A Yukon Song.

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 Brittania" 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 nom 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.

SOME FABLES BY GEORGE ADE

The Young Married Man Who Made Things Smoke

And His Wife's Terrible LarK at the Same Time—We See It on All Sides Every Day.

A young couple sat and looked dearingly at each other for the first months of the life sentence and finally it became rather trying on the man. Therefore he was glad to be allowed away for a couple of days. It was his first vacation since leasing the flat, and he sent word to some of his former running mates to meet him on the train, as he could transact his business in about 20 minutes, after which he would remove his bridle and begin to burn holes in the track.

They knew just what would appeal to a quiet home body, 400 miles from his own fireside. They took him in town and gave him a square meal every hour. Then they stood him for a shower bath and turned the whole wine card on him. He played pool until he was chalked all in and then he played poker until he had to see if the ante was there. The clerk at the hotel saw him twice once when he registered and once when he came to get his baggage. He went into a sleeper and told the porter to make up berths until ordered to stop. In the morning when he woke with a head of seven gables, he reached for his promo, he realized that he had enjoyed himself.

While he was away, working a combination of business and recreation, the wife went on a regular lark. She had in a former chum and they dressed out in their circus gowns and followed up pine apple soda regardless. They took in a matinee where the leading man looked right at them occasionally and then they ate marshmallows all the way home. They sat on old wrappers and cooked something in a chafing dish, and the chum brought out some of her preservatives and read them and then they turned in together and giggled half the night.

And, fortunately, the husband never found out how she had carried on. Moral: The reaction is something terrible.

* * *

Once there was a vacancy in the diplomatic service and a certain congressman recommended a friend for the place. Another statement of the same caliber came to him and said: "You have made an offer. Your candidate for the job seems to be in the saloon business." Asked the congressman: "That is why I am plugging for him. He has been tried out. I claim that he is but a diplomat of the first class. He can be a successful barkeep, and I know it! He has to discuss politics, religion, pugilism, race horse, drama, medical science, seven-up, weather, the Isthmian canal, recipes, and other topics with dozens of customers every day, holding up his end of the conversation, but answering no man's views. He must be oil on the troubled waters, distribute, pacify the guy who is looking to be insulted, and reconcile old men who are getting ready to fight. He must look pleasant when the slot machine sticks the house for a quart. When an all-night session has his hat on one ear comes in and sits on the bar and announces that he is a gentleman, the barkeep must think that such is the case. He must listen by the hour to the yammering of the gabby light weights who reek of balloon essence and stand ready to corroborate any statement made by a regular patron. If he is asked to mark something on the ice for the next time, he must decide at once whether he is to say 'cert' or 'sign' for the Seltzer. He must have a knowledge of human nature so that he can tell at a glance whether the fuzzy hat who cuts a dozen lemons goes to the rail, is a hobo or a respected citizen who is out on a periodical. For him, life is a series of perplexing problems, a delicate manipulation of alcoholic fancies, a constant effort to keep square with both political parties, the police and the wine agents. For any man who can swing such complicated propositions, the ordinary duties of a diplomat would be as simple as jack straws. What we need in the diplomatic service is, fewer country politicians and more barkeeps."

Moral: It is useless to contradict a congressman who has studied a subject for years.

* * *

Several kind workers pooled efforts to insure the waifs a happy holiday. They rounded up the little Hickeys at a Mission and gave them a free show. Every Swipes in the place was a Monday night gallery god, so the church talent was going against a knowing proposition.

A pale young man with amber fire-escapes sprang a line of parlor magic that would have queered even a supper show. The bunch advised him to back off the dump. When a young lady with glasses tackled "Stabat Mater" on the violin, they broke her up with cat-calls and told her to tear off some rag-time. They belated at the amateur elocutionist and acted rowdy when a stout woman got up to read a fairy tale from Hans Christian Andersen. Then they began to yell for Mulligan and Hicks to come on and save the show. Whereupon two pug-faced kids came forward and did a Hottentot song and dance with a buck and wing finish and killed them dead.

Moral: The waifs cannot be expected to lift themselves many notches above the public taste.

* * *

A kind of a rough carpenter in the verse line one day held his head with his left hand while with the free wing he carved the following out of a solid block of the English language, using a fountain pen.

It was sentimental song entitled "Oh!" When he had it done on both sides, he read it over and admitted that it was exceedingly Ka-tish. It seemed to him that Harry B. Smith would have to use a want ad to recover his laurels and the private muse of W. S. Gilbert would be awful jealous. The little thing that he wrote right out of his head ran as follows:

Oh! gentle maid with eyes so blue,
Oh! glances so alluring.
Oh! constant be and ever true,
When I am far away.
Oh! mild coquette with dimples rare,
Oh! love will be enduring.
Oh! say that others you'll forswear
And name the happy day.

It was such a neat thing to be done by hand that he took it to a friend who worked in a music store, and had it measured for an air. Then they had the ditty printed in sheet form with a cover in two colors. They used to sit around for hours and sing it and pelt each other with bouquets.

The composer knew an incipient Melba who was about to spring on the public, as soon as the public wasn't looking. She had a voice that had been gone over and sandpapered by a Dagolini and she promised to sing it at a church musicale.

It was a large crimson night for ye author when he went up to the church parlors to hear his work translated into soprano. He shook like a dice-box while waiting for his number to be called. At last she floated to the foot-lights. She wore a gown that cost 250 cart-wheels, but she never earned the mon by singing. Her voice wouldn't go as far as that. The accompanist jockeyed for awhile on the piano and then Emma Eames No. 2 got rid of the following:

Aw-w! Gen-haw may wee hisaw htaw.
Aw-w! Glons saw-saw Ol-loo-hoo;
Aw-w! Caw-stawbaw aw aw haw
traw
When hi om foh ah-wah.
Aw-w! Mi ho-hette wih dip-puls raw
Aw-w! Law waw be eh-daw-haw.
Aw-w! Hay—

Just then there was a shriek and an author in a new suit of evening clothes was discovered writhing on the floor, trying to bite the legs off the chairs.

Moral: Never allow any one else to use your private masterpieces.

* * *

A young man who was jimming around in society learned that among the women of his acquaintance the olive stuffed with red peppers was more popular than the gum-drop. Up to that time he had been dealing in gum-drops. He had worked along on the theory that my Lady Isabelle hankered for nothing but sugaf-coated compliments. All the other young fellows followed the same method. If their conversation had been set to music, they could have done it as a chorus.

He broke away and played the candid friend game. Instead of praising her costume he would tell her on the Q. T., that some other color was more becoming. He would deliberately pick a quarrel so as to have a warm little tiff and a reconciliation. They began to be afraid of him, and they paid more attention to him. When he did yield a point and bestow a smile of praise, the lady knew it was sincere. In the meantime all the boys in the second division could not understand why the women took such an interest in one who was given to sour comments. They never seemed to grasp the fact that the olive stuffed with red peppers is an antidote for gum drops.

Moral: Even sincerity becomes monotonous when made a regular diet.

GEO. ADE.

DESERTERS THE CAUSE

Of All the Trouble Now on in the Philippines.

Washington, Dec. 2.—According to Manila newspapers, copies of which have been received at the war department, the massacre of Company C, Ninth infantry, at Balangiga, Samar, was planned by deserters from the American army. The newspapers state that two such deserters are known to have acted as spies two days before the massacre. It is said that when the First infantry was relieved by the Ninth, on the island of Samar, these deserters obtained some uniforms which got adrift during the transfer, and thus equipped, passed as American regulars.

Deserters in Samar are becoming very bold, it is said, and it is not an infrequent sight to find notices written in English posted on trees and shrubbery, inviting Americans to join the insurgents and instructing them how to enlist. It is also said to be a generally understood fact that deserters from the Ninth cavalry (colored) are responsible for all the trouble the American troops have been having in the Batangas province. It is said that deserters from this regiment led the fight near Lipa in July, in which Capt. Wilhelm and Lieut. Ramsay, Twenty-first infantry, and Lieut Lee, of the engineers, were killed. Gen. Smith, in Samar, and the Twentieth infantry in Batangas, are said to be hot on the trail of the deserters.

Men's Weak Streak.

When a trusted agent or employe has a weak streak in his character and it reveals itself, he need but take to liquor and a great many will blame the drink and not the yellow streak in the fiber of the man. Quite a few people seek to hide their deficiencies behind the wine-cup; in quite a few cases men drink because they are beaten, not beaten because they drink. Perhaps the old sympathy is not extended to those who drink to excess, but even yet there are too many who are ready to excuse the failing.

The cigarette should not be allowed to distinguish itself as a cause of crime. The youth in the penitentiary should not be encouraged because he smoked, for thereby he releases himself from responsibility, he having begun to smoke with no criminal intent. Society should be careful not to provide excuses for those who have a tendency to "go to the dogs" or to dabble in crime.

THE GENTLE HAND OF WOMAN

Was Appreciated in Early California Days

Mission of Louise and How She Remembered the Kindness to Her of Tom Lantass.

Oh, woman! in her hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please.
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou."

The rainy season in the mines of California had set in in good earnest, and for three days and nights the rain had fallen in torrents, in sheets, in masses, and every manner in which one would be worse than the preceding, and the wind had blown in gusts, in whirls, and in steady violence, ceasing at times only to commence with greater fury.

The entire region was getting under water, the streams were over their banks, and mostly unfavorable, and roads and trails washed out, and otherwise impassable from trees blown over and across them. Would it never cease raining and blowing?

And yet it was what the men in camp had been waiting and wishing for all the long, dry season, and those who were gathered in Logan & Thompson's store and the hotel, near the close of the third day, were all glad to know that the miner's blessing, plenty of water, could now be had to work their claims, and fill their buckskin purses with golddust, and square accounts at store and bar.

They were about to separate and go to their cabins for the night, seeing there was no prospect of the mail-carrier getting in, and Jack Hamilton—"allowed": "No one could tramp in such a d—n storm as this."

However, he was mistaken, as just then was dimly seen coming along the trail from the coast town of Crescent City, a train of three mules, and when nearer, could be discovered on the first, a Mexican, soaked with rain and bent with fatigue, and on the second, as it came into the light of the blazing fire streaming through the open door of the hotel, a woman and Jack Hamilton, always gallant, going toward her, said in a tone, of surprise, "Louis Dupee, by ——!"

"Yes; it is Louise, and you just take me off this animal right away quick! and carry me in by the fire," she answered. "Oh! how good it looks! and don't you hug me before all these men, either." And to the Mexican, "Domingo! Domingo! wake up! Do you want some brandy?" then addressing the bystanders: "Help him take care of the animals, some of you men, he is nearly finished."

Domingo groaned, but made out to roll off his mule, and Jack, lifting Louise io his brawny arms, set her down by the fire, where she went in a heap on the floor, saying:

"This lets me out!" and throwing off her hood showed a face still attractive, and hair dark and abundant, though wet and dripping.

"Oh! dear! I am so tired, and I thought for sure I was a goner at the ford, a mile or so back, as the mule stumbled and threw me in the river, but I caught the stirrup and was dragged out, and here I am.

"What are all you men staring at, anyhow? Didn't you ever see a woman before? I know you have. You have all seen me, except sober-face there!" meaning the minister, "and likely he will next time he comes to town. Oh! don't be scared, I won't hurt you a little bit. Give me something hot and strong, I am so wet and cold. And George Logan, get me a suit of your clothes to wear while mine are drying, and I will play Rosalind awhile. You know who she is, going in the woods after Orlando, but I never had to go in the woods after a man, did I Jack? But I saw the play once, in New Orleans, before I was a fool!

"What am I here for? Why, Domingo came over the range with his mule train from Galice Creek, just before the storm came on and told me Tom Lantass was laid up in his cabin, badly hurt by a lot of stones and earth falling on him in his mining claim, and no one to care for him. Now Tom has been mighty good to me, and given me many an ounce of dust, so I made Domingo, whom I once got out of the hands of the Sheriff, a friend of mine, when he had been using his knife on one of his countrymen, take three mules and load them with a mattress and other things to make Tom comfortable, and we started, and I am going to take care of him as long as he needs me.

"Come George! hurry up with those clothes, and you men better be going, as Domingo and I are to camp right here, and start at daylight, and I hope Le Bon Dieu will give us fine weather for the rest of our trip.

"So, adios! adios! and if I send word, I want you to come and help me." She did not say what, but we knew what she meant, and left for our cabins.

Jack and I went together, as our cabins were near, and before we crossed the low divide on our trail the rain ceased, the wind went down, except a low moaning in the treetops, and the full moon arose over old Gray Back serene and beautiful among the stars.

When we reached the top of the divide Jack took off his hat reverently and said:

"Thank God! Louise will have her wish; the weather will be fair tomorrow."

The next morning when I looked from my cabin door I saw them going along the trail toward their destination and she waved her hand in good-by to me.

Two days afterward Domingo came with a note saying:

"Tom has passed in his last chip and now has a cold deck. Come and help me. LOUISE."

So Jack Hamilton, Bill Williams, "Cribbage" Dick and I went and found Tom lying dead in his cabin, calm and peaceful as though in his mother's house in Virginia, and as Louise and Domingo were Catholics, emblems of their faith were visible in lighted candles and a rude cross of fragrant white cedar on his breast.

We dug a grave with his own pick and shovel and laid him to rest at the foot of a large sugar-pine, then returned to our own camp and Louise to Crescent City, and here the curtain falls.—Ex.

Trippy's Many Troubles.

After being brought all the way from Skagway on the charge of being violently insane Antonio Trippy was released from the city jail last night and is now in the care of a brother who resides in Seattle. The order for his release was signed by Deputy United States Marshal Staley, of Juneau, who brought him south. Trippy's friends state that he is not unbalanced mentally, but that his peculiar actions are due to confinement in the Skagway jail.

Trippy was brought to Seattle yesterday on the steamer Alki, in care of Staley and J. M. Tanner, a former deputy at Skagway. On account of his reputation he was guarded at first by two men at police headquarters.

An interesting story lies behind Trippy's incarceration. He became insane, it is alleged, in the Klondike and it is charged that the territorial authorities, in order to get rid of the man, purchased a ticket for him to the international boundary. He was put in prison at Skagway, where it is said he attempted to set fire to his cell. It is alleged that on the trip down he made the voyage lively for all concerned.

Trippy is said to labor under the hallucination that some one is trying to take his life. His alleged insanity it was stated was caused by his witnessing a murder in Alaska. Later it was claimed that he lost $3,000 gambling.

Trippy is well known in Seattle. At one time he sold fruits on the street and was known as "Galdebolda." With another man he took several hundred head of cattle to Alaska, where all his troubles seem to have had their inception.—P. I., Dec. 3.

Operatic Society.

Indications go to show that the meeting to be held at the old Presbyterian church this evening for the purpose of organizing an amateur operatic society, will be largely attended. So as not to clash with the entertainment at the Pioneer hall, Mr. Scarelle wished us to ask all who purpose attending the meeting to be there at 7:30 p. m. sharp. He also desires us to state that he hopes all the amateur vocal talent in Dawson will be present, whether an invitation has been received or not.

Pugilist Dies of Injuries.

New York, Dec. 2.—August Reiniger, the pugilist known as "Dutch," who was severely beaten in a fight with James Driscoll, at the Aurora Athletic Club, in this city last Friday night, died from his injuries today. Driscoll is under arrest and will be held pending the outcome of the coroner's investigation.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

GOLD NUGGETS FOR DESERT

Costly Banquet Served by Nome Mining Magnates.

A dinner was given in the mess house of the Pioneer Mining Company at Nome on September 30th, by Eugene Chilberg of Seattle and C. L. Johnson, both largely interested in the company, which is said to be the most expensive single course dinner ever given on American soil.

The guests were Judge James Wickersham, Capt. I. N. Hibbard, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Milligan, Senator W. R. Forrest, Ira D. Orton, Lewis Garrison and Walter H. Soderberg.

After a dinner that would have been a credit to a metropolitan cafe, Mr. Soderberg passed as dessert undoubtedly the most unique dish ever offered. It was a platter of virgin gold, the centre piece of which was the largest nugget Alaska has ever produced. The dust surrounding the nugget was the result of the last clean up in the Hot Air mine owned by the company. The platter contained over $2,100 worth of gold dust and small nuggets, and the center piece brought the value of the dish up to $3,800. The nugget was found the day before the dinner on Discovery claim on Anvil. The weight is slightly over 108 ounces and the value is estimated at $1,728.

The platter was passed from guest to guest at the close of the dinner and each selected a choice nugget as a souvenir of the novel spread.—Ex.

Great Northern Reports.

St. Paul, Dec. 2.—Copies of the annual report of the Great Northern railway, filed with the state railroad and warehouse commission, according to a state law, were forwarded to the attorney general today with the request of the commissioners that he bring an action to compel the company to furnish reports showing operations in Minnesota for the last fiscal year upon a mileage basis.

The Great Northern for several years has not furnished this information, inserting in the reports the statement:

"This company has abandoned as impracticable and misleading the plan of making divisions on interstate earnings between the states through which the system runs, and cannot, therefore, give figures purporting to show earnings in Minnesota from such traffic."

Tables were given showing business purely local to the state.

It is asserted by the commissioners that the refusal to furnish figures on Minnesota's proportion of interstate traffic reduces the apparent earnings for the last fiscal year from a figure in excess of $19,000,000 to $4,847,382.

In Cape Colony.

New York, Dec. 2.—The correspondent of the London Times and New York Times at Pretoria says there are thirteen Boer commandos, with a total force of 1,500 men, in the western districts of Cape Colony, where the configuration of the country, the scarcity of water and the distance from the railways make the capture of the burghers difficult.

There are seven commando in Calvania district, two in South Southerland, three in Northeast Piquetberg and one in Clan William. Gen. French is operating with eight columns in the south and east of these districts, but there is nothing to prevent the Boers escaping north, where they cannot be followed indefinitely.

Once the line from Beaufort west to Clan William is secured with block houses, says the correspondent, the fugitive commandos can be dealt with in detail at leisure. The distance from Beaufort west to Clan William, 650 miles, gives a small idea of the difficulties of this task.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Marsh in Montana.

Ole Marsh the wrestler writes from Kalispel, Montana, to John Mulligan of this city, that he (Marsh) is in training for a meet on the mat with Jim O'Neill the champion wrestler of Montana.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Teasets, 15c up; dolls, 35c up; games, 25c up; 100 different articles in toys at 25 and 50c. See Smith before you buy, 111 King street, opp. N. C. office building.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Glace fruits at Gandolo's.

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SOCIETIES.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.
C. H. WELLS, W. M.
J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

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