

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 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.



THE STERNER and Thursday Night...  
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VER!...  
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TIES.  
COMMUNICATION OF 70, A. F. & A. M. Temple Hall, Mission Street, Dawson, Saturday or by mail to W. M. DONALD, Secy.  
ODGE LINE  
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SERVICE  
9:00 A. M. 8:30 A. M.  
HOTEL McDONALD  
Wheat Biscuit 5c  
NHAM'S GROCER 5c and 5th St.

**CAREER STEEPED IN CRIME**

Alph E. Cummings, Local Actor Has Murdered Thousands.

During Six Years of His Life He Killed From 50 to 100 Persons Every Week - Strangled Babies.

Alph E. Cummings, the popular stage actor of the Bitterroot territory, is not yet 30 years old, but during six years of successful stage villainy he has already slain his young life with a score of crimes at which the imagination shudders. It was only by the strenuous effort and the sacrifice of a narrative engagement that he is able to reform and become a citizen here.

"I look back at that period of my career with remorse," said Mr. Cummings yesterday to a Herald reporter, "but still I cannot feel feeling a pride in my criminal record, and I believe, has been seldom seen. During my six years of crime I have killed no less than 50 men, women and children, and exactly \$17,398,235.02 in cash, gold mines and other things of that sort. For six years I lived by mad career of crime. My police were powerless to check it. I was in a week and at the two times I made strenuous and successful efforts to exhaust the penal code. Every conceivable crime from larceny up to bank robbery, from homicide down to child beating, and my nightly amusements. I did everything wicked but bite not that my bloodthirsty nature led at that form of felony, but my playrights, for some reason, they lines consisted chiefly of "Revenge," with a roll of "Will come," etc., and I nearly bit my teeth by constantly grinding them. I passed my life with robbing defenseless widows of their estates and stealing valuable watches with large red seals on them. I paid old gentlemen, sending my hussies to the lunatic asylum and poisoning innocent babes, and some brown-eyed heroes to the distraction, setting fire to some of the beautiful factory girls intended to marry me, chopping railroad bridges and stabbing other who were looking the other way at the time, but train-wrecking the murder of a faithful old woman was perhaps my favorite hobby habit crime. So faithful in this branch of my vocation that the stage locomotive would have to go to the round house, while I had to fall back on my beating in order to retain my favor. The worst of it was the faithful old switchman and his home mates, yet during a four weeks I butchered him sixteen times, eighteen evenings in succession. You see we ran the first railroad employee was killed then I maliciously and only three two trailloads of into a rocky gorge 2000 feet high. The hero got left at the last and the slaughter went to the. He arrived with some poison in his hand to capture me. The switchman was sand and placed under a trestle, and he was previously weakened, and he was ground to atoms except the hero, he was not on board. I saw through the eyes of pure."

"I delighted in exercising an evil influence over disolute characters. My faculties had been weakened by later. Then came a long siege of illness. Other managers, recognizing me as a villain, would not think of engaging me for anything else, until finally a road company came along and I secured an engagement as juvenile man with W. J. Scanlon, and among new faces I soon forgot my

**TO DEVELOP ELECTRICITY**

A Great Scheme Formulated by Captain Powers.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 5.—The invention of Captain Powers of this territory to utilize the speed of a vessel through the water to generate electric power, seems to be going ahead. A lay mind is convinced when talking to show the world that will make them stare. On the other hand, although many engineers have spoken approvingly of the invention, others have turned it down. Capt. Powers, however, is quite fair in the matter. He challenges any one in America to prove that his invention is not right.

The following is a description of the invention in his own words:

"Give a vessel passing through the water at ten knots an hour or seventeen feet per second, or 1013 feet per minute. She has a certain pressure on her bow and a small suction at the sides as possible and on floors so that they could be utilized for wing keels and make ends flush with outer plating and allow the water to pass freely through the open tubes, aided as it would be by the suction of the propeller; it would pass at about the rate of speed of the vessel itself. The friction in the tubes would be overcome by the suction.

"Then stop the tubes in the middle. The tubes being filled by a solid body of water which would form a cushion at the bow, while the water on the outside being unable to enter would follow the outline of the vessel and follow the outward motion. Now open the tubes and allow the water to pass through onto a turbine or other water wheel in the tubes at the full velocity that could be produced by the passage of the vessel through the water. (The pressure of the bow plates thrown on the turbine.) The wheel must rotate with great velocity and being connected with a generator would produce electricity. The electricity thus produced would not be applied directly, but would be stored and taken from here to any machine required.

"According to books on turbines, water at a speed of ten knots or seven cubic feet per second would pass 786 cubic feet of water through a 19-inch tube in a minute, and a turbine of the same diameter would also pass 782 cubic feet of water, giving 622 revolutions, 17 horse power, and a pressure equal to 60 feet head. It simply becomes a question of increased size of pipes and speed to produce the power of a Niagara. The above data is given for one tube and as two are required, one on each side of the ship, the power would be doubled. The momentum of a vessel under full steam must be considered and the vessel's weight. It must be also remembered that it is not the motion of the water in the tubes that carries the tubes through the water.

"Water issuing from a nozzle one and one-half inches in diameter at the rate of 1000 feet per minute would give force enough to kill a man at 100 feet. As ten knots represents a speed of flow of water of 1013 feet per minute, such an amount of water thrown into a turbine must produce a large amount of power. The claim is that the power is taken alone from the weight and momentum of the vessel."

Capt. Powers has taken out a patent for his invention in the United States but not in Canada. Several engineers of prominence here have pronounced Capt. Powers' scheme feasible but no money has been forthcoming for the purpose of making a thorough practical test.

Tops of all descriptions at Gan dolfo's.

**GREAT WEALTH OF THE EARTH**

Many Who Have Floated to Fortune on Oil.

Rockefeller Stands at the Head of List But There Are Many Others Who Have Made Fortunes.

"There are more millions in oil than have ever been got out of all the world's gold mines," is the startling assertion of Mr. John Rockefeller, who certainly knows more about the financial possibilities of oil than any other man living, and who owes probably \$20,000,000 of his colossal fortune to this source.

At a time when hundreds of men are floating to fortunes on oil it may be interesting to recall some of the early romances of this million-making industry.

Half a century ago a firm of New York druggists had discovered the medicinal virtues of certain mineral oil they found floating on the surface of a spring in Pennsylvania, which they used in the manufacture of a wonderful preparation known as "Mustang Liniment," but it was not until 1858, when the drug company had sold the property on which the spring was, that the world awoke suddenly to discover the fabulous riches that lay hidden in the oil-fields of Pennsylvania.

It was Colonel Drake who first tapped this inexhaustible reservoir of wealth when, in July, 1859, he put down the first drill, and after reaching a depth of 70 feet he gushed and delighted to see the oil spouting forth at the rate of hundreds of barrels a day, every barrel of which represented \$24.

The news of his good fortune spread all over the country with the rapidity of lightning, and the oil fever began to run riot in the veins of thousands. Men who had scarcely a penny in the world found themselves potential millionaires in a day, and land which one day could scarcely find a purchaser at a pound an acre could scarcely be bought the next for as much gold as would pave it.

One of the pioneer millionaires of Oil Creek was Jim Sherman, who had a lease of a few barren acres known as Foster's Farm. In return for an eighth share of the profits he purchased an engine and began to sink a well for the oil which he was convinced was to be found under his land; but his small capital was exhausted before any trace of the oil was seen.

In vain he offered a sixteenth interest in his well for \$240. The best offer he received was \$12 and a shotgun, which he accepted, selling the gun for \$3. When this money was exhausted he sold another sixteenth share in exchange for a horse, which he sold for \$20, and had just reached the end of his tether again when, to his delight, the well began spouting at the rate of 1,500 barrels a day.

For two years the well continued flowing, yielding more than 3,000,000 barrels of oil, which sold at an average price of \$4 a barrel. "Thus, during two years alone, the lucky Sherman and his partners realized \$1,600,000, the owner of the horse receiving \$100,000 for his bargain and the owner of the gun getting back more than 33,000 times its value.

Another pioneer of the early sixties was Jim Tarr, a teamster, who owned a few acres in the oil-district. He offered to sell his farm to his employers for a sum of \$500, and when his offer was refused began to drill for oil himself, and within a few days the well was producing at the rate of 2,000 barrels a day, each day's revenue being at least four times the sum which Tarr had been willing to sell his farm for.

Another team driver, called Farrell, was equally fortunate. With his savings of \$40 he purchased an eighth interest in the Foster Farm before the Sherman well made it the most valuable piece of land made in the world. Within a short time Farrell was making an income of over \$140,000 a year from royalties from wells put down on his land; but the money which came so easily was squandered recklessly, and like many of his fellows, he died a pauper.

Perhaps the most romantic story in connection with oil fortunes is that of the "Coquette" Well. The brother of the superintendent of the Hyde and Egbert property was on the point of making his fortune in the oil-country when he dreamed a strange dream. He was pursued by an Indian, armed with a tomahawk, and was on the point of being overtaken and killed when a beautiful girl appeared mysteriously and as mysteriously vanished, after handing him a rifle, with which he promptly shot the Indian; while at his very feet a fountain of oil gushed forth and flooded the land.

When he reached the Hyde and Egbert Farm and was being conducted over it by his brother, the superintendent, he suddenly exclaimed, "It is the very spot, the very spot!" He told his brother of his strange dream and pointed out the exact spot from which the oil gushed. At his urgent request a well was sunk at this spot, and within a few hours the "Coquette" Well, as it was christened, was yielding 2,000 barrels a day. So rich, in fact, was the well that after its proprietors had divided a million dollars they sold a twelfth

interest in the well for \$50,000! The singular but fortunate dream put considerably more than a million pounds into the pockets of Messrs. Hyde and Egbert, and a substantial sum into those of the dreamer.—Ex.

**People Who Steal Houses.**

In December of 1888 an enterprising gentleman received a sentence of 12 months' imprisonment for stealing two houses in the north of London! Finding there was no use in charge, he calmly erected a boarding round and then razed them to the ground. The law had never anticipated such and he could not be indicted. Stealing the bricks, however, came "within the Act," and it was for doing this he retired at Her Majesty's expense.

The gentle art of purloining houses is not so uncommon as may be supposed, although they are not usually stolen with a view of carting them away. The writer remembers hearing of a house which for years had stood empty. The widows were black with dirt, and the entrance gate was choked with rank weeds. People used to pass it with awe, for folk said it was haunted.

One day, however, a gentleman arrived, pushed open the door, and entered it with every appearance of possession. In a few hours painters, plasterers, and decorators were busy at work; and in three months he moved in with his family.

Personally, the writer believes the house was "annexed," and that the deeds and papers relating to it lie hidden away in some dusty corner of the Inns of Chancery, buried in dust and forgotten. But, there, it was nobody's business to dispute possession with the new comer, and nobody did—and most likely nobody ever will.

Another curious incident was once told the writer. A certain gentleman had for years been tenant of a house in the west of London, the landlord of which was an old miserly man who never employed a lawyer if the expense could be avoided. With increasing years the owner developed a mania for hoarding up gold, and the tenant proposed to buy the property.

To satisfy the would-be purchaser

the deeds were left with him, and, curiously enough, among the papers were the receipts for rent for a great many years past. During the night the old miser suddenly died.

The executor made some inquiries respecting this particular house, but were told they were in error in supposing it belonged to the estate of the deceased. If they thought they were not mistaken, would they produce some proof of their claim? Nothing could be found and the matter dropped, and the lucky owner "acquired" a valuable piece of property.—Ex.

**One Way of Stopping the Question.**

"Hot day," said a stout man to a fellow passenger in a crowded omnibus.

"Hot?" said the other.

"Hot day," said the first, something louder.

"Excuse me, I'm somewhat deaf and hardly caught your meaning. What did you say?"

"I say it's a hot day!" shouted the fat man, getting red in the face as everyone in the omnibus looked up.

"Ah, yes; how much money you pay? Three-pence is the fare."

Whereupon the corpulent individual said some strong words under his breath and got out of the vehicle.

"Yes," said the deaf man, gently, addressing the other passengers, "that's the tenth man within an hour that's told me it was a hot day."

"I found out the cost of those roses," said the girl with the real blond hair, "but I can't say that the information has done me any good."

"No?" said the other girl.

"No, not a bit. If at that price they were more than he could afford, there is no use to think of marrying him, and if they were not more than he could afford he does not love me."

The Difference-Pater: "You are very forward, sir. In my day the young man waited until he was asked to call."

Young Man: "Yes, and now he waits until he's asked not to call."

**WINTER TIME TABLE-STAGE LINES**

**THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.**

Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only.

FOR GOLD RIVER AND CARIBOU via Caribou and Dome. 9 a. m. to 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.

FOR GRAND FORKS via Grand Forks and Dome. 9 a. m. to 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.

FOR 25 BELOW LOWER DOMINION, Chase's house, via Humber Creek, 9:00 a. m. and 1 p. m.

FOR QUARTZ CREEK—a m. every other day, Sunday's included.

Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 9 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING.

WATCHES SET BY DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL OF OUR STAGES.

**Hay and Oats For Sale**

**DAWSON WAREHOUSE CO., Limited.**

**WARM AND COLD STORAGE**

**PATRONS OF THE**

**Bay City Market**

Are supplied with meats which for taste and quality are not equalled by any other market in this country. Try us and prove this assertion.

**BOYSUET & CO., Props.**

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

**Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.**

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.

Exceptional Service the Rule

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

**BARGAINS IN RUGS**

See our window full of

**Manchurian Goat Rugs.**

(Size 3x6 feet)

GET ONE Before They Are All Gone. Only \$3.00 Each!

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**Send Out A Christmas Present**

In the form of a Souvenir of Dawson. 200 Handsomely Executed Designs of the City and Surrounding Territory....

**Goetzman's Souvenir**

FORMERLY \$5.00

**NOW \$2.50**

**Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd.**

Is the Place to Buy Your Fittings.

**OUR LINES ARE COMPLETE IN ALL SIZES:**

Steam Pipe 1/2 to 8 inch. Steam Hose 1/2 to 3 inch. Giant Powder Caps and Fuse.

Store, Second Ave. Phone 35. Tin Shop, 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

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

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

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During the Holiday season, in addition to the usual good good drinks I will sell

**AT \$2.50 Per Bottle.**

**THE CELEBRATED**

**Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky**

ALSO

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...At \$2.50 Per Bottle.

Having a large stock of liquors on hand I propose to give the public a cheap buy

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