NET WORK OF ROADS

Has Been Constructed in the Yukon

Splendid Showing Made Particularly During Mr. Ross' Administration.

The following resume of the road building done in the territory during the last three years will afford material for much thought on the part of those who are unable to find any grounds upon which to credit the government with having done anything for the good of the country.

Particular attention is called to the mileage of construction undertaken and completed since the appointment of Mr. Ross as Yukon commissioner.

Statement of government roads built in the Yukon Territory:—

1899.

	Miles.
Lake LeBarge to Hutchiku winter road	92
1900.—WAGON ROADS.	
Ridge road Ogilvie bridge to Williams	30.25
Ridge road Williams to No. 12 Gold Run	15.50
Ridge road spur Williams to Caribou City	4.00
Ridge road spur to Gold Bottom	5.75
Ridge road spur to Grand Forks	5.20
Bonanza, Dawson to Ogilvie bridge	1.25
Bonanza, Ogilvie bridge to Grand Forks	10.00
Eldorado, Grand Forks to Ore-Grand	3.50
Dominion, Caribou City to 36 below upper discovery	.75
Total miles wagon road built in 1900	76.20
1901.—WAGON ROADS.	
Eldorado, Ore-Grand to head Calder creek	4.15
Calder, head Calder to intersection Quartz creek	5.60
Quartz, intersection Calder to 11 below Macks dis.	2.10
Mains, intersection Bonanza to Cheechako hill	1.75
Bonanza, 10 above dis. to McCarty's ridge road	11.10
Sulphur, 37 above to 42 below Discovery	7.56
Hunker, Ogilvie bridge to head of Hunker	24.35
Dominion, head of Hunker to Caribou City	4.25
Dominion, 36 below upper to No. 6 below lower dis.	2.50
Total miles wagon road constructed in 1901	63.36
WINTER ROADS AND PACK TRAILS.	
Dairymile, West Dawson to discovery on Glacier creek	38.25
Eureka, intersection Quartz and Calder to Eureka	22.00
Total miles winter road constructed in 1901	60.25
1902.—WAGON ROADS.	
Eureka, Calder to Eureka, changed from winter to wagon road	13.00
Henderson, Yukon river to 60 pup	13.00
Livingston, Mason's landing to 19 below dis. Livingston	16.00
Whitehorse, from Whitehorse to Copper mines	10.00
Last Chance, intersection Hunker up Last Chance	2.50
Bear Creek, intersection Hunker up Bear creek	3.00
Gold Bottom, intersection Hunker up Gold Bottom	4.80
Sulphur, intersection Hunker to 37 above Sulphur creek	5.50
Dominion, 7 below lower to 93 below lower dis.	6.50
Bonanza, 12 Gold Run down Dominion to Sulphur	3.50
Lovett, intersection Bonanza up Lovett gulch	1.50
West Dawson, cable ferry to West Dawson	.41
Total miles wagon roads constructed during 1902	83.21
WINTER ROADS AND TRAILS.	
Carcross-Whitehorse, Dawson to Whitehorse	278.00
Selkirk, intersection Dawson-Whitehorse road to Selkirk	5.00
Boucher, intersection Glacier road to Boucher creek	20.00
Lepine, Moosehide to Lepine creek quartz claims	17.00
Total miles winter roads and trails, 1902	320.00
ABSTRACT.	Miles.
Wagon roads constructed, 1900	76.20
Wagon roads constructed, 1901	63.36
Wagon roads constructed, 1902	83.91
Total	223.47
Winter roads and trails constructed, 1899	92.00
Winter roads and trails constructed, 1901	80.25
Winter roads and trails constructed, 1902	320.00
Total	392.25

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Tariff of Transvaal.

Pretoria, Oct. 9.—An extraordinary issue of the Gazette says:

"The amended tariffs are only provisional, the government desiring ultimately to enter the customs union on a basis which will not sacrifice vital interests of the Transvaal. The negotiations thus far have been unavailing, because the Transvaal does not feel justified in increasing the duties on certain foodstuffs to the extent which the coast colonies consider necessary for the protection of their products. In the meantime the conditions in the Transvaal preclude further delay in adjusting the high duties and the duties ordinarily reasonable but excessive in a country which practically has to be refitted. The duties, therefore, are abolished on machinery, building materials, metals and agricultural implements.

"The large sacrifice of revenue involved is considered preferable to increasing by taxation the cost of renewing the industrial capital of the colony. As it is imperative, however, to replace a portion of the loss the duties on wines and spirits are increased. The existing duty on dynamite is left unaltered owing to questions bearing on the conditions of its manufacture and importation into the Transvaal being under discussion; but the duty will be separately dealt with as soon as possible. The duty of six cents each on poles, two cents a pound on sulphuric acid, six cents a pound on lead and two cents a pound on copper wire, are cancelled. All iron will be admitted free and the cost of building will be greatly reduced by the removal of the duties on cement and timber.

"The alteration of the duty on cigars and cigarettes from $3.75 per hundred cigars, without distinction of size, to $1.50 a pound, and on cigarettes from $3.75 per thousand cigarettes to $1 a pound is considered equitable.

"The Imperial duties on jams and confectionery of $10 per hundred pounds will be reduced to three cents per pound. The special duty of $2.50 on oats, $1.25 on oat hay and especially the duty on coal will be abolished.

"Anomalous duties will be amended. Many of the changes to be made have been agitated for years, especially with regard to matches, which were specially taxed $1 per gross for the benefit of the company owning the concession. This tax will now be raised to 50 cents per gross."

No mention is made of the special duties which were suspended in 1897 owing to the agitation here, but which the government reserved the right to re-impose. They remain suspended, but it is expected that they will be repealed.

Slays Himself.

San Rafael, Oct. 11.—The body of a man was found on the road between this city and San Anselmo about 4 o'clock this afternoon, and three bullet wounds told the cause of his death. It is believed that he committed suicide. There is no clue to his identity.

When his body was found it was not yet cold, although no one saw him commit the deed. There were two bullet holes just under the heart and one in the right ear, the latter being the fatal shot.

He asked one tender moment
Of her he loved so well;
He couldn't in a thousand years
Tell all he had to tell.

She told him that one moment
Was really quite enough,
And then he thought one moment
Was altogether tough.

Telephones for Everybody.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION.

We are now prepared to install residence telephones on short notice and feel sure that when the advantages of such service are fully realized the public will quickly accept the very low terms offered. Every one should realize that a telephone in the house may be worth several years' subscription in case of fire, as instant connection can be had with the fire department. A doctor can be called in a second, which might save a life.

Every business house of importance has a telephone.

All the lawyers and doctors have telephones.

You can secure seats at the theatre.

Get groceries for breakfast.

Provide the things you forgot when down town.

Call up your friends for a chat, and, in general, save money, time, patience and shoeleather by having one of these ready messengers in your home.

There are nearly four hundred telephones in Dawson and on the creeks, and they are all at your service for the asking. If you already have a telephone down town anywhere you can have the same facilities at your residence. If you have a residence telephone, only the rental mentioned below will give you service in Dawson and an extra fee will be charged for long distance service. Beginning Nov. 1st, residence telephones will be installed for

Five Dollars Per Month.

A new Directory will be issued shortly. Get your name and business in it. There is no better advertisement.

Call at the telephone office, use your neighbor's 'phone to send in your order, or speak to Mr. Hamilton or Mr. Thornburgh on the street.

YUKON TELEPHONE SYND., Limited.

DUNHAM GREER'S CHRISTMAS

The air was cold and the west wind had an icy flavor. A little snow lay in patches here and there, but the roofs of the older buildings were covered with a dingy white. It was a typical December day.

Dunham Greer had strolled down the street from his hotel and was idly regarding the throngs that hurried by. It was but a few days now to Christmas and almost every passer carried one or more parcels, and some of them were quite loaded down. Dunham enjoyed studying the faces, all of them eager, most of them happy. And quite unconsciously he blessed the day that could call forth this new interest in life.

Dunham didn't mind the cold. He was warmly clad and besides had that indifference to exposure that good health usually brings. So he strolled along until the throngs grew still more dense and then he stepped into a doorway and watched them from this point of vantage. Presently he noticed that he was not alone. There was a boy beside him, a boy of perhaps sixteen, a sturdy boy with bright blue eyes and a firm set chin. He was comfortably dressed and though he had no overcoat he didn't seem to mind the cold any more than Dunham did.

The boy looked up and Dunham caught his eye and smiled.

"Where do they all come from?" he said, with a little wave of his hand to the hurrying lines of people.

"It's getting to be a big town," said the boy. "I can see a great change here in the last two years." He said this with a oracular gravity of one who had watched the city's growth from its humble beginning.

"And to think," said Dunham, "that they all have homes to go to, and that their coming will bring pleasure to somebody there, and that it all means a forgetfulness of self and a tender remembrance of others."

And he quite glowed with the pleasant thought.

"Pretty poor homes a good many of them," said the boy dryly. "And I guess there's nobody here from some of them."

"I've no doubt you know more about it than I do," said Dunham.

The boy looked him over.

"Sure," he said.

The tinkling of a collection kettle that a Salvation Army lassie was beating came to them above the shuffling of the passing feet.

"That's right," said the boy. "But it can't catch 'em all. There's some too proud to go."

"Yes," said Dunham.

"And there's some lame, or something, and they can't get there."

"Yes," said Dunham. He paused and added, "Do you know any of these people?"

"Plenty," replied the boy.

Dunham looked at him intently.

"What's your name?" he asked. "And what is your employment?"

"My name's Tom Larkin," replied the boy. "I've been selling papers for the last two years, mostly in the big blocks. I've got a job offered me by some iron brokers in the Victory building, an' I'm going to work there on the first. I've been breaking in a boy I knew carrin' the papers an' just now I'm waitin' here for my sister, 'cause she wants me to go with her to buy something for mother. Sis can't get away from the office where she does addressin' any earlier."

"Perhaps you would be willing to sell me a few days of your time," said Dunham.

"What for?"

"I think," said Dunham, "that you and I could give a Christmas dinner that might be made a great success."

The boy stared at him.

"Do you mean for those people we were talking about?"

"Yes," said Dunham. "You are to give the invitations and attend to the details. I'm to supply the money."

"Money talks," said the boy dryly.

"You must do a little talking yourself first," laughed Dunham. "Now how are we to go about it?"

"Is this straight?" said the boy.

"It is," replied Dunham with proper gravity.

The boy's eyes snapped.

"I can do the work all right," he said, "if you'll do the rest. We've got to have it close to where the people live, you know. There's an empty storeroom near where I live that'll be just the thing. It belongs to a Dutch saloon-keeper that I know, an' I bet he'll let me have it for nothin' when he hears what it's for."

"Good," said Dunham. He was pleased with the boy's eagerness.

"There's a stove in it an' plenty of shelving, an' I know a carpenter that'll be glad to fix up some tables for us for a dollar, and everybody round there will lend the chairs. An' we'd have to have a cook, of course."

"Of course," said Dunham.

"I know just the woman," said the boy. "She's kind o' old but she's a splendid cook, an' she'd be glad to get a dollar for it. An' she lives just next door, an' could do the cooking on her own stove."

"Call it two dollars, if she furnishes the stove," said Dunham gravely.

"All right, if you say so," said the boy. "And then there'll be a lot of stuff to buy." He looked up at Dunham. "Turkey?"

"Turkeys, of course," said Dunham. Then he gravely added, "And all the fixin's."

"Not plum pudding?" said the boy.

"Plum pudding," replied Dunham, "and mince pie, and—and ice cream."

The boy whistled.

"All right, Mr. Vanderbilt," he laughed. "How many are we to feed?"

"That's in your hands," said Dunham.

The boy was silent for a moment.

"Let's call it thirty," he said. "That'll be 'bout as many as we can handle, and besides I ain't going to invite anybody that isn't deservin'."

"I approve of that," said Dunham, "but as I have said, I'll leave all the details to you. Make up a list this evening of what we will need and bring it to me at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning at the hotel on the corner. Here's my card. And wait." He slipped his finger into his vest pocket. "Here's an advance on the grand outlay—just as a mark of good faith." And he slipped a bill into the boy's hand. "Secure your room and start the ball rolling, and don't forget to be at the hotel at 9 o'clock."

"I'll be there, sir," said the boy eagerly as he tucked the bank note away. "Here comes sis," he added, and stepped from the doorway. "Sis," he called, "come here."

But as he turned back he discovered that his new friend had slipped away.

"He may not come," said Dunham to himself, as he entered the hotel. "But I feel sure he will."

He did come. He was waiting in the lobby as Dunham entered. His eyes were very bright and he was nicely washed and combed. Dunham motioned him to a seat and sat beside him.

"It's pretty long," said the boy as he drew a small roll of paper from his pocket.

"It does look long," commented Dunham as he glanced at the neatly written list.

"We all worked on it," said the boy, "and sis copied it. We got just as little as we could of some things, and, of course, there is going to be something left."

"You must dispose of it to your own satisfaction," said Dunham gravely. "I've left all that to you."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy. His face reddened a little. "It's very good of you to trust me so much, sir, when you don't know me at all."

"I'm not taking any chances," said Dunham with his bright smile. "I felt sure of you before we had been together five minutes."

The boy reddened again.

"Here's the list of the folks I'm going to invite," he said.

Dunham glanced at it.

"Hold on," he said, "you've put my name first. I—I haven't expected to be there."

The boy looked troubled.

"Why, we are counting you, sir," he said. "It wouldn't seem quite right if you wasn't there. Some of these folks are a little touchy, sir, and they might think you was ashamed of your guests."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Dunham meekly. "I'll be there, of course."

The boy's face cleared.

"And there's one other thing," he said. "It's the waiting on the table. Sis and I are both going to help, and mother will help Mrs Kramer, she's the lady that does the cooking, and then there's Mr. Framble. He's a real handy old gentleman who can do almost anything. An' he'll 'tend to the carving. Besides that, I want to ask a young lady who teaches in the mission Sunday school. She knows all the people and they all like her, and I'm sure she'd be glad to come and help us."

"Very well arranged," said Dunham. "I'm to be congratulated on having such a competent partner. And now for the grocer's."

It was the first time in all his life that Dunham had gone a-marketing. And he liked it. He liked the bustle and confusion. He liked to watch the pushing, eager throng. And he liked the keenness and shrewdness with which the boy did the buying. It didn't take nearly as much time as Dunham had expected it would and he was really sorry when the boy announced that the last item had been secured. Then carefully impressing upon Dunham's mind the location of the promised dining hall the boy bade him goodby.

"At 2 o'clock sharp on Christmas day," he called back over his shoulder.

"At 2 sharp," said Dunham.

* * *

It was just five minutes of 2 on that eventful Christmas when Dunham, who had carefully timed his departure from the hotel, halted in front of the empty storeroom. He looked up at the number over the door. Then he glanced about. A very stout German with a short white mustache was standing in the adjoining doorway.

He smiled broadly.

"Merry Grissmas," he said.

"Merry Christmas," said Dunham.

"Maybe you vas de chentlemen dey vas expectin' nex' door?" questioned the short man.

"Maybe I am," laughed Dunham.

"I vill shake hands mit you," said the stout man and he did so with much gravity. "Dot blace nex' door is mine," he continued, "and ven I hear for vat it is vanted I ton't charge nopoddy vun cent. Dot's a goot peesness. Ve make a crate deal py Grissmas in Chermany."

"Yes, I know," smiled Dunham, "I spent one Christmas day in Berlin."

"In Berlin! So?" said the stout man. "We shake hands again."

Then Dunham turned to the storeroom. It seemed as if they must have been waiting for him, for the door appeared to open of its own accord. A comfortable feeling of warmth and an appetizing odor greeted him. As he hastily glanced about the room he noticed that the guests were seated along the wall on either side, and that the roam was neatly hung with green stuff, and that the long table in the center looked very clean and very inviting. Then Tom's sister took his hat and Tom helped him to remove his overcoat, and both escorted him around and introduced him. It was a rather trying ordeal for Dunham, but he went through it bravely. They all looked so neat and so happy that his feeling of constraint quickly wore off. There was no doubt about their poverty, but it was most artistically hidden for this special occasion. Truly, it was a motley throng. There were a dozen quite elderly men and women; there were younger women that Dunham fancied must be widows. There was a young man who walked with the aid of crutches, there was a sweet faced girl whose back was crooked, and there was a bevy of children—and remarkably clean and well behaved children they were.

As Dunham approached a white haired man who seemed to be the patriarch of the party, a woman in black who sat by him touched the old man's arm.

"Father," she said, "this is Mr. Greer." Then she added with a touch of pride, "Father is eighty-nine."

"Come a little closer, sir," said the old man, and he peered at Dunham with his failing eyes. "Young men are not so apt to be so thoughtful," he softly added and gently stroked Dunham's sleeve with his long white fingers.

Then the dinner was announced and with just the briefest clatter the table was surrounded. They had Dunham at the head of it before he could think of resisting, and Tom's mother, a hard working and kindly faced matron, was placed opposite to him. There was a moment's pause after they were seated and then the girl with the crooked back sang a little Christmas verse. Her voice was remarkably sweet and the words seemed fitted to the occasion.

And then they all fell to with a lively clatter and much gusto. If good viands and good appetites make a successful dinner the Greer feast was one of the leading successes of a most successful holiday season. There was merry conversation and much laughter, and when they reached the plum pudding, which couldn't have been improved upon, Dunham mustered up courage and made a little speech in which, after a pleasant allusion to the spirit of the day, he took occasion to thank all who had aided in making the dinner a possibility, especially Master Tom Larkin. And they all liked his speech and applauded it with much jingling of plates and glasses.

Dunham had been so absorbed by the dinner that he had scarcely noticed the young woman from the mission school. He knew that she was deft and active, that she was neatly garbed with a huge white apron over her frock, and that they all knew her as Miss Alice, and seemed to speak her name in a loving way. Now he looked at her more closely as she came toward him. And then he recognized her. She was the stenographer girl at the hotel.

The knowledge came to Dunham with a little shock. He had taken the hotel stenographer to be a pert and slangy young person. He had noticed that she answered the jocular traveling men in coin of their own kind, and he hadn't liked it. In fact, he had kept away from the young woman, preferring to go to an outside office for his work rather than patronize her. And here she was, giving up her pleasures to unselfishly minister to the wants of others. It seemed very strange.

When the feast was ended and they had all shaken hands and wished Dunham no end of merry Christmases, and had even given him three cheers, at the suggestion of Master Tom, in the performance of which rite the patriarch miscounted and flung in an extra one, whereat there was great laughter, the giver of the feast walked home with the stenographer. It wasn't far and it was on the car line he would take, and Dunham had asked the privilege of walking with her because he had something he especially wanted to say.

"I'm afraid," he said in his grave fashion, "that I have misjudged you, and I am very sorry."

The girl laughed.

"I think I understand what you mean," she said, "and I can't blame you in the least. You think I am too free and too careless in my treatment of the men who chaff with me. It's just a habit I've fallen into, like the acquiring of slang. And another thing, it helps me to secure outside work—and I need all I can get. But I don't wonder that you are astonished to find there are two selves in my makeup. You have seen one, the other is a hard working girl with an invalid mother who depends on her, and a brother to keep in school, and who devotes such time as she can find to improving her acquaintance among the sort of people who were your guests this afternoon."

"I have made a grave mistake," said Dunha gently. "I'm glad you forgive me."

That night as he faced his image in the mirrow in his hotel room he smilingly said: "Dunnie, my boy, isn't it remarkable what a lot of happiness a little money will buy?"

—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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NOW is the time to buy your Overcoats, Caps, Mitts and Winter Goods. Our Line is Complete.

PRICES RIGHT.

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Castro in a Trap.

Willemstad, Island of Curacao, Oct. 11.—The gunboat Libertador was sighted off Curacao yesterday en route for Colon.

Castro has again abandoned Los Leques for La Victoria, where he has been intrenched for the last five days. The revolutionary general, Matos, has arrived at Villa de Cura with 5,000 men, and General Mendoza, with whose forces General Matos recently effected a junction, has left.

The revolutionists are preparing to "bottle up" President Castro, that he may not escape to Los Andes and continue the war. Telegraph lines have been cut everywhere.

The German fleet in Venezuela waters has been reinforced by the cruiser Vineta, which anchored yesterday at La Guaira.

Fires on Strikers

Madrid, Oct. 11.—Several bands of strikers at the small towns in the Spanish lines facing the neutral ground about Gibraltar, who went to the cemetery today with the object of carrying off the bodies of the victims of the conflict of Thursday were dispersed by cavalry. It is reported that ten persons were killed, including a woman and child.

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