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Bailed From Mississippi

The trouble all began in Gus Molden doing the unexpected thing. Everybody predicted, and with reason, that if Molly Cartwell got engaged before the season was over it would be to young Maxwell Barton, the broad-shouldered newspaper man from Mississippi. And up to that momentous afternoon it is fair to say that Molly and Max shared the common conviction. They were great friends. Everybody else said that it would be an excellent match. "For Molly," some of the women added. But that was only a spurt of feminine meanness over which the men shrugged their shoulders. They knew the state of Max's finances.

And now Molly had sent down word that she was sorry, but that she would not be able to go boating this afternoon, and Max had swung off to the wharf, covering his disappointment with one of Rightor's songs:

"Oh, my Mexican Juanita,
 In the moonlight I will meet her,
 Way down upon the silver Rio Grande."

Molly heard, and the hand that held the beautiful ring twitched nervously.

"What a voice he has! And everything about him is as big as his voice," she added regretfully. "I wonder if he would care, much. I would hate to hurt him. He is such a happy hearted fellow in spite of his bad luck." Her eyes went back to the ring.

For this was the unexpected thing Gus Holden had done. He had written Miss Molly Cartwell a business-like offer of marriage and backed up his offer with a perfect love of a diamond. "If I see the ring on your hand tonight, I shall understand that you have decided to make me one of the happiest of men," had been the formal ending of that formal letter.

"I suppose I will have to get married some day," she reflected. But of a truth, this was not exactly the way she had intended to be made love to by the man she would eventually marry. Heaven knows what she had intended should happen. Most girls crave a romantic love affair, and there was no romance about this straight-cut and thrust letter; nothing but the ring.

Oh, that ring! What a beauty it was. How the other girls would go on over it.

Everybody knew Gus Holden had more money than he could spend. This was all they did know about him.

The idea of marrying a man she had not met a dozen times! Why under the sun had he taken it into his head to be in such a hurry! "The happiest of men!" How could it look on paper. No doubt he had written it because he considered it the correct thing, like the "Yours truly" at the bottom of a business letter.

For a minute she gave place to pettishness and wished with all her heart that Gus Holden had kept his old letter and his old ring to himself, and that she was out on the water having a good time with Max. Dear old Max, with his huge head and deep voice, and, best of all, his honest, happy heart.

All very charming attributes, no doubt, but yet not much in the way of assets when looked at from the dollars and cents point of view.

"And I'll have to get married some day. Gracious knows I don't want to be an old maid." She picked up the ring and looked at it lovingly.

"You are a beauty, aren't you? Why, Max would have to sell every-

thing he owns, down to his golf clubs before he could give a girl such a thing as this. But, then, Max is a man, and he does work hard. My goodness, how gloriously he could make love to a girl, if only he could afford it." And Molly pushed aside the ring and dropped her face into her hands, that she might the better recall a certain delicious afternoon she and Max had spent together tramping over the hills with their kodaks. The huskiness that had come into that big voice of his when he thanked her for having given him such a happy two hours. How strong and tender he was always.

"Oh, bother, I'd rather wait for Max half a lifetime than marry anybody else. I shall learn telegraphy or something and turn bachelor girl. I'll write to Gus Holden and tell him so. And I'll send back—" The exquisitely cut stone flashed up at her from its purple cushion. Molly just had to stop and look at it and while she looked the resolution died out of her face.

"You pretty thing," she said softly. "I wonder if you would fit. Just exactly! Why, how did he know what size to get? Maybe he does care, in his way, and of course he couldn't be like Max. But, then, I really don't know that Max cares or that I would care if he did care. I suppose I could learn to love Mr. Holden if I had to. After all youth and love are very fine in blank verse, but you can't make a living at them. The best thing you can do, Molly Cartwell, is to take the gifts the gods provide you and say 'Thank you.' He doesn't ask you to say that you love him, only to wear the ring. And gracious knows that will be easy enough to do. Especially when those girls from the other club are to take supper here tonight." She turned the ring slowly and a blaze of light leaped out from every apex.

"My goodness, how I would hate to see you flashing on another girl's finger. And that's what would happen, you know. Gus Holden isn't the man to dally over a thing. If you don't wear it some other girl will, and pretty quick, too." She gazed at the flashing stone wistfully. It was very beautiful, yet not so beautiful as the light in Max's eyes had been when he told her huskily that she had made him happy.

"Well, it was decided at last." The diamond in her lap winked up at her knowingly. Presently Mr. Holden would come in with his eyeglasses. She wondered a trifle drearly what kind of a figure he would cut as one of the happiest of men. But she knew she would be glad when he did come and it was all over.

There was a step outside and Molly felt that she was quite equal to the occasion. It was not a precise middle-aged man, however, that came through the open window. Nothing but a bass voice trolling out a vaudeville song:

"Oh, my Mexican Juanita,
 In the moonlight I will meet her,
 Way down upon the silver Rio Grande."

"Max, my splendid Max. No, I'm—"

Molly clenched the ring in her palm and started upstairs on a run.

"Why, Molly!"

"Beg pardon, Max. I was in a hurry—I didn't see—"

"All right, but see here. I've been made editor and I'm going to get married."

"Who to?"

"Why, to you."

"Oh, Max. I'm so glad!"

"Are you, dear? I know I am."
 "Max, you silly. I didn't mean that. Of course, I am glad, too. But what I meant was—let me go just a minute. I want to get rid of this miserable thing."

Wasps Worse Than Bullets

Richard Harding Davis relates this incident, which happened while he was acting as correspondent during the English-Boer war.

A regiment of Scottish Highlanders, noted for their bravery in action during the heat of the battle were suddenly seen to break ranks and run in all directions. The officers as well shared in the stampede, and apparently made no attempts to urge the men under them into line. Their behavior was a surprise to everybody on the field, and after the battle was over the colonel of the regiment was summoned before Gen. Roberts.

"What the devil was the matter with your regiment?" asked Bobs.

"Well," replied the colonel, "there is not a man in the regiment afraid of a Dutchman's bullet, but we were steering into a field literally infested with wasps' nests, and you know, general, we were in kilts and with bare legs."

Why Townsmen Seek the Country

What is the reason for the recent exodus of well-to-do Americans from our towns into the country? It increases with every year. What is the cause of it?

As I look into the matter, some curious facts come to view which I think I will set down here. The subject is not one that requires close reasoning. Perhaps a little gossip may throw more light upon it than any argument would do.

I have here a queer book, printed early in the last century in the old town of Cumberland, Maryland. It is the autobiography of a hunter, Browning by name, who, before the Revolution, shot deer, bears, panthers, and sometimes Indians, in the wilderness of the mountain ranges in Virginia and the Carolinas. In his old age, somebody who could read and write took down his recollections of his early days, and made a book of them. They give us some startling and suggestive glimpses of the condition of human nature when it is brought, during the solitude of many years, close to the brute nature, and to the old mother herself.

Here is one story, for example. Browning, in his old age, lived with a married daughter in a town in civilized fashion. But his two sons, who were trappers, came down one winter from the mountains and begged him to go back with them for a last hunt.

The old man, then over eighty, went, and at first was rheumatic, weak, and irritable. But, after they had been in camp for a week, he went out alone, one day, and got scent of a stag. He followed, lost it, and then "winded" another. For two days and nights he ran through the mountain passes like a madman; the snow was deep, and the jungles of thorns tore his clothes off his body. During this time he had not a mouthful of food except the nuts which he took from the squirrels' storehouses. At the end of the third day, his sons who were searching for him, frantic with fear, found him naked and exhausted on one of the peaks of the Cheat Range. "But," he says, "I was none the worse. I had the 'woods fever' on me, and, therefore, I felt neither cold nor hungry. While the 'woods fever' is on you, you are never cold or hungry."—Ex.

LOST—Gold Locket with small Diamond setting. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

LOWEST IN HISTORY

Potatoes Sell in Dawson at 5c Per Pound

Chilly Weather Puts Dampner on Lemonade Business—Staples Unchanged

It is not difficult to give the market quotations this week as aside from a very few articles there have been no changes since last week. Potatoes have sold as low as five cents per pound during the past few days, the lowest quotations ever reached in Dawson. Lemons are a drug at \$6 per case and a small lot sold for \$5 a few days ago. This is due to the cool weather which has decreased the demand for lemonade. In the whole category of meats there has not been a single change of price in the past week. Quotations are as follows:

STAPLES.	
Flour	2.50 3.00
Sugar, per 100	7.00 9.00
Beans, per 100	8.00 8.00
Beans, Lima	10.00 10.00
Rolled Oats, per 100	8.00 9.00

MEATS.	
Beef, pound	19 25@50
Veal, pound	50 75
Pork, pound	20 50
Ham, pound	25 30
Bacon, fancy	25 35
Mutton, pound	25 35@50

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.	
Agens' butter, 60-lb.	\$27.50 \$1.00can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	27.50 1.50can
Coldbrook	22.50 25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00 1.50can
Eggs, fresh	12.50 50

MILK AND CREAM.	
Eagle, case	9.50 \$10.00
Highland, case	8.50 12.00
Carnation Cream	9.00 10.00
St. Charles	7.00 9.00

CANNED GOODS.	
Roast beef, doz	3.00 3 for 1.00
Mutton	3.50@4.50 2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00@15.00 1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	4.00 2 for 1.00

Lunch tongue, case	9.00@11.00 1 for .50
Sliced bacon	3.00 4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	7.00 1 for .75
Corned beef	3.00 3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	3.50 2 for 1.00
Salmon, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Clams, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	5.50 3 for 1.00
Corn	4.25 3 for 1.00
String beans	6.50 2 for 1.00
Green peas	6.50 2 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.50 2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00 2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	9.00 2 for 1.00
Choice California Mission Fruits	8.50@10.00
Silver Seal	11.50 2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00 3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes per tin	8.00
Beets	9.00 2 for 1.00
Asparagus	14.00 1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	14.00 1 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz	12.00 1 for 1.00

CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.	
Poultry, pound	40 45
Broilers, pound	50 60
Greyling, fresh	40
Halibut	30 35
Whitefish	25 35

Picketed	40 50
Salmon	10 25
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Potatoes	5 8
Onions	7 9 1/2
Cabbage	10 15
Turnips	10 15
Lemons, case	5.00 7.00
Oranges, case	9.00 11.00
Rolled oats	9 9
Oats	5 5 1/2
Hay	4 5
Soap	12.50
Tobacco, Star	1.00

A Knowing Machine

"You can give that machine plenty of cotton yarn and just go a-fishing." That is what an observer said after watching the operation of the new-

est knitting machine in the Charleston Exposition. He probably exaggerated a little, but was not so far wrong as might be supposed, for the machine will make a complete sock without any attention whatever, if it is furnished with the thread. It knits heel and toe, and uses a double thread as a rule, but at certain stages of the process it becomes necessary to use but one, then the machine promptly cuts one thread, uses the other just so long as it is required to make a perfect sock, and then quietly takes up the cut thread and goes on with its work. It makes a good sock in five minutes.—Philadelphia Record

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