

THE BALANCE WHEEL OF YUKON'S PROSPERITY

The Result of Advertising Is Far Reaching.

The immense business which we enjoy has been honestly earned. We are legitimate merchants and have told and will tell the people about our goods in a legitimate and honest manner.

When we say you can save money at our store we mean that exactly. You know that thousands of tons of merchandise have been imported this year as in preceding years by us. You may not know, but such is the fact, that the Northern Commercial Company at the present writing has sufficient supplies to carry all the population of this district through the closed season in comfort and, we might add in luxury. The importation of this immense stock is in keeping with the policy outlined for getting and keeping your business. We are not here to ruin competitors or create havoc with trade, but we will and must do business and that on honest, clean and legitimate lines.

L. R. FULDA, Acting Manager.

...NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY...

The White Dove of Peace

GOLIATH, the Mighty, the SANDOW the Hercules, has been cruelly smitten and at last sees the error of his ways. Now that he acknowledges defeat and promises to refrain from creating ruinous competition or havoc in trade we accept his apology and extend the glad hand of friendship. We trust the lesson which we taught him will be remembered and that he will in the future live up to the manly principles he now advocates. But Goliath our die is cast. We cannot alter our principles. The prices which gave you such a mighty blow still obtain in our store and Gold Seal Rubbers, Strauss Overalls and Dolge Felt Shoes will continue to be sold at "ruinous prices" by us. Selah. - - and now there is another "David" in the field. Put up your sling, we were on the ground first, fired the first shot and are (pardon the plural) the Simon pure David. Imitation they say is the most sincere flattery but David the Second we want all the gore and all the glory for this enterprise.

NOTE: -- We Fired the Pebble That Slew Goliath.

SARGENT & PINSKA, "SMALL DEALERS"

HAPPENINGS ON TWO CREEKS

Preparations Are Well in Hand for Winter Operations.

Extensive Work Will Be Done on Adams Hill and Elsewhere—Personal Notes of Interest.

Mr. Walter Barnes, an old sour dough from No. 3, Victoria Gulch, left for the outside last night. Mr. Barnes will go to San Francisco, his old home, which he has not seen for three years. He will return in March.

Jack Grant of 66 below Bonanza road house, is confined to his room with a very bad cold.

Mr. W. O. Smith from 57 below Bonanza was transacting business in town yesterday.

Mrs. G. U. Mack has moved her road house from the creek to alongside government road on 16 Eldorado.

Miss Bastrom of the Forks will do the cooking for Anna & Langlow on No. 13 Eldorado this winter.

Grant & Campbell of 68 below Bonanza road house are having a very large barn built to accommodate their increasing business.

Mr. D. B. McDonald has recently

opened up a store and bakery on No. 45 below Bonanza. He is now prepared to give all miners good satisfaction. Mr. McDonald also runs a freight line.

A new road house has recently been built on No. 35 above Bonanza by Mrs. Thomson. Mrs. Thomson will be glad to have all her friends call at the Savoy when they want a good square meal.

Great preparations are being made for extensive work on Adams Hill this winter. It was the general impression that this was a summer mining camp. The fact is it has been demonstrated that they cannot get a sufficient supply of water during the summer months to make it a good paying proposition. S. T. Kincaid will operate four steam plants on his claim, and there will be eleven more steam boilers on this hill, which will make work pretty brisk on Adams Hill this winter.

One of the finest nuggets of the Klondike was taken from Messrs. Kincaid & Sechrist's claim. It weighed \$114, and was taken to the outside by Mr. Alexander McDonald to show what this territory will produce in the line of gold.

Willie McDevitt, who first saw the light of day 15 years ago in Duluth, Minn., is the champion fat boy of the Klondike. He weighs 175 lbs., and stands about 5 feet. When he was only five months old his mother took sick and he was raised on the bottle. From the time he commenced to drink

milk from the bottle he began to get fat, and has continued so since. He has never been sick in his life. He is full of fun and comical as any of Dan Rice's clowns; is very popular and the best known boy on the creeks. He only arrived from the outside about a month ago, he possesses good digestive organs, for he eats raw meat, raw potatoes, and any old thing except nails and horseshoes. He peddles meat along creeks and at the Forks. He has made a record for his honesty and integrity. Two or three days ago he found a purse containing \$350 in currency, and he did not rest till he found the owner and returned the lost treasure, therein fulfilling by example the precept that an honest boy is the noblest work of God, for he is a living example. He makes good money working and trading, and then deposits it in the best and safest bank in the Klondike—with his mother—which speaks well for his early training. His father is chef for Mr. McKay at Magnet City hotel.

A. B. Meeting.
The regular meeting of Dawson Camp No. 4, will be held at J. A. Green's, cor. First street and Second avenue, Tuesday evening the 15th at 8 p. m.
L. L. JAMES, A. C.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

When Willie Says "Boom."
Little Willie Grow, aged 3 years, is not a favorite in the North Side home in Chicago, where his mama takes him to visit.

Willie's mamma is fond of coming home to visit with her parents in Chicago, and she, of course, brings little Willie with her. There is often quite a party at the house, as the boys come home at the same time and quite a family reunion takes place on these occasions. Sad to say, little Willie is the most unpopular member of this happy family group.

Little Willie's great fault is that he has a habit of pointing his finger at any victim he may select and then shouting "boom!" in loud tones. The victim is expected to shut his eyes and fall to the floor. In Willie's house, where he is an absolute King, no one, says the reporter of the Chicago Tribune who wrote the story, ever thinks of disputing his authority, and when Willie says "boom" the whole family, the servants and the house dogs fall over backward and immediately expire.

At his grandfather's house there are several members of the household who dislike exceedingly to "give up" the ghost a half dozen times a day just to make Willie happy. But if any victim refuses to be shot when Willie says "boom" the youngster immediately throws himself down and yells until the story starts around the neighborhood that a child is being

murdered in the big house on the corner. Willie says "boom" under the most trying circumstances, not infrequently selecting the parlor when it is full of visitors, or the front piazza, or perhaps the street when he is being taken out for an airing.

One of Willie's aunts, who is an obliging young woman, was seated on the piazza one evening talking with a man caller, who was saying some sweet and earnest things. His back was turned to the door, and he did not see Willie come out and point a threatening finger at the young woman as he said "boom!" The young man was saying something in intense tones, when he was horrified to see that the young woman had fallen back in her chair and was lying quite limp and with her eyes shut. He thought she had fainted and ran for water and called up the doctor on the telephone before he finally understood that the young woman was only playing dead to oblige Willie.

Willie's nurse is so well trained that an evening or two later when she was bringing out a pitcher of lemonade and a tray full of glasses to the veranda and encountered Willie and his fatal finger and his "boom!" she immediately dropped everything on the floor, in her hasty endeavor to play dead. For these reasons Willie is extremely unpopular.

If you want the "Big" 50 cent cigar—call at Butler's Pioneer.

This Has a Moral.
Once there was a man who began making mind bets on the stock market.

He could buy 1000 imaginary shares of a certain stock and hold it for a rain.

When quotations were sky-high he would close out and figure what his profits would have been if he had used real money.

Some months he had figured himself \$60,000 to the soft side. As soon as he learned that he could call the turn he decided to place a few orders. He put his ammunition into a pyramid and began to fight the ticker.

His friends tore his clothes trying to save him from destruction. They told him that the greenhorn had no more chance than a chicken at a camp meeting. Every lamb had the clipper laid on him, sooner or later. It was no use bucking the game, unless you stood in with the cabal that regulated the whirl of the little ball.

The speculator happened to get on some railroads that went ballooning and the first thing he knew he had \$84,000 on paper.

plant it. If he stayed in long enough he would be skun, sure.

So the man closed all the deals and put the whole wad in Cousin Chester's investment company which was known to be solid because all the directors lived in a suburb where there were no saloons.

Next year the cousin played angel for a patent fire-escape and settled at 7 cents on the dollar.

The safe player advertised for a job on the road. Salary no object.

Moral: It is difficult to leave off taking chances.—New York Herald.

Let Gallagher Go.
A smashing right swing to the jaw sent Kid Gallagher down and out at the end of the fourteenth round of a hard and exciting battle with Curle Carr at the Standard theatre last evening. Carr had agreed to stop his opponent in ten rounds, or forfeit 75 per cent. of the purse. He failed in the task, but the fight was continued to a finish. Both men were in perfect physical condition, and until the thirteenth round neither had gained any decided advantage, although Gallagher bore many scars and bruises which told of the ferocity of the conflict. At this stage the latter commenced playing to the gallery and passing remarks that he probably thought were facetious, and it was while thus exercising his athletic jawbone that Carr landed a blow which practically settled the battle. Ed. O'Donnell made an effi-

cient referee, Bert Doverser acted timekeeper, and Nick Bury handled the winner.—Nome News, September 9.

Only the best brands of coal served. Drinks and cigars at McDonald, Bank saloon.

LOST—Large brindle dog with stripe in face; short tail; name of "Prince." Reward for return of dog to Nugget office.

LOST—Fox terrier pup, white, black spots, bob tail, had on with padlock; lost Friday. Reward. Empire bakery.

WANTED—By a competent position as cook or housekeeper. Best of references. Inquire at Nugget office.

FOR SALE—Latest improved heater. Apply Nugget office.

The "Flor de Manoa" of Butler's.

Headquarters for the CELEBRATED S. & W. CANNED MEATS.

—AT— F. S. DUNHAM THE FAMILY GROCER Corner 2nd Ave. and 5th St.

STATIONERY A FULL LINE Cox & Coes, Cor. 2nd and 2nd.