

NEW ENGLAND HOBO DINNER

One Hundred and Twenty Enjoyed Thanksgiving.

But the Stuffing Was Too Much for Them—N. Quad's Kindhearted Matron.

"I was up in New England last year when Thanksgiving came around," said the tramp as a look of pain crossed his face. "There was a woman in a New Hampshire town who had always wanted to do something big when the day came around, and on this occasion some one suggested to her to give a tramps' dinner. She liked the idea, and for a week before Thanksgiving she was sending word for 20 miles around. The town officers agreed not to interfere, and 120 of us showed up. We were all in good health and had our appetites with us. The dinner was laid in a hall, and there was a clean hundred turkeys on the board, saying nothing of bushels of doughnuts, barrels of cider and pumpkin pies stacked 10 feet high. It was all for tramps and for nobody else, and when that woman had asked a blessing she told us to pitch in."

"Say, now, did you ever see a tramp turn himself loose for all that his stomach would hold? I reckon not, for he don't have the chance more'n once in a lifetime. The 120 of us was lank and empty and chawing bark to keep hunger off. We got to work at just noon, and we didn't mean to leave a thing on that table. It took us three hours to finish off to the last doughnut, and the folks looked on and cheered us and said how glad they was that we had been blessed. We was nothing but shadders when we sat down, but the 120 who riz up looked like so many aldermen. We was getting ready to scatter out of town and go without eating all the rest of the winter when we began to fall sick. One after another was knocked out with bilious colic till the whole of us was laid on the shelf."

"Mebbe that town wasn't upst! Lord alive, but they had to send for doctors for 10 miles around, and about all the houses was turned into hospitals. It was the stuffing that brought on the colic, and, while nobody actually died, not one of us got on our legs again for a week. About 20 of the fellows got such a twist that they didn't get over it for a month or more. I reckon that dinner cost that town \$500, and everybody said the woman ought to have known better, and I'll bet dollars to cents they are fighting over the bills yet. They was so anxious to get rid of the lot of us that they gave a dollar apiece and paid our railroad fares out of the state."

"No, I ain't looking for Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year's spreads. They are mighty good eating while they last, but when a teller who's got along on old crusts and weak coffee for the rest of the year begins to heave in turkey and pie consequences have got to foller. If anybody feels sorry for me and wants to lay up treasure in heaven, jest let 'em pass me a quarter instead of a holiday spread. I'll git two beers, a sandwich and a bed out of it, an when I wake up next morning I won't be in the hands of two doctors and an undertaker at the door."

M. QUAD.

Greatness a Luxury.

"Mebbe you'd be willin' to do me a favor?" said the old chap with a carpetbag to a policeman who found him sauntering about a Boston railroad depot the other afternoon.

"Well, what is it?" was asked.

"I'm waitin' around fur my train to start and meetin with a lot of adventures. Pasty, a feller comes up and shakes hands with me and calls me Shakespeare and wants to know all about my family. I'm not Shakespeare, of course, but I kinder hated to tell him so and I bought him a drink and treated him white. Nextly a feller comes up and calls me Cicero and wants to know if all the folks was well. I'm not Cicero, of course, but he was so sure of it I bought him a drink and let him talk on. The next feller calls me Columbus and pats me on the back fur discoverin' America. He was way off, of course, but I bought him a drink and let him down easy."

"And the fourth man?" asked the officer.

"He called me gov'nor and got a drink. The fifth one took me fur a judge and the sixth one fur a congress-man."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Jes kinder hang around fur awhile and explain matters. When the sev-

enth chap comes up and calls me George Washington and wants to know if the old woman has got over her rheumatiz and the baby has cut his back teeth, I'd like you to take him to one side and tell him I'm only Thomas White and the biggest thing I ever did in all my life was to shoulder a barrel of flour on a bet of 50 cents. Durn this greatness! In the first place, I don't want it, and in the next I'll only have about a dollar left when I git home, and the old woman will either gobble on to that or raise a family row to give me cold feet all the rest of the winter."

M. QUAD.

Stole Her Neighbor's Dinner.

"Disadvantages in flat life?" Mrs. Newbride laughed. "Well, perhaps so. But then some one's disadvantages was my advantage last evening. So you see it all depends upon the point of view."

"It happened that we had unexpected company to dinner—the Van Meters. You know people who have a dozen servants do not realize what an impromptu dinner means in Poverty Flat, where but one is kept, and it never occurs to them that there might be limitations to a roast ordered for two. Unfortunately there wasn't a roast on this occasion. We were to finish the remains of Sunday's joint, for since Jack and I got back from the Paris exposition we have had to economize. When Marie (our maid) said a fine we made in Paris brought me the Van Meter's cards I remembered the joint and I simply gasped. What should I do? As if in answer to my question, just at that moment the janitor's bell rang, and following Marie out to the dumb-waiter I saw displayed upon its shelves—what do you suppose?—twenty-four oysters on the half shell, four dainty chickens, a box of cakes, and ice cream!"

"Are you sure these things are for us?" I called down the shaft. Yes, the man was sure—top flat, he had been told. Then it occurred to me that doubtless Jack had somehow had a hint of the Van Meters' visit and had sent the things, so I directed Marie to transfer them to our Jarde, and I went in to greet my guests much relieved in mind. When Jack came home I had no chance to see him alone before dinner was announced.

"Soup, as only the French can make it, followed the oysters, then came the broiled chickens, croquettes (alias the Sunday roast), salad, dessert and coffee. Jack looked gratified, but mystified, and the Van Meters left the table convinced, doubtless, that course dinners were a nightly occurrence in Poverty Flat. "But how did you know that the Vans were coming?" I said to Jack the moment they were gone. "I didn't know. I hadn't an inkling of it until I saw them here," he answered. "Then why did you send the chickens and the oysters, and—?" "I didn't."

"Then whose chickens and oysters have we stolen?" I gasped in alarm.

"Well, this morning Jack made it his business to find out, and it seems that we had been enjoying our next door neighbors' dinner, while they were regaling their guests on scrambled eggs, and wondering what had become of the feast they had ordered. However, when Jack explained to them what a salvation those things had been to us they not only forgave us, but seemed to enjoy the joke, too."

"But how did it happen?"

"Oh, there are two top flats. I had forgotten that."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Soldier's Prayer.

"Our Father who art in Washington, Sammy be thy name, thy will be done in the 4th Wis. as it is in other regiments. Give us this day our daily rations of hard tack, sowbelly and beans; and forgive all of our officers, for we will not forgive them and lead us not into Cuba but deliver us from the Spaniards, for thine is Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines forever. Amen."

"We thank thee today Uncle Sam that thou hast brought us to this land of brush and stones; that we may learn to be good soldiers of the U. S. And we thank thee that thou hast issued orders compelling us to get out into the rain and sit up until eleven o'clock to answer roll call; and oh! Uncle Sam, we thank thee that thou hast not sent us to Cuba, but kept us here in this fever stricken camp for the purpose of clearing up land for the Aniston Land Improvement Company; and we heartily thank thee that thou hast given us enough lumber to build our little shanties, even though we had to buy the floors ourselves; and the dear little Sibley stores you gave us which throw so much heat-up the chimneys. Thou hast been sorely tried in thy recent trouble with Spain, and it has cost thee several thousand dollars to pay the peace commissioners at Paris and thou has not the change to spare to properly feed and clothe us, thy poor soldiers,

who were willing to lay down our lives in defense of thy country. And Uncle, we would ask thee to thank the good people of Wisconsin for the turkeys and other good things they sent us for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners thou knowest that they are the first and only square meals we have had since we became thy humble servants, and good Uncle Sam, thou knowest that if we were mustered out and thou shouldst need us again we would enlist at the first call; for thou knowest we are all good citizens of thy most noble country, even though Governor Scofield would not give us a chance to vote for fear he would not be elected, and we ask that thou wouldst look after our rations and see that the quarter master doth give us all that thou dost allow us, that we may be able to drill like good soldiers; and we ask thee that thou wouldst issue a few more candles that we may not be compelled to buy them or wander around camp in utter darkness. And if thou wilt kindly grant all these favors we will "Remember the Maine" for ever and ever. Amen and amen."

(The above lines were handed to us by Robert McCracken, late private in Company M, 4th Wis. Vol. Inf., Ontario Observer.)

Gold in the Philippines.

In a very interesting letter to the News, of Ely, Nevada, Will J. Lee, of San Francisco, who has recently made an examination into the mineral resources of the Philippine islands, says:

"The city of Dagupan lying about one hundred miles north of Manila is the northern terminus of the Manila & Dagupan railroad. Leaving Dagupan by horse or with Igorrote packers the trail to rich placers on the Agno river lies eastward about 60 miles. The gold deposits there are rich and extensive, vast tracts of black sand or 'arena negro' lie along the whole course of the Agno river from its source in the great mountain range which divides the islands of Luzon from north to south, to its mouth at Dagupan on the shores of the China sea. By actual tests this sand has been found to run from \$24 to \$97 to the cubic yard, bedrock varying from 3 to 20 feet in depth. The Agno river is narrow and deep with an immense fall making hydraulicking thoroughly practicable, although as yet no more extensive or modern methods have been employed than those of the natives who wash the gold in wooden calabashes or sluice it in bamboo troughs with small pebbles for riffles. Even in this crude way the Igorrote women are able to save from \$3 to \$5 per day. The gold quartz is all free milling, no refractory ore having as yet been discovered in the gold ledges, they being composed of white porphyritic quartz mixed with iron oxide and filled with wire gold from which assays have been taken as high as \$35,000 to the ton. This gold is taken out by the natives by the use of a sort of a crooked crow-bar, the quartz crushed between rocks by the native women and then washed in the wooden calabashes. High grade steel galena has also been discovered in paying quantities and rich native copper ledges varying in width from 10 to 200 feet make the greatest copper showing ever discovered in the world."

"Nearly 100 years ago the Spanish government incurred the undying hostility of the natives who practically control these provinces by a wholesale massacre of over one hundred Igorrotes on account of the natives refusing to submit to the friar's misrule and since that time the natives have never allowed a Spaniard to penetrate into or locate upon their land. They are, however, extremely friendly with American miners, feeling that their cause has been espoused by the conquerors of Spain, hence some 200 American prospectors are working placers and are bringing in vast returns in the shape of nuggets and fine gold from the provinces controlled by the Igorrotes. A mining company has been formed in San Francisco and with the next 30 days the company will send two of the best mining experts on the Pacific slope to Manila with instructions to take up and locate as many of these rich gold and copper claims as they can handle. But as the land is practically undeveloped there is room for 10,000 practical miners in Luzon alone and as the insurrectors are practically driven out of these provinces, and as the climate is delightful and food abundant no more promising field for fortune winning by mining exists on the face of the earth. Coal, iron and lead ledges cross-cut the country in every direction and once the rich mineral products of the islands become known to the mining world, the gold fields of icy Klondike and malarious Nome will pale into significance beside the latest of America's rich possessions, the fair isles of the Orient."

Mrs. Thompson has received new ladies' furnishings over the ice. 3d st.

Prayers With Variations.

It was the little son of Winfield Cook, formerly of Auburn, who ended up his prayer, "If I should die before I wake," "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Goss of South Lewiston had been wishing and sighing for a ride for a long time. Finally the promised opportunity came. The little miss was tucked up in the robes, and all was ready for the start, when she suddenly bowed her head and folded her hands under her chin. "Oh, God," she said, "don't let it rain, or don't let the wind blow today, for I want to take this ride. Amen." Then to her father she said: "All right, papa, you can go along now. I've given God His orders!"

A Lewiston laddie of 3 has been taught to say "Now I lay me." Last night, after his mother had prepared him for his crib, she said, "And now the prayer." But, turning his face away, the laddie said, "I can't, I'm too bashful."

He is the cousin of a chubby 4-year-old, whose home is in New York. This little man has also been started up in the way he should go. One day he visited some relative by the name of Jones. He was not treated just as his highness considered fitting, and he resented it for a time. But when prayer time came he relented enough to frame this petition and prayer: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and grandpa and grandma, and even the Joneses!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Weather.

Since yesterday morning when the thermometer indicated 16 below zero there has been a steady moderating of the temperature and at 10 o'clock this morning Sergeant Major Tucker's official instrument marked 6 degrees above zero.

- Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.
- Kodaks bought and sold. Goetzman.
- We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.
- Up-river frozen fresh eggs. Mecker.
- Brewitt makes fine pants. ert
- Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

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BLUCE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER Office: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. G. A. E. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic Hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

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