

How Ike Caught His Oxen

Among his neighbors Job Haines considered a pretty fair sort of fellow. He had settled in a little town in the southern part of Kansas, where he lived as an immigrant from New Hampshire, and he brought his Yankee sharpness with him, but as he grew up and attended to his own business he passed. The only member of the family besides Job and his wife was a nephew whom Job had adopted to bring up, as he had no children of his own. Ike was a typical English boy about fifteen years old. He had been brought up in one of the coastal villages of Maine, and he had a great love for the sea.

Job, like the majority of Yankee farmers, was a firm believer in cattle and did most of his work with oxen. "They're broke well enough," replied Job, rather nettled, "but I'm strange to them. Nobody but Ike ever drove them."

"Well, turn them about," said the deacon.

But they paid no heed to any command, and finally, exasperated, Job struck them both with the goad, and they started at a full run down the road. Clattering bang the cart went, and both Job and the deacon were compelled to hold on the cart stakes to prevent being bounced out of the cart.

"Stop 'em, stop 'em!" shouted the deacon. "I want to get out. Whoa! Whoa! Whoa, you varmints!" But the oxen only tossed their heads and ran the faster. "Stop 'em, can't you?"

Job was downright mad by this time.

"Stop 'em yourself, you old fool!" snapped he. "You know as much how to stop 'em as I do."

"We'll be chucked out and killed!" shouted the deacon as the cart banged over a stone.

The oxen were now thoroughly frightened and running away for fair, and both men were badly scared and holding on for dear life. All at once an idea struck Job.

"Say, deacon, can't you talk some sea talk to 'em? That's what I've allers heard Ike talk to 'em," he called out as the cart bumped along.

"Brother Haines, such sea talk as I've heard ain't proper for a pillar of the church to repeat, and I'll call meetin' on you for this if we git out alive," replied the deacon, with as much dignity as he could assume while holding to the stake.

"Do 'em, deacon!" shouted the terrified Job. "It may save our lives."

Just then the cart gave a fearful lurch, and the deacon banged his head against the stake he was holding to with considerable force. This made him boiling mad in addition to his fear. "Splice the main brace! Shiver my timbers! Pipe all hands to grog!" and then, as that had no effect on the frantic team, "Boat ahoy!" and then, losing all control of himself: "Ahoy! Ahoy! Drat you, you blankety blank brutes!" and the deacon let out such a string of profanity that Job turned a shade or two paler.

While this was going on the oxen had got over considerable ground. The people along the road gave in open mouthed astonishment to see two such staid citizens, going along so furiously with an ox team, and were terribly scandalized at their apparent hilarity.

Ike, totally unconscious of what was going on at home, was plodding along toward his chum's when he heard a fearful clatter coming behind him. He turned and could hardly believe his eyes. There came his pet's Jack and Billy at a furious pace and his uncle and the deacon in the cart.

"Stop 'em, Ike! Stop 'em!" shouted his uncle when he saw Ike.

Ike stepped to one side of the road, and as the cattle dashed up called out: "Belay, Jack! Belay, Billy!" At the sound of the familiar voice and command they stopped at once and went quietly up to their young master.

"I'll have the law on you for this, Job Haines," snarled the deacon as he painfully descended from the cart. "And I'll call church on you!" retorted Job as he rubbed his bruises. "I won't belong to any church with a man that kin swear like you kin. A purty deacon you be!"

"If I had a brat like that, I'd skin him alive!" roared the deacon as he glared at the bewildered Ike.

"Isaac, take them cattle home at once," said his uncle. "As for this wicked man here, I shall never notice him again."

Ike took the cattle home. His uncle walked. His aunt told him about the contemplated sale, and though he expressed commiseration for his uncle, it is doubtful if he felt any. His aunt said it served them just right. Ike kept his oxen.

Over the Divide

By Ed. Hering.

The following names appear on the register of Chute & Wills' Gold Run hotel—Chas. Barch and wife, J. F. Martin, R. McIntosh, Capt. Rutledge, Thos. Lamar, J. L. Cote, A. J. Beaudette, chief mining inspector, Frank Krepps, Geo. Ames and wife, Dr. Wills, G. A. Colman, A. T. Smith, D. A. Shindler, J. J. Hickey, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. J. N. E. Browne, E. J. May, Chief McKinnon, Capt. Starnes, all of Dawson; A. J. Nelson, Montana Creek; Mrs. John Cameron, Gold Bottom.

The Gold Run Literary and Debating Society held its weekly meeting Saturday evening at the Central hotel. After the transaction of business presented: Mr. Jordan, the editor of the society's paper, being absent on a tour of inspection of the various creeks, in the interest of the paper, Mr. Skinner read the contents, which proved very interesting indeed, especially that from the correspondents at the branch offices at New York, London, Liverpool, Dublin and Fortymile. Miss Bradley rendered a very pretty selection, the recitation by Mr. Giddens, entitled "The Borrowing Neighbor," made a decided hit. A song by Mr. Storry brought forth a grand applause. The Gold Run Orchestra, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Bradbury and Corporal Jealous, rendered some pretty musical selections. Percy Reid then made a few remarks entitled, "I Love to See My Poor Old Mother Work," and in response to an encore told what happened when he tried to join the Sons of England and they found out that he was of Irish extraction. Mr. Storry sang another song, also Mrs. Godelle, who sang in Swiss. "Leaning against the bar," by Mr. Hokins, a recitation, took the house like chain lightning. The program concluded by a selection from the orchestra.

The clean-up on the creek is very good indeed, and considering the large dumps already in evidence will show Gold Run issuing its usual output of the precious metal.

The Gold Run fire department has been sadly demoralized the past week owing to the sickness of the trained moose, who was taken suddenly ill Sunday night after creating all kinds of havoc. It was noted during the past week that the moose became very sullen and irritable. Dr. Lambert was called and after administering an antidote and reducing what appeared to be a fractured jaw gave strict orders to the night men in regards to the exclusion of visitors. Jack Herrington dropped in a few minutes later just in time to come in contact with a pair of flying moose heels and was shot through the skylight, landing on a clothes line in a neighboring yard. He's wearing bandages now. Joe Parkes showed up with some special chocolates of Seattle make brought in over the ice by Mrs. Sloggy in appreciation for the valuable services rendered in the recent fire at her road house, the Whitman hotel. Joe had had luck and quit loser about one pound of flesh, donated from his right leg. The animal also succeeded in devouring the blue ribbons donated to the fire boys by the above mentioned lady. Al Chute lost his new base drum and Chief Reid's helmet from Montreal needs replacing. The chief holds Dr. Rystrom, the dentist, responsible for the trouble, as he was the party who contracted for the filling and bridging of Mr. Moose's teeth, who, through accident, administered laughing gas instead of laudanum. He in turn censured Ben Iverson, the prairie scout and driver, and from a professional point of view argues that the ulcerated teeth was caused by cold contracted during the last exercise run. Ben having accepted an invitation from Charlie Jameson to drink his health, allowing the moose to stand for six hours with no protection from the elements. Ben in turn claims that the animal was in a bad state when he entered the employ of the department. The previous driver, Frank Pomeroy, and his helper Fred Laplont, used a Spanish bit in hauling their wood from Rob Rob creek to Gold Run, and the question now is who gave the above named gentlemen authority to work the moose to their own interests. Chief Reid claims if such is the case the offenders will be severely punished, they having taken advantage of his absence. In the meantime the whole creek is utterly unprotected from fire, and to make matters worse the insurance rates have advanced at least two hundred per cent., and the matched race with Happy Hooligan's fire team at Caribou is declared off. A meeting of the department is called for next Monday evening.

Orr & Tukey have extended their run to 244 below lower Dominion, stopping at and leaving Grant's road house regularly, Sundays excepted.

Erick Nelson and Chas. Stone intend giving a grand opening at their new road house at the mouth of Ar-

Carlyle and Bores.

Whether Carlyle was a dead failure or not is a moot point, but he certainly did not know how to put up with bores. "The art of being a savage to those people" or "such things"—as he would have designated them—which Scott so signally lacked, was possessed by him in its perfection. What he could "least endure," we are told, was being bored. "The unfortunates which he heaped on unfortunate bores exceed Ernulphus' in exquisite variety."

A whole museum might be filled with Carlyle's bores, alone. He obtained access to the immortals, and they bored him. To his acrid humor Charles Lamb was something less, almost, than a bore. Coleridge, whom he had not been disinclined to revere, was a bore of the most oppressive kind. "He hobbled about with us," writes the irreverent Thomas, "talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest. Nothing came from him that was of use to me that day or, in fact, any day."

Genius That Will Win.

A certain hardware store in this city employed as clerk a genuine eighteen carat genius. They did not know it at the time, but they are firmly convinced of it now.

One day a country customer came in to buy some powder to use on a hunting trip. The new man waited on him and, not being thoroughly "on to the ropes," gave him blasting powder by mistake.

The next day the purchaser brought back the lumpy blasting powder to exchange for what he originally asked for. Here is where the new clerk's genius displayed itself. Instead of talking back the blasting powder on the spot he tried to argue the country customer into buying a coffee grinder, with which the blasting powder might be ground to the requisite fineness.

Sad to relate, he failed, but he made a great hit with his employers nevertheless.—Syracuse Herald.

Jim Trimble Got Away.

Uncle Sam Whitney, as the old mountaineer was called, had been telling me about the county fair and how his mule took a prize, but he suddenly stopped and uttered such a sigh that I knew there was more to come and asked what it was.

"Jim Trimble was that," he replied.

"Well, what of it?"

"The Whitneys and the Trimbles don't hitch up and haven't for twenty years past."

"You mean there's a family feud?"

"I reckon that's what you'd call it, though it 'pears mo' like 'shootin' match to me. The Whitneys have got four of the Trimbles, and the Trimbles have got about the same of the Whitneys; nobody of any account left 'cept Jim and me. He had a mule at the fair too."

"And was there any trouble?" I asked.

"Not much trouble," he slowly replied, "but I was mighty disappointed."

"Did you look for more prizes?"

"No, suh. That Jim Trimble got away from me—yes, got 'slick away—and the Lawd only knows when I may meet up with him ag'in. That he was, and that I was, but he dun got away."

"Just how do you mean, Uncle Sam?"

"Just as I said, suh—he dun got away from me."

"Was there any shooting?"

"A trifle of shootin', suh."

"And you shot and failed to bring him down?"

"That was about the way of it. I was tooken suddenly sick and fell down, and while I was lyin' thar Jim Trimble walks off. None of the family ever did do the 'suar' thing."

"I hadn't got the puzzle solved yet, and after a time I inquired of the old man:

"You say you were suddenly taken ill?"

"Yes, suh."

"What was the cause of it?"

"Why, them two bullets that Jim Trimble fired into me befo' he walked away, of co'se," replied the old man, with a look of astonishment that I hadn't figured it out long before.—Detroit Free Press.

Like a Camel.

"The camel," said the studious boy, "is a remarkable animal. He carries a water supply sufficient to last for days and is known as the ship of the desert."

"Which demonstrates," said the still more studious boy, "how careless we are becoming in the use of language. There are few things more difficult to handle than metaphor. It should be remembered that a ship is available only as it keeps the water outside itself."—Washington Star.

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