

PILGRIM JOE ON THE ROAD

Takes Pictures for Ten Cents and Aids Humanity

What Happened Between Ripperville and Boomerang—He Was Ahead of the Game.

Seated on my tintype wagon, with the old boss well fed, my fightin' dog purrin in contentment and my heart filled with festive feelin's, I left the town of Ripperville an hour after sunrise and journeyed toward Boomerang. There was peace on a'ir and good will to all, and I presently found myself sayin' such sayin's as:

"A man who keeps a fightin' dog and too much religion is never without a quarrel."

And also:
"The world goes about lookin' fur an honest man and lamentin' because he can't be found, but if diskivered he would only be sot down as a fool."

And likewise:
"After you get a leetle used to it you kin jest as well extend your sympathies to humanity as your money, and you'll find it a heap cheaper."

I had driv about two miles and my heart was still boundin with good feelin toward all mankind, includin army contractors, when I diskivered a Chinaman seated under a tree by the roadside. I saw that he wept and was afflicted and that he had bin tryin to hang himself with a rope which had broke and let him down. In my fraternal way and with sympathy beamin from my eyes I asked the heathen if he was tired of the turmoil of life and the struggle ag'in mans' inhumanity. He told his head, and two laundry tears, wanted all hand work, rolled down cheeks. I sot out to tell him that I have heart, hope in the future and see flatirons would eventually bring him out on top the heap, but he shook his head in such a mournful way that I saw my duty plainly. Goin back to my wagon, I got out ten feet of rope, carried fur jest such cases, and handed it to him with my congratulations. After I had driv on fur half a mile I stopped and looked back, and as night I could make out the Chinaman had made a good job of it.

I was purcedin slowly onward and reflectin several reflections on the sorrows of humanity—when a bareheaded, barefooted woman, who had tears in her eyes, but was not beautiful to gaze upon, come out of a sod cabin on the prairie and wanted to know if I had a heart of flesh and blood. I answered that I had and that it was a heart which felt fur the sorrows of others. Then she weepin'ly informed me that her husband had driv her out into the cold world in order to take up with a younger and better lookin woman.

"Kin sich things be?" she asked as she looked up at me through her tears. "They can't," said I as I felt the bristles on my back begin to rise. "Imbibe from this bottle of strength restorer. Take about two gills, and when the hectic flush appears on your cheek we will interview your old man, who appears to be standin in the door and waitin fur sunthin to happen."

In about five minutes she was ready. There was determination in her eyes and hope in her heart as she bounded forward. I had posted her, as was my duty toward the weak and helpless, of the benefits of gettin in the fast blow, and as she reached the door she seemed to kick forward with both feet to once, and at the same time she got in right and left hand hooks, as the sinful call 'em. The husband who had driv her out went down with a crash, and through the open door I saw her kneel on his prostrate body and lam and belt and swat and wallip him with a heartiness that was cheerful to behold. Then assured that victory had perched upon her banner and she was entitled to all the gate receipts, I mounted my wagon and driv on. Jest a few consolatin words and half a pint of restorative had turned the tables and made her boss of the roost, and I felt myself encouraged to go onward in the cause of sufferin humanity.

I was within four miles of the town of Boomerang when I heard a voice wailin by the roadside and discovered another human bein in distress. He was a man of years and guileless look, and his raiment was torn and tattered. For some time he wept and could not be comforted, but by and by, when the burden had passed from his heart, he told me of sickness and sorrier and man's inhumanity. In my soul I pitied him and gave him to drink from my bottle and to eat of my luncheon, and as he ate and drank I talked to him in my cheerful way. I was still ministerin to his physical and menal wants when he suddenly grabbed me by my venerable chin whiskers and rolled me on my back and whooped in exultation. I had bin betrayed into the hands of an enemy. The old cuss had put up a job to hornsawaggle me and add to his worldly wealth.

While I am a weary pilgrim, wanderin about to speak words of consolation and keepin my heart tender toward all mankind, I know when to get forth my strength ag'in deception and wickedness. In his joyful enthusiasm the old deceiver was pulling my whiskers with one hand and tryin chug me between the eyes with the other when I gin him a fliplop which landed me on top. Then, as I encom-pensed his windpipe with much heartiness, I bade him observe that—

"He who seeketh his naybur's de-

struction should look out fur slivers as he climbs a rail fence."

And as I seized his gray and scanty locks and gave his head many a painful wrench I said:

"Deception may profit a critter today, but tomorrow Truth comes along, and where is he?"

The venerable but deceptive old reprobate made a fight fur it, but I had him licked in five minits, and when I let him up and told him to depart he was fain to hasten his footsteps. When he was a long way off, I mounted my wagon and continued my way, and it seemed to me that all natur' congratulated me on hev'in met and overcome the enemy. I had yit to undergo another trial before reachin the town and bein welcomed by the multitude who wanted their tintypes taken at 10 cent a take. A crafty lookin critter, with a crafty lookin dog at his heels, met me on the highway, and as we halted to ask about each other's welfare he looked with contempt at my fightin dog and shook a ten dollar bill among the roots of my patriarchal whiskers. I went down into my pocket fur a similar amount, and the canines was turned loose. In seven minits by my Waterbury thar was a licked dog streakin it over the boundless prairie, and he didn't belong to me.

"Riches may fly away in a night," says I as I pocketed the crafty man's boodle, "but integrity riseth up and lieth down with you and sticketh like a porous plaster."

"Durned if she don't!" says he in a sorrier way, and he set out arter his dog and chawed the bitter end of reflection as he jogged.

Then I entered the town with the band playin, the old boss prancin and my heart beatin in that tumultuous way only known to the guileless man who comes out ahead of the game.

M. QUAD.

CREEK NOTES.

Mrs. L. Del La Pole, of 21 Eldorado, who has been on the 'sick list for the past two weeks, is again able to be about.

W. H. Tilman, of 7 below Bonanza, started for Clear creek one day last week, and when about 15 miles from home sprained his ankle so severely that he was obliged to return, and declares it was a little the worst experience he has had for a long time.

Mr. Walter Barnes of the Acme restaurant on lower Bonanza, gave a fine turkey dinner to his numerous guests on the reopening of his place last week.

The people at the Forks and vicinity can now sit quietly in their own homes and listen to sweet music sent over the wires by that prince of good fellows, J. J. Putro, of 17 Eldorado.

On November 2d the Elby will give another of its popular dances to its numerous patrons and friends.

Mr. J. D. Hartman is now sole owner of 57 roadhouse, having purchased his former partner's interest. "Jack" is one of the most popular fellows on the creek, and as he has his family with him, we bespeak for him eminent success.

Mrs. Blodgett, wife of C. D. Blodgett, one of the heavy mine owners of Bonanza, has been visiting her numerous friends in Dawson during the past week.

Victor Grant, who owns a half interest in a quartz mine on Victoria, fell down a shaft 28 feet deep. The cause of the accident was the breaking of the rope just as he was being let down. He escaped with a severe shaking up and a badly sprained foot. Mr. Grant was fortunate in escaping with his life.

A Lively Function.

City Editor—How did we come to get scooped on that fire early this morning?

Night Assistant—There wasn't any one here to send out on it but the society reporter.

City Editor—Well, why didn't you send him?

Night Assistant—I did, and he merely turned in half a column of names of those present.—Philadelphia Press.

Qualified.

"Our Georgie is to be a policeman."

"What makes you think he is fitted for it?"

"He walks in his sleep."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

American whiskies Jesse Moore AA, Old Crow Hermitage and Cyrus Noble. The Pioneer.

Short orders served right. The Hotel.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

Usher & Dewar Scotch whiskies at The Pioneer saloon. Just got in.

Back in the old town. If you want to buy, I'll sell. If you want to sell, I'll buy. S. Archibald, S-Y-T. Co. dock.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

Notice.

Take notice that, at the expiration of four (4) weeks from this date the persons whose names are hereunder mentioned, intend to apply to the commissioner of the Yukon Territory, in council, for letters of incorporation, under the name of The Dawson Transfer & Storage Company, Limited.

The object for which incorporation is sought is for the carrying on of the business of storage and general warehousemen, buying and selling merchandise, and general brokerage business, freighting and operating stage lines, livery and sales stables of live stock, and dealing in carriages and general equipment.

The chief place of business of the company will be in Dawson.

The company intends to incorporate with a capital of thirty thousand (\$30,000) dollars in 300 shares of \$100 each.

The applicants for incorporation of the said company are Hein Te Koller, merchant, Dawson; Frank Wilson, merchant, Dawson; and Truman Hanbury Heath, merchant, Dawson, and the said applicants are to be the provisional directors of the company.

Dated at Dawson in the Yukon Territory, the 25th day of October, 1900.

PATULLO & RIDLEY, Advocates for Applicants.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Speaking of mothers-in-law," said a man who came to the Klondike in '97, mined a year and then came to Dawson and went into business, first in a small way, but who, by close attention to his affairs, spread out and is now one of the solid men of the town, "it was a prospective mother-in-law that drove me to this country—drove me away from her I loved and still love dearer than my own life; but the old lady was too much for me and, after a tacit understanding with the girl, I quit short off, and came here with the rush three years ago this fall. Have a cigar and sit down and rest your felts!"

It was 10 o'clock at night and the Stroller had dropped into the store after a short stroll in search of relaxation, after having added three chapters to a book he is writing entitled, "The Chambermaid's Revenge." The merchant had just put \$350, the profits of the day's business, in his pocket, and was feeling in talkative and communicative mood, but from a wan and pensive air which he could not conceal, it was evident that some weighty thoughts frequently bore down upon his ordinarily blithesome spirits.

When asked what there was so repulsive in the mother of his adored, he said:

"Well, nothing that an ordinary man would object to, possibly, but you see I am very sensitive. Her daughter and I became engaged on a log that lay in a grove behind the barn; that is, I was sitting on the log and the girl was on my knee and to this day I can distinctly remember that she didn't appear to weigh anything scarcely, but in reality she weighs 155 in the shade and wears a No. 6 shoe. Well, the girl insisted on going to the house at once and telling her mother of our engagement, and, as did Adam of old, I yielded and we went. There is where I was weak and there is where my trouble began. The old woman not only insisted on kissing me, but she took me up in the loft and showed me an old cradle which she said her family had been rocked in for five generations back and said, 'It's your's my son.' All this grated harshly on my sensitive nerves, but it was nothing to what was coming and to what did come as time elapsed. The old lady grew more familiar day by day, so, without even saying goodby to the girl, I skipped between two days and came north. After I reached here I wrote her a long letter and told her the truth, why I had left her and all about it. That was three years ago and I never got an answer to the letter until 10 days ago, and all it said was: 'Ma had a stroke of paralysis two days ago and the doctor says she can never talk any more.' That letter settled it with me; I leave for the outside over the ice as soon as the river freezes up. Paralysis is all right at times."

The Nugget's presidential election has called forth a number of communications on imperialism, expansion and other deep and intricate questions, all of which the Stroller has read with more or less wonder and amusement. He has been convinced that all the writers are serious in what they say, but their dissertations on such deep questions were the means of bringing to the Stroller's mind a story:

Carbuncle Jackson had been arrested for stealing a razorback hog which was lame; otherwise Carbuncle would never have 'done' caught it. When brought to trial and a jury was being selected the name of January seems appeared on the list. The court, in order to convince itself that Uncle January was aware of the responsibilities assumed by a juror, put a few inquiries to the old man, among others being:

"Uncle January, do you know the nature of an oath?"

"I reckon I does. My ole mas'er done uster be counted de hardes' cussin' man in Levy county. I reckon dar ain't many oaths what I ain't done heard."

"This prisoner," continued the judge, "is to be tried on the charge of larceny, and it is your duty as a juror to weigh the evidence fairly and impartially and bring in a verdict accordingly. Do you know what the crime of larceny is?"

"Oh, yes, jedge! I knows all erbout larceny; I reckon I've done been familiar wid larceny all my bo'n days."

"Then," continued the judge, "if you find sufficient evidence to convict this prisoner on the charge of larceny, what would be your verdict?"

"Jedge!" said honest old January as he looked the court straight in the eye, "I've got some cotton out to my place that needs choppin' out pow'ful bad, but if de pertubance ob evidence say this man has done been guilty ob larceny, I'll hang dis jury 'till nex' hog-killin' time but what we uns 'll fotch in a verdict makin' de culprit suppot de chile."

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The Klondike Nugget Presidential Ballot.

I hereby certify that I am a citizen of the United States and fully qualified to vote in the approaching presidential election. My choice for the offices of president and vice-president is as indicated below:

REPUBLICAN TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WILLIAM MCKINLEY	
VICE-PRESIDENT.	
THEODORE ROOSEVELT	
DEMOCRATIC TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WM. JENNINGS BRYAN	
VICE-PRESIDENT.	
ADLAI E. STEVENSON	

SIGNED

Instructions: Mark your ticket thus, X in the space opposite the names of the candidates for whom you wish to vote. Each voter is entitled to one vote only. Place ballot in sealed envelope marked "Vote" and mail or send to Nugget office.

THE RECEPTION

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SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager

J. H. ROGERS, Agent