

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 intimated 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 Guler 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 cause be shown for the withdrawal of all foreigners, and attacking force to restrain 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 Guler'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."

MAIL HELD.

Vancouver, 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 Battle 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 Coyukuk over the ice.

WANTON WASTE.

Seattle, Nov. 30.—W. A. Anderson of this place has been fined \$400 for wasting \$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. J. O'Brien for the purpose of instituting a divorce suit against his wife, says Short Stories. Mr. E. J. O'Brien proceeded to question him as to his ground for complaint. Noticing that the man's name was Mr. E. J. O'Brien, he looked up from his papers, and saw that big name was running down over the shoulder of the applicant for divorce.

"Why," said the lawyer, "you seem to me a great deal for your wife and you love her?"

"Love her, sir? I just analyzed

her more than professional duty could withstand, and Mr. E. J. O'Brien, the negro, offended, turned 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 ten 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.

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

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be overestimated. Apply this office.

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 guest of honor, 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."

"Like a good many other people of New York, I was pretty familiar with the nightly scene outside of the bakery and the character of the men who waited for the charity dispensed there. The dinner was at night, and I made up my mind to be as punctilious about my dress as though I was going to a dinner at the Mansion house in London. I put on my dress clothes, embellished with a boutonniere, and arrayed in this style, I went to the dinner. I don't think anything ever made quite such an impression on me as the sight of those men as they ate that dinner. In the row of faces about the table it did not take a student of criminology to pick out those whose criminal instincts had for years been dominant, and in their hardened features it was almost impossible to read what feeling of dinner or my appearance produced. All ate ravenously, and what struck me very forcibly was the lack of conversation. In fact, a great majority of the men seemed to prefer to eat in silence. Now and then a word would be passed, but it was generally in an undertone."

"After a while it came time for me to speak. While they were eating it had begun to dawn upon me that the task was a pretty hard one, and when I got up to speak I felt that this was only too true. Although they had eaten well and their inner man had been satisfied in a measure they had not known for years if at any time before, yet the look given me by every man at that dinner appeared to be one of resentment and defiance. My first words failed to change in any face the sullen look which it wore, and as my eyes swept over that strange assemblage absolutely no sign of animation was visible on any countenance before me. I don't think ever in my life have I felt as I did when I looked into those faces and wondered how I could interest those men who sat so silently and sullenly."

"I don't remember now what I said at first, but I do remember that I felt absolutely flat. Then I tried some humorous little things that had stood me in good stead in times far less trying than this. The first story I told I noticed produced no impression. There was still the same sullen look on the faces, which seemed to portend danger should the owners of them meet under different circumstances. By the time I reached the end of the second story I saw that some were listening to me in a way that really denoted interest. One or two smiled, yet there were still some on whose faces there was absolutely no sign of interest, but instead the defiant look of the anarchist or socialist for one whom they regarded as a traditional enemy."

"I told a third story. Like the two others, I had known it sometimes not to take. When I finished it, some of those before me were laughing outright and others were smiling. I only saw a few who were still silent, one of them in particular because he had had his eyes continually on me since I had entered. After that I went on feeling a little more at ease myself. I talked on subjects suggested by the reason we were in, and I found all of them were listening attentively, and the next story I told was followed by a laugh that sounded like music after the somewhat ominous silence that seemed to linger over that strange feast. Even the man I had noticed laughing this time with the rest, a loud, raucous laugh, than I heard above the others. Hard as it was it betrayed unmistakable enjoyment."

"I think I talked an hour in all to those men, the strangest and hardest audience I ever had in 44 years of speech-making. When I finished I made up my mind I would shake hands with them as they passed out. I stationed myself near the door, and each man took the hand I proffered and we shook hands. If the faces in which I looked were strange, the feeling of their hands was even more so. Some of them grasped my hand firmly and spoke their thanks, while others had a hesitancy about it."

"Finally, along came the man whom I had noticed. He had lingered behind and I felt that his eyes were

on me all the time. He was the typical anarchist, the foreigner. Hate in him, as his face showed plainly, had so long been the ruling passion that it had almost obliterated all the others. I put out my hand, all the time looking in his eyes, for somehow I felt that it was this man that would do me harm there if any. His hand closed on mine in a way that made me think it was a way that was powerless. For a moment the man stared while I stood there prepared for anything. Then he said:

"Chauncey Depew, I made up my mind when I saw you here tonight to kill you, but you've captured me."

"He shook my hand and passed out with the others, and I have never seen him since. From his appearance—from the way his eyes rested on me while I was speaking up till the last, when I made him laugh, I have no hesitancy in believing that that man meant what he said and that by making him laugh had perhaps saved my life. I shall never forget that incident or the man whose hand I clasped as he spoke those words."

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 for 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.

A Misapprehension View.

"There is a word," said the high-browed youth, "which, even though it may not bring me wealth, will bring me fame."

"Again the folly of youth!" sneered the cynical philosopher. "Why will you never realize that fame such as you seek is merely a device of the avaricious world by which a man is kept poor, and by which, at the same time, his creditors are always kept advised of his whereabouts?"

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

—ALSO—

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.

ONTO BACK IN AIRLY 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 story 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 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 shuffle 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 dull 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 wild turkeys with his rifle. There was game in plenty, deer and squirrels, possums, wild duck, wood pigeons and, once in a long while, a feast of that wild berry—grew all about, and here and there sprang a tree planted by Johnny Appleseed, ragged wild enthusiasm that he was, almost a legendary hero 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."

"I woosh 'twas so't we could hev pie lick them we use to git back home," sighs the husband.

"Land sakes," Uriah Kinney "I ain't got one mortal thing I could make a pie out of," retorts the wife. "No, I s'pose not. I ain't a 'faul-tin' ye. I was only sayin' 'I woosh 'twas so't we could hev a pie lick them we use to git back home.' 'Would 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 (Crockery 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 'I me day b'fore yistiddy was the all fredest best pie I ever et."

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

"By darn," says he to the next woman he meets. "Med it out o' vinegar, she did. Tell ye, tetchel 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 pie a bucket and a basin a pan and where they have a letter "r" 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 her, that I might read the mossy epitaph on her leaning tombstone:

"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 of it and appreciate it, though she would protest it wasn't worth while makin' 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 hadn'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 'airly 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.

..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 never murmured nor fretted, 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 was constantly, poor little mammal 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.

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.

This happened three months ago. Well, Hugh came home from school, and hearing that Ella had a pet, he was quite determined that he also would have one. So he brought back with him—what do you think? A monkey!

Oh, how Ella laughed when she saw it! She even forgot, so absorbed

her, that I might read the mossy epitaph on her leaning tombstone:

"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 of it and appreciate it, though she would protest it wasn't worth while makin' 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 hadn'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 'airly 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.

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 handsomely-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 buttons 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. Only 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.

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,"

he replied, and then he told her the story of the 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 Vedanta 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 been taken place, but land for a site has been offered by its founder, Miss Sarah J. Farmer; the services of eminent instructors are assured

and the formal work of the school will begin as soon as the money for a simple but commodious building has been donated.

A Wet Revenge.

"Yes, I was glad it rained just as hard as it did."

"But you were caught out in it."

"Yes, I know. But the fact that the end seat hog who made me climb into the car over him got soaked to the bone made amends for everything."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

AUNT PENN.

TO KUYUKUK

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.

McDonald

Iron Works Co.

Opp. New Courthouse

Phone No. 2

sobbed Ella; "I had my baby at that time."

Then grandpapa went out of the room and called Hugh to his side, and whispered to him that perhaps Jacko was at the bottom of the mystery. "Those creatures are always getting into mischief," said grandpapa; "they are also very imitative, and you know how Ella described his watching her last night when she undressed her doll."

"But where has he put her?" questioned Hugh; "we have searched every hole and corner."

"Watch Jacko, but say nothing to Ella on the subject," was the wise counsel of grandpapa.

This Hugh did, and not only Hugh, but the stable-boy, and the coachman, and the groom, and the cook, to all of whom he confided grandpapa's idea; but though they watched they saw nothing.

The monkey was very quiet and pleasant, not at all as ill-natured as many of his race, and yet he was funny in his grimaces and antics, that even Ella, notwithstanding her sorrow, could not help laughing at him more than once.

"It is time for bed, Ella," said her mamma.

And the little girl prepared, slowly and unwillingly, to go up to her lonely room, no longer brightened by the presence of her darling doll.

"I will come with you, Ella, and tell you a story," said grandpapa, who noticed how pale her little face was, and how wistful and sad her dark eyes had become.

"What shall the story be about, grandpapa? shall it be about the stars?" asked Ella, as, up in her own room, she nestled down into her arms; but then looking out of the window, she uttered a scream.

Seated on the thick limb of the tree was Jacko, and in his arms, yes, resting comfortably, in his arms was the missing baby, the lost baby-doll, her own darling Polly Pippin.

One by one he was gravely removing, first her frock and then her petticoats, and putting on her nightgown, pressing a loud smack every now and then on her rosy lips, as he had observed Ella do the night before.

"Don't stir, Ella," whispered grandpapa. "I thought all along the monkey had something to say to this; but stay quiet, or he will run away with her again."