

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.

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily.

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 punctuating the chilly Yukon atmosphere. A few months ago he was the pride of a barnyard and spread his tail in a 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 in the United Provincial sisterhood.

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, spitted 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 like a scull 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.

Retirement of General Buller.

New York, Oct. 24.—Interesting details concerning the enforced retirement of Sir Redvers Buller are given in a dispatch from London to the Herald. It is an open secret that what is known as "petticoat influence" has been far too strong at the war office ever since the Duke of Cambridge resigned and the present commander-in-chief has not escaped it.

There are many people who are inclined to applaud the speech of H. O. Richards night before last at Northampton, who declared that if Lord Roberts would leave bazaar openings to Lady Roberts and take the staff selections and war office reforms into his own hands, there might be great reform at the war office.

It is doubtful if King Edward will ever have to face a more painful dilemma than the one he encountered when Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts had an audience with him at Marlborough house, said a member of the king's household.

When the news reached Balmoral house of Gen. Buller's Westminster speech, everybody in the household suspended judgment until some sign was apparent how the king regarded it.

Ever since Gen. Buller's departure from Waterloo station for the war, when the king—then Prince of Wales—gave the cue to popular opinion of the former commander-in-chief with his parting salute: "Good old Buller," he has thus been spoken of.

Ever since his return to England it was known that the king had not changed his opinion of his former "bos comrade." The day after the Westminster speech it became bruited among the household that the king still held his faith in the bluff general and regarded his oratorical outburst as merely a military explosion in the face of bitter goading.

So it became an accepted conclusion that, no matter what the papers might say, the king would stand by

his former friend, even to the extent of conferring a peerage, as a mark of personal friendship. Some leakage of this opinion found its way to the public press and was transmitted to the war office.

It is said that ever since General Buller refused to correct his Spionkop dispatches he has been subjected to the bitter hostility of Lady Roberts, who used every effort to force her husband to demand his recall.

Within the last few days her antipathy has found fresh vent, owing to his Westminster speech. It is said she induced "Bob" to go to the war office and demand of Mr. Brodrick that he issue an order for Gen. Buller's resignation.

Such an order was issued, but old Buller replied with a flat refusal to resign. Then Lord Roberts and Mr. Brodrick put their heads together and waited for the instant of the king's return to London, to lay before his majesty the alternative of Buller's dismissal or their resignation.

It was by no means a pleasant interview. At first the king refused point blank to countenance any such drastic proceedings.

He defended Buller right and left, and declared that such a provocation as anonymous attacks was sufficient warrant for such an explosion on the part of the bluff old soldier, but Lord Roberts and Mr. Brodrick were equally stubborn.

Lord Roberts threatened to resign instantly unless a royal mandate were issued for Buller's decastration.

To this Mr. Brodrick also added his intention to relinquish the seals of the war office.

The latter threat would not have weighed for a moment with the king, but "Bob's" popularity is a different matter. His majesty used every effort to induce the commander-in-chief to reconsider his determination.

Only when he finally discovered that this was out of the question was the royal consent reluctantly given to the order for Gen. Buller's dismissal.

WHEN WOMAN'S WIT FAILED

Because It Came in Contact With One Sharper.

Mrs. Mollison Had Plans for Her Daughter But There Were Other Schemes Working.

"He is impossible—utterly impossible," said Mrs. Sidney Mollison. "The idea of that young second hand bookkeeper sending a silver hand mirror as a present to my daughter! Mr. Mollison, do you hear me?"

Mr. Mollison's eyes were in the evening paper, but he said he was not deaf.

"I should think you would have a higher opinion of Beryl's worth than to sanction such a match."

"My dear Doris, I have not sanctioned the match."

"Yes, you have. You gave the young man employment in your office, and only last month you raised his

Beryl has offended him by returning his gift I shall have a girl at hand to console him—Janet Craig. She is that blue eyed thing whom Beryl went about so much with last summer. She's rather old, I imagine, and will jump at the chance of healing a broken heart. If it will bring her a husband. Then we shall be rid of the bookkeeper, and Beryl will be cured of her infatuation. What do you think of the plan?"

"Looks well on paper."

"And it will be successful," Mrs. Mollison was supremely confident.

"I wonder," Mr. Mollison paused to remove his spectacles and regard his wife cautiously before finishing the remark.

"Well?" She smiled patronizingly.

"I wonder what will happen when you meet a woman whose wits are equal to your own. There'll be a pretty howl, I'd say."

"My dear, I have always been able to take care of myself," said Mrs. Mollison.

The Sunday dinner that was to be the funeral feast of the bookkeeper's untimely romance was planned with perfect exactness. But for some reason the plans began to go wrong be-

fore the "blue-eyed thing" was in the house ten minutes.

Janet on entering ran into Mrs. Mollison's arms and kissed her. Then, seeing Beryl looking sad, she ran away with her on the pretext of removing her wraps, but really to learn what the trouble was.

"Oh! Her blue eyes opened with horror and amazement when she heard the story. 'The poor fellow is invited here to be slaughtered.'"

"What can I do, Janet?"

"My dear, I don't know. You'll have to obey your mother, I suppose, but—Janet pressed one slender finger against her temple in thought.

"And it's such a pretty hand mirror, Janet, Beryl waited."

"I suppose your mother intends him for my partner at dinner just to keep him away from you?"

"Yes, it will break Arthur's heart."

"Where is Uncle Tom?" Janet inquired.

"Oh, he's in bed. He never gets up on Sunday. His health isn't good."

"Health!" The blue eyes snapped. He's being coddled to death. But he must get up."

"But, Janet, dear, mamma won't allow it."

"We shall see."

The young ladies entered the drawing room together, as galleons as two kittens.

"Be as nice as you can, Arthur," Janet whispered. Then she hurried over to sit beside Mr. Mollison on the sofa, and within two minutes had him telling with enthusiasm all about the profits of the business of Sidney Mollison & Bro.

"And your brother's health being so bad all the work comes on you."

The blue eyes were sympathetic.

"Well, he is able to do the routine business, though he is always complaining about his heart or his liver or his lungs, and that makes it hard on my wife."

"She's so good!" said Janet.

"And you are perfectly lovely to give him an interest in the business when he does so little for it."

Mr. Mollison swelled with the pride of a man conscious of the achievement of half a million. "He was fortunate in being one of my father's two sons," he said.

"Ah!" said Janet, her blue eyes beaming with admiration. But under her curly blond hair this thought sped: "Evidently brother Tom owns half the business. He will do."

Then Janet hinted at music, and Mr. Mollison said he never had enough of it. She consented modestly to first and invite him to come here for dinner next Sunday. Then when

voice did shortly, away up the stairs into brother Tom's apartment.

"How loud she sings!" Mrs. Mollison thought. But she hesitated to protest. "Tom will be raving in a minute."

Janet was thinking: "He stays in bed all day, does he? We shall see. Hear that—hear that high note, brother Tom? People have said it is a sweet note. What do you think of it? If you are not a clod, you will come down here and go with me in to dinner."

"What does the woman mean by screaming so?" Mrs. Mollison reflected, becoming more uneasy.

"She'll rouse the whole neighborhood."

The song finished Janet turned on the stool to receive Mr. Mollison's applause. She was panting from her exertion, and she felt defeated. But, if they desired she would sing again.

"No, my dear; not now, thank you," Mrs. Mollison said, with her most honey-eyed smile. "You might wake brother Tom."

"That's so. How silly of me to forget!" Janet bit her red lips to show how regretful she was. But out of the corner of her eye she saw

"That settles it. Beryl must keep the mirror."

"How did she do it?" Mr. Mollison asked his wife when the dinner was over.

But Mrs. Mollison was too angry to explain.—Chicago Record.

Never in Dawson's history has a more appreciated concert been given than was that of Sunday night under the management of H. J. Brand. The house was well filled and from the beginning to the end of the lengthy but varied program there was not a hitch or a wait, everything coming on promptly and in place. All of Dawson's best talent was enlisted by the management to make the concert a success and it was so beyond expectation.

Among those who were forced to respond to encores were Miss Florence

D'Espia, four times; Miss Beatrice Lorne, three times; Miss Helen Jewell, three times; her rendition of the "Maple Leaf" and displaying of the Canadian flag completely capturing the house. The grand sacred chorus, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," sang by Misses, Lorne, D'Espia, and Jewell and Messrs. McLeod and Corke was repeatedly encored, as was also the special recitations of Mr. R. P. Wilson who ranks as one of Dawson's very best entertainers.

Mr. Brand is so pleased with his success that he will give another entertainment in two weeks when the same excellent talent will be engaged. (The above was crowded out of yesterday's paper.)

Editor Nugget:—

If any further evidence was needed to establish the fact that the upper river mail contractors are most outrageously prostituting their agreement with the Canadian and United States governments in not complying with the terms of their contracts, it was supplied last night in the arrival of the intrepid Downing with mail from Tanana and way points. It is doubtful if Dawson would receive any mail this winter from the upper river if Downing's experience had to be duplicated. However, by the time the express company and others not connected with the mail put the trail in shape to make it possible to bring 10 pounds of freight for every one pound of mail carried, the latter will be regularly received, and until that time the people of Dawson may wait in either patience or perturbation, the mail contractors care not which.

Let the citizens of Dawson as a unit demand that the contract be taken from the present holders. Another service might be better. It could not be worse.

DAWSON.

The Bonnie Heather.

James Arden of the Anglo Klondike Mining Co. was in the "old country" on a visit this summer and returning brought back a box of Scotland's heather which he presented to R. P. McLennan, the president of St. Andrew's society. Mr. McLennan intends distributing the heather amongst the members of the society this evening at the Pioneer Hall, they all meet to receive the final and flattering reports from the committee of management who have everything in splendid shape for the grand event Friday night.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

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, determined 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. On three creeks 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 Swift 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 drove 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 the middle fork of the Koyukuk. The discovery was made by Gillespie of Dawson, who took out besides a large amount of dust in a few hours, a nugget weighing \$599. This was on Union creek, one of the discoveries above mentioned."

"Gold creek is the banner creek of the district, not one of the claims developed turning out a blank and all on which work has been done showing rich pay."

"Myrtle creek did not come up to the expectations and everyone was compelled to quit work as it did not pay wages."

"Wages in the district are \$12.00 per day or \$5.00 per day and board. I do not think they will be much lower than that owing to the country being so hard to get to. This will make provisions correspondingly high."

"I met about 25 men and 6 women at the head of the Chandelar going in. Three of the men had a consignment of about 1,000 gallons of whiskey, and the rest were taking outfits with them. Whiskey is worth \$10 per bottle in Cold Foot and Battles and the supply is getting a little short so there will be a good market for that which is going in."

"The government is now contracting for a mail delivery in the district to go from Fort Yukon to Battles and

Cold Foot once a month during December, January, February and March. Several parties are putting in bids and I understand that one had gone in for \$300 for each round trip."

"From Fort Yukon to Cold Foot a distance of 230 miles, there are but two road houses, so that everyone going in should take their provisions and cooking outfits with them."

"The river closed at the mouth of the Tanana on the 26th of last month but it had not closed at Eagle when we arrived there five days ago. I understand that it has closed now."

"There was a big stampede to the Tanana just before I started, and the probabilities are that before the season is over some good strikes will be made in that district."

"This prospecting or gold hunting is very delicate business and I would not advise any man to go into that country, although I believe it is one of the richest districts in the whole Yukon country," said Mr. Dowe in conclusion.

"I have been prospecting for four years and just stammered it by chance and couldn't have missed it with my eyes shut. I am going into that country should be prepared to meet hardships, illness and disappointment, and if he stand against these he may come out a winner."

Mr. Dowe overlook mail matter Downing near Circle City and he travelled the balance of the distance together. He will remain in Dawson for a few days and then leaves for the outside, returning over the ice in the spring.

Curious custom prevails in Korea. If a man meets his wife in the street he ignores her presence and passes by as if she were a stranger.

The long tails of the shawl of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for as inches at their tips a valuable guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

The Saxons, whose original settlement is determined by the little domes of Saxony, derived their name from the sea, or short, crooked knife with which they armed themselves.

Canada's exports of pulpwood in 1908 amounted to \$1,335,265, of which \$668,222 were sent to Great Britain and \$2,302,211 to the United States, \$26,194 going to other countries.

The Chicago stockyards are the biggest in the world. They can hold 20,000 cattle daily, besides 30,000 sheep and 10,000 pigs. They contain 20 miles of streets and 50 miles of feeding troughs.

Paris now has automobile fire engines which measure six to ten feet between wheels, and weigh 24 tons, or when fully equipped 6300 pounds. They start to work instantly. The pump delivers 20 gallons a minute.

There are now in operation in Belgium 11 extensive mines where coal is ground. One mill at Alost has a capacity of 17,000,000 pounds per year. It is said that all the mills are crowded at present.

The Nebraska state game warden has forbidden the farmers to sign the grasshopper with poison, saying that the loss of birds and game is too costly a price to pay for the destruction of comparatively few insects.

At Colita, in Saxony, persons paid did not pay their taxes last year as published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither eat nor drink at those places under penalty of loss of license.

How to Build a Risk.

To the Editor of the Klondike Nugget, Dawson.

Dear Sir,—I herewith take the liberty of enclosing a rough outline sketch of "How to build a Risk."

Trusting to your good nature to give it a place in the Nugget, the task has been undertaken to endeavor to excite or stimulate some enterprising citizen to build a risk. It is entirely out of my line and beyond my ability to "write up" a public tergiversation of this nature, so I have to trust to your public opinion, if I may, and thus help out. The arches of the engine sketch are constructed of rough lumber or timber about 12 feet long, 12 inches wide and one inch thick. The board, as it is formed upon the skeleton frame, is nailed upon the other. Arches, engine and built like this are capable of supporting their own weight and of the roof without the assistance of rafters or cross beams. I can speak from practical knowledge of what comfort a canvas covered building would give, but I know that an uncovered risk never did and will pay dividends. Hoping that your attention, I remain yours sincerely,

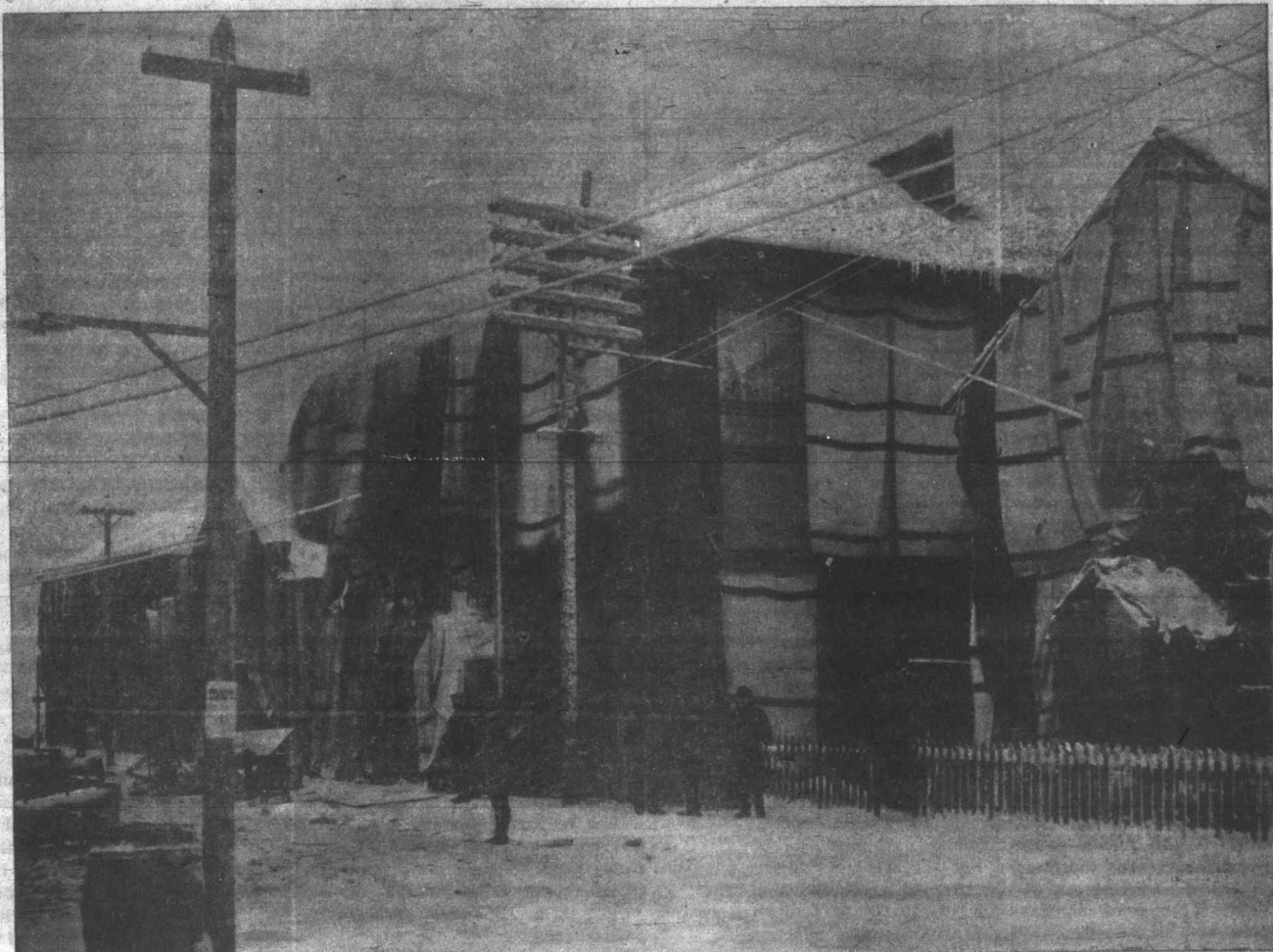
SKATE.

A Bit of Irish Wit.

Lord Morris, who had out of the richest Hibernian brogue ever heard outside of the Green Isle, was now deploring to Father Healy, the parish priest, the fact that, on the occasion of a certain marriage, he neither rice nor an old shoe to throw after the happy couple.

"Arrah, my lord," exclaimed Father Healy, "why didn't you throw your brogue after the?"

In Ireland, readers may be surprised, a book is known as a "brogue" London Answers.



N. C. CO.'S METHOD OF FIGHTING FIRE.

wages to \$18 a week. That was giving him encouragement.

"How?"

"You know perfectly well. When he was earning only \$15, he had all he could do to pay for his board and clothes."

"What was Tom's doing?"

Mr. Mollison was neither brave nor generous, so he sought refuge behind his bachelor brother, who was associated with him in the firm of Sidney Mollison & Bro. It was a retreat skillfully executed, however, for if Mrs. Mollison had one pet purpose in life besides marrying her daughter to wealth and position it was to coddle Brother Tom so he would remain a bachelor and leave his share of the estate to her children. Up to this time she had been successful. Brother Tom was 40 and prematurely old. He was persuaded that he had every ailment known to medical science or patent medicine advertisements. He sometimes reached his office by 11 o'clock in the morning, but it was with an effort and after Mrs. Mollison had served his toast and coffee in his room. He said to her often when she brought his breakfast, "Dear sister Doris, I don't know how I should live a day without you." There was a streak of laziness in him. "Sometimes I wonder," he would add, "if there is another woman in the world who would be so good to me."

And Doris would answer: "You wicked man! Have you been thinking again of getting married? You know you could not live a month with a wife whom you would have to wait on."

"That's so." He always conceded the point when she made him comfortable. "But, you know, there's no danger, because I'll never find another woman like you."

All this passed through Mrs. Mollison's mind when her husband shifted the blame from himself to Tom, for the undesirable attention young Mr. Blythe was bestowing upon their daughter. To offend brother Tom by asking for the youth's dismissal or by abruptly forbidding him the house was not to be thought of. She remained in a silent study long enough for Mr. Mollison to turn his paper inside out.

"Sid," Mrs. Mollison resumed in a softer tone than hinted at a crafty purpose, "I've decided what to do. It is a case requiring the exercise of diplomacy."

"You've got plenty of it."

"Beryl must give back the hand mirror, but to soften the boy's disappointment I shall write him about it first and invite him to come here for dinner next Sunday. Then when

for the "blue-eyed thing" was in the house ten minutes.

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