

LOCAL MARKET IS STRONG

And Prices Generally Steady With No Shortages.

Dawson Is Better Supplied Than Ever at This Season of the Year With Perishables.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. The prevailing prices in the market as regards perishables are somewhat peculiar inasmuch as in some cases where the supply is strong, there even being a strong presumption that there will be a surplus to carry over into the season of river navigation, the price remains very firm.

Generally speaking the predictions of these columns made last fall concerning the supply have thus far been verified by results, and it is well within the facts to say that never before since Dawson became a town was there a winter of such ample supply as the present, dealers having learned by past experience just about the extent of staples necessary to carry the city through a winter.

Ham is firm at 35c to 37c according to variety, though it is thought these prices will be the subject of a slight cut in the near future.

Bacon is selling at 32 1/2c to 35c.

The flour market presents rather a peculiar aspect in the light of former times, though its condition is no different from what could be expected when past experiences are considered. Sort wheat is selling this week at \$5.25 to \$5.75 and has a strong upward tendency at that, as the supply is short. On the other hand the supply of hard wheat flour, the Ogilvie brand, is strong and selling at \$5 to \$5.50.

There are eggs galore and the supply makes them cheap, for this season of the year, at \$25, the price having remained nearly stationary during the season, and although there has been slight fluctuations the quotations is now just what it was at the close of navigation. There will probably be a raise though in this commodity between now and the opening of navigation by reason of the ageing of the stock.

There is a general decline in the prices on canned goods, all along the line and including milk and cream in all varieties excepting Carnation cream which is scarce and subject to a slight advance. It is not too much to say that the depression in prices of canned goods has been as great as 10 per cent during the past week, and the only staple article of perishable nature apt to be of good enough price and demand to pay to bring in over the ice, is fresh eggs, which, if they arrive here about March 1st will probably find good sale at a fair price.

Potatoes are strong at 10c to 15c and there will be no surplus, though it is doubtful if the supply does not last the season out.

The bottom has fallen completely out of the market so far as onions are concerned, and they can be bought in quantity at almost any price.

The butter market is full, but the prices are firm as dealers regard it as good property. Coldbrook is held at \$38 and Elgin and Agen's at \$45 per case.

The meat market is full, though prices are very steady, beef being quoted today at 35c to 50c in quantity, and at 35c to 75c retail, according to cut. Mutton is held at 50c by the carcass, at 65c to 75c retail.

Caribou and moose are going at 30c in quantity and retail at 25c to 50c. Pork is 65c for carcass and 50c to 75c over the block, and veal is retailed at \$1 and sold by the carcass at 85c.

Woes of the M. S. Reader. "It may seem to those who do not know from experience anything about the business, that reading manuscripts submitted for publication, especially those of a fictional character, that the work is something of a snap," remarked one recently who has long since served his apprenticeship at receiving from publishers polite little notes of regretful thanks with shattered dreams of wealth and fame in the form of returned manuscripts, and is now engaged in writing notes of the kind himself and mails his letters with other people's stamps. "But the fact of the matter is, that the man who saws wood for a living has got somewhat the best of the bargain.

"People who read the stories published, can have no conception of what a pile of stuff there is to be gone through with, and what a great proportion of it is simply that much good paper and time thrown away.

"Then again, it requires constant reading of material published to avoid being imposed upon by those who, having no originality, boldly steal the work of others and submit it as original matter with a change of style and title.

"To read for the pleasure and entertainment afforded is one thing, and to read as a business is quite another. It's worse than sawing wood."

Protect the Workmen.

Editor Nugget: As your paper has always been true and faithful to the interests of the miner, I desire, with your help and through your columns, to call attention to the greatest need or needs of the district at the present time, namely: The necessity of having inspecting officers and of having the interior of all working mines inspected at regular intervals throughout the working season. Scarcely an issue of your paper for the past two weeks but has contained one or more accounts of accidents, some of which have resulted fatally, on the creeks. Only this week occurred a double funeral, both bodies being crushed almost beyond recognition as the result of cave-ins of mines. In addition to the numerous deaths the hospitals are today overflowing with the victims of accidents, the result of badly constructed ladders as a means of entrance to and exit from the mines. Within the past four days two men have been badly injured, one perhaps fatally, on Eldorado by falling from so-called ladders into the shafts.

I do not pretend to say that all these accidents are due to carelessness or poorly arranged fixtures, for they are not. Accidents are bound to happen occasionally regardless of the care exercised in having all things as they should be; but it is safe to assert that fully one-half the accidents are due wholly and entirely to the carelessness of those in direct charge of the mines who are not willing to take the time from the actual work of increasing the dumps in order that suitable accommodations may be made for the workmen about the mine and in order that their lives and persons may be given some protection from dangers that either result in death or enforced cessation from work for months during which they run up hospital bills which require the work and economy of months to settle.

The remedy I suggest is that there be official inspectors appointed in sufficient number to enable them to visit all mines at least once every fortnight and that they be vested with the authority to order work suspended until repairs are made wherever needed. With an inspecting system of this sort in vogue the number of accidents and deaths would be decreased fully 75 per cent and at the same time give to the workmen a feeling of security which they can not now feel.

WORKMAN WITH A JOB.

Bandit Seeks Bandit.

Rome, Dec. 29.—The hunt for the notorious bandit and murderer Mussoline, which has been going on for a long time, is nearing a dramatic climax.

At the beginning of last week he was so hard pressed by the police and military that only two of his companions stayed by him. These two men, named Juli and Di Lorenzo, were desperadoes with records second only to that of Mussoline himself. The rest of the band had either been killed or captured by the police.

Mussoline suspected treachery on the part of Juli and Di Lorenzo, and a week ago he accused the former of designing to betray him and thus obtain the reward of 20,000 lire. That precipitated a row, and Mussoline attacked Juli with a dagger, stabbing him several times and leaving him for dead. Di Lorenzo found Juli in a dying condition. He bound up his wounds, but his aid was too late and Juli died. Before his death, however, he warned Di Lorenzo that Mussoline intended to kill him also. Di Lorenzo thereupon took to the country, with the avowed intention of killing Mussoline. The two brigands are now prowling around in the Aspromonte district, seeking each other's lives.

Soldiers and police are drawing a cordon around the district awaiting the result of the duel that will certainly occur when the men meet.

Di Lorenzo has been informed that if he kills Mussoline he will be given a free pardon for his many crimes.

Buried Yesterday.

At 2 p. m. the double funeral service of W. J. Kronquist and Wm. Levy took place at the First Methodist church, the Rev. Heatherington conducting the service, and seven voices from the ranks of the K. of P. furnishing the music. A large number of friends and brother knights followed the remains to their last resting place.

THE GRAND SCHEMER

A STROKE OF GENIUS THAT PUTS MILLIONS BEHIND HIM.

Major Crofoot Strikes a Genuine Good Thing and Divides, or Pretends That He Is Willing to Divide, With His Chiropodist.

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It was the chiropodist from the floor above the major's office, and he passed the door two or three times before knocking, as if to get up his courage.

"Come in!" called the major in a bland and cheery voice. "Come right in! By George, but what a coincidence—what a coincidence! Not a minute ago I sat down to write you a note asking you to step down here. There is surely such a thing as mental telegraphy."

"You have owed me \$1 for the last four months," stifferly replied the chiropodist as he lugged out a bill.

"Just so—exactly—just so!" smiled the major as he rubbed his hands together. "Yes, sir, about four months



"I WANT THAT DOLLAR!" "ago you removed two cents from my right foot. The circumstance is perfectly fresh in my memory."

"And you said you'd pay me next day." "I presume I did. Yes, I know I did, and I humbly apologize that it slipped my mind. My dear man, permit me to pay you \$2—\$3, \$4, \$5. I have a check here for \$250. You may hand me \$245 balance, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"I haven't got no \$245," replied the man, "and I only want what is due me. I'll go to the bank with you."

"Don't! Don't do it! I'd never forgive myself for putting you to that trouble. Yes; I was about to write you a note. It was surely a curious thing—your coming down as you did. Doctor, do you know where I stood financially four months ago?"

"Mighty hard up, I guess," was the sullen reply.

"You've hit it. Yes, sir, I was so hard up that I didn't own the shoes to my feet. It was the hardest kind of work for me to raise a dollar. The cold, cruel world sneered at me and called me a deadbeat, but there were a few exceptions. You were one. In my darkest hour you had confidence in me. When I wanted those cents removed, you didn't demand payment in advance."

"I wish I had!"

"No, sir. You trusted in my word, and you didn't seek to humiliate me, and you aroused my deepest gratitude. I have offered to pay you five for one, but I shall not stop there. It shall be 5,000 and more for one. Can you sell out your business or give it away to-day or tomorrow?"

"Are you going to pay me the dollar?" sternerly demanded the chiropodist. "If you can't sell out, give it away, lock it up, throw it out of the window!" continued the major as he walked about the room. "My dear man, listen to me. Four months ago I was hard up for a quarter; today I have millions behind me—millions and millions. I may be said to swim in gold."

"I'll be hanged if you look it!"

"And how has the change been brought about? By my indefatigable genius, coupled with ambition. I looked around for a ten strike. It was a little slow in coming, but I hit it at last. What do you think of the Veal Cutlet Tablet company; capital, \$5,000,000? There are the papers on my desk to perfect the organization and apportion the stock—over \$2,000,000 of the stock subscribed for in advance at 70 cents on the dollar, and capitalists tumbling over each other to take the remainder. Doctor, let me congratulate you. Shake hands!"

"Over what? I'm after my dollar."

"Over your appointment as secretary of the company, at a salary of \$10,000 a year, and you can begin work tomorrow. As an official you also have first choice of \$20,000 worth of stock. You trusted Major Crofoot, and this is the result; this is your reward. Shake hands again!"

"Not by a darn sight! You might as well give up trying to work any cold deck in on me. I want that dollar."

"And it was my genius and my financiering which brought it about," said the major as he rubbed his hands and patted the chiropodist on the shoulder. "The thought came to me while I was eating a veal cutlet at my boarding house. Our veal tablets are exactly what the name implies. We prepare a cutlet for the table and then compress it and divide it into tablets. Every box contains 25, and the price is

15 cents. Two weeks hence they will be on sale at every drug store in the United States, and all doctors will recommend 'em. You don't have to wait for breakfast or dinner to get your cutlet. Just drop a tablet into your mouth and let it dissolve, and there you are. Can be taken with you to church, lectures, balls, camp meetings or horse races; should be in the hands of all travelers, hunters, sailors and baseball men. In less than three months they will drive every other tablet out of

market. Invented, organized and named in less than ten hours and bound to pay dividends of 50 per cent. My dear man!"

"Look here now!" exclaimed the chiropodist as he pounded on the table. "I've come for my dollar! Don't try to stuff me, but come down with the cash!"

"And the company had only been named when I thought of you for the position of secretary," mused the major without seeming to have heard the indignant protest. "You were a man who had trusted me. When others demanded cash down, you gave me a show. My heart swelled as I thought of this, and I set the salary at \$10,000 a year, payable quarterly in advance. Shall I draw you a check for the first quarter?"

The chiropodist looked at the major as if wondering if he had met a crazy man.

"I said \$10,000 a year, but if that is not enough—if you feel that you ought to have \$20,000—speak right up. I want you to be perfectly satisfied, you know. Will \$20,000 a year be enough?"

"What about my dollar?"

"The tablets will be a go. They can't help but be. Let us walk out in the hall while I tell you that the public can't get enough of veal cutlets in their present form. They are always eager for more. They want the taste of cutlets in their mouths as they go about their daily routine. Fifteen cents a box in order to compete with potash lozenges, but a profit of 10 cents on every box! Take the sales at 10,000,000 boxes a year, and what do you get? You want stock. You want at least—"

"Not a blamed cent's worth! I want my dollar!"

"—at least \$20,000 worth of stock. You shall have it. You have paid me \$1 to secure it, and don't you worry. It will be made in your name, and later on—Excuse me."

The major stepped into his office and shut the door.

"Here, what's this?" called the chiropodist.

The major locked the door. "Look here, you old deadbeat! I want that dollar!"

The major sat down at his desk and lighted the stub end of a cigar.

"You come out of that and pay this bill, or I'll bust the door down!" shouted the creditor as he gave two or three kicks.

The major calmly puffed away and gazed out of the window, and the look on his face would have reminded a beholder of buckwheat cakes and molasses.

"Then I'll lay for you out here and punch your old head! Do you hear me?"

The major did not hear. He was perfecting the organization of the Veal Cutlet Tablet company and wondering whether the Canadian general agency should be placed in Toronto or Quebec.

M. QUAD.

A Decimated Party.

Final returns from the P. E. I. local elections show that only six Tories were returned in a house of thirty.

Just after the general Dominion election of 1896, Sir Charles Tupper declared that the various Liberal local governments must be defeated preparatory to the grand onslaught on Laurier. He commenced with Nova Scotia, then came Quebec, next New Brunswick, but none of the administrations in these provinces yielded to the Tory assault. Now Prince Edward Island had joined in the grand Liberal triumph, and the Tory opposition in the four legislatures are ridiculously small and powerless.

This is how the parties stand: Quebec, 67 government; 5 opposition; Nova Scotia, 34 government; 4 opposition; New Brunswick 40 government; 6 opposition; P. E. Island, 24 government; 9 opposition; total, 165 government; 21 opposition.

Two elections are yet to be held in Quebec, and when they are over the local government supporters in the four provinces will outnumber the opposition 8 to 1, so that Sir Charles' announcement that the local governments must be captured has had a most ludicrous answer from the people. And Tory journalistic organism in these provinces just represents the 21 columns in the above, and no more.—Ex.

Eloped With Coachman.

Winnipeg, Jan. 2.—Mrs. W. R. Savage, wife of the mayor of Wellington, Kansas, who eloped with her little daughter and her husband's coachman, Frank Cyler, has been located in this city, where she has been living with Cyler for the past nine months. Mrs. Savage's sisters arrived here last week, and with the aid of detectives, located the erring woman and finally induced her to return home.

RELIC OF EARLY KANSAS

Ancient Norse Mill in Town of Lawrence.

Another Landmark is Old Stone State House Now Occupied by Coyotes, Snakes and Owls.

Our great western prairie states, rich though they are in many forms of wealth, are poor in building material. This accounts in part for the paucity of memorials of olden times, so that a bona fide relic of even a half century ago is a rare sight. The progressive farmers of the west are just awakening to the necessity of preserving the few relics that they have, among which none possesses a greater degree of interest than the old Norse windmill at Lawrence, Kan. This old mill, erected nearly 50 years ago by three Swedes, stands on a hill and is a conspicuous feature of the landscape.

The builders of the mill went out west with the idea of reaping a fortune from the winds of the prairies. To that end they brought workmen from Norway and Sweden and erected their mill in European style, with wide-spreading arms and an opening in the stone base through which horses could be driven. The huge arms of the old mill are 40 feet in length. The machinery is mostly of oak, and, though it seems rude and clumsy, it did good service for the early settlers of the prairies. For several years the old mill has been deserted, for modern mills with their newfangled machinery, have robbed it of its trade. It has long defied wind and weather, but the tooth of time has been so long gnawing at it that the effects are becoming visible. During the civil war Quantrell and his raiders attempted to destroy the old mill, but their efforts were in vain. The people of the town of Lawrence are trying to save it by popular subscription or hope to have the state buy the old structure for a museum that shall be memorial of the old days of the state. Besides, ruins are rare in Kansas, and this is such a noteworthy one that it well deserves preservation.

Kansas has one or two other reminders of the old days of the state which are well worth saving. First and last the Sunflower state has had seven capitols, commencing with a stone structure two stories high, 40x80 feet in outside dimensions, and ending with the present handsome building at Topeka. The first capitol of the state is still standing at what was once Pawnee, the one time capital of Kansas. The statehouse stands out on the plain, deserted, its roof gone and the interior a hiding place for rattlesnakes, coyotes and owls. The state has been asked to preserve the old ruin as an interesting memorial of the early struggles of the settlers to establish a commonwealth.

Another Kansas relic which is well worth preservation is the John Brown statue at Ossawatimie. It was reported once that it had been struck by lightning, and the entire state mourned it. The report, however, proved false, and all the damage that the statue has suffered has been at the unfeeling hands of relic hunters. Kansas has no fitting memorial of her great citizen, and it is proposed to make the old monument a nucleus for the proper commemoration of the sturdy old enthusiast's deeds for his state. The State Historical Society hopes to secure, from the next session of the legislature such action as will aid the state in making proper preservation of some of its rare reminders and relics, as it should do.—Ex.

Harnsworth's Opinions.

New York, Dec. 28.—Alfred C. Harnsworth, the editor and owner of the London Daily Mail, who has just arrived here, says in an interview:

"There is no adverse criticism, on the part of the English, of the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, so far as I have ascertained. You are going to build the canal, pay for it, and why should you not control it. If we dug a canal we would certainly expect to control it, and I think America looks at the matter in much the same light."

Referring to the insurrection in the Philippines, he said: "The Germans are watching the course events are taking, thinking that America will finally give up the job as a bad proposition and then they expect to come in and finish matters. France is also watching closely the trend of affairs over there."

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.