the pickle bottle, but,
ound, he only saw a
man, dressed in a
brown coat, with a
l which looked uncom-
cork. "Hallo," said
man, "so you want to
l? Come along and
he way."
" said Joe, following
l soon left the houses
nd were soon walking
plain. Presently they
dark stream, with
ters.
down, look over the
he little man.
cross; he saw nothing
n of medicine bottles
cle.
said the little man,
be out of Grubland."
thick," said Joe.
t it, then," said the

nasty," said Joe.
it, then," said the

," said Joe, drawing
nk you, I won't jump
ot."
said the little man,
our chance; and look
policeman!"
time, to look out, for
had caught him by the
ragged him into the
before he had time to
came in he saw it was
ay, and the room was
he occasion.
as a large furnace, and
there were twenty pans
the pans were twenty
ng. Just as Joe and
came up, twenty cooks
lid of his pan, and out
ound pudding, sending
ud of steam that you
ought it was washing
han no time, there, on
the middle of the
e twenty smoking pud-
many small boys—the
prepared for the en.
hite aprons, and knives

an examiner—a large,
sed in a white waist-
up: the boy who eats
t wins the prize. One,

l, "three," the twenty
and Joe looked on at
It was a fearful sight!
dropped off, till at last
etwenn Plumpie and a
—the thinnest boy Joe
The whole room look-
athless interest.
ill do it," said one, as
rammed in a heavy
ing.
umpie for ever!" said
in-legs, with a nervous
late into his lap, while
nued calmly to shovel
, till nothing was left

r Plumpie! Three
mpie!" cried every one,
rutted, cool and con-
e desk for his prize.
aid the teacher, look-
he heard a noise which
d to know and fear.
nd feared it too. It
ry Christmas dinner,
han ever, pouring into
n.
eachers, and scholars,
ng from the place, and
left alone in the middle
He could not move
On strod the angry
sirloin was in front,
d steel blade flashing,
s blazing; the plucked
ing; the jelly was quiv-
e; and even the little
a wicked light in their
es. Joe's knees trem-
sharp knife came ever
amed, and——awoke to
his own white bed, and
anding at the bedside
rhubarb in one hand
black currant jelly in
E. S. H.

D SQUARES.
No. 37.
sement.
tary.
irl's name.
atural period of time.
ENIGMA.
No. 38.
ed of nine letters and
happiest times of the

1, 3, 4, 6, 9, the re-
may be transposed to
meaning "an imita-

1, 2, 7, 8, 9, I may be
mean movement.
3, 4, 5, 9, I may be
mean something neces-
g fires.
HARADE.
No. 39.
of two syllables. My
riage; my second is a
my whole is trampled

puzzles, December 14.
NIGMAS.
erical Enigma—Walter
proverbs with vowels
er late than never.
feathers make fine
UZZLES.
use they have just had
rty-one days.
rd measure.

MISS ISABELLE AND BASIL

A Story That Reads Like it Wasn't True

Set Out to and Almost Killed a Cabby, Nursed Him Back to Life and Then Married Him.

Basil Longwood awoke one morning to find that he was a pauper. His elder brother, upon whom the title had descended and who had been named as his guardian to care for his property and give him all income each year, was a hopeless bankrupt. Investigation showed that were the estate sold it would pay but a small amount of the debts that the brother had incurred, and that the patrimony which Basil's father had left him had been squandered.

Not a single farthing of the fortune which Basil had once thought his own could he claim. His brother had not only brought ruin upon the family name, but disgrace as well, and to none of his former friends would Basil go for help.

Basil went to London, and for weeks sought some sort of employment. He could find nothing. Finally, when he was almost starving, he had an opportunity to get a situation as driver of a hansome cab, and accepted at once.

For four years he drove the cab. He had become somewhat embittered and he refused to battle with destiny. He said to himself that fate had conspired to drag him down from *his high position* and he would submit.

One day, while driving in a street running into Hyde Park, a phaeton drawn by a pair of gray horses and driven by a young girl came crashing into his cab, and threw him to the pavement. He was picked up and carried into a drug store, where he was found he was badly hurt. The young woman who had driven the phaeton that had caused the accident, sat by him and expressed her sorrow for the unfortunate cab driver.

When Basil was taken to the hospital the young woman called upon him there. Every day she came and brought flowers and fruit and everything that could add to Basil's comfort. She would sit by his bedside by the hour and read to him from the books that he loved.

It was some time before he found courage to ask her name. When he did it made him the more unhappy. She was Isabelle Varness, the daughter of the baronet. Basil could only think of himself as a cabman, and never for a moment would he permit *himself* ever to speak to Isabelle of love.

But one day while he was asleep and the girl was sitting by him waiting for him to awake, she bent down and kissed him on the forehead. Basil's eyes opened. The girl flushed crimson, and would have ran from the room, but he caught her hands, and before he was well aware he had told her the story of his love; and she had confessed that she loved him and had loved him for a long time, and that her great fear had been that his pride would prevent him from telling her the things that were in his heart.

So when Basil was able to leave the hospital he and Isabelle were married. Then the problem of the future had to be faced. He was determined not to throw himself upon Isabelle's people. But he could no longer drive a cab. He read the call for volunteers for the Imperial Yeomanry, and Isabelle smiled through her tears as he left her to go to South Africa with his regiment. For a valor at Ladysmith he was promoted and received his D. S. O., and later on his commission and a place in the regular service.

And Isabelle now rejoices that she once nearly murdered a cabby.—Ex

BIG DANCE ON HUNKER

Merrymakers Enjoy Festive Season at 69 Roadhouse.

The dance given by Mrs. Brennon at the 69 road house on Hunker last Friday evening was a signal success. The guests to the number of 120 had a most enjoyable evening. Mrs. Brennon, the hostess, was indefitigable in her attentions to her guests and made everyone feel thoroughly at home. The music was excellent, being supplied from the Dawson orchestras and the dancing, with a good floor, was participated in by the majority of the guests and was kept up until a late hour in the morning. Lunch was served at 1 o'clock and altogether the affair was pronounced the biggest success of the season. The house is fitted up in up-to-date style and was decorated in good taste, there being nothing flashy about it, and the welcome extended to all by the hostess made everyone feel at home at once. It is hoped Mrs. Brennan will give another dance or card party in the new year and give her many friends an opportunity of again enjoying her hospitality. Following are the guests that were present:—Mesdames Olson, Ogborne, Collins, Murray, Moore, Stewart, Scoland, Eckhart, Alley Mason, Pippin, W. Lake, Yager, of Dominion, Ardlington, Brennan, Engle, Knutzen. Misses Scolland, Murray, Blanch Johnson, O'Brien, Jaunott, Nichols, Edith Johnson, Kennedy, Linquist, Couture. Messrs. Paddock, Lake, Woods, Ogborne, Larsert, Keller, Whittemore, McClagan, Halliday, Chambers, Ging, Knapp, Gorman, A. Samelson, Turner, Fisher, Tanburry, Samelson, Chisholm, Jewell, Danutson, Master Ogborne, Smith, Truman, Banester, E. Smith, Scolland, Johnson, Couture, Crabb, Devlin, Cassidy, Longfellow, Muchler, Beal, Fenwick, Jackson, Wilson, Alley, Olson, McDonald, Shaw, Wernky, D'suspenders, Farmer, Drew, McIntosh, F. Dalton, Clarence Margret, Hoffenheimer, Johney Harp, Shaffer, LaRoshell, Pippin, L'Esperance, and others.

Avoid the Alligator.

He was evidently from the country, this little old German, and as his eyes rested on the elevator, undoubtedly for the first time, his sense of the ridiculous was touched.

For a few minutes he stood in wonderment, and then, laughing softly to himself, he stopped the first person he chanced to see, who happened to be the janitor, and fired this at him,— "Vat was dot leedle box ting vat valks people oop der stairs stood-en still?"

"Oh, that's the elevator?" was the answer.

"Oh, dat's vat is, is it? I half a pocketbook made offen der peel of one uffdose." He tried a ride, but he did not like it. Then he said:

"I vould told my wife nefer to go in mit von of dos alligators ven der valking by hand vas goot."

Anyone having a copy of the Daily Nugget of April 20, 1901, will confer a favor by mailing or bringing same to this office. The paper in question is required to complete files.

Chipped diamonds, yellow diamonds of flawed diamonds can not be bought at J. L. Sale & Co.'s. They carry only the best.

Hot and cold lunch at the Bank Saloon.

KEEPERS OF LIGHTHOUSES

Have Positions More Undesirable Than Penal Servitude.

Receive In England Only $375 Per Year and Are Wholly Cut Off From the Outer World.

During the stirms that rage intermittently around our coast in winter, says the London Daily Mail, the landsman's mind turns in sympathy toward those who in ship or lifeboat are fighting the waves for dear life. But how often does he give one thought to the men who immure themselves in the lighthouses that stud our coast line?

"I would rather spend my life in a penal settlement than be a lighthouse keeper," declared a gentleman to the writer after a visit to the Bishop lighthouse off the Cornish coast. "A convict does see a light of the world he lives in, but a lighthouse keeper sees nothing but a dreary expanse of water. I am not surprised that many of them should lose their mental balance."

The visitor to the Bishop lighthouse did not over-color the picture. It was only the other day that one read of the Longship lighthouse, also off the coast of Cornwall, having been completely isolated for many weeks in consequence of fearful storms. The keepers had been reduced to smoking coffee, hops and tea leaves, though, fortunately they had not wanted for food.

The keepers of the famous Eddystone lighthouse not infrequently find themselves in a similar predicament.

In a gale the waves that buffet themselves against this wonderful monument to the engineering skill of the country are of such stupendous magnitude that they rise to a height of 200 feet and sweep right over the lantern. To those cooped up inside the sound of these waves is like that of a battery of guns at close quarters. "At such times the house shakes like a tree with a man on top of it," was the graphic description of one who spent many years of his life there.

The new Eddystone is the roomiest and most comfortable of all our rock lighthouses. Formerly only two keepers were employed in the lighthouse, but a grim accident resulted in their number being increased. One of the two men died. So before ran the seas that the remaining keeper could not get the body of his late comrade to the shore. For a month the tempestous weather continued, and for a month the surviving keeper lived alone in that solitary place with the body of his companion. He was afraid to cast it into the waves, for he might be accused of murder.

Keepers of rock lighthouses do not last long. The incessant pounding of the waves against the building, the loneliness, the want of fresh air and exercise reduce the men to a state of nervousness that is sometimes pitiful to behold. They require a fortnight's leave every six weeks, but this liberal allowance does little to improve their physical state. A medical man whose duty it is to pay periodical visits to one of our lighthouses confesses that there is no remedy for the ills peculiar to the keepers except retirement.

Superstition adds a terror to the life of the men in this lighthouse, for the first structure was washed away bodily, and the keepers believe that the rock is haunted. A fear of a different kind keeps the man of Muckle Flugga lighthouse—the most northern point of Scotland—on the tenterhooks of a terrible suspense. On three occasions the huge black rock on which which the lighthouse stands has been shaken by an earthquake.

There is something comical, though characteristic of the stiff necked Scot, in a story which comes from a neighboring lighthouse, which is in charge of two different families. They live on a desert island. From year end to year end they never see a visitor except the man who brings their stores. Eighteen months ago the heads of the two families quarreled, ever since they have ceased to speak.

A lighthouse keeper receives a maximum wage of £75 a year, out of which he has to supply his own rations. These consist of such unappetizing edibles as tinned beef and hard biscuits, usually washed down with tea and condensed milk. No intoxicating liquors are allowed.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina—C. A. Celene and wife, Grand Forks; Thos. McEwlin, Bonanza; Chas. Worden, 26 Eldorado, Lieut. Tillman, Fort Egbert; Walter Wright, French Hill.

Flannery—John P. Peterson, Eldorado; D. Cameron, Gold Run; Martin Harris, Indian river; Joe Snell Eldorado; J. H. Langley, Bonanza; A. White, Bonanza.

Not too late yet to get one of Smith's books. New lot just received over the ice, containing some of the choicest books that money can buy. Smith's goods and prices always O.K. Smith, 111 King street.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

MANY WORDS REQUIRED

To Keep Verbose People Talking 24 Hours.

"I have been trying to figure out how many words the average man utters in every 24 hours," said a gentleman who had a penchant for peculiar things, "but I have been unable to reach any satisfactory conclusion on account of the different rates of speed at which different persons talk. Of course I have no reference to the different kinds of words which may be found in the daily vocabulary of the average man, but I'm talking about the total number of words uttered, counting repetitions and all, during every 24 hours.

"There is the quiet melancholy gentleman who will not speak on an average of 500 words a day, and there are many who for one reason or another would not utter anything like this number. On the other hand there is the conversational gathering gun, who always a woman either who will fill off words at a fearful rate of speed and whose aggregate for one day would run up to dizzy heights. Then there is the normal talker, who will strike a good decent average—the man who will neither bore you with indifferent silence nor tire you with his meaningless verbosity.

"But suppose that we regard that the average person will utter an average of 10 words every minute. This would amount to 2400 words for every hour, or about 57,600 words for every 24 hours. Of course no person will talk this much as the average men and women would prefer to break down before they had talked as much as 57 columns in the average daily newspaper. The only question is, to how much time each person is put in talking, during each day. Some men and women are so taciturn that they cannot talk during the day, except at meal time, on account of the character of work they have to do. There are others, such as travelling men, for instance, who depend upon talking for a living. I have this figured that the high man, probably the traveling man, will talk five hours out of every 24, which would give him a total of 12,000 words every day. I have figured that most any sort of man will talk as much as ten minutes out of every 24 hours, and this would give him a total of 600 words for the day.

"These are the two extremes. I am satisfied that the normal man—the man who strikes a decent average between indifferent silence and disgusting verbosity—will talk probably one hour all told each day, which would allow him 2400 words. And this, by the way, is considerable talk, for it will fill two columns in a newspaper, and a whole lot of wisdom can be crowded into two columns."—Ex

Off For Whitehorse!

Our Second Relay Stage Will Start for Whitehorse

THURSDAY NOON, DEC. 26th

Horses changed at Stewart, Selkirk and Lower LeBarge. Comfortably Heated Stage.

Robertson & Co.'s Relay Stage

Booking Office, Third Ave., between King and Queen Sts.

Growing Like a Snowball Rolling Down Hill!

That is the way the Nugget's circulation has increased since the subscription price was reduced to

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The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper.

Don't forget that the Nugget will be delivered at your door for the nominal sum of $3.00 per month.

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....CHEAPER THAN EVER!....

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With a Handsome Christmas Present that will make him think of his kiddy youth. We have Fancy Vests, Swell Neckwear, Embroidered Suspenders, Silk Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Fur Caps and Mitts, Aristocratic Handkerchiefs with filigree trimmings and a thousand other acceptable gifts.

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SECOND AVENUE

..HICKS & THOMPSON..
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FLANNERY HOTEL
First Class Accommodations
Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome Well Cooked Meals.
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HUNKER AND DOMINION
Freighting to All Creeks

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During the Holiday season, in addition to the usual good 25c drinks I will sell

....AT $2.50 Per Bottle.

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Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky

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Having a large stock of liquors on hand I propose to give the public a chear buy.

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Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901. Week Days Only.
FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Gold Run and Quartz Creek ..... 9 a. m.
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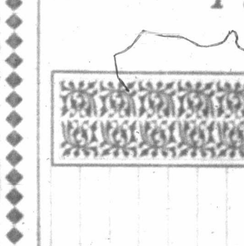

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