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# A Family Heirloom...

It was the Van Waggenmans who introduced Judith Tankerville to society, and she was so much of a favorite that in six weeks she counted up her friends by the score and not by the dozen. Her refinement, beauty, and experience—Miss Tankerville had them all. Money? Nobody knew, but the women made shrewd guesses when they recounted the splendor and rare splendor of the jewelry which she wore. At every ball or reception a different and more singular brooch or necklace was at her waistline, some odd, baroque piece was in her billowy black hair.

As for her antecedents, everybody knew what the Van Waggenmans knew about the Tankervilles were an old and distinguished family of high blood and big achievements. The Van Waggenmans had met Miss Judith at Florence and later in New York in the company of the "best people." The distinguished and foreign aristocracy of the society. She had the style Parisian, the English poise, the Dublin grace gave her inimitable tang to the music of her voice. The debutante evaded and imitated her amiable staidness and saw with eminent gratification that she eluded, though she could not discourage, the pursuit of the "eligible" young men. Her parents commended the brilliant temper and mingled discretion and timidity and "took her up," safe in the certainty that she was neither an all-out nor a fortune-teller. She became the "rage" among the men and the professed of the women—evaded in itself of a mastery diplomatically.

It was late in December at one of Mrs. Boyle's afternoons that Carrie Hunter Grant, widow of the millionaire coffee roaster, twitted her ladies about a "possible case" between Mrs. Boyle's elder brother and the Tankerville.

"To me he looks 'hit,'" whispered the widow affectionately. "When Mrs. Boyle appears he becomes distrustful, actually blushes. Just like a white-haired veteran like the night looking at sight of a girl."

"Carrie, Carrie, you invertebrate," sighed the hostess, "brother George will never marry again—arching her eyebrows knowingly. She knew that Mrs. Grant had her heart set on the rich widower."

"By the way," said Mrs. Grant, changing the topic, "did you notice that marvelous watch Miss Tankerville wears?"

"Which one? I've noticed that she wears a different watch every week or so."

"I mean that flat, antique thing encrusted with filigree. There never was anything like it on earth. I'm trying to know where she got it. If you get a chance ask her, will you, dear?"

It was almost dark when Mrs. Grant started for her carriage. In the vestibule she met Major Glendennin, Mrs. Boyle's brother, who passed under the lamp to greet her. Mrs. Boyle was at her shoulder, chatting, and both women stood to shake the old beau. Finally said the widow:

"Major, what time is it? I want to stop at Mrs. Herby's if I have time."

The major fumbled under his overcoat and pulled out his watch—a queer, outlandish flat one encrusted with amber filigree.

"What a queer watch," snapped the widow, laying her hand on Mrs. Boyle's arm, "why, it's something like the one Miss Tankerville wears."

Both women peered at the bauble, but it was jerked back into the major's pocket in a trice.

"Quarter past five," blurted the widower, flushing and bolting into the house. "Aha, my foxey major," giggled the widow, "what do you think of him now, Mrs. Boyle?"

The hostess laughed nervously, said "I can't believe it" and went in.

It was a week later that Major Glendennin gave a dinner at his club to ten of his old cronies. They were all old soldiers of war of finance; tall, gray old foxes of the fatherly sort, sleek, well-groomed men of fashion who "knew the world." Widowers and bachelors all of them who knew the Tankerville, all good friends of both and of each other. They had come to the coffee when Glendennin proposed a toast:

"To Judith Tankerville, who is to be my wife."

The applause which followed was instantaneous, but it came at last, faint, strong and hearty when they saw the major was not joking. Till then none knew the purpose of the little toast. Indeed, it was but one of many of the same kind, but Glendennin's announcement fell like a bomb among his chums. They rallied with tactful readiness and were chatting with cheers on their lips and wine glasses ready before their lips could see through the clouds of smoke above the table the looks of surprise, chagrin or mortification that were exchanged.

"You lucky old rascal," Colonel Henry was saying when the waiter handed, silver in hand and gave the major a sealed envelope.

The old fellow growled as he tore at the end, turned pale as an instant, stared in his white mustache and then blurted:

"What is it?"

# BUSY RAILROADS

## Unprecedented Year in Freight Hauling.

Toronto, Nov. 5.—Nothing like the present movement in freight has ever been experienced by the railroads in Canada. The freight business keeps up in an unprecedented manner, and the executive ability of the officials of the road, taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the traffic and supply the necessary cars to handle the stuff as it is offered, is yet unequal to the present emergency. This fall has especially been an exceptional one in this province, for while a large increase in business was confidently counted upon by the officials of the railroads their estimates fell far short of what has actually occurred, and even with the extra rolling stock that was ordered and supplied there is more freight offered in the province today than the railroads can promptly take care of.

Railroad men who have been spoken of to say that there is hardly one line of goods in which there has not been an increase this year. This increase is very general, but in merchandise and manufactures a notably larger business is noticed, and from Toronto particularly have the shipments grown to an extent not before known.

In spite of recent enlargements to their yards, both at York and in Toronto, the Grand Trunk is unable to keep abreast of the business, and there is today more or less congestion. There is not truck room nor room on the tracks to place all the cars, and while the Grand Trunk have secured the ground on which the old parliament buildings stood that space will not be available for some time yet, and in the meantime there is no let up in the volume of business. In this section of the province the Grand Trunk is handling from 250 to 300 cars more daily than a year ago. They have probably over the entire system quite 2,000 more cars to carry the freight than they had a year ago, and these are insufficient.

The increased business in the case of both the railway companies has led to a largely increased demand for labor, particularly for men in the yards to handle the freight. Men are in fact hard to get, and some railway officials say are harder to keep. They will work for a short time and then lay off for a while, engaging themselves again when they feel the need of work, and there are any number of men in the employ of the companies who have been engaged half a dozen times in the course of the past few months. The cartage companies have put on every man and team they can secure, and still there is the delay in the delivery. The wholesale trade, however, appears to appreciate the position of affairs, and the railway officials say the complaints of delay are not numerous.

All over the Canadian Pacific system the rolling stock in the past year has been increased by some 25 per cent., and the motive power about 35 per cent. The Canadian Pacific is also adding to its passenger stock, for it is in the market for bids for twenty first-class passenger coaches. It is the experience of both the railroads this year that they could turn out new rolling stock quicker than they could the motive power to haul the new cars, and it is probably a realization of this that caused the Canadian Pacific to place an order for locomotives in Scotland.

In view of the demand for cars both railroads are strictly enforcing the new per diem regulation by which other companies are charged for cars by the day instead of by the mileage hauled. Even with this, however, the railroads are very careful about letting their cars go out of their own territory for fear they will be stolen by some other company, while, of course, no car now goes in to the repair shop unless it is in such shape that it cannot possibly be used.

The C. P. R. is making application to the Railway Committee for authority to cross several streets in doubling their tracks north of the city from Avenue road to Springington avenue, near the Junction, in order to facilitate the handling of freight.

### Gen. Miles at Manila.

Manila, Oct. 31.—General Miles, who reached here yesterday on the United States transport Thomas, from San Francisco, disembarked at 10 o'clock this morning. General Miles and a squadron of cavalry met General Miles at the landing place in Manila, and escorted him to the Nacpac Palace, where Governor Taft and the other members of the civil commission awaited the visitors. The garrison in Manila will be reviewed by General Miles tomorrow. The general will then proceed to Baguayan. The general's plan for a tour of the archipelago has not been completed as yet.

"What in earth are you doing in here, Tommy?" asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the berth, where he had been coming for five minutes or more, accompanied by a loud snuffing of wings.

"I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this roster so his alarm won't go off before 7 o'clock tomorrow morning."—Chicago Tribune.

"Niobe" at Auditorium.

# The Portrait.

The servant who let him in was a little surprised when Mr. Sturtevant asked for Miss Olivia. He usually deliberative manner in which the young man asked to see the father instead of the daughter suggested to the quickwitted maid that Mr. Sturtevant's courtship of the heiress was about to be submitted to the final question of papa's permission.

But when Mr. Sturtevant, who was the embodiment of propriety and poise, came into the library and the presence of the irascible old banker, he quietly took the seat indicated, and without more ado and in a perfectly modulated voice, said:

"Mr. McChesney, I should apologize perhaps for seeming to meddle with what may be one of your family affairs, but your daughter, Miss Olivia—"

Here the old millionaire raised his eyebrows and tried to look pleased. Sturtevant was rich, a coming man in the street, and well, Olivia had been "out" four years, and her bills were beginning to "count."

"Miss Olivia," resumed Sturtevant, "is having her portrait done by this fellow, this painter, Arthur Cameron."

"So?" growled McChesney, disappointed at the trivial turn of the talk.

"She has been posing," I understand," said the young paragon with the suggestion of a sneer, "spending considerable time in Cameron's studio, and from what I know, the fellow is in love with her. He—"

"What!" gasped the old man, dropping his paper and waddling over to shut the door.

"Of course, I know Miss Olivia is too sensible to permit or encourage such a ridiculous attachment, but—"

"But what? What do you know?"

"Yes, that's it, he's talking about her. Calls her his 'Discontented Lady,' and, oh, I assure you, he displays the picture to his friends and raves about Miss Olivia quite impudently. I thought you ought to know. It's too bad, you know—"

"Too bad! It's a—outrage!"

"Is that all, Mr. Sturtevant? Well, it's enough. Thank you. Good evening."

The old man was in a rage and his mind was made up. The next morning, without a word to his wife or Olivia, he went to Cameron's studio with:

"Are you painting my daughter's likeness? I'm McChesney, Horace McChesney, banker."

"Oh, yes," smiled the artist, wiping his daubed hands on an empty towel. "Come in. Sit here. That's it. You'd like to see it?"

The artist washed his hands, slipped on his pocket, and unveiled the picture. It was a full length picture of a woman, regally clad, bejeweled

# like a queen, perfectly disposed and masterfully done; but the woman's face was vocal of a querulous discontent that clouded its beauty and overshadowed and even marred each line of its features.

Cameron paused, looking narrowly at his model's father. The old man looked at the picture angrily, then a queer grin overspread his face. He looked at the painter and said:

"You don't call that a likeness of my daughter, do you? You do? Well, it ain't no more like her than Lillian Russell or Carrie Nation. How much are you asking for it? Three hundred dollars?"

Here the old fellow nearly had a fit, so loud, so immoderately he laughed. "Why, I wouldn't give you \$10 for it! Livvy never had any clothes like them, never had half as many diamonds! That freak of yours looks like she had a pain somewhere. Ha, ha, hi, yi, oh! what a freak!"

The artist drew on the curtain and sat down a bit disconcerted but smiling, too.

"So you don't like it, sir?"

"Like it! Why, I wouldn't have it. Not that I'd see you lose any money by it. Let's see, is it done? Well, I'll give you, say \$50; for what you've done and—"

"And the picture?"

"Oh, keep the dang thing if you want it! You can hang it up in State street if you ain't ashamed of it. You can use it for a cigarette ad. Only don't put Olivia's name on it. Nobody'll ever know it's her unless you tell 'em. But mind (counting out \$50) don't you go blabbing my daughter's name around like you was a friend of hers. That's what I won't stand. Here—"

"Thank you," said Cameron, turning red, but with a look of delight in his eyes as he pushed away the money. "I don't want any more, Mr. McChesney. I'm quite satisfied to own the picture. I think a lot of it."

"See here, young man," said the old fellow, almost gently, "you ain't gone on my daughter, are you?"

"Gone? You mean in love? Oh, no! No, indeed! I never thought of her in that sense. I just like the picture. You see, it's altogether the best thing I ever did—"

"And you won't take the fifty?"

"No, indeed. I am already indebted to—that is, it has been a great delight to me to have painted such a picture. I—good-by, sir!"

When McChesney was in his carriage lumbering toward the bank he was still puzzled over the artist.

"I guess they're all dippy like that," he murmured, "but overlooking fifty ready money! He must be an out and out lunatic."

That evening Miss Olivia heard all about her father's visit to the studio. A strange, smoldering light came into her black eyes as she heard him tell the story at dinner.

# But she said nothing, never flinched till she had gone to her room.

"Poor Arthur!" she murmured, the tears coming so fast she could hardly see herself in the mirror as she strove to fix her tumbled hair. "I'll show him that we are not all ignorant, grasping vulgarians. I'll show him that I am not proud."

She put on her hat with trembling feverish hands, and left the house. A light, ruddy and dim, was burning in Arthur Cameron's studio when Miss Olivia McChesney came tiptoeing to his door. She heard voices within. One was a woman's. The door was ajar, for it was a warm autumn night, and across the entrance inside was a bamboo screen draped with silks, which rustled and swayed in the light breeze. She stood behind that and heard Cameron say:

"It's a goddess for us, Kate. The old gentleman actually thought I was in love with his daughter. He could not understand that I was only delighted, fascinated, enraptured with the creature of my brush and colors. Now, if we're lucky, I'll never have to do another portrait. Still, I was fortunate to have such a model, wasn't I, Kate? Did you ever see such a perfect illustration of fretful, nagging, envious discontent upon the face of a woman who might be beautiful if she were only happy? And I caught the very spirit of her, didn't I, Kate?"

"Yes, dear," a soft voice said, "it is perfect. Van Vliet told me this morning that he could get a thousand for it and no commissions. I'd take it, Arthur. We've been married six months, and I'm tired boarding—"

They did not hear the retreating footsteps in the hall; stealthy, hesitating, hopeless footfalls which never came back—John H. Rafferty in Chicago Record-Herald.

### Emigrants Inspected

London, Oct. 31.—In regard to the charges contained in the report of United States Special Immigrant Inspector Watchorn, on emigration to the United States by way of Canada, dated Paris, France, August 22, in which it is said that Europeans who obviously are ineligible enter the United States by that route, a representative of the Associated Press—"It is a remarkable charge, which, I am quite sure, is greatly exaggerated. I cannot say anything in regard to emigration conditions on the continent, but I know that all our emigrant passengers are inspected at the Liverpool dock by board of trade physicians, who see that they comply with the Canadian law. Whether one or two undesirable occasionally slip through I am sure I cannot say, but when the board of trade here certifies to any emigrant's fitness our responsibility is ended."

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