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25 Kinds of Christie Crackers, Dunkley's Pickled Celery, Heinz's Apple Butter, and Bulk Pickles, Pennant Canned Goods, Pennant Coffee, Ensign Coffee, Premium Butter, Kraut in Gallon Cans. Special--*Fresh Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Eggs and Onions.*

N. A. T. & T. Company

LODGING HOUSES

Should Register Protest Against Street Sleepers.

Wrapped in the curtains of sombre night A. R. Furguson laid him self down on the sidewalk of First avenue last night and in four minutes by a jeweler's wooden sign was in the land of dreams, the pure white snow falling silently on the prostrate form. He had essayed on retiring to hang his hat on a scintillating ray from a saloon lamp that penetrated the darkness through a window, and awakened by a policeman later on the ray had been tampered with and slumberer's hat had disappeared, so that this morning he was perambulating around the locality of the courtroom bareheaded. Had he been able to have changed the location of his dark brown taste to his head the latter would not have looked so chilly as it did. For being in a condition that caused him to appropriate a portion of the public domain for lodging purposes he was this morning fined $5 and costs. This being his second offense within two months, Magistrate Macaulay gave him a warning that suggested thoughts of the time-honored baseball expression, "three times and out."

"Superannuated."

We have just had a conversation with one of Boston's prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal church about the custom that prevailed in that church of putting their bishops, who arrive at somewhat advanced age, on what is called the "superannuated" list, thus giving them a name which indicates that their usefulness in the world has ended.

No such custom prevails to our knowledge, in the Roman Catholic or Episcopal churches, nor is anything of the kind known in the legal or medical professions, who frequently at the ages above referred to are receiving the largest fees of their whole lives.

On the tombstone of our own good father, erected by his church and society, are the words: "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost, and much people was added to the Lord," and we are certainly glad to find there are no such words as "superannuated." Of our good mother, who died in her 80th year, we find recorded, "her ruling passion was to do good, and many are the poor who will rise up and call her blessed," and we are profoundly grateful to find nothing about her being "superannuated."

We are now in our 79th year, reaching with our pen an audience possibly a thousand times larger than we ever reached with our voice, and we should certainly not like to be considered "superannuated."

Two of our best friends who, at the ages of 86 and 87 occasionally find time to call on us, are today managing their large financial investments with a skill which many younger men would do well to imitate.

We have had the pleasure of addressing many Methodist Episcopal audiences in northern, southern and western states, and the only thing in Mrthodism that ever came to us unpleasantly is this custom of calling their old bishops, who have given their lives lives to God's service, "superannuated."

It was once a common custom, on the tombstones of deceased widows, to describe them as being the relicts of their deceased husbands. We deeply sympathize with the good woman who declared that it should never be written on her tombstone that she was any man's relic.

"But what would you call our aged bishps?" says our Methodist friend.

Senior bishops, honorary bishops, most reverned bishops—anything but "superannuated" bishops.—Geo. T. Angell.

Birthday Party.

A children's party was given yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. Turner Townsend at their home on Fifth street, the occasion being the seventh anniversary of their son Alfred. As their little daughter Lilly's fourth birthday occurred only last Sunday, yesterday's party was in honor of both events, and from three o'clock in the afternoon until six in the evening the Townsend home was the most disorderly house in town, there being from 25 to 30 little girls and boys assembled to make merry with the children of the host and hostess. Many little presents were in evidence and young Alfred, who but lately arrived from Victoria, is now of the opinion that the Klondike is a good country in which to celebrate anniversaries. Mrs. Townsend served an elegant dinner to her little guests.

Roosevelt Has Two Years Yet.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 18.—Frank Idings, the man who a few days ago said in a St. Clair street saloon that he belonged to a society that would pay $50,000 to any man who would kill President Roosevelt, was today ordered to be turned over to the board of managers of the Ohio state penitentiary. He had been identified as a paroled convict. As a result of his recent utterances Idings will serve at least two years more in the State prison.

RAY SOUTHARD THE MINSTREL KING IS SINGING "GINGER LOU," "SHABBY COON" AND "DINNAH" THIS WEEK AT THE NEW SAVOY THEATER.

Subscription Reduced

Beginning October 16th the subscription of the Daily Nugget will be reduced to three dollars per month, delivered by carrier to any address within the limits of Dawson. This reduction is made by reason of the facilities which we now enjoy for turning out a modern up-to-date journal at a minimum cost, the Nugget now possessing a plant which cannot be excelled in any city of the world of a similar size.

Our readers will notice that while we have reduced the price of the paper we have increased its size, and are now publishing an eight column metropolitan journal, equal in text, matter and typographical appearance to the up-to-date dailies on the outside.

The Nugget will be delivered to your door for $3.00 per month in the future.

PREPARED FOR BUSINESS

Freighters Discarding Wagons for Festive Bob Sleds.

Managers of stage lines and freighters are today wearing a smile of contentment where a week ago their visages bore a look of anxiety and worry. The change is due to the marked improvement in the roads to the creeks. Only a few days ago they in places were almost impassable, particularly on such portions as have been but recently completed. The Bonanza road from the Forks up was in frightful condition for some time. With the arrival of weather somewhat colder, enough so to at least close up the little streams running down the sidehills, much of the trouble is disappearing and the roadbeds are becoming more solid. On the ridge between the head of Bonanza and Dominion there is over a foot of snow, and there has been good sledding for several days. Freight teams for the Indian river district pull their loads on wagons as far as Cormack's forks, then transfer to sleds and cross the ridge, transfering back again to wagons on the opposite side. A few are using the old ridge road which climbs the hill via Thomas' Gulch, but the majority prefer the Bonanza road. Up Hunker way the road is in better condition now than at any time since its completion. Some are using sleds above Last Chance, but the stages have not yet abandoned wheels. The road down Dominion is in better shape than any of the others by reason of its being used less.

An Exemplary Father.

Many times a husband has been left with two or more children to care for, and they have been adopted into strange families, sent to live with relatives, or consigned to an orphans' home. Not so with little Reba and Ruth Evenden of Herkimer, N. Y.

Their big-hearted papa has other ideas for his little treasures and consequently they can be seen at any time playing with their dolls at their home adjoining their father's real estate office. He leaves his desk every little while and looks in at them with a satisfied smile and then returns to his business.

Aged women who have reared large families look upon Mr. Evenden with honor and admiration.

Mrs. Evenden, after a severe illness, died on December 16, 1898, leaving Mr. Evenden with these two beautiful little girls to cherish and protect, and upon whom to bestow both the love of a father and a mother.

How faithfully and well he has performed this duty is best judged by the little ones themselves, whose bright faces and neat appearance bespeak the tender devotion and care which they receive.

Miss Reba, the eldest, is approaching five, and little Ruth will soon be three years of age. Under the ever-watchful care of their devoted father the little ones have not seen a day's sickness in their lives.

At 7:30 p. m. little Reba and Ruth are soundly sleeping in their little bed in a room adjoining their father's office. Mr. Evenden says: "I nursed little Ruth with a spoon for several months before her mother died, and devoted my time exclusively to my sick wife and two little girls for nearly a year."

Mr. Evenden is thirty-five years of age, medium height and weighs nearly 200 pounds.—Ex.

Three Scots in Disguise.

Scottish American: There are few places on this globe which have not been explored by the intrepid Scot. The pioneers of East, West and Central Africa were all Scots. The discoverers of the Klondike's icebound Eldorado were some wandering Scots, and several of the South American States are really under the control of a few daring Caledonians, while two Scottish kings—Ross and Duncan—reign among the lonely "geans" of the great Pacific.

China has been explored by many fearless sons of Scotia, and on the fire-belching mountain peaks and fever-stricken valleys of New Guinea the dauntless Scot has also "staked his claim."

In Batavia, the capital of Java, the following occurred recently: A Japanese sailor had been brought before the Dutch magistrate for assaulting a German man-of-war's man, and was duly fined.

"Aweel, Dutchy, I wad just like a clout at yersel' for the same money," the Jap muttered when the interpreter made his fine known to him.

"Eh! what did ye say, mon?" the judge cried, excitedly.

"Naething—I didna speak."

"But—what—hoo?" said the judge, "I never saw a Japanese Scotsman afore."

"Oh, I cam' oot wi' the boat frae Clydesbank; I'm chief engineer on her."

Habits of the Marten.

"The Hudson Bay marten, the little fur bearer whose skin is ever popular and at times exceedingly valuable, is still plentiful in that region of fur-bearers," said W. R. Salmon, one time a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company, "but I believe it would have been virtually extinct there long ago if it were not for a habit it has of making periodical disappearances, of the mystery of which I never heard any satisfactory explanation.

These disappearances occur every ten years. Where the animals go to no one knows. No dead ones are ever found, and no one has yet discovered any evidence of their migration to any other region. A few martens, of course, remain on their old feeding grounds, but during the season of disappearance of their fellows none of them will touch the bait in a trap, and consequently none is caught. The next year the martens come back again in their old haunts as numerous as ever, and for ten years more submit to being caught.

"The Hudson Bay martens seem to be the only ones of the species that have this strange habit. The Lake Superior martens don't waste any of their time in disappearing voluntarily but are found at the old stand year in and year out, housing themselves in hollow trees in the deepest woods and making life a perpetual burden to birds, squirrels, rabbits and other small game on which they prey.

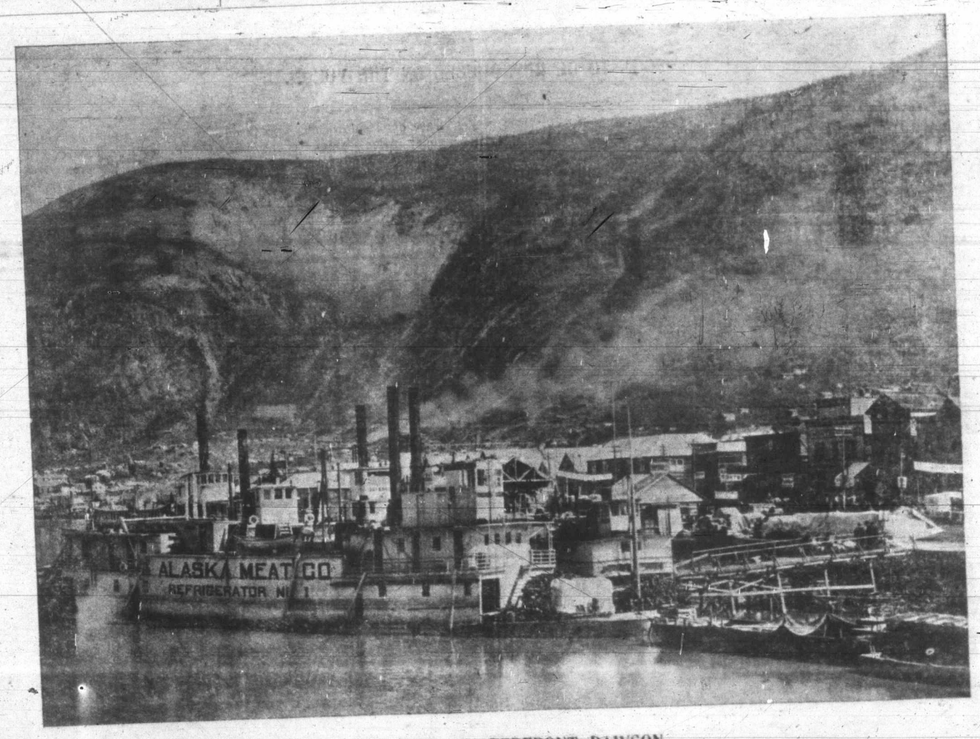
"The Lake Superior marten has one predilection of the palate, in which he resembles the bear. That is a passion for honey. He will line a wild bee to its home with the precision of the most expert bee hunter, and the hidden sweets of that bee colony will have to be in a most inaccessible place if the marten doesn't soon revel in them. Like the male mink, the male marten has an overpowering love not only for its own offspring, but for the offspring of his fellow martens—such peculiar love, indeed, that if it wasn't for the instinct and shrewdness of the mother martens the race of martens would have been unknown long ago. The male marten is so fond of his young that he will eat them up whenever he happens to find them. The mother, therefore, bears her young in some secret place, and keeps them hidden until they are half grown and able to defy the cannibalistic love of their sire. The female mink exercises the same instinct with her progeny, for the father of them, as fond as he is of trout and other fish, will leave his fishing any time to dine on his interesting little family."—New York Times.

A Dream of Treasure.

Dreams are often unaccountable, and perhaps what I am about to relate may interest your readers. When quite young—I was only 7 years old then—I lived with my parents at a villa in Trieste, Austria. For weeks and weeks I had the same dream, although not nightly—namely, that in the night time I found myself at the bottom of the garden, in my nightgown, scratching at a little heap of earth, and found copper, silver and gold coins, and suddenly looking up, I found before me, and watching me, the sister of the landlord of the villa, an old haggard woman.

Having dreamed this so often, I naturally related it to my mother, who repeated it to her friends, who were of a superstitious nature, tried to induce my father to buy the plot of ground in question, but he would not listen to such a silly idea, as he was as much a spiritualism. Well, soon after the landlord had occasion to dig a fodge at the bottom of the garden, and while digging for the foundation a large sum of money in copper and gold coins was discovered. How is it that a mere boy of 7 years without any knowledge of the place or the history of the owners of the ground, should have such a dream which turned out true?—Spiritualist.

Fresh Lowney's candies at Co., druggists.



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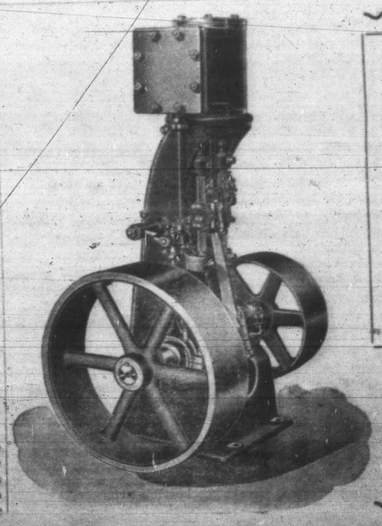

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