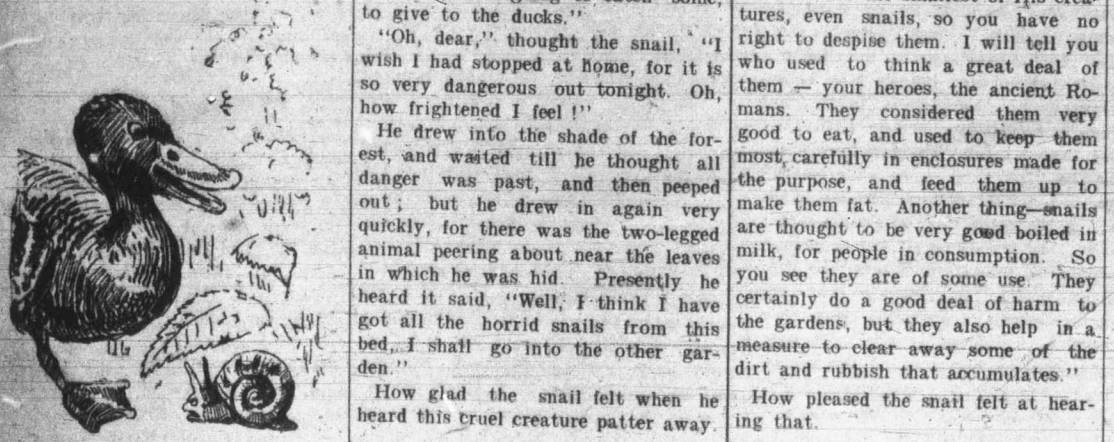


The Nugget's Department for Children

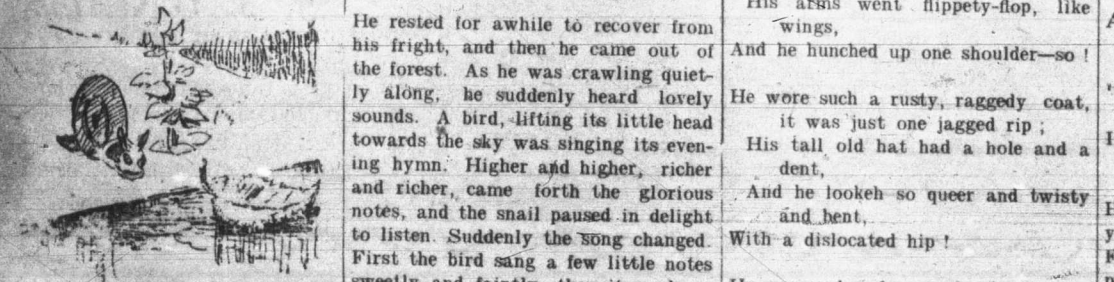
A LITTLE FRIENDLY TALK. This department of the Nugget is conducted every week for the benefit of the children, and the editor would be pleased to come more closely in contact with them. If there is any boy or girl who has written a poem or a story or has a favorite puzzle or knows of anything else that would be of interest to the other lads and lassies of the Klondike, write a letter to the Children's Department and you may be sure it will be received with the greatest pleasure. I wish every boy and girl to feel that he or she has an interest in this section of the paper and by writing something to be published you will help the good cause along. There are a great many matters of which you all could write something, and in so doing you will greatly assist and oblige The Editor of the Children's Department.

The Adventures of a Snail.

One evening, as the sun shone out, just after the rain had fallen down, and made all the flowers and trees glisten with pretty diamond drops, a small reptile out of his hole in a wall and looked about him. Ah! it was a very lovely world he saw—all trees waved above him, huge gorgeous flowers reared their heads high up, for you see, the snail was so small that the flowers and leaves and plants were like grand forests to him. Far, far away in the beautiful heavens the sun was slowly sinking to



rest. That sight was too dazzling for the snail, so after gazing about him for a short time, he set forth on a voyage of discovery. The first thing he came to was a most lovely delicate pink boat, floating in a pool of clear water. "Oh, pretty boat," said the snail, "will you let me come into you?" "Nay," said the boat, which was a little roseleaf, "for I could not bear your weight, snail; I am much too fragile." The snail watched the roseleaf float gracefully about, and then turned away with a sigh, because he was not beautiful too, like the flower. Soon his sigh of regret was changed to a feeling of alarm, for he saw a



rest. Two-legged creature covered with white feathers waddling toward him. "Quack, quack!" said the creature, and the snail knew that the "Quack, quack!" meant, "I want a nice fat snail for supper." Well, he felt dreadfully frightened, and did not know what to do, but, fortunately, there was a big leaf lying in the path, so he crept behind it, and his little enemy had passed. Then he peeped out, to make sure all was safe, and as the creature had quite disappeared, got forth anew. He crawled along over a big mountain, and then entered a thick forest. The snail thought this was all very lovely and his heart swelled with joy at all the beautiful things the good God had given him; then in his own peculiar way he sang a song of praise to the Creator. The leaves of this forest were glisten

ing with diamond rain-drops, and the snail thought, "How I should like to possess one of those diamonds, all for my very own."

Just as he thought this, down dropped one of the diamonds on his head. This made him put in his horns very quickly, for, you see, the drop was so exceedingly cold it gave him quite a chill. When he was coming out of the forest, he saw a great two-legged animal, much bigger than his first enemy, and this is what the animal said: "I should think there would be plenty of snails out this evening, namma. I'm going to catch some, to give to the ducks."

"Oh, dear," thought the snail, "I wish I had stopped at home, for it is so very dangerous out tonight. Oh, how frightened I feel!"

He drew into the shade of the forest, and wasted till he thought all danger was past, and then peeped out; but he drew in again very quickly, for there was the two-legged animal peering about near the leaves in which he was hid. Presently he heard it said, "Well, I think I have got all the horrid snails from this bed, I shall go into the other garden."

How glad the snail felt when he heard this true creature patter away.

He rested for awhile to recover from his fright, and then he came out of the forest. As he was crawling quietly along, he suddenly heard lovely sounds. A bird, lifting its little head towards the sky was singing its evening hymn. Higher and higher, richer and richer, came forth the glorious notes, and the snail paused in delight to listen. Suddenly the song changed. First the bird sang a few little notes sweetly and faintly, then it made a little trill, and then it poured forth a full song of praise, so loud and clear that the snail held his breath in wonder.

Poor snail! he turned away sadly, for he felt so low and mean; such a dirty dingy thing, compared to the roseleaf and the bird, and he felt a strange longing to possess something

beautiful. Somehow the world did not seem so lovely now the sun had

gone down, and diamond drops did not shine so brightly as before. He crawled along very slowly, and crept under a leaf to hide himself, for he thought, "No one cares to look at me."

Just as he was feeling very bad, he heard some one say, "Father, what good are snails? They are such ugly things, I don't believe they are a bit of use."

"Don't say that," said another voice, "for everything God made is of some use in the world, and we know He cares for the smallest of His creatures, even snails, so you have no right to despise them. I will tell you who used to think a great deal of them—your heroes, the ancient Romans. They considered them very good to eat, and used to keep them most carefully in enclosures made for the purpose, and feed them up to make them fat. Another thing—snails are thought to be very good boiled in milk, for people in consumption. So you see they are of some use. They certainly do a good deal of harm to the gardens, but they also help in a measure to clear away some of the dirt and rubbish that accumulates."

How pleased the snail felt at hearing that.

"Ah," he thought, "though I can't sing like the bird, and I am not beautiful like the roseleaf, the good God has placed me in the world to do some little thing for Him, so I'll try to be content with my lot, and not grumble any more."

Then he crawled home, feeling very grateful to the kind voice that had said something good of him, and assured that he too had his little work to do, and was not utterly useless in the big world.

The Future of Dawson

(The following essay was written in competition for the prize of \$25 offered by the Nugget for the best essay written by a pupil in the public school on the subject: "The Future of Dawson.") While the essay did not receive the prize it is considered worthy of publication.)

What will Dawson's future be? This should not be difficult to foretell. Its very existence was the result of the discovery of placer gold in the immediate vicinity, and its future prosperity depends largely on the continued production of this very precious metal.

While it is true that a few of the richest mines are nearly worked out, it is also a fact that more claims are being found in their stead, more men employed and more gold taken out each successive year.

Stewart river is producing gold in paying quantities.

A man who has spent the last three years on a tributary of this river has made enough to send for his wife and daughter and the three are living contentedly on a small creek one hundred miles up the McQuesten. Some of the recent stampedees to Mayo creek were entertained by this family and given enough provisions to enable them to reach Dawson.

Miners realize that while seeking for gold the discovery of other valuable minerals is always possible and this gives renewed incentive for renewed efforts.

The ground already partially worked out, which by crude appliances of the early prospectors yielded rich returns, will pay to be worked over again by more modern methods.

Rich hydraulic companies are organizing, who will successfully handle thousands of tons of gravel and bed rock heretofore deemed worthless, and a large per cent. of this will necessarily circulate in Dawson city.

If gold bearing quartz ledges are found near the town it will signify a promising future for Dawson.

The recently reported heavy deal in quartz claims on Ophir creek would seem to indicate that something permanent had been found, though I have heard quartz miners assert that no true gold bearing ledge had yet been discovered.

Already small stamp mills for testing ore have been put up near Dawson and one of them seems to be running all the time, but they don't allow visitors, so I couldn't get any information. Although the success of the quartz miner would establish the future of Dawson—don't think it is essential. The surrounding country is rapidly developing other resources.

Indications of coal can be seen in different places within twenty miles of Dawson, and already the output from the coal mines on Rock creek (only 15 miles away) is considerable. The deeper they go the better will be the quality as they say pressure is necessary. Now coal of itself is sufficient to support a town of many thousands of inhabitants—for instance Pictou or Cumberland counties in Nova Scotia—but if we get enough for our own use we will be satisfied.

The production of lumber and fire wood is quite an extensive business and furnishes employment both winter and summer for hundreds of men, and more men will be required each year as the material must be brought from a greater distance. This will be facilitated by the new railroad which is to reach the Stewart river district. On this river and its tributaries are sufficient lumber and dry fire wood to supply Dawson for a long time to come.

Three large saw-mills supply Dawson with lumber. In the summer when they can get plenty of logs they let us have enough rough lumber at sixty dollars a thousand, but when navigation closes they charge one hundred dollars per thousand. Besides these several other mills are

located on the different creeks to supply the local trade.

Farming and gardening are carried on very successfully in favorable localities near Dawson. The fact that the same men remain in the business year after year continually increasing the amount of ground they cultivate as do the Fax Bros., is evidence of success. During the past season they produced and sold at a good profit lettuce, radishes, turnips, cabbage, potatoes, parsnips and a few other varieties. Over fifty acres were under cultivation in and near Dawson last summer, but the demand is still in excess of the supply. Hay farms which produce more or less grain are located on the Yukon and its tributaries for a radius of one hundred miles from Dawson. The Sonieson ranch located between the Mazie May and Black Hills creeks on the Stewart river is probably the largest and best equipped. Mowing machines, hay rakes, stackers and all the modern machinery are evidence of the prosperity of these out-lying homes.

Among other things which will contribute to Dawson's future prosperity are the many miles of wagon road built by our home government. Special mention should be made of the road tapping the Fortymile mines, i. e., Miller, Glazier, Jack Wade creek. This should throw the balance of trade with Dawson from a district which heretofore produced thousands of dollars in gold dust and unaided has maintained a good sized town at Fortymile.

So much for the financial outlook of Dawson! But I don't think money is everything.

We have good homes, a fine large school house, competent teachers, churches, Sunday schools, good public buildings, theatres, and other places of amusement. In fact we have educational, social and religious advantages almost equal to the outside world, while it is much easier to make a living here.

So, considering everything, my opinion is that "Dawson's Future" is just all right.

BESSIE, Seventh Grade Dawson Public School.

Murdered by Burglar.

Pittsburg, Dec. 17.—Harriet P. Murphy, prominent in church and social circles, and treasurer of the Kingsley house fund, was murdered at her home, 6221 Howe street, East End, by a burglar this morning. The murderer escaped.

Miss Murphy was the only sister of Select Councilman John A. Murphy, from the Twentieth ward, and was 30 years of age. She, with her brother and two servants, women, lived alone in the house.

Miss Murphy was sleeping on the second floor. She was an expert with the revolver, having practiced many years for the purpose of protecting herself in the event of just such an attack as happened this morning, and she always had a pistol either under her pillow or within easy reach.

About 3 o'clock this morning her brother was awakened by two shots and hastened to his sister's room, where he found her lying dead on the floor with a bullet wound in the head. The burglar had scaled the porch posts and entered the window of Miss Murphy's room by breaking the glass. It is supposed that the noise of the crashing glass awakened her and as she jumped from the bed with her revolver in her hand the man fired. Marks on the porch roof indicate that only one man entered the room, Miss Murphy usually kept the collections of the Kingsley house fund in her room until they reached a sum large enough to be placed in the bank, and it is thought the burglar was after the money.

The police are inclined to think the burglar was a negro and at noon claimed to have a good clew.

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