

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

A Few Reasons Advanced by "E. J. W." Why Klondikers Should Be Thankful Tomorrow—Hold-ups Have Been Survived and We Are Not In Maine, Iowa or Kansas.

Tomorrow is the day we give thanks. How time does fly? Or, as an ancient lady once said, "How tempus do fugit." It seems scarcely a year since we sat at the festive board and scattered the true inwardness of a fourteen pound gobbler over the clean linen, yet such is the case. Today another gobbler lies cold in death ready for preparation for tomorrow's feast. Contemplate him as he lies out in the cache with his upright legs puncturing the chilly Yukon atmosphere. A few months ago he was the pride of a barnyard and spread his tail a la our first page cartoon. Tomorrow he will spread all over a table and his remains will resemble the living skeleton that was wont to support a wife and educate a family by eating pounded glass in John Robinson's circus at \$15 per week, glass furnished. But what have we to be thankful for? From both Conservative and Democratic standpoints, nothing. From Liberal and Republican standpoints, a great deal in the way of good crop reports and hints of national prosperity in which only holders of office have a part. Many men who held office a year ago are now going from one grocery store to another looking for cheap potatoes while others who have been elected during the year are rushing around between the same stores looking for the finest grade of cranberries and Chesapeake Bay oysters. We of the Yukon have been held-up, spit and hot-potted during the past year by a relentless corporation that gave us the option of submitting to robbery or starvation and now withholds our mail. On the other hand, we have fared better in many respects than our outside neighbors. Take our friends back in prohibition Maine! They have had to drink their whiskey from gas fixtures, burial caskets and bored logs; in Iowa thirst has been appeased from a blind pig while in Kansas the oil of gladness has been drunk from Babcock fire extinguishers and from cans labeled "Tomatoes packed in Kansas Oils." How different here! When we tired of the various brands which we could walk up and take with or without a chaser in the broad open light of the day, we could send up the Klondike by the Hunker stage for a gallon of

"Hand-Made Valley Tan" that would inspire sufficient enthusiasm to chase Old Dewet across the veldt in a manner not known in modern warfare. We are sorry to note that during the past year while purity and economy have been raging at Washington, a plot was being hatched at Skagway to violate every section from Dan to Bethsheba of the international treaty that yokes together John and Jonathan like a pair of Arkansas steers on a cotton plantation. Miss Yukon is better looking than she was a year ago, and now when she dresses up in a Mother Hubbard with a sursingie around her waist, like the Goddess of Liberty when she has her picture taken, there is not a fairer face or more graceful form in the united provincial sisterhood. For this we are very thankful. We are also thankful that the broad-browed man who knows just how a newspaper should be conducted is still with us, likewise his mate, the spindle-shanked chap who gives tips about the courtesy a newspaper should extend to correspondents who now and again attempt to break into print to advertise themselves. To be compelled to conduct a newspaper in the absence of these "Wise men from the East" would be as prosaic as playing postoffice with a gang of Chinamen. The fool-killer has, owing to the rush of business, passed up quite a number, but there is a chance that several who need it will throw themselves in his way before another crop of turkeys is ripe. As a whole, the people of the Yukon have occasion for thanksgiving and rejoicing. The government has heard our heaven-reaching wail and has enlisted in the fight for a cessation of transportation hold-ups. There is a glaring possibility that before another year has been rolled together like a scroll and laid away in the cold storage of eternity we will have received another mail. As matters now stand, and with turkey at only 45 cents per pound (that includes the neck and feet) there is no reason why Dawson should not be unanimous in observing Thanksgiving tomorrow. Save the scraps for the next day, besides the manner in which prize-fighting has degenerated in Dawson, they are all we are likely to have for some time. E. J. W.

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FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

JUST FROM THE KOYUKUK

Peter Dowe Arrives Last Night After 36 Days Travel. Has Confidence in Future of That Section as Heavy Gold Producer - Many New Discoveries. Mr. Peter Dowe the well known mining man arrived in Dawson last evening from the Koyukuk, being the first man to arrive over the ice from that now famous camp. Mr. Dowe left Cold Foot, the centre of the Koyukuk diggings, on the 22d of October and has been 36 days en route. Owing to the ice being in such a precarious condition the trip was one in which many hardships and dangers were encountered. For a couple of seasons Mr. Dowe has been prospecting in the Tanana district and it was only by a mishap which happened to him in the Tanana river which led him into the Koyukuk country. He is very glad the accident overtook him, as he is now the possessor of some very good properties. He came out from the Tanana last winter for supplies and early in the spring went back, taking a season's outfit with him. He hauled his supplies from Circle City to the upper Tanana with dog teams, and building a boat in the early summer pulled up his stakes and started down stream, intending to go to the White Hills and prospect for quartz. There are many rapids in the Tanana and in one of these his boat was wrecked by striking a rock and his entire outfit was lost. Continuing then to the mouth of the Tanana he met the little steamer Tanana Chief heading for the Koyukuk, and secured passage, determining to try his luck once more in the new camp. He arrived at Cold Foot in the early part of July and immediately started prospecting on the surrounding creeks. In three weeks in the district he discovered good pay and on Hammond creek a pay streak of great richness was found and will run from 50c to \$2.50 to the pan, with pockets which will go as high as \$70 to the pan. The great drawback to the country is a shortage of wood; the timber for sluice boxes is nearly all used up and hereafter it will have to be taken in. On Hammond creek there is about 1,000 feet of exposed bedrock and there is a gradual dip until it reaches a depth of about 4 feet. Mr. Dowe and associates will operate four strings of sluice boxes next summer on their claims, of which there are four. "The Koyukuk district," said Mr. Dowe to a Nugget representative this morning, "is going to make a big showing next year. This fall six new creeks with good pay streaks were discovered and this winter will see considerable more prospecting work done. On Vermont, Kelly's Mistake, Hammond, Union creeks, pay streaks have been located and on Nolan and Switz creeks good prospects have been found. "Kelly's mistake is rather a queer name to give a creek, but the circumstances connected with its finding makes it name a fitting and proper one. "Kid Kelly, or as he was better known in Dawson, Rag-Time Kelly, was at Cold Foot at the time strike was made on Emma creek, and as soon as he heard of the discovery started for the creek to stake a claim. He went alone, starting at midnight, but instead of reaching Emma creek stopped on creek below and dropt his stakes, thinking it was Emma creek. He had his claim recorded and left the country a short time after, going to Seattle via St. Michael. Pay was afterwards discovered on this creek, which was given the name, 'Kelly's Mistake,' and while Kelly still holds title to the claim he thinks it is on Emma. "A few days time before I left a discovery was made on a small pup about 20 miles above Cold Foot on

A Meat Market and the Classics

Oviedo, the writer of "Sumario de Natural Historia de las Indias," one of the most gifted and delightful writers of the middle ages, embodied in his history a splendid description of the native American turkey. He does not, however, entertain his readers with a lively description of that fowl as a food delicacy, probably by reason of the fact that in those days the noble bird was considered to be more of a thing of beauty than the subject of an epicurean repast. The world of letters would gain a feast of words and Oviedo a feast of the gods if he lived in Dawson today and partook of the turkey as prepared for the table in a thousand homes. If that distinguished gentleman was with us the Yukon market would be perpetuated in history for from that depot the choicest corn fed turkeys are distributed.

Cor. King St. and 2nd Ave. The Yukon Market A. R. Cameron, Prop.

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NO SHORTAGE OF FUEL Say the Small Dealers in That Commodity The very best article of fuel is still to be had at \$14 per cord despite the efforts of a few of the largest dealers to create the impression, that wood is scarce and shoot the price up to \$20 per cord. One dealer remarked only yesterday that when trails become better on the river the price of wood is more likely to be lowered, than raised as within a few miles of town there are thousands of cords which the owners must have their money out of this season.

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Both Fools. When Mr. Moody was in London, he made a visit to the celebrated physician Sir Andrew Clarke, who told him that there was an alarming irregularity in the action of his heart. "How many times a day are you in the habit of speaking?" asked Sir Andrew. "Oh, I usually preach three times a day." "How many days a week?" "Five days in the week. On Sundays I speak four or five times." "You're a fool, sir; you're a fool!" was the brusque response. "You're killing yourself!" "Well, doctor," said Mr. Moody, "I take Saturday to rest. Now, may I ask you how many hours a day you work?" "Sixteen or 17." "How many days a week?" "Every day, six—every day!" "Then, doctor, you're a bigger fool than I am, and you'll kill yourself first!" With these pleasantries they parted. Sir Andrew to live little more than a year, while Mr. Moody lived seven times as long.—Youth's Companion.

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The Nugget Dawson No. 284 GOVERNOR INSPECTION Courts Ledges on the Between Victoria and Eldorado. EXCURSION UP THE... Governor Ross, accompanied by David Macfarlane, superintendent of improvements, made a day up Bonanza creek. Victoria gulch. Ever since the first called to the possibilities which might be expected from the Yukon, the governor has taken an interest in everything to such propositions and he gratified himself by the way of visiting some of the mining gulches which are to be found in the Victoria gulch. Some of the claims located in the Victoria gulch and Eldorado are now awaiting only a few more snow in order to be made a thorough examination. Governor Ross was accompanied by the evidence of the gulch being worked are being a very great degree their properties as the gulches in their exploitation and amount. In his return, the citizens held a reception at the hotel in honor of the distinguished visitor. The affair was informal and was largely attended by many who had not had the pleasure of meeting the governor. The governor's visit to the Yukon Territory is a very interesting one and for the further news of his well-deserving newspaper, anonymous communication.