

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

Small But Interesting Gathering Wednesday Night.

Business Letter From President of Eagle's Chamber of Commerce—Better Mail Service Asked.

There was not a large attendance at Wednesday night's regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade, but those present made up in enthusiastic work for the good of Dawson what the meeting lacked in numbers. President McMullen filled the chair, with Secretary Clayton at his desk.

After the usual routine of preliminary business had been transacted, the following letter from the President of Eagle's chamber of commerce was read:

Eagle, Alaska, Nov. 24, 1899.

President Board of Trade, Dawson, Y. T.—Dear Sir: I note that a proposition is on foot to extend the telegraph line from Dawson to Fortymile, and to the boundary line. I desire to say that if the wire is brought up to the line on the Yukon, it will be taken up on this side and brought to this city at once.

After consultation with Col. Ray, commanding in North Alaska, I am authorized to say that if the line is constructed to the international boundary line he will at once put a force to work to complete it to this city, and possibly to Circle City. Will you kindly inform me what the intent of those having the matter in charge in your territory is, to the end that we may co-operate and have continuous service from Eagle at least, via Dawson to Skagway, to be brought about at the earliest possible moment. The completion of this line to points down the river will be of mutual benefits, and by concerted action it can be brought about in the next few months. Very respectfully yours,

J. F. HOBBS,

President Eagle Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. Yemans spoke as to the urgent need of a large bulletin board at some prominent point in the city on which the time for departure of steamers from Skagway for Seattle can be bulletined, thus giving ample time for the transmission of telegrams to Skagway to be forwarded to lower points. Secretary Clayton, however, informed the meeting that such bulletin board has been arranged for and will be erected in a day or two, at the A. C., corner of First avenue and Third street. The fact that during the winter months no mail matter other than sealed letters and registered packages are transmitted to and from Dawson by mail was the subject of much earnest discussion. Secretary Clayton was instructed to correspond with Postmaster Hartman in reference to the possibility of better service—service which will enable Dawsonites to receive papers and other second-class mail matter during 12 months in the year.

The names of W. J. Walthers, S. Bloom and Messrs. Pickett & Devlin were proposed for membership.

It was the unanimous voice of the meeting that the time for receiving members, which time closed on the 4th instant, be reopened and extended until the first of February, and the trustees will be asked to make such extension. The board now has 88 members and an effort will be made to double that number by February 1st.

His Sage Conclusion.

"Aw, well," said the Koback philosopher meditatively, "while I ain't prepared to positively deny that Christian science can turn the hills into bread, the rocks and ledges into cake, the brooks into molasses, the ponds into wine, the cattle into giraffes and the hogs into elephants, give all the old maids a chance to marry, cause all the creditors to die peacefully in their beds, and create free plug hats, false teeth, tobacco and celluloid collars out of nothin', I will say that I haven't seen it do anything of the kind yet."

"Such bein' the case, I guess I'll jest stay on the safe side of common sense and remain in my present be-

nighted state for a spell longer. You see where I'd be if I should happen to quit work and go to trustin' in it for support and it shouldn't be inclined to do anything for me. I'd be caught, and that's all there would be to it. A humble piece of fried liver in the hand is worth considerable more than a whole flock of roast turkeys in the bush."

HUMOROSITIES.

"It's simply impossible for me to find bread for my family," said the loafer. "Same way here," remarked the grocer. "I have to work for it."—Chicago News.

"Klondike luck" at the present time seems to mean the safe arrival of the prospector at the front gate of a sympathetic relative in the states.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Say, pa, what is pessimism?" "My son, it is one of the results of matrimony and milliners' bills. Now, don't ask any more questions."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Mrs. Skinner—Wasn't that sad about Mrs. Richman? Mrs. Goode—What? Mrs. Skinner—Her husband was drowned with his six-karat diamond stud on and his body cannot be found. Jewelers' Weekly.

"And is Bockford so much of an orator?" "Man, he could describe a boarding house dried-beef supper in such language that your mouth would water with desire."—Rochester Sunday Herald.

She—How that woman we just passed does hate me! He—She looked pleasant enough. She—That's all done for effect; but if you noticed she never turned to take in my new suit and hat.—Detroit Free Press.

"It's a shame," said the summer boarder, "for you to waste so much land on that pig-pen when you might turn it into a beautiful lawn." "Nay," replied the farmer, who knew his business, "the pen is mightier than the sward."—Philadelphia North American.

Friend—How are you getting on? Seedy Author—Good! I've got the material on hand for a splendid comedy besides. Friend—You are fortunate. Seedy Author Yes. All I need now is the material for a new pair of trousers.—Tid Bits.

"Hist!" whispered the first accomplice; "there is a price upon your head." "Heavens!" exclaimed the female villain, paing visibly. "Can it be possible that I have forgotten to remove the tag from that bargain-counter hat?"—Philadelphia Rec rd.

"How did the burglars happen to miss your jewels?"

"Only yesterday morning something told me they were not safe in the tomato-can in the cellar, where I usually kept them, and I had accordingly concealed them in a jewel case in my room."—Detroit Journal.

The British tourist wandered into the Rustler's Retreat and languidly asked for a "high ball." "Jake," called the accommodating bar-keeper to his assistant, asleep in the corner, "the gent wants an eyeball. I dunno wot'er, but he wants it. Go out an' ketch a Chinaman."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Were you annoyed by that resignation rumor?" inquired the friend. "Not in the least," answered Oom Paul, turning for a moment from the telephone to the brewery. "If we are going to show that the Transvaal Republic is a first-class article, with all modern improvements, it's time we were having a few resignation rumors."—Washington Star.

"And so you are about to lose a member of your family?" said the old friend, who had just heard of the approaching marriage of the daughter of the house. "Well, I'm not quite certain about that," replied the old gentleman. "Just at present I can't figure out whether I'm to lose a daughter or merely acquire a son-in-law."—Chicago Evening Post.

Lost an Eye.

M. Minnegan, from Fortymile, is a patient at St. Mary's hospital. Minnegan lost an eye while working on a claim in the Fortymile district. He was using a pick and was struck in the eye by a piece of frozen earth. The injured man was brought into Dawson. Dr. Good removed the eye, which had been completely ruined and replaced it with an artificial eye. Minnigen is doing very nicely.

Carpets, upholstering goods, wire mattresses, etc. Jenkins & Johnson, Second ave., near Third street.

Just the thing for Christmas; toilet sets, ebony, with sterling silver ornaments. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

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

He Got Ten.

Mr. L. R. Fulda, manager for the A. E. Co., an enthusiastic member of the Board of Trade and a hard worker in every cause that serves to build up and advance the general interests of Dawson, is not in a very jubilant mood these days. The occasion of his gloom is this: A few days ago a smooth appearing gentleman arrived over the ice from Eagle. He called on Mr. Fulda, for whom he had carried up a few business letters. On inquiring of the stranger as to the news of the lower river country, Mr. Fulda was very much delighted with the information imparted to him. Among other things the affable stranger volunteered the information that a corps of railroad engineers were at work surveying a road from Valdez to Eagle and that the work of construction would begin when the springtime comes Gentle Annie. On hearing of this great development of the broad white north Mr. Fulda beamed with delight.

"Ah! beg pawdon," said the stranger, "but I have just arrived and have not yet had sufficient time to call at the bank to have a few cheeks-cashed. Could you accommodate me with the loan of \$10 for an hour or two?" Mr. Fulda was too pleased to extend the accommodation, and was almost sorry the bearer of such good news had not asked for \$50. The stranger withdrew. He is still "withdrawn." Two hours later the police were looking for him, as after serving a six-months' sentence some time ago he was released and ordered to never again show his face in Dawson.

He has not yet been seen, neither has Mr. Fulda's ten dollar William.

Send your friends on the outside a special edition of The Nugget. It will tell them more about this country than you can.

A Lucky Skipper.

Capt. C. F. Griffith, late master of the steamer Willie Irving and one of the pioneer skippers of the Yukon, has given up the idea of going on the outside for the winter, but will remain here for the purpose of looking after his extensive mining interests. Capt. Griffith owns a half interest in No. 11 above upper on Dominion, as well as various interests on other creeks. In addition to his placer property he also has what looks like a remarkably rich quartz proposition located 17 miles up the Klondike. The formation is white quartz, in which abundance of gold is apparent to the naked eye. Captain Griffith has not yet had an assay of the rock, but sufficient gold is in evidence to assure him that he has very valuable property. The rock is identical in appearance to that of Slate creek in the Cascade mountains, which, by the way, is developing into the richest quartz field in the northwest.

Juno burner nickel stand lamp, \$7.50, at Mohr & Wilkens.

More Horses Needed.

The need of additional horse flesh in Dawson's fire department was never more painfully apparent than Wednesday night when fire broke out in the water house on the street near the Cliff house, and when the faithful little department nag—a small cayuse—was made to haul a heavy hook and ladder wagon to which was also attached the chemical engine and hose truck, from the department house to the scene of the fire. No wonder the little animal was stalled at the Regina hotel corner with all that load behind it. Chief Stewart fully realizes that his men are seriously handicapped by the lack of sufficient motive power to get the fire apparatus to points where and when it is needed. It is hoped this glaring deficiency will be remedied in the near future.

If you love your wife, give her one of our toilet sets. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

Left for London.

Chas. Everett, manager of the Alaska Meat Company, left Wednesday in company with one man, for the outside by dog team. Mr. Everett will first go to San Francisco, where he will purchase machinery for a permanent cold storage plant in this city. The machinery will be shipped immediately after the opening of navigation. From San Francisco Mr. Everett will go east and on to London, where he will lay before the stockholders of his company a proposition to put on the Yukon river another steamer in addition to the one they now own, the Lotta Talbot, which is in her winter quarters in the cove across from the city, and which is the only cold storage

steamer on the river. He will also submit to his company a proposition to erect a cold storage plant at Nome, where they already have a meat market opened. As several of the stockholders in the Alaska Meat Company reside in Australia, Mr. Everett will probably visit the land of the kangaroo before his return to Dawson.

Will Try to Reach Seattle by Christmas.

Jesse Brown has started for the outside in the interest of the firm of Guilds & Brown, who are in the scavenger business. Mr. Guilds says he started in the business last may and soon discovered that a suitable outfit could not be had in Dawson to handle the garbage, therefore he decided to get a partner and have him go out and bring in an outfit over the ice to be ready for the coming spring clean up. When Brown arrives with their new outfit they will rig up two scows with large tanks that can be towed to the center of the river and the contents dumped and returned to their docks for another load. This will do away with the old leaky boxes and boats which they have to use at present as nothing better can be had in Dawson, and with the assistance of the board of health, they will be in shape to keep the city in good condition.

Guilds & Brown do scavenger work and remove all kinds of garbage. Office with Craden & Wilcox, Second ave, between Second and Third streets.

M. E. Christmas Tree.

On Tuesday morning, December 28th the ladies of the M. E. church will give a Christmas tree to the Sunday school. The tree will be in the church and will be a splendid affair. The superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. Burkholder, formerly of Victoria, is directing the business for the ladies. The Sunday school numbers 50 children, and it is proposed that all will be remembered by Santa Claus.

Have Six Scows.

McKay Brothers have six scows on the river between Scow island, near Stewart, and Selkirk. Mr. W. D. McKay informed a Nugget representative that it is their intention to begin hauling their goods into Dawson next week. The scows are loaded with meat and a general line of merchandise and not with whisky, as was inadvertently reported some two weeks ago.

Bargains—Watches and diamonds at reduced prices. Uncle Hoffman.

THE JINGO EDITOR.

The war talk rampant in London has inspired a poet in Reynolds' newspaper to adapt Hosea Biglow to the occasion. Hosea Biglow gave us the "pious" editor's creed; this is the same for the jingo editor:

"I do believe in talk of war;
That peace is out of fashion;
That every leader—comment—par,
Should be red-hot with passion;
That Providence meant us to be
Bellona's barrel-organs—
While sitting tight and safe, you see—
Below the man o' war guns.

I do believe that every good,
From compromise, is fleeing;
That politics are understood
Best at a public meeting;
That orators who draw a screw
Are usually so wise;
That Tommy Dodd, though looking
blue,
Orates quite Cicero-wise.

I do believe in telling fibs
Whenever 'tis convenient;
Provided they bring in the dibs
One's conscience must be lenient;
And when you see men try to pour
Mild oil on troubled water,
Pull off your coat, et up and roar—
Of rapine, raids, and slaughter.

I do believe in cabling things
That all will find astounding;
Especially to city rings
That rule the roost in London.
They may be facts or not—my ear
Is open to all rumor,
Of course, provided that it clearly
suits the jingo humor.
I do believe the Bond to be
Disloyally contriv'n'
To keep this land in some degree
A land to keep alive in.

This does not suit my book at all;
I want to see it gory—
To others wounds and death may fall—
To me, cheap earned glory."

The Nugget Express will start a dog team for Cape Nome and intermediate points after the freeze-up. Letters and small packages may be left at office on Boyle's wharf.

We have a night clerk always on hand for prescription and medicinal purposes only. Reid & Co., First ave.

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New Sketches.
SUPREME JOLLITY.
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