

FIRE THREATENED WOODPILE

Which Was Only Support of the Town.

Jans Jensen Exercised Principle of Philosophy and Saved the Town and Won a Wife.

The wood pile was a mountain for height. It towered above the mills which it fed, and the men who carried the wood to the furnaces tunneled in the mountains like ants—that is to say, the town of Lead lived on the mills. The mills ran by reason of the existence of the wood pile. For years the logs had poured down from the nearer and farther hills to sustain it. For years the furnaces had flamed, and the great crushing and reducing works had turned out their bricks of precious metals—\$35,000 and \$45,000 to each massive brick.

The people, reckless, wasteful, devil-may-care, had a veneration for this one thing—for the mountain of wood, the visible foundation of their prosperity. Had it come to an end their never ending dancing and merrymaking must have ended too. The buying and flaunting of cheap finery would have ceased. The plentiful tables would have become bare. The easily obtained drink and the pleasures of the gaming table would have been lost. To the more sober it meant the home comforts and privileges for the children. To the intelligent overseers, the scientists, the owners, it represented the base of operations. To Nell Onderdook, the daughter of one of the overseers, it represented a poetical idea.

She was a thoughtful girl, and she saw the rude picturesqueness of all about her and, most of all, felt the power and value of the wood pile. She had often spoken about this to Jans Jensen, the serious visaged Swede who paid lover's court to her, and he, a student and adventurer, full of the weird imagination of his race, saw it as she did, with eyes of philosophic appreciation.

He appeared to see all things much as she did, but that fact, which he appreciated to the full, had never won from her any response to his devotion. She was an American with a prejudice in favor of American lovers, and while among all her acquaintances there was no one so obviously ambitious and aspiring as Jans, yet she felt annoyed at the accent that made his speech alien and at the strong racial characteristics that marked him of the land of Sweden. As for him, he adored her with the concentrated and consecrated devotion of a homesick and lonely man, isolated by reason of his dreams, his bookishness and his refinement from many of those about him. All would have been well with him, he often said to himself, if only Nell would have loved him.

One day, while walking alone and thinking of his grief in love, he saw a plume of smoke hovering above the mountain of wood. It was a sight he had never seen before. He hesitated, wondering if it were not a drifting cloud. But the plume flaunted itself against the sky, mounted and swept along like the wing of a fateful bird.

"The wood pile is afire!" shouted Jans to the solitude and ran for the town. There was a hand fire engine at Lead, and the fire company had an enthusiasm for their task; but, though they worked all night and all day, they made no impression on the fire that had eaten into the core of the wood mountain.

Nell Onderdook, watching the men in the faint twilight of morning, saw them swarming over the top of the wood pile and crawling in its tunnels. They moved in it like ants—ants for size, in comparison to that pile. They fought with axes, with flails, with water, with tarpaulins. They tried to drown it, to smother it, to beat it out and to blow it out. But their efforts availed nothing. The mills were run with a minimum of men. Every one who could be spared was out to fight the fire. The big boys were taken from the school. The women sat on the hills near, their babes in their arms, watching, or they carried water and food to the wearied men. In the churches the people prayed that the fire might be quenched by a miracle.

In the mills the men talked of agencies dynamite, hydraulics, pneumatics—the common men, half suffocated, obstinate, courageous, fought with blackened faces, aching lungs and blinded eyes, while over the whole hung the wrathful cloud of smoke hung like an affright of the desert. Jans Jensen, in charge of a crew of

men, sat on the side of the hill thinking. Nell Onderdook was near him, regarding him with coldly critical eyes. She wanted him smoke begrimed, with bare arms; she wished to see him leading on his men desperately, shouting, hoarse and frantic. She was excited, and she desired to see her possible hero heroic. But he smoked a pipe, stared at the streaming cloud above him and said nothing. It was humiliating. However, after a time, without noticing her particularly, he went away to the mills. He returned with an added force of men, and he went to the top of the pile. Then the men were called out of the tunnels. Every one was put on top. "We are to fight the fire from the top," he said, "and we will do it by stopping the draft." Orders were sent to the hills to continue the driving of the logs. They swept down the great shoots in hundreds. They closed the air passages, and the men directed them till every opening of the pile was closed. The smoke took to itself a heavier quality, as it does when flame is quenched. The whole town argued pro and con. Some thought the whole mass doomed. Some believed it was saved. On the outcome obviously depended Jans Jensen's reputation. The smoke turned from black to copper color; it grew dull, it grew gray, it faded. The fire went out.

Back into the mills swarmed the men. The furnaces were heated to their height; the great caldrons of amalgam seethed and bubbled; the mighty ingots were cast.

And Jans Jensen put on the finger of Nell Onderdook a little ring made from the gold of Lead and set with a glittering pebble of the Black Hills.—Chicago Tribune.

A Pathetic Story.

Mr. A. M. Baber mentioned in the following from the Skagway Alaskan, was in Dawson several weeks this winter engaged in compiling the Yukon Directory and Gazetteer. He left here for the outside in February:

Many people here will remember A. M. Baber, the pleasant gentleman who has visited Skagway on several occasions as advertising representative of the Yukon Directory and Gazetteer, which is now in press, will be pained to learn that ill luck has overtaken him and that he is now in the east attending the funeral of his wife. The story is a pathetic one, especially so to Alaskans, who realize how many have left their homes on the outside to seek their fortunes in the Klondike, and returning found them deserted or the dear ones left behind cold in the embrace of death.

Several years ago Mr. Baber left his wife and little girl at home in Paris, Ill., and came to Alaska to make his fortune. As usually happens, ill success crowned his efforts for a long time. He was persevering, though, and clung to his self-adjuted task of accumulation, thinking only of the loved ones at home and how happy they would be when he returned. Struggle after struggle followed, and he finally became a solicitor of the directory, and later on one of the owners. He worked incessantly, and as a result of his efforts the work is now on the press crowded with advertising which will yield him quite a snug amount. He was elated at his success, and told all of his friends—and they are legion—that it would not be long until he would be able to see his wife and show her that although long absent he had not been idle.

For quite a while he received no word from home, but one day a letter came from his mother-in-law, stating that "Lola" the daughter and wife had worried so constantly because he had returned to Dawson a second time, fearing some mishap, that her mind had become slightly deranged. The blow was a sad one to poor Baber, but upon reflection he thought he would go to the telegraph office and send her the means to join him, believing that the trip and reunion would be the best healing salve which could be applied.

Upon returning from sending the message he found a telegram upon his desk, stating that his wife was dead, and to go on and attend to the funeral. Baber nearly lost his mind. He idolized his wife as few men do, and, not being in the most robust health imaginable from his long struggle over ice and snow to gain the means by which to make her comfortable, he broke down entirely. He was attended by his friends and quieted as much as possible until placed on the train at Seattle on the 25th inst. to go to Paris, Ill., to bury his own hopes as well as the earthly remains of his beloved partner, whose memory is now all that is left to crown the efforts of a most devoted husband and loving father.

Hugh Spencer can learn something of importance to himself by calling at the office of Woodworth & Black in the Victoria block.

Women and Their Dogs.

The Victoria Times says: "A writer in an American paper complains because the women in his country do not love children but lavish their affections upon dogs. In some sections in the east he contends that the dog is supreme and the child almost invisible. Villages are mentioned where no children are to be seen in the streets, and the cost of education troubleth not. Perhaps we are becoming unfashionable in the west. But the writer referred to views the matter seriously and expresses his misgivings as follows: 'Can you show me anything ennobling about the love of a woman for a dog? Do you see anything womanly in the wife who devotes her time and her affection to a brute which can appreciate them only in a minor degree? And all this while the house is devoid of a baby's laughter or a child's prattle. The sequel is unpleasant to contemplate. The increase of these menageries means the gradual obliteration of all that is womanly among the devotees of pugs and poodles. Is the child to reign in the American home, or the dog?'

"It would, perhaps, be a good idea for the societies for prevention of cruelty to animals wherever women are found 'loving and fondling dogs' to arrest the female and send the canine to the pound. It is fortunate for civilization that these creatures who make public exhibitions of themselves with their lap dogs either in their arms or at their heels, do not love children for the propagation of idiots is not desired."

Turned Down.
Jack Borroughs—For several months, sir, I have been paying attention to your daughter. It will therefore not surprise you—

—Mr. Goldman (who knows him)—Ah, but it does! It surprises me to hear that you ever paid anything.—Philadelphia Press.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Between Dawson and Grand Forks, Tuesday, an open-face silver watch, main-spring broken. Finder return to Nugget carrier and receive suitable reward.

LOST—Between Dawson and Grand Forks, one Eastman Kodak, size 13x2. Camera was in a case with a strap to go over the shoulder. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—12 horse power pipe boiler; also steam points. Apply Frank Butes, 48 lower Bonanza.

WANTED

FIRST-CLASS jeweler wanted. Address "Jeweler," Nugget Office.

WANTED—At once, 12 or 15 horse-power boiler and thawing plant complete, also hoist. A. McCarter, Watchmaker, Monte Carlo bldg.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 59.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store; First avenue.

PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELOCOURT, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C. M. P., Frank J. McDougal, John F. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y

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Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

CREEK CLAIMS No. 32, 36, 37 and 38 Gold Run creek and creek claim No. 2 on a tributary at 38 Gold Run creek in the Dominion mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T. under No. 40 by T. D. Green, D. L. S. First published February 6th, 1901.

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