INDIAN HUNTERS

Report Game Very Scarce Far Up the Klondike.

People on First avenue yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock might have imagined a wild west show had just struck town judging from the long file of Indians which came trotting down the street, each man hold of the gee-string of a toboggan. There were 16 of the dusky braves and they were all members of Chief Isaac's valiant band of Mooschides. They had just returned from a hunt up the Klondike and were not very jubilant over their success. In the party was Euso, who speaks good English, from a siwash standpoint, and is a brother-in-law of Chief Isaac. To a Nugget man Euso stated that his party had been hunting in the region just above the first canyon of the Klondike, about 100 miles above Dawson. They were there over a week and succeeded in getting but very few cariboo and no moose at all. He reports game as exceedingly scarce and says none of the white hunters have fared any better than he did. Why such is the case he does not know unless it is because the run this season is so much later in beginning than usual. While in that vicinity he met some Peel river Indians who had come across the divide for a hunt. They told him that game was as scarce at the head of the Klondike as it was 100 or 150 miles lower down. They had seen but few scattering tracks and no evidence of any extensive run of cariboo. The trail up the Klondike is very bad, there not having been sufficient cold weather to freeze the river solidly. The Indians in returning broke through the thin ice in numbers of places necessitating a delay while they built a fire and changed their clothes and moccasins. On the upper part of the Klondike there is but very little ice and scarcely no snow at all, concerning which Euso naievely remarked:

"I no sabey dis kind wedder."

The Indians are fully alive to the possible rise and fall of the market. For the small quantity of meat they brought down they asked 30 cents, but as only 25 was offered them the majority preferred to hold for a better price, caching their stock in cold storage in a warehouse. About 6 o'clock they all wended their way homeward to Moosehide. Euso says they will not go up the Klondike again for at least a month.

Notice for Meeting.

A public meeting for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming a literary and debating society will be held in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church at the close of the three o'clock union service on Thanksgiving day, Thursday, Nov. 28th.

TWO LIVELY CHASES

The Fire Company Had Plenty of Exercise Yesterday.

The fire department had two runs yesterday afternoon, the first being to a cabin on First avenue between Edward and George streets adjoining the Standary Oil Company, the property of M. de Lobel and occupied by Messrs. J. T. Bethune, S. A. D. Bertrand and David Macfarlane.

On account of the slight snow on the ground the team on the big chemical had a tremendously hard pull getting up the hill. The fire caught from the usual defective flue and by the time the department arrived the roof was in a merry blaze. Both chemicals were put to work and quickly had the flames under control. The cabin was damaged considerably and a loss of $500 to each of the occupants was entailed by the smoke and water. Being in such close proximity to the Standard Oil Company's warehouse Chief Stewart in case of an emergency had two lines of hose laid, aggregating nearly 5,000 feet, one from No. 1 fire hall and the other from the N. C. Co.'s big pump.

Scarcely had the department returned to their quarters and while they were still engaged in re-charging the chemical another alarm came in from the Third avenue hotel, another case of defective flue. The quick response of the department was all that prevented a serious fire. One corner of the building received a severe scorching before it was gotten under control. The damage amounted to probably $500.

Another short run was made to Second avenue near Duke street, but it proved a false alarm.

Could'nt Do the Impossible.

No, the citizen would positively not buy any of the hair restorer.

"Do you think you can make a monkey of me?" he hissed with asperity.

"Oh, not all," replied the vender cheerfully. "We don't pretend to be able ta restore the hair lost in the process of evolution."

An innocent bystander cracked a faint smile, but otherwise all was still.—Detroit Journal.

Nowadays.

"I don't believe either of the two men wants to fight," the president of the athletic club said, "and they would not do it at all if it wasn't for the money in it. Money fights."

"I don't know about that," returned the man who had been selected as referee. "I have always understood that money talks."

"Well, what's the difference?" quoth the other, flaring up.—Chicago Tribune.

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

Goetzman's Magnificent

Souvenir OF THE Klondike

IS NOW BEING CLOSED OUT AT

.. $2.50 EACH ..

This Work Is Without Exception the Finest Production Ever Published Showing Views of This Country. The Work Is Handsomely Bound With an Illuminated Cover and Contains

80 PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS
OVER 200 VIEWS.

Printed on Heavy Coated Book Paper.

Former Price $5.00, NOW $2.50

Copies, While They Last, Can Be Obtained at All Book Stores or at

Goetzman's Photograph Studio

Corner First Avenue and Second Street

Best Scotch Whiskies $25 Per Case
Gold Dust at $16 Per Ounce.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Best Scotch Whiskies $25 Per Case
Gold Dust at $16 Per Ounce.

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

ENEMIES OUR BEST FRIENDS

For Without Them Our Efforts Would Be Small.

If criticism is kind and fair, accept it with respect and thanks; if it is fair but unkind, accept it with respect without thanks; if it is unfair and unkind treat it with contempt.

Have an aim in life and let nothing divert you from the road that leads to the goal. Follow the precept given in the favorite proverb of the Arabs: "The dogs bark, the caravan passes."

Be comforted whether you are an artist, a writer, or anything else, by the thought that, as a rule, the unfair critic is a failure in the art he criticises. If he could write good books and good plays, which would bring him an income of $50,000 a year, if he could paint good portraits which he could sell for $5000 apiece, he would not waste his time finding fault with the productions of other people. And there are even worse critics than those I have just mentioned: there are the utterly ignorant ones who do not know the rudiments of the arts which they criticise.

If you are a philosopher and can always see the bright side of things, if, better still, you are of a humorous turn of mind, you may het a great deal of amusement out of either conceited or ignorant criticism. Imagine the joy that Mark Twain must have felt when, a good many years ago (more years perhaps than I care to remind my celebrated friend of), the London Saturday Review took his "Innocence Abroad" seriously, called the book "flippant," and praised the topographical portion of it. "His description of the towns is fairly correct," said the portentous weekly. How Mark Twain must have roared—why, till tears came to his eyes.

The Saturday Review has been at it again, and this time I am victim of its arrows. A few weeks ago I published a book in Paris, in French, naturally. I will not name that book for fear you should think I am advertising it.

An author generally entertains for his last book the feelings that a father entertains for the baby. He is prejudiced in its favor. Maybe my book is very bad. However, considering that the press of France and England has almost unanimously praised it, I have come to the pleasant conclusion that it cannot be so very bad.

If you will excuse my quoting a passage from a more favorable criticism you will better see my point. Speaking of my book the Paris Figaro, the most literary of French papers, says: "Although Max O'Rell has chosen an English nom de plume, although he speaks and writes English as well as the late Queen Victoria (!!!), although he has delivered over 2000 lectures in English, he is a Frenchman, and a thorough Frenchman, for he is too witty and writes French too brilliantly to be anything else."

Now I began to feel very happy and very proud, because I said to myself: "The critics on the staff of the Paris Figaro do have a decent knowledge of French. Hello, old man, although you have lived nearly 30 years among the members of the English speaking race all over the world, you can still write a fairly good piece of French!"

The next day I opened the London Saturday Review. There was in it a criticism of my book which wound up thus: "His style, generally, is as slovenly as French style can be."

What am I to do? No author can hope to make a living without the appreciation of the Saturday Reviewer. Am I, in future to publisg a French English vocabulary at the end of the French edition of my books? Or am I to bring my French down to the level of the Saturday Reviewer's knowledge of that language, of whom I might say, quoting Chaucer:

"He spake ye French of Steattford-atte-Bow,
For French of Paris was to himme unknow."

And then I remebered that when some 15 years ago I published a school edition of Bossut's sermons the Saturday Review said: "It was not so bright and entertaining as 'John Bull and his Island.'" The whole thing dawned upon me and I have felt happy ever since.

Criticism should never exasperate us; on the contrary it should benefit us and even occasionally amuse us.

We should not hate our enemies, not only because the gospel tells us to love them, but because we should be grateful to them for the good they do us; for if we owe part of our success to our friends, we owe a still greater part to our enemies, because they make more noise about it and vertise us ever so much better.

There are two ways of making an animal advance, whether that animal be an artist, a writer, a bishop or a prime minister. First, by kind encouragement in front of him, or by something less pleasant but more effective on the other side. And I firmly believe the second process to the more efficient of the two.

Enemies? Why, they are our fortune!

If you do something new, you make enemies of all the red-tapists; if you do something intelligent, you make enemies of all the fools; if you do something successful you make enemies of all the armies of failures, the misunderstood, the crabbed, the jealous; but these little outbursts of hatred one as diverting as the other, are in reality so many testimonials in your favor.

If you send in your application for some vacant post, and you succeed in obtaining it, you may be sure that there will be but one candidate who will consider that the election was made according to merit, and that one is yourself. The rest will cry out in chorus that your luck is something wonderful.

"Luck!" as I exclaim in a little book of mine. What a drudge this poor word is mafe! The privations which you have imposed upon yourelf, and the long nights which you have devoted to study—that's luck! Luck means rising at 6 in the morning; luck means strightforwardness, sincerity and earnestness; luck means saving one dollar if you earn two; luck meaas minding your own business and not meddling with other people's."

Do what is right, or what your conscience tells you is right; do your best—and never mind what your critics say.

Many a man who criticises the millionaire that has amassed his wealth through his intelligence and industry would lick his boots for a greenback.

MAX O'RELL.

Still a Chance for Him.

"So you reject me," the young lawyer said, rather bitterly. "I wonder if it would do any good to appeal the case to your father."

She shook her head.

"There is no appeal from my decision," she replied. "I am what you call the court of last resort."

"But I cannot give up the case in this way!" he exclaimed.

She dug the sand with the point of her parasol.

"Mr. Braxton," she said softly, "might you not ask for a new trial?"—Chicago Tribune.

Anything Goes.

"Er—you remember that country fair premium list I got out when we were not living so well as we are now?" asked the successful author.

"Yes, dear," answered his wife. "What of it?"

"I wanted to know if you have a copy of it among your keepsakes. I have just received an offer with a good bit of money in it, for the dramatic rights."—Indianapolis Press.

A Meat Market and the Classics

Oviedo, the writer of "Sumario de Natural Historia de las Indies," one of the most gifted and delightful writers of the middle ages, embodied in his history a splended description of the native American turkey. He does not, however, entertain his readers with a lively description of that fowl as a food delicacy, probably by reason of the fact that in those days the noble bird was considered to be more of a thing of beauty than the subject of an epicurean repast. The world of letters would gain a feast of words and Oviedo a feast of the gods if he lived in Dawson today and partook of the turkey as preparedfor the table in a thousand homes. If that distinguished gentleman was with us the Yukon market would beperpetuated in history for from that depot the choicest corn fed turkeys are distributed.

Cor. King St. and 2nd Ave.
A. R. Cameron, Prop.

The Yukon Market

A Swift Descent.

Lilian Bell in Woman's Home Companion tells of Salzburg and a visit to a salt mine. How the descent into the salt mine was made she tells as follows:

"Our custume consisted of white duck trousers, clean but still damp from recent washing, a thick leather apron, a short duck blouse something like those worn by bakers and a cap. The trousers, being all the same size and the same length, came to Bee's ankles, were knickerbockers for me and tights for Mrs. Jimmie.

"One rather incomprehensible thing struck us before we left the attiring room. This was the use of the leather apron. The attendant switched it around in the back and tied it firmly in place, and when we demanded to know the reason she said in German, 'It is for the swift descent.'

"Jimmie was similarly arrayed when he met us at the door, but he seemed to know no more about it than we did. At the mouth of the salt mine we were met by our conductor, who took us along a dark passage, where all the lights furnished were those from the covered candles fastened to our belts, something on the order of the miners' lamp. Presently we came to the mouth of something that evidently led down somewhere. Blindly following our guide, who sat astride of a pole, Jimmie astride of the guide's back, Mrs. Jimmie after havingabsolutely refused was finally persuaded to place herself behind Jimmie, then came Bee, and last of all myself.

"Our German is not fluent, nevertheless we asked many questions of the guide, whose only instructions were to hold on tight. He then asked us if we were ready.

"'Ready for what?' we said.

"'For the swift descent,' he answered.

"'The descent into what?' said Jimmie.

"But at that and as if disdaining our ignorance we suddenly began to shoot downward with fearful rapidity on nothing at all. All at once the high polish on the leather aprons was explained to me. We were not on any toboggan. We formed one ourselves.

"When we arrived, they said we had descended 300 feet."

She Drew the Line at Sawdust.

"What! Oatmeal again?" cried the boarder who was three months in arrears. "I'd rather eat sawdust."

"Well, Mr. Slopay," she said in her chilliest tones, "it seems to me that I'm doing all that can be expected when I furnish you your board without recompense, and I must certainly decline to turn that board into sawdust."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A New Feature.

The Big Man—He called me a dirty thief—the villian.

The Little Man—H'm! I never noticed that you were particularly dirty.—Ally Sloper.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Hay and Oats For Sale

DAWSON WAREHOUSE CO.,
...Limited...

WARM AND COLD STORAGE

Her Distinction.

Mrs. Minnie Russo, who keeps the confectionery store on Second avenue and Queen street, enjoys the distinction of being the first ratepayer to pay her taxes in the new Administration building.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit 3c
—AT—
F. S. DUNHAM'S
THE FAMILY GROCER
Corner 2nd Ave. and 5th St.

SILK.. GLOVES, MITTS $3.50
Sargent & Pinska
118 Second Avenue.

HICKS & THOMPSON, Props.
Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE
HUNKER AND DOMINION
TIME TABLE
Leaves Flannery Hotel 9:00 a. m.
Arrives Caribou 4:00 p. m.
Leaves Caribou Hotel 8:30 a. m.
Arrives Dawson 3:00 p. m.
Freighting to All Creeks.

FLANNERY HOTEL
First Class Accommodation
Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome Well Cooked Meals.
BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.

X-MAS TOYS

DON'T FORGET THE LITTLE FOLKS
We have all kinds of gifts for little folks. Toys, Dolls, Mechanical Toys, "Tree" Ornaments, Books, Furniture, Sleighs.
The Furniture Department.
N. A. T. & T. CO.

HOLME, MILLER & CO.
107 FRONT STREET
DAWSON
Get Our Prices Before Buying.

...HARDWARE AND MINING MACHINERY...
We have in stock a full line of Boilers, Engines, Pumps, (Steam Centrifugal), Hoists, Pipe, Valves and Steam Fittings, Bar and Sheet Iron, Roadhouse Ranges and Cook Stoves, Verona Picks, Granite Steam Hose and Mann Axes. 5,000 Hose Clamps at 50 Cents Each. Also
400 Dozen Pittsburgh Silver Dollar Shovels.