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Social Corporations Their

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TO VE HOME

Too Many Elopers

Leaving Relative Possession—A Comedy.

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THE OBLITERATION OF BLINKY

BY STANLEY A. GIDDINGS.

Blinky came out of the woods which shaded the back door of the little Pennsylvania oil town, and the four foot plank sidewalk seemed narrow to his feet. His was a most disreputable figure, disheveled, tattered, mud besmeared but just now a certain jaunty carriage lent to his general appearance a picturesque abandon Blinky usually went without.

SULLIVAN'S HAMMER.

He Vigorously Wields it Against Bum Fighters — How Fitzsimmons Forced the Yellow Streak In Jim Corbett.

New York, Jan. 17.—The recent flurry among the heavyweight pugilists, caused chiefly by the failure of Champion James J. Jeffries to stop Jack Munroe, the miner, in four rounds, and also his refusal to meet "Mexican Pete" Everett in a similar manner, has brought old John L. Sullivan, who has fought with a series of comments as to Flitiana which are characteristic of the former "Boston strong boy." Mr. Sullivan, incidentally, has been traveling at such a rapid gait recently that it is a wonder that he has been able to find enough time to give vent to his feelings.

"These fighters, big and little, said Mr. Sullivan, tipping back in his chair in a Boston barroom, "make me sick! They are a lot of four-flushers and nobody knows it better than John L. Sullivan. Why, if they've been in the ring in my time they'd be glad to fight for \$500 purses. For that reason when they talk about \$10,000 side bets they make me feel like lickin' the whole bunch."

"They say Jeffries was scared when he tackled Munroe. What fer? What did Munroe ever do? Who dealt him a hand, the big chump? I'll bet he was frightened to death when he saw Jeffries get into the ring. No, Jeffries wasn't scared at all. He was just over-confident and was out of condition. But he oughter nallied that dub anyway. The trouble with Jeffries is he ain't fierce enough. When I was mettin' all comers I had 'em whipped before I put up me hands. I just give 'em the eye and they wanted to go home to mother. Why, I had Jim Corbett's knees knockin' together when he saw me get into the ring at New Orleans ten years ago, and if I'd been John L. right I'd a put him away along with Paddy Ryan, Jake Kilrain and the others."

"But Sullivan was an old woman with wrinkles and as soon as Corbett found that out he went at the old fellow scientific. But he couldn't make a dent in a pound of butter and would have been fightin' 'em yet for the fact that Sullivan's legs went on strike."

"I always insisted that Corbett was no account, and I was right, too, for Fitzsimmons found the yellow streak when he got to the solar plexus out in Carson. Corbett is a good boxer, but that lets him out without further comment. He never could fight. Fitzsimmons, in my estimation, is the best of them all. But he talks too much and tries to play the baby act when he's licked. That stuff he tanned into the public's ear that he was doped during the first...

self into a committee in waiting, alertly expectant, dominated by a strong curiosity as to the outcome. It is true that an effort, not improbably successful, might have been made to separate the reveler from his engine of destruction; but Blinky's personality was hardly calculated to inspire the quality of courage necessary. Further, if undisturbed he was far more apt to work out successfully his own salvation.

Jim Anderson's remark, "Let him alone and he'll be paralyzed drunk in fifteen minutes," voiced the sentiment of the crowd. This calculation, however, was upset when Blinky finally emerged from the saloon. Evidently he had improved to the full this one great opportunity of his life.

From every pocket a bottle's neck protruded; one was tightly, fondly clasped in either hand, while here and there about his person others dangled from various stout cords. His appearance was greeted by a shout of laughter which even the ubiquitous can of glycerin could not allay. Indeed, his inoffensive and entirely self-satisfied air was so reassuring that one or two of the bolder spirits advanced cautiously and, addressing their intended victim in the familiar terms of old comradeship.

But Blinky was not to be tripped so easily. Fear for his spoil lent cunning to his brain, and a series of desperate lurches that it seemed only a miracle saved from ending in a general catastrophe put the enemy to swift and ignominious flight. A voice wailed out from the retreating crowd: "O! say, Blinky, if it's gone to blow up ye is, please will ye have being just want bottle fer yer old friend Pat Cassidy? It's dyin' 'er th' drouth he is!"

Blinky stopped and gravely deposited a bottle upon the sidewalk. A man shot up the opposite side of the street and swooped down upon it from the rear. Everybody laughed.

And now Blinky's labored progress brooked no interruption. Half laughing, men fell away before him shamelessly, and he certainly was monarch of all he surveyed within a radius of a hundred yards. That two gallon can held an imprisoned demon which a very little thing might loose, and whose arm was long and whose touch was devastating.

Driving the crowd before him like a flock of sheep, Blinky kept unsteadily on his way. Down the long street of the town he passed, stumbling now and again, while his watchers gasped, but gaining the open country without mishap.

Here, as though his mission called him, he left the traveled way and struck into a stump strewn, partially cleared expanse, where vine and hidden boulder lurked to entrap him, where pitfalls were thickly strewn, and no path led.

Once, indeed, he fell, but the luck of a drunken man was at his elbow, and the glycerin did not explode.

So for half a mile or more he followed the beckoning hand of destiny, till at last his further progress was barred by a bank that pitched down steeply to where a railroad fan, thirty feet below.

This offered a too serious obstacle to his adventurous feet, and besides he was weary. A convenient rock on the brink was most inviting, and he sat him down to rest.

A fringe of his followers — before this they had all gained a position to the rear — formed an arc at a respectful distance. Some half dozen of the more courageous, urged by his growing indifference to the world's affairs, began a gradual advance.

Blinky watched them with a gloomy eye till they had covered fifty yards or so, then he dragged the can of glycerin across his knees and, with a bottle in either hand, beat a stirring retreat. They did not come back.

A freight train came roaring through the cut, gathering headway for the stiff grade beyond. From the bank above Blinky watched the lurching tank cars, and solemnly nodded to a brakeman as he tipped a bottle to his lips. The brakeman slyly waved acknowledgements, and strolled forward.

Morley, at the throttle, was not altogether satisfied with things in general. The load was too heavy for his engine up that steep ascent, and certain caustic remarks at his expostulations had not helped his temper any.

Although grumbling and swearing as only an overworked railroader can yet, like a good engineer, he was preparing to take the last revolution from his machine.

Therefore, they lit the long grade at a terrific clip, the safety valve popping and Johnny Barber's shovel hard at work. Close behind was Blake pulling the express, and whatever happened they must keep clear the tight of way.

It was a long, long pull and a hard one, and Morley's face relaxed a trifle when they neared the crest. He glanced back as his engine cleared the grade, to see if the train was coming on all right, and just at that instant it broke in two, three cars behind!

as a time maker was better than his temper, and he didn't worry any. Therefore, as he roared into the short stretch at the foot of the grade the situation that revealed itself was appallingly unexpected and altogether desperate.

In the meantime Blinky, man-hander of nitroglycerin, sat upon his rock and drank copiously of stolen liquor. Hard as his head was, he at last reached that stage which promised final surrender to the inevitable, when the runaway freight attracted his attention.

He watched it bearing down upon him uncomprehendingly. First the long line of crazy tanks, rushing like a cyclone run amuck headlong down the grade, while behind a dozen rods or more the engine screamed, hurling her three cars impotently after.

An outward curve gave him a splendid view. Suddenly he saw the pursuing demon slacken speed, and a short, sharp whistle to his left turned his eyes in that direction.

There was the express dashing around the lower curve to meet that rushing avalanche of death.

But to Blinky's maudlin mind all this held no meaning. His brain was dead, his physical being actuated only by the one instinct, to acquire more liquor!

Therefore, with a last effort, he raised a bottle to his lips, lurching far backward in the act, and fell headlong down the nearly perpendicular descent. The can of nitroglycerin went with him!

The crash that followed was a horror of infernal sound. A vast cloud of earth, stones, rails, and splintered ties, the whole permeated by a red mist horribly suggestive, shot up to an enormous height, while a great hole was opened up in the path of the runaway freight, where an instant later it struck and piled itself into a mass of wreckage.

Blake stopped his train in time; Blinky had fulfilled his mission.

Eagles Emersion Last night Nome Aerie, No. 75, F. O. E., formally opened their new hall and reading room in the Warwick building. After the regular meeting of the Aerie, at which one candidate was initiated, the doors were thrown open to a large number of invited guests, who enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of the Eagles. President Bard occupied the chair and was exceedingly happy in discharging his duties. Refreshments were served, cigars smoked and jollity reigned. An excellent program was rendered, which included instrumental music, songs, recitations and speeches. — Nome Nugget, Nov. 29.

Ladies' Waists, Skirts, Wrappers, Petticoats, etc., are sold at a low figure at the fire sale at Mrs. Lueders.

Why Smith Left Home—Auditorium

HOLD-UP IN NOME CITY

Exactly Similar to one in Dominion Saloon

Bad Men There Read of Brophy's Deed and Try to Imitate Him.

One of the most daring and successful robberies that ever occurred in Nome took place at the Lobby saloon on Steadman avenue last Saturday night a few minutes before 11 o'clock. There were but five people in the saloon at the time. W. J. Wilkinson, the dealer of the roulette game, W. J. McMurray and Oliver Olsen were playing solo. James Harris, the bartender, and R. B. Milroy were reading, when the side door opened, the one that leads into the hallway from Steadman avenue to the upstairs, and two men entered. They wore gum boots, slippers, sou'westers, and black handkerchiefs were tied over the lower parts of their faces.

The command to hold up hands was not instantly obeyed as everybody was dumfounded, and thought at first that a couple of drunk men had entered the saloon. "Get up, you and line up at the bar like you were taking a drink," was the next command, and five people in the saloon looked up into the muzzles of two big revolvers. They obeyed without alacrity.

While the little crowd was kept brooding at the bar in drinking attitude covered with two revolvers in the hands of one of the robbers, the other chap coolly walked over to the roulette table and taking the canvas sack from the drawer swept \$300 from the table into it remarking: "I'll show you how to beat a bank." He then went behind the bar and opened the cash register, from which \$150 was obtained. The safe was not molested, although the combination was off and it contained money, jewelry and other valuables to the extent of \$600. The robbers asked if anyone had the combination to the safe, and receiving a negative answer quickly backed out through the door they entered. They turned the trick in a minute, and were gone before anyone got a good look at them. As they went out they warned the men in the saloon to keep inside for at least five minutes, if they

wanted to keep out of a rain of lead. The identity of the robbers was well concealed. They were medium sized men, evidently of dark complexion, although their faces below their eyes were hidden by masks. One man did all the talking, and his voice sounded familiar to one of the men present, but he is not able to connect any person he knows with the voice.

Later in the night, and after the news of the robbery had spread over the town, a man came into the Discovery saloon and asked the bartender to change some silver for bills. His pockets were bulging with silver. He seemed to be a stranger, as he asked whether the price of drinks is a bit or two bits. In the back room of the Discovery at the time were several well known people playing poker. None of them had a gun and as they did not like the looks of the fellow with the silver they hid their bills in their socks. But the man with the silver took a drink and went out without molesting anyone. — Nome News, Oct. 14.

Mariners Heaven "It's a sunny, pleasant anchorage is Kingdom Come. Where crews is always layin' aft for double-bots o' rum, 'N' there's damin' 'n' fiddin' o' every kind o' sort. It's a fine place fer sailor-men is that there port. 'N' I wish— I wish as I was there.

"The winds is never nothin' more than jest light airs, 'N' no one 'ets belayin' pinned 'n' no one never swears. Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer pipe atween yer lips. Lollin' on the lo's'le, sonny, look in' at the ships— 'N' I wish— I wish as I was there.

"Oor ridin' in' the anchorage the ships of all the world Have got 'one anchor down 'n' all sails furled. All the sunken hookers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died, They lays there merry, sonny, swingin' to the tide. 'N' I wish as I was there. 'N' I wish— 'N' I wish— I wish as I was there.

"Drowned old wooden hookers, green wi' drippin' wrack, Ships as never fetched to port, an' never came back. Swingin' in' to the blushin' tide, dip-pin' to the swell. 'N' the crews all singin' sonny, begin' on the bell. 'N' I wish— I wish as I was there.



"CALL AGAIN, ARNOLD." WHERE IS HE?

Printers Organize A preliminary organization was effected last Sunday of the most northern typographical union in the United States. The following named printers assembled at Jeffries & Sullivan's law offices: W. C. Kurtz, Leo Dunbar, F. G. Kappelman, A. X. Grant, Chas. Boundy, J. W. Wright, Howard Whittle, A. Baldwin, F. Stone, E. S. Harrison, G. W. Davis, and W. Pierce. W. C. Kurtz stated the object of the meeting. E. S. Harrison was selected as temporary chairman and F. G. Kappelman as secretary. The following committee, one from each office in town, was appointed on constitution and bylaws: W. C. Kurtz, F. G. Kappelman and F. Stone. A. X. Grant, J. W. Wright and F. Stone were appointed a committee on permanent organization. The organization will be perfected tomorrow evening. Mr. Grant, who is going outside on one of the last vessels, will be delegated to obtain a charter and cuts of the union label. It is the desire of the union to cooperate with employers for mutual interests. — Nome News, Oct. 21.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office. Job Printing at Nugget office.

DOWNING'S EXPRESS For Fortymile and Eagle City. TUESDAY MORNING AT 8 O'CLOCK. From Calderhead's dock, Dawson. Four-horse stages, plenty of fur robes, careful drivers, insuring a fast, comfortable service. All road house stations on this route are strictly first class. For rates apply at office of Merchants Mail & Express Co., L. & C. Dock, Dawson.

FOR THE BALANCE OF JANUARY WE OFFER SILK BLOUSES AT 15 TO 25 PER CENT BELOW REGULAR PRICES. SUMMERS & ORRELL, 112 SECOND AVENUE

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