I come th' inalienable and sacred right to demand fr'm me successor th' privilege iv elictin an' alderman,' he says. 'But,' he says, 'in th' mane-time,' he says, 'we'll have things th' way they are,' he says. 'Im' old,' he says, 'an' not good lookin', he says, 'an' me clothes don't fit an' they may be marks of food on me vest,' he says, 'but I'm not more th' half-crazy an' anny time ye find me givin' anywan a chancst to vote me into a job dhrivin' a mule an' put in an English presidint iv this raypublic,' he says, 'ye ma conclude that yer Uncle Paul needs a guarantee,' he says."

"Far be it fr me to suggest anny but peaceful measures," says Sir Alfred Milner—that's th' lad they have down in Africa, th' Injun agent, fr th' English and Dutch shud wurruk together like brothers fr th' removal iv th' naysgur popylation," he says, "but," he says, "as a brother I politely suggest to you that if ye don't give us what we want we'll hand ye a fraternal punch," he says, "an' we cannot turn back," he says."

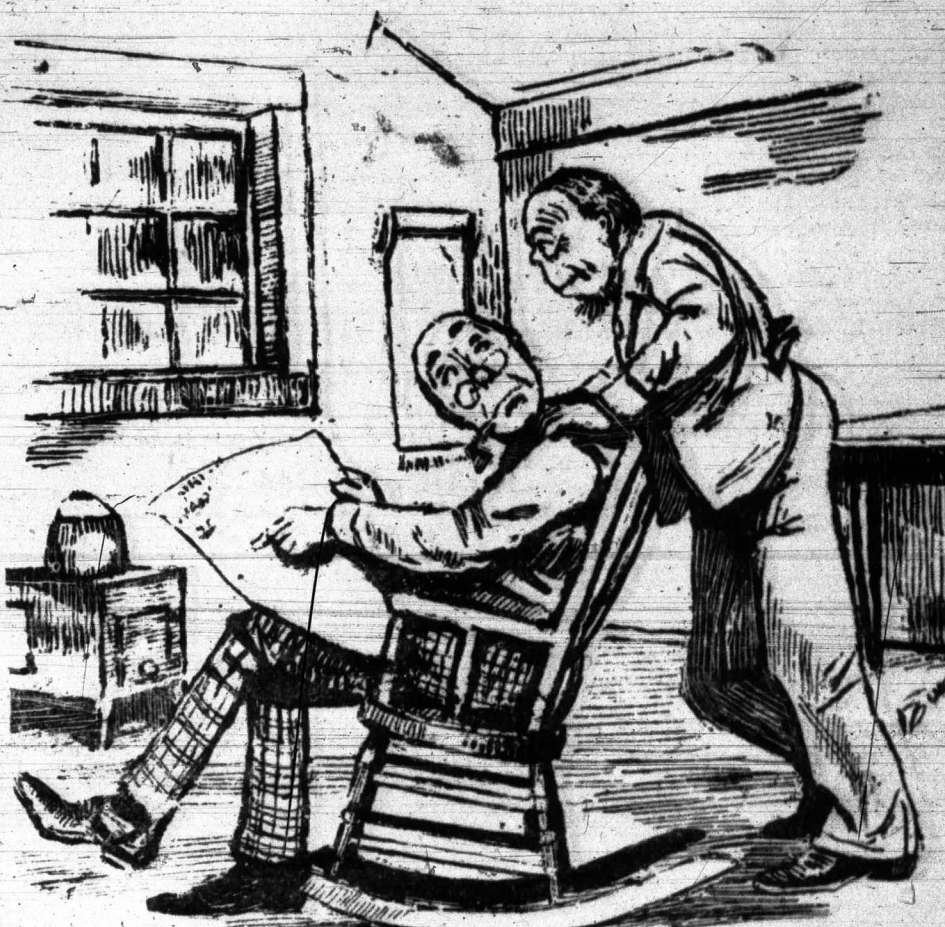
"What Sir Alfred Milner says is true," says Lord Selborne, an' what th' divvel he has to do about it I dinna know. 'The situation is such,' he says, 'as to be intol'rabable to a self-respectin' Englishman,' he says. 'What a crime,' he says, 'that th' men who ar re takin' most iv th' money out iv th' country shud not be allowed to stick in anny iv th' votes,' he says. 'We have,' as Shakespeare says put our hand to th' plow,' he says, 'an' we cannot turn back,' he says. 'I agree corjally with th' noble lord on th' r-red lounge abaft me,' says Lord Salisbury. 'With th' echoes of me own noble sentiments

on th' peace proclamation iv me gud frind th' Czar of Rooshia, still ringin' in me ears,' he says, 'it wud ill become me to speak of force,' he says. 'I wud on'y say that if th' Transvaal raypublic wud rather have a Dumdum bullet in its tum-tum thin grant to Englishmen th' r-right to run th' government, thin th' Transvaal raypublic'll have both,' he says. 'I will add,' he says, 'that we have put our hand to th' plow an' we will not turn back,' he says."

"Well, sir, 'twas up to Krueger an' he knocked th' ashes out iv his pipe on his vest an' says he, 'gentlemen,' he says, 'I wud like to do me best to accommodate ye,' he says. 'Nawthin' short iv a severe attack iv sickness wud please me so much as to see long lines iv Englishmen marchin' up to th' polls an' depositin' their ballots agin me fr presidint,' he says. 'I was ilicted young an' I've niver done anything since,' he says. 'I wudn't know what to do without it,' he says. 'What ye propose is to make an ex-presidint iv me. D'ye think I cud sthand that? D'ye think at my age I wud be contint to dash fr'm wan justice court to an other pleadin' fr babyas-corpus writ or test me principles iv personal expansion in a Noo Jersey village?' he says. 'I'd rather be a dead presidint than a live ex-presidint. If I have any political ambition I'd rather be a Grant or a Garfield thin a Cleveland or a Harrison,' he says. 'I may've read it in th' Bible, though I think I saw it in a scandalous book me frind Rhodes left in his bedroom las' time he called on me, that ye shud niver discard an ace to dhrav to a flush,' he says. 'I deplore th' language, but th' sintimint is sound,' he says. 'An' I believe ye'er intentions to preserve peace ar-re honest, but I don't like to see ye pullin' off yer coat, an' here goes fr trouble while ye have ye'er arms in th' sleeves,' he says."

"Many who started the cultivation of Christmas jags Saturday night had ample time to sober up while the saloons were closed on Sunday, thus enabling them to begin afresh Monday morning, thereby making it possible for them to enjoy two separate and distinct Christmas drunks. Yet there were those who complain because they are not outside where they could pass the festive season under their own vine and fig tree."

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.



"IT LOOKS LIKE WAR," SAID HENNESSY."

"Fr", he says, ye hav put yer han' to th' reaper an' it cannot turn back," he says. "An' there they go, Hinnessy. I'm not against England in this thing, Hinnessy, an' I'm not agin th' Boers. Like Mack, I'm divided on a matter iv principle between a desire to cement th' hience an' an affection fr the Dutch vote. But if Krueger had spint his life in a rale raypublic where they burn gas, he cud've settled th' business without losin' sleep. If I was Krueger they'd've been no war."

"What wud ye have done?" Mr. Hennessy asked. "I'd give thim th' votes," said Mr. Dooley. "But, he added, significantly, 'I'd do th' counthin'."—San Francisco Examiner.

Postmaster Hartman Remembered.

On Saturday evening, immediately after the closing of the postoffice to the public, Postmaster Hartman was presented with a handsome nugget watch chain of considerable value by his staff. It was presented by Mrs. Hill and Miss Robinson with a graceful little speech expressive of their appreciation of Mr. Hartman's many kindnesses to them. Mr. Hartman's gratitude was too strong for words. He had no answering speech ready in reply, but his few words showed far more how deeply he felt and appreciated his gift. His wish of a "right happy Christmas" to his staff certainly was heartfelt.

The swellest present in town—one of our Russian leather pocketbooks. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Dawson's supply of fresh meat was augmented last Sunday by the arrival of 12 moose from the headwaters of the Klondike.

Fire was discovered in the office of the Yukon Mill company about eight o'clock Monday night. An alarm was given, but before the arrival of the department a bucket of water had extinguished the blaze.

The first social entertainment of the Wayside, 66 below on Bonanza, Mertie Houck at the helm, will be given Thursday night of this week. An excellent program will be rendered. Refreshments will be served.

"We point with pride." The foregoing is a political expression which invariably appears in all convention platforms regardless of party, and it is borrowed for this occasion and to say that we point with pride to Dawson's mortuary and health record at the present time. There is probably not a city of Dawson's size on the continent where the general health is better than that of this place.

Many who started the cultivation of Christmas jags Saturday night had ample time to sober up while the saloons were closed on Sunday, thus enabling them to begin afresh Monday morning, thereby making it possible for them to enjoy two separate and distinct Christmas drunks. Yet there were those who complain because they are not outside where they could pass the festive season under their own vine and fig tree.

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Arctic Brotherhood.

The best meeting in the history of Camp Dawson, No. 4, Arctic Brotherhood, was held Friday night. Upwards of a dozen new members were elected. The degree was conferred upon Messrs. F. W. Clayton, Otto Zetska, A. McTavish and R. L. Hall. A large number will be initiated at the next meeting, Friday night. Next to the Ancient Order of Never Work, the Arctic Brotherhood will soon be by far the largest organization in Dawson.

Candy, Candy, Candy.

I have Lowney, Gunther and Huyler, candies, beside an immense assortment of Victoria, Seattle and San Francisco makes. I can please any one in prices, quality and quantity. Assorted nuts, 50 cents per pound. I carry also the finest line of cigars in the Yukon territory, and will make special rates by the box. Gandolfo, First ave.

Look out for the little ones at this time of the year. A cold may prove fatal. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

Grand Forks.

During the holidays go to the Dewey hotel and concert hall. Vocal and instrumental music every afternoon, dancing in the evening. We have the only complete brass band in the Yukon territory. Come and hear it. Sullivan & Co., props.

Most complete line of ladies' purses ever shown in Dawson. Nugget office.

The Nugget Express has made a special rate of 50 cents for carrying the Nugget's special illustrated edition to the coast.

THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.



NEW PEOPLE.

NEW PEOPLE.

The Latest Songs and Dances

Entirely New Sketches.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. SUPREME JOLLITY.

Every Monday night a complete change of program. Come early and see the fun. Under management of

OPERA HOUSE COMPANY.

THE Monte Carlo

...THEATRE...



Crowded To The Doors Each Night.

Entire Change of Program Every Week.

SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.

The Monte Carlo has recently been newly refitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the northwest. Drop in and have some fun.

THE BOARD OF TAD

Under New Management.

For Drinks or Cigars.

Our Liquors are the finest money can buy.

25c

CAFE ATTACHED.

Games Run in Connection With The House.

NEWLY FITTED THROUGHOUT

Remember the Location.

North of Monte Carlo, First Avenue.

A. E. CO.

Sole Agents FOR

Schlitz Beer

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

BUY A BARREL.

For the Holiday Trade.

A NEW LINE OF

SUITS, PANTS, SHIRTS & NECKWEAR

SARGENT & PINSKA,

Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

Take Notice.

That under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage of a ship, which said mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold at public auction, by William Furnival, auctioneer, at his premises in the Victoria building, Second street, Dawson, Yukon territory, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on the first day of February, 1900, a stern-wheel steamer called the Gold Star, of 168 gross tons burthen, containing a 100-horse power engine registered at the port of Dawson as No. 107,856.

Dated, Dawson, Y. T., Dec. 20, 1899. CLARK & WILSON, Advocates for the Mortgagee.

Pocket ink stands, the very latest, Nugget office.

Nugget jewelry to order at Sale & Co.

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

Notice.

The partnership heretofore existing between Frank J. Golden and Joseph Selix in the Juneau Hardware Co., and Yukon Bakery has been dissolved; Joseph Selix retiring, from the said co-partnership and Frank J. Golden continuing with the business thereof, he to collect all accounts due to said co-partnership and assume and pay all debts owing thereby. Signed, FRANK J. GOLDEN, JOSEPH SELIX.