

THE KOYUKUK

non and Joe Martel
e-Fresh From
Coldfoot

TY OF PARIS' BURNED

While in Winter Quar-
Near Bergman

CAMPS LOOK GOOD

ab and Everyone Happy
perous Outlook Re-
of Late Strikes.

and Thursday's Daily.
non and Joe Martel, two
ers, arrived in the city
rly, before 3 o'clock

the Koyukuk. They left
ember 20 traveling in
ail to Fort Yukon and
er the ice. Considering
five or six days were
in camps owing to ex-
penetrating winds the
made very good time.
is not bad, though much
was freshly broken, until
was reached, but from
up there are about 50
recrable, water covering
deep in many places,
ore people were met on
headed for the Koyu-
of whom had outfits,
and Martel have made
able record for hard
y left here September
piling eight miles below
until the freeze-up. From
y sledged in to Cold-
Chandler, then made a
les down the Koyukuk
secured 1000 pounds of
d took it back to Cold-
now back in Dawson in
months' time.

men bring good news
and say that the pros-
perity is flattering. More
stering about Coldfoot
than ever before and ten-
g put down to bedrock
out during previous
y confirm the report of
on Hammond creek,
Coldfoot, news of
st brought in by Peifer
er so ago. Practically
has a claim that pros-
is engaged in hauling
from Bettles to Cold-
is or bed away in their
drawn upon as needed.
the grub situation, it
is plenty along the Koyu-
son, though there is none
Coldfoot. There is a
at Bettles, principally
is sold at reasonable
r sells for 37 a sack,
is a pound and sugar 25
miles below Bettles the
a cache and there is
ing to the same com-
still further down the
alance of this season's
is 10 miles above Berg-

most important pieces of
received is the burning of
the steamer City of Paris
on the Koyukuk for
ns. The boat was in
rs near Bergman and
by the watchman and
shers. The fire occurred
when discovered was so
away nothing could be
the steamer and it was
The origin of the fire is

ish West Indies.
Nov. 11.—The Premier,
in an interview today,
of the negotiations for
the Danish West Indies, is
despatches, declaring
has been sold to the
for \$1,000,000, and that
that the inhabitants
ted citizenship and free
inancing, but the result
nately predicted. The
the premier said, would
be signed at Washing-
ould be ratified by the
enate before it receive
ation of the Danish

THE NUGGET THIS YEAR PROPOSES TO OFFER FIFTY DOLLARS FOR A SONG.

This Yukon territory, in the growth and prosperity of which every inhabitant takes the very deepest interest, has been celebrated the world over by newspapers and magazines, and books even, have been devoted to descriptions of its wonderful richness.

But its praises have never yet been set to music.

It is for the purpose of remedying this oversight that the Nugget makes its present offer.

We desire to publish a song which will represent to Yukon what the "Maple Leaf" is to the Dominion, what "America" is to the United States, and what "God Save the King" or "Rule Britannia" are to Great Britain.

The prize of fifty dollars will be offered for the words only. The music will be cared for later on.

We therefore invite every poet in the territory in whom the divine spark has been planted to call upon the muse and compete for the prize.

Please note the following conditions:

- (1) The song is to contain five stanzas.
- (2) No limitation is to be placed as to the metre or length of the verses.
- (3) Manuscripts signed with name de plume and accompanied by sealed envelope containing real name and nom de plume must be received at this office not later than December 20th.

A competent committee of judges will be selected to decide upon the merits of the verses submitted and the award will be made in accordance with their decision.

Everyone who desires may compete and we hope that a lively interest in the contest will be awakened.

TITLES THAT GO BEGGING

For the Reason That Rightful Owners Refuse Them.

Work House Inmate Refused to Be Made a Baron—Some Joneses Could Be Viscount Ranelagh.

There are more than a score of titles going begging in this country, often with estates attached, because no one will take the trouble to claim them, and of these a dozen are earldoms. In many cases the rightful owners have been traced, but for reasons of their own they flatly refuse to assume their titles, and he classed among the "upper ten."

One of the most powerful baronies in Scotland, a one time was that of Cameron, though the title has long since become dormant because no one will lay claim to it. The rightful owner has been traced, however. He is a doctor named Fairfax, who some years ago emigrated to a village in Western Virginia, U. S. A., and when apprised of the fact that the Barony of Cameron and several thousand acres of estate were waiting for him he was in anything but affluent circumstances. This was nine years ago, but he stoutly refuses to put forward his claim, as he prefers the humble life he is leading and has no heir.

It is not very often that an inmate of the workhouse refuses to be made a baron, but such a thing happened a few years ago. In 1838 the last Baron Farnborough died and the title became vacant. The family name was Long, and as the Baron left no direct successor an enterprising next-of-kin agent a short time back thought it would be worth his while to try and find such an individual. He spent a good deal of money in looking for the man fortunate enough to stand in the line of succession, and eventually he reached what he considered the "rightful heir" in a Lancashire workhouse. He thought he would have no difficulty in persuading him to prove his claim and reward his benefactor for his trouble, but to his surprise the pauper replied that he was quite happy where he was, and being an old man did not wish to be burdened with a barony. As he died and left no heir the title is still vacant, and anyone of the name of Long might be able to substantiate a claim to it.

Colonel Baskham, mentioned the other day, "shall he come in, sir?" "By gracious, I had forgotten him. Ask him to wait five minutes and then show him in, Gresham, will you take a letter to—now, who in the devil was I going to write to? What have you got in this afternoon?" Gresham poked up the list and read:

"Billings & Co. at 1.30, directors' meeting H. F. & D. 2 o'clock; sale deposit vaults with Saunders, half-past 3, try on at tailor's."

"Confound it!"

"Dine at the Schuyfers, and meet Wesley at 11 with the Danforth papers and plans."

"And tomorrow I go to Rodney in the morning and to Philadelphia in the afternoon?"

"No, Rodney in the afternoon and Philadelphia in the morning."

"Ah, yes, quite so, quite so."

"And then Wednesday, of course, you'll hardly need me, will you, sir?" queried Gresham.

"No, I think not—My dear Baskham how do you do? Why didn't you come right in?"

The caller looked somewhat amazed as he stepped into the private office.

Curtis-Follansbee had the day before returned from a three months' business trip to Nicaragua. Middle-aged, he found himself the possessor of wealth and political power. His schemes and deals fairly outNUMBERED his dollars, and of the former the Nicaragua Company was the last but one. The "but one" was matrimony. In his nervous yet thoughtful manner Follansbee had decided to marry. He observed very business-like methods in becoming engaged to Helen Atkinson. He wished to be

WAS ABSENT MINDED

And Forgot the Date Set For His Marriage.

"Ask Mr. Gresham to step here," said Follansbee dipping his pen in the mustache and attempting to blot the stub of the book with the check he had just drawn.

"Where is my list of engagements and memoranda?" he asked of the middle-aged young man who entered.

"Ere you destroyed it by mistake I've made up a new one," and Gresham laid a typewritten sheet of paper on the desk. Follansbee bent over it. "Hullo! Breakfast with Von Hedberg at 11 o'clock, and it's now 10 minutes to 12."

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As it grew and flourished and sent forth green leaves, again and again spreading into a great vine, she and the prince consort grew to love it and often they visited it.

One day the queen wrote, "The prince and I were so glad to see you again in the quiet of Osborne. Scarcely had we arrived when Bertie and little Vickey came running to tell me that the myrtle had grown at least six inches and had spread far over the ground."

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The emperor of Germany is always meeting with accidents, although on the middle finger of his left hand he wears a famous talsman which for centuries has been credited with a supernatural power to protect the wearer from evil and injury of all kinds. It is a dark colored, square-shaped stone, set in a massive gold ring, and originally belonged to Saladin, from whom it was captured by German knights under the walls of Jerusalem during the crusades. It afterward came into the possession of Ulrich, the margrave of Nuremberg, who was the founder of the Hohenzollern family. This ring has been passed from generation to generation, one of the most highly prized and interesting heirlooms of the dynasty, but the kings of Prussia of late generations have seldom worn it until it was inherited by the present Kaiser. It is a matter of discussion whether he wears it from superstition of ordinary interest. It has never left his finger since he came to the throne, although by this time he must have lost confidence in the protective power of the jewel.

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To carry it to Windsor is one of the duties of the mistress of the robes. The myrtle is a royal plant, growing on the Isle of Wight, in the grounds of Osborne House. It was planted there by Queen Victoria during the early days of her married life. The prince consort held the spade and pushed it into the ground, while the queen imbedded it into the soil.

As it grew and flourished and sent forth green leaves, again and again spreading into a great vine, she and the prince consort grew to love it and often they visited it.

One day the queen wrote, "The prince and I were so glad to see you again in the quiet of Osborne. Scarcely had we arrived when Bertie and little Vickey came running to tell me that the myrtle had grown at least six inches and had spread far over the ground."

"Soon after tea Albert and I visited it, taking our customary walk, and to our delight found it growing greener than ever, and as possible becoming prettier every day."

When the queen's oldest girl grew to girlhood and the date of her marriage was set with the German Crown Prince, the young princess and her mother paid a last visit to Osborne together. The girl was then only 17, but she was no ordinary girl.

With a smile she was carried off together through the lawn, and at last time, and stopping before the myrtle, she stooped to admire it. The princess, waiting, observed that the queen bent low to examine the myrtle, and that she might hold her falling crown, and that the girl, kneeling, was planting a sprig of myrtle in the ground.

Before she had finished she pressed the queen's hand, and she said, "I wish you would do this for me, my dear."

"What do you mean?"

"I married her myself."

"What? I don't believe it."

Drawing from his pocket an evening paper, Gresham unfolded to a marriage notice. Follansbee read it, muttered to himself and hurried out.

"Remember me to discharge you—that means will arrange for a discounting of your services in the morning."

When he had read out the notice, Gresham appeared at the office, but Follansbee turned to discharge him.

"I can't let you have more than a week for your trip, was all he said—Smart Set."

The Kaiser's Indolent Talsman.

The emperor of Germany is always meeting with accidents, although on the middle finger of his left hand he wears a famous talsman which for centuries has been credited with a supernatural power to protect the wearer from evil and injury of all kinds. It is a dark colored, square-shaped stone, set in a massive gold ring, and originally belonged to Saladin, from whom it was captured by German knights under the walls of Jerusalem during the crusades. It afterward came into the possession of Ulrich, the margrave of Nuremberg, who was the founder of the Hohenzollern family. This ring has been passed from generation to generation, one of the most highly prized and interesting heirlooms of the dynasty, but the kings of Prussia of late generations have seldom worn it until it was inherited by the present Kaiser. It is a matter of discussion whether he wears it from superstition of ordinary interest. It has never left his finger since he came to the throne, although by this time he must have lost confidence in the protective power of the jewel.

Mrs. Newlands Improving.

Since the publication in a local contemporary of the serious and possibly fatal illness of the wife of Legal Adviser Newlands, now residing at her home in Regina, the many friends of the gentleman have besieged him with sympathetic inquiries and offers of condolence and it is a pleasure to record that Mrs. Newlands has so far recovered as to be out of danger with every indication of the recovery soon being complete. The attack of paralysis was suffered November 12, over a month ago, though Mr. Newlands did not receive the information by wire until four days later. At that time unless provided with wings it would have been well with a matter of utter impossibility to have gotten out of the country. Since then word has been received of the lady's continued improvement and there is now no need of any further apprehension.

Elia-Bell, told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing, I told her not to tell you I told her.

Elia—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.

CONSUELO TO CARRY MYRTLE

Early Life

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