

SOUR DOUGH HAS HIS SAY.

Chris Sonnickson Tells About Weather That Was Cold.

Too Many People Claim to Be Sour Doughs—Would Divide Klondikers Into Four Classes.

Dawson, Jan. 15.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—As it now appears that we may have a few days of cold weather, and as there has been a continuous dig at the old timers through the papers and by the chechakos about the cold weather of old, I hope that you will allow me space to say a few words in defense of the real sour dough.

First, let me say that very few people are entitled to be called sour dough—that word arose from the fact that everybody carried their sourdough pot, it being the only means of raising their bread. And I would suggest for future reference that we have four different classes in the Yukon history to date, as: Sour dough, baking powder, hop-yeaster and chechako. Sour dough to mean anybody here before the first A. C. Co. steamer Arctic was built; baking powder to mean from the Arctic's time to Circle City's boom, when we could get baking powder and salt; hop-yeasters to mean from Circle City to 1901, as in that time we could get all we wanted of all kinds; chechako to be from the first of the year.

I hope that you will all understand the above.

Knowing that cold weather would come sooner or later and convince the people that it does get cold here, I simply took my medicine and said nothing whenever I read the sour dough cold stories, intended more or less to slur and ridicule the old timers.

I have no use for cold weather, but have often wished that it would get sufficiently cold to freeze up the manufacturers of ice worms, liquid air, solid fire blazer, and though the public know generally that they are manufactured stories, they have to some extent an ill effect, and have made people believe that every year is like the last few years, and it does not get cold. It may be that if the present temperature holds for about two weeks some of them will freeze up.

It would be far better to believe that it does get cold and prepare accordingly, and then if you don't freeze you are no worse off; on the other hand, the idea that it does not get cold has already cost many people their lives.

You may hear every day people talk about how far they walked in such clothes, and did not feel cold, but let me advise them to consider that no one feels the actual effect of cold weather until about an hour after leaving your house, yourself and clothes are heated by the warmth of your cabin, and it takes a long time for it to leave. It is just the same as a stove heated. As the fire dies out the stove gets colder and colder and finally it is as cold as any other iron, and you should always prepare well for a long trip, for it is better to be a fool than to freeze.

In yesterday's paper it says that every sour dough admitted that colder weather was never known, but I venture to say that if my table of classes is used not a single sour dough was consulted on the matter, and I myself really look for colder weather. In the winter of '93-'94 it held a place between '77 and '79 for two solid weeks, and everything in sight froze up.

Pure pain killer has not been frozen at any time this winter and as that is a common occurrence in cold winters, we have certainly not seen the coldest by far. The winter of '86-'87 was awful cold, but as that was at a time when we had nothing accurate to measure the cold with we will pass that over.

Another newspaper filling is the quicksilver bullet. All I have to say on that matter is, that I have money to bet that quicksilver in this cold weather will freeze, and can be either hammered or cut bullet shape and fired out of a rifle, with the same effect as a leaden bullet, and as that is a fine way of cleaning a leaded rifle you will lose nothing in trying it.

While I am at it I will say a few words about the spring break up, which may be worthy for some people to consider. Generally the snow evaporates and the ice gets rotten before going out, and very little jamming occurs, owing to the ice being worn out, but in the spring of 1894 it kept cold, it was like an even struggle between frost and sun, for what frost did at night the sun had all it could do to undo it in the day time, and they kept that up to about the 18th of

May, and then it became so warm that the thermometer pointed to 70 and 80, with very little less at night, and the waters from the melting snow were pouring into the river from every bluff, bank or flat so fast that on the 22d the river was nearly bank full, and the water carried the solid ice like one body and striking and carrying all before it.

It ran for five days, off and on. Of course the longer the ice traveled the more broken up it was, and I believe that such another break-up would be very dangerous to the warehouses and steamboats in Dawson, for when the high water and the solid ice moving with it comes and acts together, it is hard to conceive the power it has and the damage it may do. It was that spring that cleaned some of the islands above White river of their timber, the ice going right over them and completely ruining their timber growth.

As a last I will say that if the conditions were as of old, that is if you wanted to get warmed when traveling, you could do so, but had to first make a place clear of snow, cut wood and start a fire yourself, instead of now going into warm houses every few miles, and even at this present moderate temperature and the large population, the fatalities by cold would be something fearful. Hoping that no fatalities will be reported, I remain,

CHRIS SONNICKSON.

"SPARTACUS."

The Author's Story of How He Came to Write It.

A writer in the Lewiston Journal who interviewed Rev. Elijah Kellogg says:

When asked if he had written any declamations besides "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Regulus to the Carthaginians," "Virginius to the Roman Army" and "Pericles to the People," he replied that he had written "Icelius," but that it had never been published. Then he asked the writer if he had ever heard how "Spartacus" came to be written, and when told that he had never heard an authentic statement concerning it Mr. Kellogg said:

"During my first year in Andover Theological seminary we were required to write original declamations and declaim them before an audience. A committee of three seniors criticised the speaker publicly, and Professor Parke performed the same duty privately. I always dreaded to face an audience and especially to be criticised publicly, and so I thought I would write something that would so interest them in the story of it that the critics would forget to notice the errors, and so I wrote "Spartacus." When I had finished declaiming it, the professor asked the committee if they had any suggestions to offer, and they said they had not, but Professor Parke told me privately that there were errors that might be mentioned, but that he was glad I had made a departure from the old custom of declaiming nothing but sermons and moral disquisitions and had given them some rhetoric."

So the author of "Spartacus" was the first declaimer of it. Little did he think that he was the first of thousands of academic and collegiate youths on both sides of the sea to recite a composition of so humble origin. This bit of literary history is precious as coming from the lips of this grand old man, and this interview will forever have a safe place in the treasure house of the writer's memory.

Rufus Choate's Bad Writing.

George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, was once called as a witness in a case in which Rufus Choate was engaged, and, being seised by the eminent counselor, was attracted by the notes which he had made of the evidence. After eying them with interest, he remarked that the writing reminded him of two autograph letters in his possession—one of Manuel the Great of Portugal (dated 1512) and the other of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain, written a few years earlier. (Any one who has glanced over these remarkable specimens of chirography will marvel that it was possible to make out a syllable of such illegible scrawls.)

"These letters," Mr. Ticknor assured Mr. Choate, "were written 350 years ago, and they strongly resemble your notes of the present trial."

Choate instantly replied, "Remarkable men, no doubt; they seem to have been much in advance of their time."—Caroline Ticknor in Truth.

THE PARACHUTE.

A Monk's Experiments in Air Flight in the Eleventh Century.

Credible accounts exist of an English Benedictine monk, Oliver of Malmesbury, in the eleventh century having tried to fly by precipitating himself from the height of a tower with the assistance of wings attached to his arms and his feet. It is said that having gone along a little way he fell and broke his legs. He attributed his accident to failure to provide his apparatus with a tail, which would have helped preserve his equilibrium and made his descent a gentler one.

In the sixteenth century Leonardo da Vinci first demonstrated that a bird, which is heavier than the air, sustains itself, advances in the air, by render-

ing the fluid denser where it passes than where it does not pass." In order to fly it has to fix its point of support on the air. Its wings in the descending stroke exert a pressure from above down, the reaction of which from below up forces the center of gravity of its body to ascend at each instant to the height at which the bird wishes to maintain it. Some sketches which have come down to us prove that Leonardo occupied himself, like Oliver of Malmesbury, with giving man the power to fly by the assistance of wings suitably fixed to the body.

We owe to Leonardo also the invention of the parachute, which he described in the following terms: "If a man had a pavilion each side of which was 15 braces wide and 12 braces high, he might cast himself from any height whatever without fear of danger." It may be said, too, of Leonardo da Vinci that he was the first to suggest the idea of the screw propeller.—Appleton's popular Magazine.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S LAST VERSES.

[Dictated on June 21, 1897.]
On the edge of the world I lie, I lie,
Happy and dying and dazed and poor,
Looking up from the vast great floor
Of the infinite world that rises above
To God and to faith and to love, love, love!
What words have I to that world to speak,
Old and weary and dazed and weak,
From the very low to the very high?
Only this, and this I say:
From the fresh green soil to the wide blue sky,
From greatness to weakness, life to death,
One God have we on whom to call,
One great bond from which none can fall;
Love below, which is life and breath,
And Love above, which sustaineth all.

QUEER WEDDING PRESENTS.

Gifts That Were Not Appreciated by Those Who Received Them.

Even at a marriage feast, as it seems, there will sometimes be the envious or the jealous or the malicious.

A well known author received from a rival man of letters a scrapbook containing a collection of all the adverse criticisms his works had ever received, while a popular artist was presented with a set of elementary works upon self instruction in drawing and painting.

Not long since a gentleman who is a passionate devotee of hunting received as a bridal gift from an anonymous donor a complete set of false limbs, a set of artificial teeth and a couple of glass eyes—the whole of which must have cost a considerable sum—accompanied by a note, the writer of which trusted that, by reason of the recipient's many falls while following the hounds, some of all of these substitutes would ultimately prove of use.

An elderly, crusty tradesman, on espousing a spinster of mature age, was presented by a London undertaker with two coffins for himself and wife, "which, unlike most of the other offerings you will receive, are sure to be of service." The bridegroom resented this singular if useful gift, and it took all the efforts of mutual friends to prevent a breach of the peace.

Equally vexatious was the gift received from his neighbors by an infirm octogenarian who wedded a pleasure loving woman more than 50 years his junior. It was a large brass cage, "intended," so ran the subscribers' note, "to restrain the wayward flights of a giddy young wife who has married a decrepit old fool for his money."

The husband of a lady whose great beauty hardly atoned for her sharp tongue found among his wedding presents a scold's bridle or branks, a gift from his wife's sisters, with the hope that, "if Kate makes your life as unbearable as she has made ours, you will not hesitate to put the accompanying offering to its original use."—London Answers.

Sweet and Low.

A young man named Sweet engaged to marry a young woman named Lowe. A few Sundays previous to the wedding the happy couple attended church together, and as they walked along the aisle the choir began singing the song "Sweet and Low," entirely unconscious of the musical pun that was being perpetrated. "And all this happened in a city in Michigan."—Choir Journal.

The Way to Success.

The Elderly Gentleman—The true secret of success is to find out what the people want.

The Younger Man—And give it to them, eh?

"Now, corner it."—Indianapolis Press.

A Brute.

The Father—You two had better have a quiet wedding.

The Lovers—Why?

The Father—There'll be noise enough and to spare after you're married.—Syracuse Herald.

Freighter Injured.

Frank Anderson, a Gold Run freighter, had one of his feet badly crushed yesterday by having it caught between a sled and a stump. A number of bones in the foot were broken. The injured man was in the employ of Chute & Wills.

Large Africans cigars at Rochester.

Fresh parsnips, carrots, beets, turnips. Meeker.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Hay and grain at Meeker's.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

CREEK NOTES.

Capt. Scarth and friends were guests at the Magnet last Sunday.

Many claims on Bonanza and Eldorado have closed down on account of the severe cold weather of the past three days.

Mr. Grant, of King Solomon's Hill, was taken to Grand Forks where he is confined to his room by sickness caused from overwork.

Mr. Geo. Archer, who is with Kinsey & Kinsey on Gold Hill, was laid up several days, being struck by rock falling from the roof of the mine while putting in points.

Mr. Tom McElroy, the genial mixologist and tussorial artist of the Magnet roadhouse, has been laid up the past two weeks with a severe attack of pneumonia.

Billy Leak, of 30 Eldorado, and his brother Chas. R., left Skagway on January 1 for Dawson on bicycles. The boys got as far as lower Leaburg where they abandoned their wheels and came by the C. D. stage, arriving at Dawson on the 12th inst.

Mr. J. H. R. Ketcheson, of Adams Hill, had a narrow escape last Tuesday. While working in the drift a large quantity of gravel suddenly dropped from the roof almost covering Mr. Ketcheson. He escaped with several severe bruises, which will lay him up for a week.

McArthur Bros. and Bishop purchased a claim on Gold Hill on the fifth tier last fall. It was generally supposed that nothing would be found so far back, but the boys went to work with a will and are now taking out good pay, \$2 to the bucket being an average. One half day's rocking produced \$84. We noticed a party sinking a shaft away back at the foothills last Thursday, and it is the belief of some of the miners on the hill that good pay will be found in places all over the hill.

John J. Peterson, windlass manipulator on r below on Last Chance, had one of his thumbs badly frozen on Monday, but was ignorant of its condition until after quitting work in the evening, he removed his glove, when the thumb was found to be solidly frozen. In thawing out it split open to the bone. It is thought amputation will be necessary, but in any event the unfortunate man is incapacitated from work the remainder of the winter.

Egyptian New Year.

The Egyptian year began with the rising of the star Sirius, and consisted of 365 days. There were 12 months of 30 days each, and at the close of the year five days were intercalated. All reckoning was by this year; the festivals were celebrated by it, and as a consequence, like the Roman festivals of later times, circled around from one season to another on account of the omission from the calendar of the quarter-day. Notwithstanding this omission the Egyptians seemed to have known that the addition of a quarter of a day each year was necessary in order to keep a correct measurement of time, which they called their "Sothiac cycle." This cycle was a period of 1461 vague or 1460 true years, and was called "Sothiac" because its beginning was fixed at a date when the dog star, known by the Egyptians as Sothis, rose with the sun on the 1st Thoth, which was the commencement of their year. This rising of Sirius and the sun on the 1st Thoth took place in the years B. C. 2782 and B. C. 1322 and also in 135 A. D.—Ex.

Canadian Briefs.

Montreal, Dec. 15.—James Robertson, president of James Robertson Co., Ltd., died this afternoon. He built up the firm which manufactures lead pipes and deals in heavy metals. It is the largest of its kind in Canada, with branches in five cities.

Vere Gould, whose wife conducts a dressmaking establishment, received word this morning that he had fallen heir to the title of baron and valuable estates in Ireland in the Killarney lakes region.

The jury today awarded \$3000 damages to A. W. Poole, against Henry Hogan, proprietor of the St. Lawrence hall. In October, 1899, Poole came to Montreal with Queen's University football team and stopped at the hotel. Going to his room one night he fell down the elevator shaft. The question turned out the fact as to whether the elevator door had been left open or if it had been closed and opened by Poole. The jury decided it had been left open, and assessed the damages at \$3000.

Work began today in the C. P. R. Co.'s Hochelaga shops on ten heavy consolidated engines, which will be put into service next year on the Northwestern divisions of the system. The speed and hauling capacity will be an increase of 45 per cent over the ordinary wheel locomotives.

Toronto, Dec. 19.—Mrs. Alice Evans widow of the late Ald. Evans, was run over by a trolley car at the corner of Queen and Peter streets this afternoon, dying from her injuries in an hour.

Ottawa, Dec. 19.—The governor general has accepted the invitation of the Toronto garrison to attend the banquet in honor of Col. Otter next week.

Quebec, Dec. 19.—Rene Dupont, colonization agent of the Lake St. John railway, says the Quebec government is

negotiating to bring out a big colony of Finns to settle in the Lake St. John district.

Clinton, Dec. 19.—A fire in Blyth destroyed Hamilton's drug store and fancy store, Canadian express and G. N. W. telegraph offices, Smith's jewelry store, furniture store and Mason's hotel.

Winnipeg, Dec. 19.—Premier Roblin announces today his intention of introducing at the next session of the Manitoba legislature, an act which would make the attendance at school of children between the ages of 6 and 1 compulsory.

Hard on the Old Man.

There are divers manners of forming resolutions for the new year that are always put into practice, and all have their devotees, even if the turning over of a brand new leaf only lasts a week. There is one system of starting the new year, however, that has lost at least one devotee for all time in New Orleans. About 2 o'clock last New Year's morning after the usual ushering in of the new year and as the family was about to retire, the head of the house told of an old custom that was in vogue when he was a boy. He explained that in his boyhood everybody would open the Bible at random on the first of the year and the first text his eye should rest on would be a guide for his conduct during the coming year. The custom found ready acceptance, and one young hopeful produced a Bible, and, letting it fall open, his fingers fell on the following text from Zachariah, chapter 1, 2: "The Lord hath been sore displeased with your fathers." It is needless to say that no other member of the family was coaxed to try the old custom.—New Orleans Time-Democrat.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

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