

TO OFFER A COMPROMISE

Seattle, Nov. 25, via Skagway, Nov. 30.—It is reported here that Vice-President Newell, and Traffic Manager Lee of the White Pass and Yukon Railway will leave for Ottawa immediately after attending the company's annual meeting in Chicago. They will endeavor to compromise with the Canadian government on the matter of freight tariffs. It is anticipated that they will propose to the

government a reduction of rates provided the government guarantees that no charges for railroads leading to the Yukon country will be granted to other companies. In the event of a refusal on the part of the government the White Pass will endeavor to maintain the present rates by increasing the charges from Skagway to the Summit so that the total charge will equal the tariff now in force.

WILL BE NO BOMBARDMENT

Commander McCrea of Battleship Iowa the Poo-Bah.

Washington, Nov. 25, via Skagway, Nov. 30.—It is pretty well understood here that there is to be no bombardment at Colon by either side. While Commander McCrea has been given wide discretionary power and nothing is said about stopping the bombardment directly, nevertheless the state department established a precedent last year when it instructed General Guder to warn insurgents at Panama that they were not allowed to bombard that port. If government troops on Pinzon persist, the commanders of the various war ships at Colon would require that ample notice be allowed for the withdrawal of all firearms, and attacking force to occupy certain would be obliged to direct bombardment with such precision as to destroy insurgent defenses without harming railroad property and even without endangering passengers of trains. The secretary of the navy today called Capt. Perry of the Iowa to assume command of all U. S. naval forces on both sides of Isthmus to insure harmonious operations. Consul General Guder's latest dispatch came after 1 o'clock and is as follows:—"Our troops have arrived at Matanzas one-half way across Isthmus. No obstruction and Colombian government seemed to be victorious over insurgents."

CANADA'S OFFER IS ACCEPTED

Corps of 600 Mounted Men Will Be Raised.

Ottawa, Nov. 26, via Skagway, Nov. 30.—An official dispatch announcing the acceptance of Canada's offer to raise a corps of 600 mounted men will be given out this afternoon. The cable was received by Lord Minto last night and given by him to Laurier today. The premier will make the announcement this afternoon after consulting with his colleagues.

BUSINESS RESUMED

Armed Marines Guard Trains of Isthmus Railroad.

Colon, Nov. 25, via Skagway, Nov. 30.—Armed marines from the battleship Iowa have re-established transit across the Isthmus, a detail of marines now protecting each passenger train. Yesterday there was fierce fighting at Empire station on the road between Panama and Colon by insurgents and troops of the Colombian government with heavy losses to both sides.

FIRE AT THE MUNGER MILL

Spark Ignites Roof and Threatened to Become Serious.

The Munger stamp mill had a narrow escape from destruction by fire yesterday morning and it was only due to the timely action of Captain Spencer, local representative of the syndicate, that the blaze did not prove more serious. At about 10 o'clock in the morning a spark falling on the board roof of the mill building ignited it and when discovered the flames were rapidly securing headway. A few moments quick work extinguished the fire and to prevent further similar accidents the building is being covered with an iron roof. The damage caused was nominal.

A Necessary Citizen.

"It seems to me that you take a great deal of impertinence from that bartender."

"Well," answered Broncho Bob, "he's kind of got us where we can't kick. You see, he is not only bartender, but he runs the only undertaking shop in town, and we're simply got to put up with him."—Chicago Tribune.

Church Services.

Special Thanksgiving music will be rendered tomorrow at the Methodist church. The choir under the direction of Choir Master Geo. Ian MacLean has carefully prepared an excellent program of music. At the morning service will be sung the anthem, "My Song Shall be Always," Hutchinson, soprano solo by Mrs. W. T. Libby. Mr. A. A. Douglas will sing the Baritone solo, "Hark! Hark! My Soul," Shelly. The evening service will be entirely devoted to song and praise. The following selections will be rendered:

- 1.—Anthem—"A Song of Thanksgiving," J. A. Parks.
- 2.—Solo—"Come Unto Me," Coenen—Mrs. A. E. Hetherington.
- 3.—Anthem—"Oh, Give Thanks Unto the Lord," Smart.
- 4.—Bartone solo—"Jesus of Nazareth," Gounod—Mr. A. A. Douglas.
- 5.—Anthem—"Oh, Be Joyful," Dudley Buck.

The services will begin promptly at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Protestant: Regular services 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.; S. S., 2 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 8:30 p. m. St. Mary's: Services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Rev. Father Gendreau, pastor. St. Paul's, Episcopal: Services 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.; S. S., 8 p. m. First class music furnished—violin and harp—for balls, socials and receptions. Please address musician, this office, a few days before engagement.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

THE GREAT POWER OF HUMOR

On the Average Man as Noted by Chauncey Depew.

Who Accepted an Invitation to Eat With and Address a Charity Dinner in New York.

Chauncey M. Depew once told of an incident which strikingly showed the effect of humor on a crowd. The story as he narrated it is as follows: "It was at the strangest dinner that I ever attended, and I've attended a great many," he said. "A woman well known for her philanthropic work in New York was the hostess, and she had as her guests the hungry and homeless men who nightly form a line outside of a bakery on Broadway waiting for the bread that is there distributed. The dinner was on Christmas day, and the woman who got it up came to me and asked me to make a speech to those who partook of it. It was her idea that a little after dinner speech make the dinner more of a success, and she described the good that might be done in this way so strongly that I agreed to attend.

HART RIVER PROSPECTOR

Accompanies Peel River Indians to This City.

Accompanying the Peel river Indians that arrived on a trading expedition a few days ago was Mr. Geo. L. Bull, an adventurous young man who, with his partner, Geo. L. Dalby, started for the Peel river country from Dawson nearly a year ago and who have since lived there, having a camp on Hart river, a tributary of the Peel. The young men are engaged in prospecting in summer and trapping in winter.

In conversation with a Nugget representative yesterday evening Mr. Bull was somewhat reticent about talking of the mineral prospects of that country, being adverse to saying anything that would have a tendency to create a stampede to that far-off country. But as he came with the Indians for the purpose of having their haul freight back with them to himself and partner, it is very certain that they have not found the country a blank, but have faith in its future.

Mr. Bull tells of another man, Chas. Padgett, a pioneer Yukon prospector, who also went to the Peel river country last year, taking in a large outfit. He camped on Hart river about 30 miles above where Bull and Dalby were located and, hearing of them through some Indians, decided to move down and be their neighbors. Loading his outfit into a frail boat he started down the river and in a swift current struck a rock, splitting his boat and losing all his outfit except seven sacks of flour and ten pounds of fruit. Having rescued and cached what he did not lose, he proceeded on down on foot and when near the camp of Bull and Dalby he employed three Indians to ferry him across the river to their camp. An accident happened to the boat with the result that two of the Indians were drowned. The body of one was found the following day, but that of the other was not found for a month. Padgett is still on Hart river and, like his two neighbors, is trapping and prospecting.

Mr. Bull and the Indians will start back today or tomorrow, but will return to Dawson in about six weeks with another outfit of caribou, taking freight on the return trip.

OMO BACK IN AIRY DAYS

When it Was a Howling Wilderness and Sparcely Settled.

Was Then That the Ingenious Wife of the Pioneer Discovered the Secret of Vinegar Pie.

"When one understands how pie is the glad epiphany of the soul's yearning for beauty of living, as it were, the bud tip of a plant groping its way upward between the dull, hard clouds to sunlight and the air, he understands also how some kinds of pie have a story to tell—a pathetic story for those who can appreciate."

"In the early days of Ohio there was a vinegar pie. A paste was made of flour and water. Enough vinegar was added to give it a pleasant tartness, and sugar was stirred in to suit the taste. Then this was used as a filling for the top and bottom crust. Smile if you can at this poor effort, but think you who it was that made it and where and why. We may set the scene in a log cabin in the wild woods of the Western Reserve and the people it with settlers from Connecticut, an ambitious husband and his young wife who have left behind them the old folks at home, knowing that they will never look upon their faces more. They have come the long, long journey in their covered wagon to the far west of Ohio to seek a home in the wilderness. The Indians are still howl nights while the young mother hushes her babe to rest. In the twilight bears snuff at the door of the rude cabin. It was a sufficient shelter from the weather, but no rag carpet covered the puncheon floor to soothe the eye with its coloring, no pictures hung upon the mud chinked wall of logs. There was no lack of food to eat. The virgin soil, never before turned by a plowshare, brought forth riotously. Standing at his door, the husband might kill turkeys with his rifle. There was game in plenty, deer, wood pigeons and, once in a long while, a feast of that wild berries of all meats; pork. Most highly prized of all meats, and here and there sprang a tree planted by Johnny Appleseed, ragged wild enthusiasm in his beneficent resolve to scatter far and wide over the new country the best fruit ever God gave to man. There was plenty to eat, but when at last the store of fruit for winter was exhausted the soul sickened at the plenty of mere animal food.

MAIL HELD.

Vancover, Nov. 26, via Skagway, Nov. 30.—A communication has been received at the local post office ordering that all mail for Whitehorse except letters, postal cards and single newspapers addressed to individuals be held back until further notice. A protest against the order will be made.

SKAGWAY BOATS.

Skagway, Nov. 30.—The steamer Skagway arrived at 5 o'clock this morning and the Amur at 9. Both brought small cargoes. On the Amur was a detachment of 20 police for the Yukon. Archie Burns was a passenger on the Seattle. He will go to Koyukuk over the ice.

WANTON WASTE.

Canon, Nov. 30.—W. A. Anderson of this place has been fined \$400 for smelting \$3,000 worth of bottled whiskey into the territory. The police captured the liquor and destroyed it by breaking the bottles on the ice.

How He Loved Her.

A negro man went into Mr. E.—'s office for the purpose of instituting a divorce suit against his wife, says Short Stories. Mr. E.— proceeded to question him as to his ground for complaint. Noticing that the man's name was Mr. E.— looked up from his papers, and saw that big letters were running down over the name of the applicant for divorce. "Why," said the lawyer, "you seem to have a great deal for your wife and you love her?"

"Yes, sir? I just analyzed her and was more than professional ally could withstand, and Mr. E.— looked until the negro, offended, closed his case elsewhere.

Surprise Party.

About ten married couples happily surprised Mr. and Mrs. Funkenstein at their cozy little home on King street last night and until after two o'clock this morning mirth and revelry reigned. The ladies each took refreshments from their own homes and with whisky, music, feasting and dancing, the hours quickly sped. Although taken wholly by surprise Mr. and Mrs. Funkenstein soon recovered and proved themselves eminently successful in the role of host and hostess.

SALE—A snap—3 pups, half Maltese, one year old, broke to work. Apply this office.

The Nugget's facilities for training and first-class job work cannot be exceeded this side of San Francisco.

..The Nugget's Children Department..

Pretty Polly Pippin.

She had blue eyes, and golden hair, and rosy, dimpled cheeks. She was certainly very pretty. Then, too, she was good—she was very good—she never cried, she never complained. If you laid her on her back, or on her face, if you made her stand, or tried to get her to walk, it was always the same, she wore a bright and smiling face, looking straight at you with her earnest but rather staring eyes.

She was not the least like her mamma. Her mamma was dark and pale, with an anxious little face, and I am afraid, an anxious little heart. Her mamma too was very particular, even fidgety, when things were not exactly to her liking.

In short, she was a perfect contrast to this baby, this beautiful doll-baby of hers.

The baby was three months old, the mamma was ten years; her name was Ella, her baby's, Polly Pippin. Pretty Polly Pippin was always called.

Ella had herself given her the name, and certainly if ever a baby doll deserved to have the word "pretty" applied to it, this baby of Ella's was the one.

Ella was, as I have said, very unlike her child; she was not very strong, she constantly, poor little thing, suffered pain, and as she had no sisters, and no playmates, she was often both sad and lonely.

That was three months ago; but since, on her last birthday, Polly Pippin arrived, all was changed. The amount of good the doll did the child was incalculable—she gave her something to love, and also something to work for. Ella made all her doll's clothes; she dressed her and undressed her, and took her out walking, and at night she slept with her arms about her.

When it Was a Howling Wilderness and Sparcely Settled.

This mother and child! Of course the mother did all the actual talking, but then the child looked back at her with such sweet, smiling eyes, in reply, that no further language was necessary. In short, they understood each other perfectly, and not one trouble came between them, until Hugh—Ella's brother, arrived home from school.

Polly Pippin was three months old at that time—this means that she had been three months in Ella's possession, for of course the time when she was wrapped up in silver paper in a large warehouse counted for nothing in her life.

She was born on the day when Ella's grandpapa walked into a shop and said—

"Do you sell dolls here—real, large, handsome dolls, suitable for birthday presents?"

Then the silver paper was pulled off Polly Pippin's face, and she was born.

"Land sakes," Uriah Kinney: "I ain't got no mortal thing I could make a pie out of," retorts the wife. "No, I s'pose not. I ain't a faultin' ye. I was only sayin' 't'woos 'twas so' we could hev a pie buck them we used to get back him. 'Twould kind o' seem more luck livin'."

"Then the wife falls to biting the end of her forefinger. She plans, she meditates. O woman of a thousand wonderful inventions! Something has got to give when thy brain throws its weight against a problem! Result in this instance, a vinegar pie!

"'Gosh, Polly, this is lickin' good!" exclaims the husband, wiping his mouth with one hand while he holds out the other for a third piece of pie. (Crookery was scarce in those days.) Then he spreads the news.

"'By darn,' says he to the next man he meets, 'my Polly Ann med a pie f' me day b'fore yistiddy was the all firsdest best pie I ever eat.'"

"'Sho' I doubts the man that hears him. 'Can't git nup pie this time o' ye.' 'Fruit's all gin aout.'"

"'By darn,' she med it anyhow. And he smacks his lips. 'Smartest woman I ever see. Med it aout o' vinegar, she did. Tell you, tetched the spot, it did.'"

"I want to know," says the other man admiringly, and he did. The receipt was passed around, and vinegar pie spread like wildfire to the southward, to the people that call a pail a bucket and a basin a pan and where they have a letter 't' broad enough to roll out pie crust on in case of an emergency. Years have passed and with them the memory of that dear soul that first discovered vinegar pie; yes, even vinegar itself has passed away, too, save in the recollections of the older people, so complete is the triumph of the self-sealing fruit can. I have used the name of Kinney, but that was because I thought it sounded kind of Yankee, but I should like to know her real name and where she sleeps that I might stand beside that weed grown hollow that was once a mound above

OMO BACK IN AIRY DAYS

was she in watching its antics, to put Polly Pippin to bed.

Never was there a monkey possessed of so many tricks—so altogether funny. Ella and Hugh spent a delightful evening following this new pet from place to place.

It was quite late when Ella ran away to her pretty bedroom to undress Polly Pippin.

She had just taken off her dress and petticoats, and was putting on her handsooty-embroidered night-dress, when raising her eyes, she saw the monkey Jacko sitting amid the foliage of a thick tree which grew close to the window.

Jacko was watching her intently. From Ella to Polly, and from Polly to Polly's clothes, he looked, and to judge from the expression of his face he was very much interested in what he saw.

"Oh! you are a funny monkey!" laughed Ella. "So you want to watch me putting my baby to bed?" But she little guessed what was going to follow, or what trouble she would soon be in.

In the morning Polly Pippin was gone! Pretty Polly Pippin was nowhere to be seen.

She was not in her mamma's bed, nor in her own pink-lined cradle; she was gone, and so were her clothes—her nice little shoes and stockings, even her hat with the daisies round it, which her mamma had made for her only yesterday. All, all were gone!

Poor Ella indeed was in trouble; and her real sorrow was so great that, to try to comfort her, everybody in the whole house began to look for Polly Pippin.

Her papa looked, and so did her mamma; the cook looked, and so did the housemaid; and so also did the butler, and the butlers and the coachman, and the stable-boy. Hugh also looked, and last, but not least, Jacko followed every one, and went in front of every one, and jumped on the cat's back, and pulled the dog's tail, and ran up to the tops of the trees and down again, and snatched the cook's cap off her head, all in his apparent zeal to find Polly Pippin.

But though they searched under the beds, and Hugh even poked his head up the chimneys, no sign of the missing doll was to be seen.

Poor little Ella kept up bravely all day, but when the weary searchers sat down at last without any result, she burst into tears. "My darling, sweet baby, I know she's quite gone; no, Hugh, I can't be happy—indeed, I can never be happy again."

"I'll buy you another doll, Ella," said her grandfather.

But this kind offer only made Ella's tears flow faster.

"As if I could have another baby like Polly Pippin!" she sobbed.

And all the time there sat that mischievous monkey, grinning from ear to ear and watching; as grandpapa looked, suddenly an idea struck him. Was it possible that Jacko had anything to say to the mysterious disappearance of Polly? "Ella," he said, "what was that funny story you told me about the monkey last night?"

"Oh! I don't want to think of it,"

School of Religions.

The Monsalvat school for the comparative study of religion at Greenacre, Elliot, Me., has closed its summer session, which is the most successful in its history.

The initial steps toward the founding of the school were taken in the summer of 1894, when the Swami Vivekananda of India was invited to conduct a class in Vedua philosophy under the pines at Greenacre.

Following him in 1895 K. Nakamura of Japan, by his class in Buddhism, and the Rev. F. Huberty James of England (a teacher beloved of all who knew him in China as well as in Europe and America, and a martyr in 1896 to the cause to which he had consecrated his life), by classes in Taoism and other religious systems of China, brought the Orient and the Occident into still closer sympathetic touch and prepared the way for the opening of a preliminary session of the Monsalvat school in 1898. No formal organization of the school has as yet taken place, but land for a site has been offered by its founder, Miss Sarah J. Farmer; the services of eminent instructors are assured

A Faithful Friend, a Mother Dear, A Loving Wife lies buried here.

"I should like to lay a posy on that grave, a posy of old fashioned single pinks and phlox and Sweet William, flowers that she knew and liked. I am sure she would know it and appreciate it, though she would protest it wasn't worth while making a fuss about. Yet I know that somehow she would feel that the hard times she had when they were all down with the fever 'n' ager, she and Jerushy and Uriah chilling one day and Adoniram and the twins chilling the next day, and the cows got lost in the woods, and nothing tasted good, they were all so poorly, and the house looked like distraction because, seem like, she had'n't the ambition to keep it picked up—that somehow all that hard time was being made up to her now. I just know she is in the good place, not so much because she discovered the vinegar pie, though that is much, but because I don't see how the Good Man could ever have the heart to turn away any woman that brought up a family in Ohio away back in the 'airy days.'"

To Be Perfectly Frank.

A gentleman who is no longer young and who never was handsome asked his son's child what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply.

"Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me? Why won't you?"

"Cause I don't want to get ticked," replied the sprig of a rising generation.—Tit-Bits.

Wished Them Well.

While the festivities were at their height last night at St. Andrew's hall, the following telegram was received by the former secretary of the society:

Whitehorse, Nov. 29. Dr. Alfred Thompson, Dawson Y. T. Eh! Guide Mon, but its a brau night, wish I was w' ye.

A. B. CLEGG.

..Rochester Bar..

During the Holiday season, in addition to the usual good 25c drinks I will sell

...AT \$2.50 Per Bottle.

THE CELEBRATED

Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky

GOLDEN LEON RYE

...At \$2.50 Per Bottle.

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

BILLIE BAIRD, Prop.

TRAVELERS TO KOYUKUK

TAKE NOTICE

That the N. A. T. & T. Co. at Fort Yukon has a full stock of goods for outfitting, at reasonable prices. Any shortages arising will be reported to their Circle City station.

CHEAP FREIGHT RATES

WINTER RATES ON GENERAL MERCHANDISE TO THE FOLLOWING CREEKS, PER TON:

Sulphur, including 21 Below	\$30.00	North of Quartz	\$30.00
Gold Run	\$35.00	Montana	\$40.00
Barka	\$40.00		\$50.00

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