

WHY BILL CEASED DRINKING

He Had Every Reason for Thinking He Had 'Em

But It Was All Owing to a Swollen Floor He Is Now a Teetotaler and Will Remain One.

Talking about temperance, said the man with the gray streaks in his stubby beard, "makes me think of my brother Bill. Bill's been drinking pretty hard during the past year or so, and I've worried about him a good deal. You see, he's in the promoting business. He gets hold of certain projects and tries to push them. Well, when he finds a man with money and an inclination to jive it, Bill comes the good fellow racket. Before he tries to do any promoting he invites the man to dinner and orders up a couple of cocktails and then a bottle or two, and from that you know how it goes. There seems to be a tradition among promoters that you can't promote until both the promoter and the promotee are just about so far gone. This sort of business demoralized Bill at last, and he got so he was half drunk nearly all the time, whether he was promoting or not.

"We have a room at home that we keep always at Bill's disposal. He's a bachelor himself, and when he's in town he likes to hang around our house more or less, and of course we like to have him. Last spring we had a nice new hard maple floor put in Bill's room, which is located in a wing of the house away off by itself. It's been unusually damp around here this summer, and that floor swelled so that you could hardly see where the joints were. "The other night, just after the cold wave struck us, Bill came out, bringing with him the fag end of what had been a good sized jag. I had had a little fire built in the furnace during the afternoon so as to take the chill off, and when we got ready to go to bed it was quite comfortable.

"Along in the night some time Bill woke up. At first, as he told me afterward, he thought he was on a ship out at sea and that the thing was going in pieces in a storm. He could hear the decks creaking and the joints cracking. Then as he got to remembering where he was it struck him that there were spooks in the room. He remembered that the wife of the man who had lived there before we took the house had died suddenly and rather mysteriously. She had quarreled with her mother-in-law, and it was suspected that she had committed suicide. It seemed to Bill that he remembered to have heard, too, that the corpse was found in that very room. I'm telling the story as Bill related it to me afterward.

"He lay there and listened and felt a cold dampness on his forehead. There was a sudden, sharp crack over by the window. Then there was another under the bed. Then there were two creaks near the window, immediately followed by two more under the bed. It seemed as if the spirits were talking to each other by cracking and rapping sharply. Mingled with the cracks and raps that came from every part of the room were long creaking noises that to Bill's muddled mind became the shrieking and groaning of lost souls.

"I don't know what time it was when he was aroused, but I found him sitting out in the hall shivering when I got up in the morning, and for a minute I thought myself that there was a ghost in the house. He hadn't stopped to get his clothes, but had bolted in his nightshirt, and his face was as white as chalk. When he saw me, he jumped up, ran to me, grabbed me by the hand and with tears in his eyes said:

"Come on into your den. You're a notary public. I want you to take a pledge for me to sign. I'm never going to drink another drop as long as I live."

"I made out the pledge, and today Bill's a nobler, better man. I haven't said anything to him about the furnace and the swelling in the new floor, and I guess it'll be just as well not to."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Pan-African Venture.
New York, Nov. 23.—The adventure of Booker T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Africa, took practical shape today in the sailing of a party of students equipped with cotton, plows, gins, wagons and carpentry tools, for the new fields in Africa, chosen for the experiment of introducing cotton among the natives in the German colony on the west coast of Africa.

The company has a contract with the German government, which pays all expenses of the expedition and a good salary to each man. The expedition is regarded as the beginning of a formidable competition with America in the cotton raising industry. German agents assert that sections of the African colony can produce a quality of cotton equal to that raised in the Southern states of America when the industry is understood by the natives, at a small expense. Mr. Washington regards the expedition as one of the most important movements for the negro since the abolition of slavery and he predicts success for the German plan.

What He Saved.
"A little over four years ago," said Smithson, "I made up my mind that I was smoking too much. It didn't seem to affect my health in the least, but I thought it was a foolish waste of money, and I decided to give it up."

"A very sensible idea, indeed," remarked Brownlow.
"So I thought at the time. I figured out as closely as I could how much I had been spending each day for cigars and tobacco. That sum I set aside each day, and started a banking account with it. I wanted to be able to show just exactly how much I had saved by not smoking."

"And how did it work?" inquired Brownlow.

"At the end of 12 months I found that I had \$55 in the bank."

"Good! Could you lend me?"

"And a few days later," interrupted Smithson, "last Thursday, in fact—the bank failed. You haven't got a cigar about you, have you?"—London Tit-Bits.

Boys Return From War.
San Francisco, Dec. 2.—Three little regimental mascots were involuntarily passengers from Manila on the transport Thomas. They were Fred Seagelstell, aged 13, from Cleveland, O., who went out with the Thirteenth infantry; John Wolfing, aged 9, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Sam Carter, a 16-year-old colored boy, who claimed "de Souf"

at his home. Seagelstell distinguished himself in the Philippines by capturing a Filipino soldier and by being himself captured before he could land the Filipino with the American lines.

While scouring around on his own account at Lipa, the little fellow came upon a stray Filipino, whom he took into custody at the point of a gun. He was on his way to camp with his prisoner when a band of Filipinos took him in. Beyond relieving him of his shoes and hat, the Filipinos treated him kindly, and in a few days later turned him over to the Americans.

Little Wolfing and Seagelstell, together, planned to go into the interior, regardless of war, and after procuring a team of horses, had started on their trip when the American officers took them in charge at Calamba and sent them back to Manila.

Struck the Wrong Man.

Kansas City, Dec. 4.—Two footpads tried to hold up John Halpin, inspector of detectives, the second officer in command of the police department of this city, tonight. Halpin refused to obey the command to throw up his hands, and one of the robbers snapped a revolver in the detective's face. The revolver missed fire, and the men became alarmed and ran, with Halpin in pursuit. He fired four shots after them, wounding one of them. The wounded man escaped, but the other, who gave his name as J. T. Garald, of Redwood City, Cal., was captured.

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Hay and oats at Meeker's.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken

up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.
(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.
Dated at Dawson this 14th day of December, 1900.

Celery at Meeker's.

Case goods all descriptions for the holidays at the Pioneer.

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