

GEORGE CANTWELL RETURNS

From a Hunting and Pleasure Trip to the Rockies.

A Hunter Freezes Fast to His Gun But Succeeds in Saving His Hand—A Postponed Potlatch.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

George Cantwell, the photographer and taxidermist, is back from a two-weeks' trip to the Rocky mountains, whither he went in search of relaxation from business, and caribou.

Mr. Cantwell went in company with F. King and W. H. Thomas, the latter a market hunter who has a cabin about 40 miles up Pontreemille creek, and to the cabin there appertains a tale.

"We found the trail very rough," said Mr. Cantwell, when speaking of his trip last evening, "but the weather was fine for traveling, though we were somewhat disappointed about Thomas' cabin, because it was working when we got there, and we couldn't use it."

"It seems that when Mr. Thomas left there to come up to Dawson he allowed three men who got stuck there to occupy it with the understanding that they were to move on in two or three days, and when we got there they did not consider their lease had expired and refused to move. The cabin was eight feet square, and there were three men in it, and when Thomas became impertinent in his demands that they vacate they took their guns and went inside, telling him from behind the closed door that they would like to see him come in."

"Billy put his shoulder to the door and pushed, and we stood behind him and pushed also, with the result that we went in. Then they decided to try to make room for us, and that night we all six slept in the cabin."

"The next morning Thomas remembered where he had thrown away an old tent last summer about two miles away, and this was found, brought up, having parted with one of its sides in the process of removal from the frozen ground, and for ten days we lived in it, while the three strangers occupied the cabin."

"The whole country in there is filled with caribou and moose hunters, and one is scarcely ever out of sight of one or more of them, although hunting for the season is practically at an end, as the drove of caribou that were in there have either been killed off or has passed."

"One hunter, a Swede, killed 15 out of 16 in one drove, but nearly lost his hand by freezing. He came upon the animals suddenly, and pulled off his mitts and began shooting. When he had finished he tried to put up his gun but found that his right hand had frozen to the lever, and in the cramped position of his fingers it was impossible to let go. The inside of his left hand was frozen also, but with it he managed to get his knife out and cut open a caribou. Then he wrenched his right hand out of the rifle's lever and buried it among the entrails of the warm carcass, by this means drawing the frost and saving his hand."

"The Indians regard the encroachments of white hunters very unfavorably, as the game is being killed off in their hunting grounds. At a recent potlatch near Fortymile, although the hunters started after meat ten days before the date set for the big feed, they came back empty handed and the potlatch had to be indefinitely postponed."

Mr. Cantwell got back in time to avoid the cold snap and meet his many friends on New Year's day, and while he got no caribou he got about a dozen good negatives, and says he had a splendid time.

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

(Continued from Page 1.)

a sandbar. Presently he looked at his watch, which was fortunately waterproof, and discovered that it was six hours since the raft had gone over the fall.

All his searching failed to bring to light any trace of his companions or the raft, and for many days he wandered about subsisting upon berries and an occasional small bird or squirrel which he could kill with a stone.

Then he fell in with a few Indians who provided him with food and clothing, and harbored him during that and the ensuing winter.

They are described by the narrator as being a fine looking people, large and strong, and of considerable intelligence. The manner in which these Indians care for the preservation of game shows that they have qualities of thrift.

They have a barrier built, high and

strong enough for the purpose, covering many miles of country, and lying in the shape of a V. At the point of this is a pen, a mile square, and built higher, stronger and closer. The game is driven into this in the fall and when securely penned in such animals as wild cats, wolves and the like are killed off, and food is prepared for the moose and caribou, which are killed from time to time as required.

Mr. Lundbloom, being an experienced woodsman, was soon upon very friendly terms with the Indians, who exacted a promise from him to return, when they finally conducted him to the Yukon.

He is now thinking very seriously of making that promise good, as he discovered some remarkably good prospects while with them.

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened to the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockle seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockle's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockle found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For Money That Belonged to Him.

"I won't go out! I won't leave here for anything!"

Such was the amazing declaration of a pauper attendant in an east end London workhouse on being told by an agent that he was entitled to some money. And the man—the son of a post captain in the navy—meant all that he said. Not an inch would he budge, nor would he sign any paper, and it was only by taking a commissioner down to him that the fund could be recovered.

Whether because it was only a comparatively small sum or whether because he was a worker, the guardians made no claim on it. Accordingly, at his request, it was split, and two accounts were opened on his behalf in the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for all that, he continued to remain in the workhouse.

Meanwhile he was very anxious that his wife should not know he was alive—in fact, he denied that he was married. His life partner, however, called at the agent's office to inquire about the case, though she begged that her husband might not be told of her whereabouts. She was in a fairly good position, earning as she did a living by keeping a ladies' school, and once or twice her reprobate husband had turned up in an intoxicated condition and raised a commotion that had scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted pair were, therefore, not brought into communication.

Never would the pauper legatee leave the workhouse. He remained there till his death, whereupon, having left no will, the money he had scorned to use passed to his wife.—Casell's Saturday Journal.

Three Cents a Mile.

Tacoma, Dec. 12.—The Northern Pacific has decided to reduce passenger rates in Montana from four cents to three cents per mile. The change will go into effect shortly after New Year's.

The reduction has been stubbornly fought by the Great Northern and Union Pacific, on the ground that the Union Pacific would be forced to make the same rate in Oregon.

When this reduction is made every state on the line of the Northern Pacific will have the three-cent rate.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn. Silk hose and silk underwear at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Celery at Meeker's.

COMING AND GOING.

There has not been any great activity noted today around houses that were open to New Year's callers last night.

The Sisters' school reopened this morning after the holidays vacation. The Mission street school will not reopen until next Monday.

The number of empty dwelling houses in Dawson at the present time warrants the assertion that building was somewhat overdone last year.

It is told of a Scotchman that at the A. E. Co.'s reception yesterday he became so befuddled as to address Ben Furguson as "My dear Donald."

Several sled loads of caribou and moose have arrived in Dawson this week and prices of that class of meat are correspondingly low.

The mercury got down to 37 below zero last night and residents of this part of the country were reminded that the winter season still lingers.

Mr. Gillis, head salesman in the dry goods department of the A. E. Co.'s store, is sick at the Sister's hospital. He has been suffering for several days from an attack of pneumonia.

C. B. Mack, a meat dealer of Third street was up Monday in the police court on a charge of selling spoiled meat, but as there was no evidence to show that he knew the meat was bad, he was dismissed with a warning.

George Cantwell has received a letter from his former partner, F. W. Atwood, who is in Seattle. The letter states that the writer is coming back to Dawson in the spring, and that Seattle is well supplied with former residents of this city who will return here when the river opens.

Mr. A. W. Debney, who for the past two years has been located on No. 8 below upper on Dominion, left this afternoon by dog team for the outside en route to his old home in San Francisco. He expects to return in the spring.

A runaway occurred on First avenue today on account of a dog team mixing up around the legs of a spirited gray horse whose driver was said to be "ruberbing." No further damage was done than the breaking of harness and staving in of the sled. The dogs escaped unharmed.

How to Give a Cat Medicine.

A New York gentleman has a very fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be ating all I give her!" She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat!"

Reading a Book.

A writer in the New York Medical Journal says that the curved pages of the ordinary book are injurious to the eye of the reader. The curvature necessitates a constant change of the focus of the eye as it reads from one side to another, and the ciliary muscles are under a constant strain. Moreover, the light falls unequally upon both sides of the page, further interfering with a continued clear field of vision. It is suggested that the difficulty might be obviated if the lines should be printed parallel to the binding instead of at right angles to it.

Golf.

The game of golf was put down by an act of parliament in Scotland in 1841 as a nuisance. Then fines were inflicted on people who were found guilty of playing the game, for it interfered with the practice of archery, as men preferred wielding the club to pulling the bow.

An Exception.

In the treatment of skin diseases it is said that the rays of the sun are quite efficacious. They can't cure freckles, however.—Bradford Era.

Will of Senator Davis.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 12.—The will of the late Senator Davis who died November 27, was filed for probate today by Mrs. Anna M. Davis, the widow. The will, made during the senator's last illness, leaves all his estate to Mrs. Davis. The estate is valued at \$25,000 in personal and \$40,000 in real property.

May Wed an American Heiress.

London, Dec. 12.—The Vienna correspondent of the Daily Chronicle says a rumor is in circulation that former King Milan is about to become engaged to Miss Atzel, an American heiress.

Tumaco Is Taken.

Colon, Dec. 12.—Official dispatches have been received from Gov. Alban, of the state of Panama, announcing that after a three days' engagement Tumaco, the former stronghold of the insurgent movement, was reoccupied by the government troops December 4, and that the Gatan, a rebel steamer, has been destroyed.

Gov. Alban, who returned to the city

of Panama today, will hand back uninjured to her owners the British steamer Taboga, which was seized last month by the Colombian government to transport an armed expedition from Panama to the port of Buena Ventura, and to be there used in bombardment of the rebel position on Points Bazan and Soldado.

Overdose of Morphine.

Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 12.—John H. Hughes, son of a wealthy banker of Richmond, Mo., died at a hotel in this city today after a few hours' illness, from some narcotic poison. It is believed he accidentally took an overdose of morphine.

Abolition of Landlordism.

Dublin, Dec. 12.—The Nationalist convention resumed its sessions today, John Redmond presiding.

After resolutions were adopted amending the constitution of the United Irish League and making the Nationalist convention an annual fixture, William O'Brien moved a strongly worded resolution in favor of the abolition of landlordism in Ireland and the transfer of the soil to the occupying proprietary

Ireland's struggle, he declared, should continue without ceasing until the landlords were forced to abandon their present intolerable system of dual control. One branch of the Irish League, continued Mr. O'Brien, will devote its time to bringing to the doors of landlords, land-grabbers and their castle allies the inconvenience of landlordism. The resolution was adopted amid the utmost enthusiasm.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Notice.

Miss B. V. Robson can learn something to her advantage by calling at the Nugget office.

Men's fur lined gloves and mitts, Sargent & Pinsky.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meeker's.

Sargent & Pinsky have the finest assortment of American neckwear for the holidays in Dawson.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

"HIGH GRADE GOODS"
S-Y.T. Co. Start the New Year Right
Buy Only First-Class Goods

GIVE US A SAMPLE ORDER
S-Y. T. CO., SECOND AVENUE.
TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS
SAVOY - THEATRE
THIS WEEK "EUCHRE"
JIM POST'S LAUGHABLE COMEDY
Also the Side Splitting Comedienne
"THE GREEN EYED MONSTER,"
Or "I'LL TAKE THE WIDOW."
As usual the show will be interspersed with good music by our Famous Orchestra.
Our Vaudeville Artists will appear in New Specialties.

The Standard Theatre
WEEK OF JANUARY 1st, 1901.
A revelation in neatness, positive appearance, CARRIE WINCHELL TWINS JULIA
ance of the famous dancing wonders
Positive appearance of the celebrated Singing, Dancing, Acrobatic and Knock-
about Comedians, GEO. TROXELL and BILLY EVANS.
The only DOLAN. EDWIN R. LANG, Character Comedian.
GRAND MIKADO MASQUE BALL. New Year's Eve. Magnificent Japanese Cos-
tumes, Pretty Girls, Multicolored Lights, Standard Theatre Orchestra.

Mail Is Quick
Telegraph Is Quicker
'Phone Is Instantaneous
YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE
SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN
And All Way Points.
Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.
Business Phones, \$25 Per Month
Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month
Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.
DONALD G. OLSON, General Manager

The Orpheum
THEATRE
ALEC. PANTAGES, MANAGER.
ALL THIS WEEK
The Great 4 Act Comedy-Drama.

The Ticket of Leave Man
New Specialties
New Year's Eve.
Grand Cascaroni Ball
Wed., Jan. 2, at 10:30 p. m.
10 Round Glove Contest,
PAT MCHUGH vs. COLLIER
Tickets \$2, \$3 and \$5, on sale at Aurora No. 1.

Fresh Stall Fed BEEF
All Kinds of Meats
Game In Season
Bay City Market
Chas. Bossuyt & Co.
THIRD STREET. Near Second Ave.

ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.
SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

An Appropriate Illustration...
Says More Than Many Words
If you were a sign painter a cut like this published in the right way would help your business.
AT THE NUGGET SHOP
we make all kinds of
ENGRAVINGS
The only plant in this territory.