

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1 No. 301

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1900

PRICE 25 CENTS

...FOR... XMAS

THE LATEST IN...
American Neckwear

Beaver Gauntlets
Fur Caps.....

SARGENT & PINSKA,
Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

CLEARING SALE
Ladies' Underwear
Flannelette, Satens and Silk
BLOUSES
also Felt Lined SHOES

THE HUB
Full line of Gent's Neckwear Suits and Overcoats
Boys' Clothing
P. S.—Yakima Creamery Butter, Wholesale and Retail.

2nd Ave.

LOOK HERE!

1-15 1-20 1-25
H. P. Locomotive Fire Box Boilers.
Also 1-6X6 friction geared hoist for sale.
Best cash buy in the Klondike.

Holme, Miller & Co.
Mach. Fittings, Valves, Stoves & Ranges. 107 Front St.

Change of Time Table Orr & Tukey's Stage Line

Telephone No. 8
On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a
DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES
TO & FROM GRAND FORKS

Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office, Op. Gold Hill Hotel 3:00 p. m.

From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill Hotel 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building 3:00 p. m.

ROYAL MAIL

HEALTHFUL, TOOTHsome

Game of All Kinds
CITY MARKET.

KLEBERT & GIESMAN PROPRIETORS
Second Ave.
Competitive Prices... Opp. S. V. T. Co.

The O'Brien Club

Telephone No. 87
FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort,
Spacious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar
FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

Bicycles! Bicycles!
The O'Brien Club
Cleveland Wheel.
With Automatic Brake
Also a full line of Bicycle Sundries. Repair shop in connection.
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

THE RIDGE CABLE CO.
Have installed a new plant on the Ridge and are now in a position to pull up all comers.
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

BURNED AT THE STAKE

John Porter, a Colorado Negro,
Expiates His Horrible
Crime.

HIS VICTIM'S FATHER APPLIES MATCH

Was Taken From Custody of
Sheriff by a Mob.

COMMITTEE KNEW ITS LINES

And Acted on Preparations Previous-
ly Made—Died Where Outrage
Was Committed.

Limon, Col., Nov. 26.—Preston Porter, jr., or, as he was familiarly known, John Porter, this evening paid a terrible penalty for his deed. He was chained to a railroad rail, set firmly in the ground on the exact spot where his crime was committed, the father of the murdered girl touched the match to the fuel which had been piled around the stake, and 20 minutes later a last convulsive shudder told that life was extinct. What agony the doomed boy suffered while the flames shrivelled up his flesh could only be guessed from the terrible contortions of his face and the cries he gave from time to time.

The train bearing the negro, in custody of Sheriff Freeman and his deputies, arrived on time, 3:45 p. m. The cars were crowded with newspaper reporters and people who were curious to see the negro executed. R. W. Frost, the murdered girl's father, was one of the passengers.

When the train stopped 16 men, who had been selected by the vigilance committee entered the train and demanded the prisoner from the sheriff. Their every action was marked by calmness and determination.

The officer protested in the name of the law, and asked the men to allow him to take his prisoner to the county jail at Hugo, but his protests were disregarded. One man carried a rope of which had been formed a hangman's noose. This was slipped over the negro's neck. It was announced that the negro was to be hanged, but it was finally decided to leave the method of death to the outraged father. The train was then allowed to proceed, and at Lake station, about three miles from Limon and near the scene of the negro's crime, the party left the train and began preparations for the deed of vengeance.

The executioners, who numbered

about 300 citizens of Little county, had not the least semblance of the ordinary mob. Their every act was deliberate. Grimly they stood in a circle about the fire until the body was entirely consumed, and then they quietly took their way back to Limon, from which place they departed for their homes shortly afterwards.

Porter did not seem to realize the awful punishment he was destined to undergo. As he had exhibited indifference to the enormity of his crime, so he seemed to lack all understanding of its terrible consequences. For more than an hour while preparations for his execution were in progress, he stood mute and sullen among the mob. When everything was ready, he walked to the stake with a firm step, pausing as he reached the circle of broken boards to kneel in prayer. He was allowed to take his time. He rose and placed his back to the iron stake, and half a dozen men wound chains about his body and limbs.

Kerosene oil was applied to the wood, and after a brief pause, Richard W. Frost, the father of little Louise Frost, whose cruelly mutilated body was found one week ago on that very spot, applied a match.

Smallpox Epidemic Past.

Although the health department is in receipt of about 15,000 vaccine points, there are no smallpox patients left and as yet no further appointments have been made of vaccination officers either for Dawson or the outside districts, and although the fiat has gone forth that a house to house visitation to vaccinate all those not yet treated, it is somewhat a matter of doubt as to whether this order will be enforced or not.

Badly Frozen

Kitty O'Neill, a questionable character, or rather there is no question about her character, who resides on Gold Run, had a narrow escape from freezing at an early hour yesterday morning in the locality of claim No. 20. The previous evening she had attended a dance where she had poured very freely of liquor, and, after returning to her cabin, had become crazed to such an extent as to cause her wander to out into the night in her stocking feet and otherwise scantily dressed. When found by a belated traveler she was wandering around on the road, her feet and hands being badly frosted. Her rescuer took her to a cabin when, by much rubbing and a free use of restoratives, the frost was drawn from her injured limbs and it is now thought no amputation will be necessary. Had the weather been very severe instead of but a few degrees below zero the miserable creature would have surely perished.

Two Years for Little.

Edward Little, who sometime since held up a woman named Maude Earl near the Klondike bridge, and tried to extort money from her, was before Justice Dugas this morning for sentence, having been duly convicted of the charge.

Little was sentenced to two years imprisonment at hard labor, the sentence going further and binding him over to keep the peace during the five years succeeding his release, under a surety by himself of \$5000, and \$2500 additional.

It was the opinion of many who saw Little when on trial that he was crazy, and there is no doubt that he tried to further this belief by writing letters unfit for publication to Dr. Hurdman since his trial, and other wise trying to create a belief that he was not responsible. It has been said of him that he has escaped punishment for other offenses by adopting this ruse before, which resulted in his being sent to insane asylums from which he soon emerged "cured."

Christmas Hockey.

There was an interesting and closely contested hockey game played yesterday afternoon, the contesting teams being those of the A. E. and A. C. companies. There were only five points scored in the entire game of which three were to the credit of the A. E. and two to the A. C. Had a few rough plays been eliminated the game would

have been more creditable to the teams and enjoyable to the spectators of whom there was a very large crowd present. As a whole it was a good game and one of the most hotly contested of the series.

A Public Benefactor.

Mr. Horkan of the Standard library has had prepared and put on the walls of his place of business large, accurate and complete maps of all mining creeks in the district. Each claim is numbered and by means of those maps an accurate idea can be found of the exact location of the creeks, the various meanderings, windings and curves. Mr. Horkan had inaugurated this innovation for the benefit of his many patrons.

Christmas on the Creeks.

So far as reported Christmas on the various creeks and at the Forks, was most happily spent. At nearly all the hotels and roadhouses turkey dinners were served and music and dancing held sway afterwards. Reports from all along the line are to the effect that Christmas of 1900 was by far the most extensively observed holiday in the history of the Klondike.

Jake Kline Back.

Jake Kline arrived about 2 p. m. today from Whitehorse with a load of special express matter for some of the larger firms. He was nine and a half days making the run with seven dogs, and reports the trail in fairly good condition, though he complains somewhat of its being sidling in places. He made the return trip alone, and reports travel light and roadhouses short of fresh meat.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

Str. Alpha Wrecked

Vancouver, Dec. 17, via Skagway, Dec. 24.—The steamer Alpha has been wrecked in a storm off the west coast of Vancouver island. She was on her way to Japan and was lost in a storm the first day out and went on the rocks. A life line was gotten ashore and 26 people were rescued. The following persons were lost:

Samuel Barber, managing owner, P. M. York, captain; Chief Engineer Matheson, Assistant Engineer Dunn, Murry, Purser Barber, Sullivan, Crosby and an unknown stowaway. The owner, captain and purser were all carried off the bridge by the waves. The engineers stayed by the engines until the steamer was pounded to pieces on the rocks.

Club Notice.

All members of the Monte Carlo Club are requested to be present at a special meeting to be held at the club rooms Saturday, 8:30 p. m., Dec. 29th for the purpose of reorganization. E. J. Fitzpatrick, Sec.

Lindemann the jeweler has removed to Monte Carlo building.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

Men's fur lined gloves and mitts. Sargent & Pinska.

For watch repairing see Lindemann.

Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester.

Glasses fitted by Soggs & Vesco.

Silk hose and silk underwear at Sargent & Pinska's.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor; Pioneer Drug Store.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

(Continued on page 4.)

A DAWSON HOLIDAY

How the Universal Christmas
Was Celebrated by the
Social World.

GOOD COMPANY AND GOOD CHEER

The Order of the Day Here Where
People Know How

TO ENTERTAIN PROPERLY.

The A. E. and A. C. Co.'s Regale
Their Employees and the Police
Boys Keep Open House.

There is no doubt whatever, that when Dawson does anything with premeditation it is done properly, and everyone in Dawson assisted by his wife and offspring, has been contemplating great things on Christmas day for some time past, with the result that the great anniversary was celebrated yesterday in a way to do credit to any city of equal population on the round earth. Business was wholly suspended, all the stores closing so as to give everyone a chance to celebrate properly, and if anyone overlooked the opportunity he has not yet been heard of.

There were Christmas trees for the children at the schools and churches Christmas eve, to say nothing of the numerous events of the kind which took place in many homes, and yesterday the city was given over generally to feasting and merrymaking, and although turkey costs over a dollar a pound, and champagne is procured at a corresponding figure, everyone ate turkey and drank wine, made presents and had a general good time.

The Salvation Army bounteously and in a most worthy manner provided for the destitute and homeless so that in all Dawson it is believed not one went dinnerless to bed.

At the police canteen there were sounds of revelry, speechmaking and flying corks for the police boys were entertaining in the way they know so well.

Nearly everyone in official life visited them during the afternoon or evening, and none came who were not royally welcomed and entertained. Sheriff Ellbeck was there and made a speech which was a wonder, considering that he is not seeking office, but then the sheriff has a way of doing things on the impulse of the moment, and it is only fair to say that although the impulse has been weighed, in the scales, it has always been found full measure. Justice Craig also made a short call, and in fact everyone did.

The manner of entertainment was impromptu, but good and appropriate. Constable Tuttle kept the piano busy all night.

Among the larger commercial houses the A. E. and the A. C. Co.'s were conspicuous by the royal manner in which they entertained their employees at dinner, where no expense or effort was spared to see that everyone enjoyed himself.

This is a very graceful feature of life

WHOLESALE A. M. CO. RETAIL
Smoking Jackets
Fancy Silk Vests, Dress Overcoats
Make very desirable Xmas Presents.
This store has the variety, style, quality; the prices here are always most pleasing.
AMES MERCANTILE CO.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS. Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
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Three months.....11 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance. 4 00
Single copies.....25
SEMI-WEEKLY
Yearly, in advance.....\$24 00
Six months.....12 00
Three months.....6 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance. 2 00
Single copies.....25

NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1900.

FREIGHT RATES.

The future of the Yukon Territory lies to a very large extent in the hands of the big transportation concerns. The price at which freight can be landed in Dawson and transported from this city to the various creeks must always be the basis from which to estimate the amount of ground which it is possible to work at a profit.

Had conditions remained as they were in 1897, it is safe to say that seventy-five per cent of the ground now being worked or upon which preparations for work are being made would still remain unprospected. As freight rates from the outside have been reduced and roads to the creeks extended the area of workable ground has proportionately increased. A claim which would admit of its owner paying \$200 a ton freight from the outside and from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents per pound for hauling the same to his ground must of necessity have been of extraordinary richness. While such conditions prevailed actual development work was naturally restricted to a comparatively limited area. Every announcement of a reduced freight tariff or the completion of a new road has had the effect of adding to the number of claims upon which a profit might be realized.

Unfortunately, however, freight rates have not yet been lowered to a point at which it may be said that general development of the country is possible. There are still immense stretches of known gold bearing ground which cannot be worked until further and material reductions in freight rates are made.

There is a practical question involved in this condition which we submit to the various transportation companies is worthy their earnest consideration. The success of their business rests entirely upon the continued growth of the mining industry. Every foot of new ground which it profitably opened up means an increase in the demand for commodities and a consequent impetus to the business of transporting freight into the country. A point will be reached, however, at which, extension of development must practically cease unless the cost of operation is materially cut down, and this cost is controlled by freight rates.

It appears to us, therefore, that the heavily capitalized concerns which are engaged in the business of bringing freight to the Yukon country will but further the advancement of their own interests by placing the cost of landing a ton of goods in Dawson at the lowest possible figure.

The Nugget's special holiday number has received more words of unsolicited commendation than any publication which has ever been issued in Dawson. The attractiveness of the special is largely enhanced by the illustrations, all of which are Dawson products, including the handsome title page printed in three colors. The popularity of the issue is best attested by the fact that the entire edition was practically exhausted before noon yesterday.

It is the general opinion that operations on the various creeks will be more

active during the coming spring and summer than ever before. It has been proven conclusively that summer work, where practicable, is far more economical than are winter operations. The saving in the cost of developing ground where one handling is required, is so great that in many instances it pays to allow a claim to remain idle during the winter season.

The remonstrances which have been so general respecting the mail service have resulted already in hastening the delivery of mail in Dawson. The contractors may rest assured that full credit will be given them for everything that is done in the way of improving the system, but it is just as well for them to understand that when good grounds for complaints occur they will not be passed over in silence.

Christmas time in Dawson has not differed materially from the genuine "outside" article. In fact if the truth were known, it is probably correct to say that the average person in Dawson fared more sumptuously than in the centers of civilization.

We trust that both our contemporaries enjoyed a Merry Christmas, although considering the numerous sins which are on the souls of each it is difficult to understand how such could possibly be the case.

Between explanations of its jokes and its fakes the News is kept reasonably busy.

Uncle Eli's Fables.

Once upon a time the Wolf went to a Peasant and began:

"For many years there has been war between us, but I am growing old and would have peace. Let us be friends instead of enemies."

"I am willing," replied the Peasant. "If you had not killed my sheep, I should never have been your enemy."

"It is about those sheep I wish to speak to you," continued the Wolf. "One of them wears a bell, and the jingle jangle of it by night makes me nervous and keeps me awake."

"But the bell is my safeguard. Should I hear it making a great noise I would know that something was wrong with my sheep."

"But to prove that you are willing to be friends with me you'll take the bell off, won't you?"

The Peasant thought the matter over and said he would, and the Wolf went away with a grin on his face and honeyed words on his lips. When night came and he left his lair in search of supper, he heard no bell, and he therefore made his way toward the flock with all speed. When he had come among the sheep and was about to seize a fine fat ewe, he was rolled over by the farmer's dog and given such a mauling that he could scarcely drag himself along. On his way back to the forest he met the farmer and cried out to him:

"Alas, but I trusted your word, and this is what it brought me to!"

"My dear Wolf," replied the Peasant, "you asked me to remove the bell which disturbed your slumbers, and I did so."

"But having removed the bell you—"

"Exactly. Having removed the bell, I put my dog to guard the flock, but had you not been after mutton you would never have known it. Is there any other little arrangement you wish to talk over?"

Moral—When a thief complains that your closed windows give him a pain, stand in the open door with a club.

M. QUAD.

Wooden Protest.

"Ah," quoth an Edinburgh gentleman to a manufacturer of artificial limbs as he was being shown over the latter's busy factory the other day, "these pieces of timber," pointing to a lot of wooden legs, "are but so many eloquent protests against the horrors of war."

"Exactly," answered the manufacturer—"stump speeches!"—Answers.

Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.

Usher & Dewar Scotch at Pioneer.

Irish whisky at the Pioneer. John Jameson & Son celebrated brand.

Finely mounted sterling silver articles at Sale & Co., the jewelers.

Christmas and New Year presents at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinsky's.



The Lights Are Out

The last Christmas of the 19th century has passed into a memory and the tired little ones have closed their eyes in happy slumber. Possibly on that occasion of gift giving you may have inadvertently forgotten some one. So here's a gentle reminder—

A New Year Gift will make it all right.

We have, notwithstanding an immense sale of Christmas gifts, a large and varied stock of appropriate presents for New Year.

HERSHBERG The Reliable Seattle Clothiers
Opp. C. D. Co.'s Dock

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

The Stroller dropped into the Salvation Army barracks yesterday just as dinner was about to be served. He didn't go there to eat; he didn't have to; but what he saw gave him an appetite for his own dinner later in the day. The act of these people in supplying upwards of 100 homeless men with a first-class dinner yesterday contains more of the tripe extract of Godliness than any other act performed in Dawson during the past year.

An eminent American statesman once said, in discussing the financial question, "The way to resume is to resume." And the way to perform acts of charity is to perform them in fact and not in theory. On many occasions on the outside thousands of dollars are spent in preparation for charity balls which are the occasion for great display and much theoretic goodness; but after the ball is over and the bills are paid there is usually very little left for the poor who still eat their dry crackers at the town pump.

It is all right for the deacon to pray the Lord to send Widow Jones a load of wood, but the man who goes and pays for a load and orders it delivered to Widow Jones is a better man than the deacon even if he never uttered a prayer in his life.

The Salvation Army mixed practice with its theory and served roast turkey with hallelujah sauce, thereby bringing cheer and sunshine to many a heart which would otherwise have been pervaded with gloom. All honor and hail to the Salvation Army.

"Here, there! Let up on that or I'll have you pulled!"

Something like the above is now heard in Dawson every time the black snake whip of correction is raised over a dog with the result that brutality to animals is now the exception where it was formerly the rule. Public sentiment has been educated until now the cruel practices once so prevalent, especially on the trails, have become almost absolute. The day was on the trails even in the vicinity of Dawson when a man would not be interfered with even if he clubbed a dog or horse to death, and such acts of brutality were not infrequent. But now things are different. A man is responsible to his neighbors for the care of his beasts of burden, and if he betrays the trust the neighbor touches the button and the law does the rest.

"This thing of having only one holiday at a time is a very poor arrangement," said a clerk in one of the big stores today. "Now take me, for instance! I feel ten times worse today than if I had not had a holiday yesterday, whereas, if I could lay off today, I would be all fixed by tomorrow. I would have gladly given my day's salary to have been able to turned over and resumed sleep when the watchman called me this morning. I thought I was having a big time when the old man was cracking 'bots' yesterday evening, but the taste I have this morning—say, garlic and limburger cheese would be strawberries and cream compared with it. Hereafter, unless I can arrange for a straightening up day, I will pass all holidays. This thing of trying to smile on customers when your head feels like a mo asses barrel is not conducive to good morals."

Just then a lady came into the store to match some silk and with a groan that touched my heart the clerk moistened his lips and turned wearily to the dry goods counter.

Diamond mounting by Soggs & Vesco.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory.

GANDOLFO,
Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.

Just in Time.—Diamonds galore at Soggs & Vesco. Who wants fine stones?

Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Fresh Stall Fed BEEF

All Kinds of Meats

Game In Season

Bay City Market

Chas. Bossy & Co.

THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Brown Pup, two months old, white feet and tail. Return to Bay City Market.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front Street, Dawson.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY BLEECKER FERNAND DE JOURNAL BLEECKER & DE JOURNAL, Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building. Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, First avenue.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

TABOR, WALSH & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers. Telephone No. 40. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

The Last Stampede of 1900... Is Now on

It started at daylight this morning headed by an old

SOUR DOUGH

who got a tip from the Nugget.

Where is the stampede to? Why to the

N. A. T. & T. Co.'s

TOY DEPARTMENT

Corner 1st Avenue and 4th Street
Opposite Fire Hall No. 1

Any little boy can show you the trail.

No Relocations

All New Claims

Get a move on you and secure your choice.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

WHY BILL CEASED DRINKING

He Had Every Reason for Thinking He Had 'Em

But It Was All Owing to a Swollen Floor. He Is Now a Teetotaler and Will Remain One.

Talking about temperance, said the man with the gray streaks in his stubby beard, "makes me think of my brother Bill. Bill's been drinking pretty hard during the past year or so, and I've worried about him a good deal. You see, he's in the promoting business. He gets hold of certain projects and tries to push them. Well, when he finds a man with money and an inclination to jive it, Bill comes the good fellow racket. Before he tries to do any promoting he invites the man to dinner and orders up a couple of cocktails and then a bottle or two, and from that you know how it goes. There seems to be a tradition among promoters that you can't promote until both the promoter and the promotee are just about so far gone. This sort of business demoralized Bill at last, and he got so he was half drunk nearly all the time, whether he was promoting or not.

"We have a room at home that we keep always at Bill's disposal. He's a bachelor himself, and when he's in town he likes to hang around our house more or less, and of course we like to have him. Last spring we had a nice new hard maple floor put in Bill's room, which is located in a wing of the house away off by itself. It's been unusually damp around here this summer, and that floor swelled so that you could hardly see where the joints were. "The other night, just after the cold wave struck us, Bill came out, bringing with him the rag end of what had been a good sized jag. I had had a little fire built in the furnace during the afternoon so as to take the chill off, and when we got ready to go to bed it was quite comfortable.

"Along in the night some time Bill woke up. At first, as he told me afterward, he thought he was on a ship out at sea and that the thing was going in pieces in a storm. He could hear the decks creaking and the joints cracking. Then as he got to remembering where he was it struck him that there were spooks in the room. He remembered that the wife of the man who had lived there before we took the house had died suddenly and rather mysteriously. She had quarreled with her mother-in-law, and it was suspected that she had committed suicide. It seemed to Bill that he remembered to have heard, too, that the corpse was found in that very room. I'm telling the story as Bill related it to me afterward.

"He lay there and listened and felt a cold dampness on his forehead. There was a sudden, sharp crack over by the window. Then there was another under the bed. Then there were two creaks near the window, immediately followed by two more under the bed. It seemed as if the spirits were talking to each other by cracking and rapping sharply. Mingled with the cracks and raps that came from every part of the room were long creaking noises that to Bill's muddled mind became the shrieking and groaning of lost souls.

"I don't know what time it was when he was aroused, but I found him sitting out in the hall shivering when I got up in the morning, and for a minute I thought myself that there was a ghost in the house. He hadn't stopped to get his clothes, but had bolted in his nightshirt, and his face was as white as chalk. When he saw me, he jumped up, ran to me, grabbed me by the hand and with tears in his eyes said:

"Come on into your den. You're a notary public. I want you to take a pledge for me to sign. I'm never going to drink another drop as long as I live."

"I made out the pledge, and today Bill's a nobler, better man. I haven't said anything to him about the furnace and the swelling in the new floor, and I guess it'll be just as well not to."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Pan-African Venture.
New York, Nov. 23.—The adventure of Booker T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Africa, took practical shape today in the sailing of a party of students equipped with cotton, plows, gins, wagons and carpentry tools, for the new fields in Africa, chosen for the experiment of introducing cotton among the natives in the German colony on the west coast of Africa.

The company has a contract with the German government, which pays all expenses of the expedition and a good salary to each man. The expedition is regarded as the beginning of a formidable competition with America in the cotton raising industry. German agents assert that sections of the African colony can produce a quality of cotton equal to that raised in the Southern states of America when the industry is understood by the natives, at a small expense. Mr. Washington regards the expedition as one of the most important movements for the negro since the abolition of slavery and he predicts success for the German plan.

What He Saved.
"A little over four years ago," said Smithson, "I made up my mind that I was smoking too much. It didn't seem to affect my health in the least, but I thought it was a foolish waste of money, and I decided to give it up."

"A very sensible idea, indeed," remarked Brownlow.
"So I thought at the time. I figured out as closely as I could how much I had been spending each day for cigars and tobacco. That sum I set aside each day, and started a banking account with it. I wanted to be able to show just exactly how much I had saved by not smoking."

"And how did it work?" inquired Brownlow.

"At the end of 12 months I found that I had \$55 in the bank."

"Good! Could you lend me?"

"And a few days later," interrupted Smithson, "last Thursday, in fact—the bank failed. You haven't got a cigar about you, have you?"—London Tit-Bits.

Boys Return From War.
San Francisco, Dec. 2.—Three little regimental mascots were involuntarily passengers from Manila on the transport Thomas. They were Fred Seagelstell, aged 13, from Cleveland, O., who went out with the Thirteenth infantry; John Wolfing, aged 9, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Sam Carter, a 16-year-old colored boy, who claimed "de Souf"

at his home. Seagelstell distinguished himself in the Philippines by capturing a Filipino soldier and by being himself captured before he could land the Filipino with the American lines.

While scouring around on his own account at Lipa, the little fellow came upon a stray Filipino, whom he took into custody at the point of a gun. He was on his way to camp with his prisoner when a band of Filipinos took him in. Beyond relieving him of his shoes and hat, the Filipinos treated him kindly, and in a few days later turned him over to the Americans.

Little Wolfing and Seagelstell, together, planned to go into the interior, regardless of war, and after procuring a team of horses, had started on their trip when the American officers took them in charge at Calamba and sent them back to Manila.

Struck the Wrong Man.

Kansas City, Dec. 4.—Two footpads tried to hold up John Halpin, inspector of detectives, the second officer in command of the police department of this city, tonight. Halpin refused to obey the command to throw up his hands, and one of the robbers snapped a revolver in the detective's face. The revolver missed fire, and the men became alarmed and ran, with Halpin in pursuit. He fired four shots after them, wounding one of them. The wounded man escaped, but the other, who gave his name as J. T. Garald, of Redwood City, Cal., was captured.

Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Ready-made dresses at reduced prices at Mrs. L. Thompson's, Second avenue, next to Dawson Hardware Co.

E. A. Cochrane, expert watchmaker; work guaranteed. Biffi & Co., Second street.

Just in Time—Diamonds galore at Soggs & Vesco. Who wants fine stones?

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Wanted.
One passenger for Whitehorse, light rig, one horse, record time. Call Nugget office.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.
Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.
Hay and oats at Meeker's.

Notice.
Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken

up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.
(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.
Dated at Dawson this 14th day of December, 1900.

Celery at Meeker's.
Case goods all descriptions for the holidays at the Pioneer.

THE TACOMA BOYS

<p>YOU CAN HOLD US UP</p> <p>If we don't succeed in Pleasing and Satisfying You in every particular.</p>	<p>For the Best Bargains in Groceries and Provisions to be obtained in town.</p> <p>OUR MONEY IS YOURS</p>
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CLARKE & RYAN, GROCERS
Corner 6th St. and 2nd Ave. **THE TACOMA BOYS.**

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m. Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m. Bennett 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**

WE HAVE

1 40 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN

also **TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS**

The **DAWSON HARDWARE CO.**

2ND AVE. PHONE 38

THE AXE! THE AXE!

Has Just Been Sharpened in our Private Office and has been used without reserve

HOLIDAY PRICES

...FOR ALL...

Forget the Record of "97" and Remember the New Period of the Last of 1900.

That Little Old Log Cabin Still Stands ON THE SAME CORNER

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

THE THEATRES THIS WEEK

Have Good Programs of Comedy and Vaudeville.

Shows Are Running Generally to One Act Comedies With Plenty of Go to Them.

"Gay Paris," is the name of the sensational comedy in one act which the Savoy's curtain is rising on this week, and which in no way belies the statement that it is sensational.

They're high kickers, those Parisians dancers, and if their representatives at the Savoy are not the real thing it's because they speak English instead of French.

Because of the Irish which is branded all over Jim Post's make up, the piece is really more feminine than it would otherwise be. It always makes fun when the Irish and French comedy meets in a piece, because that embodies the element of humor—the introduction of direct contrast.

One of the features of this part of the week's bill at the Savoy is the many living pictures introduced, all of which are up to date and artistic.

The orchestra was in its usual good form last evening, and accentuated by its work the wisdom of Messrs. O'Brien & Jackson in featuring the orchestra. Theater goers are becoming more and more impressed with each week's performances that they have now in Dawson what they never had before—an orchestra fully competent to discourse classical music in a manner which will stand the test of cultivated criticism. The performance closes this week with a humorous exaggeration entitled, "The Daughter's Banker" (faro banker), in which both the Dutch and the Irish are represented by Dick Maurettus and Jim Post. Of course it's funny, and anyone who enjoys a good laugh will miss one by not seeing the Savoy program this week.

The one-act, five-scene comedy, "I'll Do Well Here," is what they are putting up as an opening piece at the Standard this week, and it's well worth seeing. Ed Dolan, Lang and Layne are in it, and that ought to be sufficient guarantee of its worth. The performance closes with "My Turn Next," which, after the olio, rounds out the evening into one of downright good amusement and fun.

"Bob, or the Debutante," is the title of the Orpheum opening bill, and the comedy drama in three acts under the above title, is a credit to the house and welcome addition to the otherwise full list of entertainments for the week.

The Orpheum once more opens under the management of the well-known theatrical manager, Alex Pantages, who, like Banquos' ghost will not let down. He makes a bid for the patronage of the theater going public, by the best of all means, a good show by good talent, and although the faces seen in the "Debutante" have been seen many times across Dawson footlights, they are all principally known for their cleverness and sterling worth as disciples of the sack and buckskin.

Scene in Kansas Court.
Eldorado, Kan., Dec. 4.—Today in the Jessie Morrison murder trial an effort was made on the part of the prosecution to prove the authenticity of a death-bed statement of Mrs. Castle which they desired to introduce as evidence. Two physicians, Mrs. Castle's pastor, Rev. Mr. Wharton, his wife and daughter, and Augustin Brumback, brother of the prosecuting attorney in the case, depicted the scene at the deathbed of the dying woman. They told how she, unable to speak because of the wounds in her throat, nodded assent as questions pertaining to the affair with Miss Morrison were put to her, and how finally she signed her name to the statement and wrote the words:

"Before my God, it is true."
The statement declared that Jessie Morrison had provoked the quarrel with the dead woman and then slashed her with a razor.

A thrilling scene occurred during the cross-examination of Brumback. He had been requested to tell what questions he had asked and what answers he had received while he was taking Mrs. Castle's statement. To answer the question Brumback related the statement made by the wounded woman, described the approach of Jessie Morrison to Mrs. Castle's home, and told of the preliminary conversation between the two young women.

As Brumback proceeded his voice grew loud and his speech emphatic.

His right arm went out in decisive gestures until he reached the point where he said that Jessie Morrison handed Mrs. Castle a letter to read, and that while the latter perused it the prisoner "took out her razor and cut her throat." As he said this Brumback sprang to his feet and dramatically passed his hand through the air as if he clutched a razor.

Mrs. Wiley, mother of the murdered woman, put her handkerchief over her face as if to hide the picture, and Olin Castle's mother covered her eyes with her hand. Every head in the courtroom was immovable, with all eyes straining forward.

Jessie Morrison never flinched. She looked straight in front of her, and aside from the fact that her cheeks grew a little whiter as she closed her eyes for a minute as Brumback concluded, her expression did not change. Olin Castle was not in the courtroom.

The cross-examination of Dr. Ambrose was directed against seven lines of the dying woman's statement that had been written by Dr. Ambrose himself and added to the other statements made by Clara Castle and copied by Mr. Brumback. The lines in question were these:

"I had just finished sweeping when I first saw Jessie at the gate. Before sweeping I took the rugs to the board walk, where I cleaned and left them. I do not know who fastened the screen, but I presume I did, as I usually kept it closed. I make this as my dying statement."

Mrs. Castle had not said these words to him, witness admitted, but she had given the information to others, and she assented to it before she signed the statement.

At the afternoon session Augustin Brumback, Miss Enda Wharton and Rev. Mr. Wharton testified, corroborating Ambrose's testimony that Mrs. Castle had not expected to get well, and that she believed she was making her dying statement.

A DAWSON HOLIDAY.

(Continued from Page 1.)

in commercial circles in Dawson, and one not generally met with on the outside world, and it is to be hoped that as the city adds years of experience and sharper competition to its record, that this custom will not be allowed to become obsolete.

Either there was a Christmas dinner worthy of record in every house in Dawson yesterday, or the families dined with friends, and during the evening there was entertainment of all kinds from the ball masque to the quiet family gathering and social dance.

Altogether yesterday was a day long to be remembered as one of the happiest of Dawson's social milestones.

COMING AND GOING.

Another mail arrived yesterday. It was principally papers.

Mr. James Hammiell, foreman for Berry Bros. on Nos. 5 and 6 Eldorado, is visiting the city today.

If there were any children who did not receive presents last night it must have been because the supply of toys ran short.

The Bon Ami Club will give its weekly dance in the Pioneer hall tomorrow evening instead of in McDonald hall as usual.

Jack Emerson has retired from the Portland bar, having disposed of his interests to Harry Phillips, who will hold the fort at the old stand.

There was no evidence in police court this morning to indicate that any man in Dawson was so depraved as to celebrate the birth of the Savior by getting uproariously and unlawfully drunk.

James Dougherty, otherwise "Nigger Jim," has been heard from, from some place on the Clear creek trail, and it is said he is at first for the gore of the man who sent him on that particular trail.

Brothers Drown Together.

Lompoc, Cal., Dec. 2.—Emmett and Ralph Riordan, aged 12 and 14 years, respectively, were drowned while bathing in the Santa Inez river today. Ralph was trying to rescue his younger brother, who was taken with cramps.

Dawson's Confectionery Magnate.

J. R. Gandolfo has allotted a special room back of his store for the display of a most attractive assortment of Christmas novelties. The enterprising merchant is always in the lead and in business circles if the truth were known he enjoys a more lucrative trade than many who apparently do a large volume of business. He was the first man to arrive in Dawson in '98 with a consignment of fruit and candies, nuts, cigars, etc., and enjoys the reputation of having received more for his goods than any other man in the history of the world. The figures would startle anyone not acquainted with the facts, but as an illustration, watermelons, the first ever brought to Dawson, were sold by Gandolfo for \$32 apiece. He is now located on Third street, between First and Second avenues, and has the finest candy and fruit store in Dawson.

Eastern Washington new timothy hay at Meeker's.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

The cobwebs of stagnation, figuratively speaking, were hung in bewildering festoons and fantastic drapings about the police court this morning when Magistrate McDonnell took his seat, and Corporal McPhail was disconsolately figuring out how long he would be able to remain in business at the present rate of shockingly good behavior of Dawson.

He had but two guests at his hotel last night, and even these explained to the magistrate that they were not vagrants; that the matter of their arrest was all a cruel mistake, and that they were going to Gold Run there to delve in the earth for yellow gold. Upon this showing they were told to go and sin no more.

A Prisoner of War.

The civil war was over long ago, but in spite of the friendship between the north and the south the prisoners of war have not been all released.

There still lives in Minneapolis one man who has been on parole for the past 35 years and who is still a prisoner of war as much as when he first reported to the provost at Fort Snelling, many years ago, as far as release is concerned.

Col. Platt B. Walker, one of the old citizens of Minneapolis, came to this part of the country as a prisoner of war, with orders to report to the provost at Fort Snelling, says the Minneapolis Tribune.

"I was one of the last confederate officers to give up my toad sticker," says Mr. Walker, speaking of his experience. "When there was that wonderful gathering of armies in the corner of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, I was among the troops. We had been driven back step by step from Missouri, and there on that memorable morning the whole army was to elect whether they were to surrender and go home or stay and be driven back until we joined Maximilian in Mexico. It was a wonderful sight to see the separation. On the hills at one side gathered those who were to surrender, on the other those who were off for Mexico. I was among the latter.

"We went along through Texas until about 20 miles from the Rio Grande, when I was overcome from a wound, and I never new anything for 28 days.

"I awoke to find myself in a shanty, where I had been cared for, and there one morning, through a pillar of dust that approached through the chaparral, Capt. Glenn and a detachment of Ohio cavalry captured me. I was sent from there in a broken down rattletrap of a stage 30 miles, and finally I went to Rock Island in the prison there and finally to Fort Snelling. I didn't know whether I was to be hung or imprisoned for life but when I arrived the officer shook me by the hand and turned me loose on parole, and I was issued three rations for eight months.

"I staid here, of course, because I was a prisoner, and I never got any further orders. I gave my parole, and I kept it. That's all there is to it. I am here yet, but I guess they have forgotten all about me and the parole I gave."

George Wilhelm, please call at office of C. J. Mulkey, First ave., between First and Second.

A new and large jewelry store now occupied by Lindeman; Monte Carlo building.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Notice.

Miss B. V. Robson can learn something to her advantage by calling at the Nugget office.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

Baldwin apples at Meeker's.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meeker's.

Sargent & Piska have the finest assortment of American neckwear for the holidays in Dawson.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between J. B. Emerson and Harry Phillips, proprietors of the Portland Bar, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. B. Emerson retiring and Harry Phillips continuing the business and assuming all the former firm's liabilities.

J. B. EMERSON
HARRY PHILLIPS
Dawson, Y. T.,
Dec. 24, 1900.

For Xmas

Jur Mitts
Fur Caps
Slippers
Cies
jewel Boxes
Photo frames
Smokers' Sets
Children's Mugs
And 1001 Other Articles
J. P. McLENNAN.
Front Street.

S-Y.T. Co.
"HIGH GRADE GOODS"
Pumpkins, Squash, Excellent for Pres.
Parsnips, Turnips, Equal to the Fresh Vegetable.
Evaporated Vegetables Granulated & Sliced Potatoes all kinds.
S-Y-T. CO., SECOND AVENUE, TELEPHONE 39

DAWSON TO WHITEHORSE
The Canadian Development Company's
ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
Will dispatch a first-class passenger sleigh to Whitehorse on Wednesday, December 26th at 7 a. m.
For tickets apply to
ROYAL MAIL SERVICE OFFICE,
C. D. Co.'s Dock.

AMUSEMENTS
SAVOY THEATRE
Jim Post and Savoy Company in
"GAY PARIS"
Grand May Pole Dance NEW YEAR'S ...EVE...
ALL CORDIALLY INVITED

The Standard Theatre
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY DEC. 17
The Two Comedians **EDDIE DOLAN ED. LANG,** all this week.
Dolan opens in "CARANAUGHS' TROUBLES"
Lang appears in "THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST"
See our **OLIO.** Is a high class. Don't forget the Phantom Ball Masque Christmas Eve.

Mail Is Quick
Telegraph Is Quicker
'Phone Is Instantaneous
YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE
SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN
And All Way Points.
Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.
Business Phones, \$25 Per Month.
Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month.
Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.
DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.
SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. — J. W. BOYLE

The Orpheum THEATRE
ALEC. PANTAGES MANAGER
Opened on Monday Night, Dec. 24th, Xmas Eve., Presenting for the first time in Dawson the Sterling 3-Act Comedy Drama,
"BOB OR THE DEBUTANTE,"
under the direction of MR. FRED C. LEWIS.
Ten-Round go
Friday, Dec. 28, at 10:30 p. m.
Between
MARTIN J. (KID) BURNS
—and—
COLIN (CARRIBOU) SINCLAIR
Side bet of \$500.00
Admission including Show \$1.50.
Next week: — Pat McHugh—Colling go.
Electric Light
Steady Satisfactory Safe
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
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FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS
Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, PROP.

..Dawson's..
Mammoth
Department Store
Is very busy to day
but not too busy to wish all
A Happy New Year
Alaska Exploration Company