

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 52

DAWSON, Y. T., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

...FOR... HOLIDAYS

...THE LATEST IN...
American Neckwear

Beaver Gauntlets
Fur Caps.....

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

<p>CLEARING SALE</p> <p>Ladies' Underwear Flannellets, Sateens and Silk BLOUSES also Felt Lined SHOES</p>	<p>THE HUB</p> <p>2nd Ave.</p>	<p>FOR XMAS</p> <p>Full line of Gent's Neckwear Suits and Overcoats Boys' Clothing</p> <p>P. S.—Yakima Creamery But- ter Wholesale and Retail.</p>
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Are you troubled with **WATER** in your mine?
If so we have
Electors, Pulsometers, Centrifugal & Force Pumps
in sizes to suit any emergency.
Holme, Miller & Co.
Base, Steam Fittings, Picks, Shovels, etc. 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 Build-
ing.....9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office, Op. Gold
Hill Hotel.....3:30 p. m.
From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill
Hotel.....9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C.
Co.'s Building.....3:30 p. m.
ROYAL MAIL

HEALTHFUL,
TOOTHsome
...MEATS
Game of All Kinds
..CITY MARKET..
KLEINERT & GIESMAN PROPRIETORS
Second Ave.
Opp. S.-Y. T. Co.
COMPETITIVE PRICES...

The O'Brien Club
Telephone No. 87
FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort,
Socious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar
FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.
GRAND Re Opening
VELLA DE LION
New Year's Day.
Best of Liquors and a Splendid Time.
COME ONE. COME ALL.

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.

FOUL PLAY FEARED

Little Doubt Exists But That
Dr. Joseph Bettinger
Is Dead.

FRIENDS THINK HE WAS MURDERED

And Body Dropped In Yukon
Near Nine Mile House.

MAY HAVE BEEN ACCIDENT.

Only Three of Ten Men Registered at
Roadhouse—Interest Felt in
Thinly Clad Man.

From Saturday's Daily.
There is no longer any doubt but that Dr. Bettinger has lost his life along the trail near Ogilvie. On the night of December 17th he together with some nine other wayfarers slept at the roadhouse at Ogilvie. All the names of the travelers at that point at the time of the doctor's disappearance cannot be ascertained, as out of the ten only three people registered. On the following morning, December 18th, the cold was intense, nevertheless against the advice of many, Dr. Bettinger left Ogilvie at 7 o'clock, alone and on foot. Messrs. Behrens and Lumpkins followed soon after, they being bound for White river.

Naturally considerable interest was taken in the movements of the lonely traveler by those who met him on the trail owing to the meagre clothing he wore, his solitary journeying and the intense cold at the time. Consequently Behrens and Lumpkins were on the lookout for the traveler and expected to catch him before he reached the next roadhouse, nine miles from Ogilvie. Upon their arrival there, however, they learned that the doctor had left 15 minutes ahead he having stopped in to warm himself and immediately started out again.

Nine-mile road house is run by F. M. Davis and at that point the last trace of the traveler disappears. The two freighters upon learning that the doctor was only a mile ahead of them started out to overtake him, the information being vouchsafed by the proprietor of Ninemile roadhouse. They followed rapidly, they having two good horses, but upon reaching a turn in the river where they could see for miles up stream no sign of the missing man was visible.

At about the exact spot where in the ordinary course of events he should have been caught up with, four or five feet from the beaten trail is open water, and it is feared the unfortunate physician may have been lost there, although it seems almost impossible that if such is the case it should be the result of an accident, as the trail is well defined with deep snow on either side. Messrs. Behrens and Lumpkins are now in Dawson, they having returned from their trip to White river and at no place above Ninemile house has Dr. Bettinger been seen. The authorities have been notified all along the line to give the matter their closest attention

as it is possible that he may have met with foul play.

About Lemons.

In order to preserve lemons it is necessary to be careful in handling the fruit, the saying among the growers being "that lemons must be handled with kid gloves."

To keep lemons they must be stored in a building with an even temperature, not under 62 degrees or above 68 degrees, and at the same time it is necessary to have plenty of ventilation and to see that the fruit do not crowd each other. For this purpose a building must be specially constructed. The building is double all through, built like the double bottoms of a battleship invested with ventilators to allow the escape of heated air, thus allowing a constant supply of fresh air to pass over the fruit.

To insure the fruit from being crowded trays are made with narrow slats placed about a quarter of an inch apart; the side of the trays must be at least 2 1/2 inches in height and when the fruit is stored away on the trays it must be examined every week and the overripe fruit rejected.

An Incipient Blaze.

A fire broke out on the roof of St. Mary's hospital at 3:15 yesterday afternoon, but prompt action resulted in it being extinguished before any damage was done.

Crushed To Death

The construction work of the recently organized cable company between Dawson and the Forks was the scene of a terrible tragedy late yesterday afternoon, when Ronald McRae, better known as Jack McRae, met a frightful death.

The scene of the tragedy was opposite No. 92 below on Bonanza creek, where some hoisting was being done by means of a steam engine and cable. The victim was a blacksmith and his duties kept him near the machinery to which fact his death is due. While the cable was hoisting a heavy load up the tram track McRae became entangled in the rope and was carried clear around the drum, upon which his life was literally crushed out of his body.

A physician was immediately summoned from the Forks by telephone, but the unfortunate man was beyond the need of human care long before his arrival, having expired within 15 minutes after being released from the grip of the cable.

Ronald McRae was 55 or 60 years of age, and was well known as one of the old timers by the pioneers. His married daughter whose name or place of residence cannot be ascertained, lives somewhere in Dawson, her husband, it is understood being engaged in mining on Eldorado creek.

It has been learned that deceased was a member of the G. A. R. The body is being brought to the city this afternoon. Notice of the funeral will be given later.

Malcolm McDonald.

Skyway, Dec. 28.—The mystery surrounding the sudden disappearance of Malcolm McDonald a short time since had some little light thrown upon it today by the ticket agent of the steamer City of Seattle, who, in looking over his ticket stubs made the discovery that the missing man left here on that steamer on June 27th last in company with Dick Abrahams and Guy Ward, both of whom are well known both in Dawson and Seattle.

The Yellow Stripes.

Constable Gardner has gone to Forty-mile where he will hereafter be stationed. The detachment at that post consists of a staff sergeant and two constables.

Constable Bacon has been detailed as an addition to the Gold Run force. Since his return a week ago from an extended visit to his old home in England Corporal Frank Smith has not been regularly detailed to service. He is now acting as troop orderly at the barracks.

Inspector Scarth went to Portmyle the fore part of the week and is expect-

ed to return this evening or tomorrow.

Inspector McDonnell took a fresh air flyer down the Yukon behind a pair of high stepping roadsters for a few miles yesterday.

Major Z. T. Wood is on the high road to recovery and will be able to resume his official duties early in the new year.

St. Cyr Dally Expected.

George St. Cyr, the man who shot and killed a man named Davis at Hootalingua sometime about the first of November and who at a preliminary hearing at that place was bound over to the territorial court, is expected to arrive here in the custody of officers this evening or tomorrow. It is likely that his trial will take place in January.

"Hors de Combat."

There was a "go" pulled off at the Orpheum theater last night between Caribon Sinclair and Kid Burns. Sinclair agreed to stop Burns inside of ten rounds. At call of time Caribon swatted his man on the jaw bringing him to the floor and repeated the performance ad lib. until Rafael, who acted as referee, declared Sinclair the winner. Time 1:37.

The Cross of Gold.

In the Klondike region a majority of 1,500 was rolled up for Bryan. It is thought the Klondike expected to furnish the "cross of gold."—The Herald-Star, Ortonville, Minnesota.

Perished of Starvation

An aged woodchopper named Austin, who had been working on Queen's gulch, was brought to the Star road house, 22 below on Bonanza, yesterday evening. He was very sick and died during the night. Dr. Edwards of the Forks gave it as his opinion that the old man died of starvation.

West on the Fly.

Robert E. West, the huckling news vender who has probably made more trips between Skagway and Dawson than any other living man, arrived for the "steenth" time yesterday afternoon, and started on the return trip today at noon. He brought in with him papers and magazines, but principally orders for other parties. He traveled by horse and sled from Whitehorse, being 16 days from there to Dawson.

In speaking of the trail Mr. West says it is not now nearly so good as a few weeks ago when the trail led along the shore ice. Now that trail has been discarded owing to crumbling ice and new trails are being made in the center of the river, and, the latter being new, are still very rough. West met a number of outward bound stages. He says they were making very slow progress but will all get through.

West took a large number of orders and will return to Dawson in about five weeks.

Sawmill Wrecked.

Yesterday the saw mill owned by the Slipping Company, at 29 Gold Run, was seriously damaged by a peculiar accident.

A slab caught in the draw belt and carried around to the flywheel which it broke, and being whirled aloft was brought down upon the engine with sufficient force to completely wreck it.

Flashlight of Dancers.

Goetzman, the photographer, took a most successful picture of the members and guests of the Terpsichorean Club while at supper last night at the McDonald hotel. There are fully eighty people recognizable in the negative which will be developed on a photo 8x10 inches in size.

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

Lindemann the jeweler has removed to Monte Carlo building.

SOLID FRONT

Will Be Presented by Business Men Against Incorporation.

OPPOSITION WILL BE UNANIMOUS.

Petitions Being Circulated and Generally Signed.

ABIDING FAITH IN COUNCIL

To Justly Administer City's Affairs Felt by All Who Say "Let Well Enough Alone."

To be or not to be—an incorporated town—is the question of the day in Dawson. There seems little doubt now that the proposition will be settled definitely in the negative before many days have gone by.

Dawson's business men and property holders have taken hold of the matter with energy and determination, and it will be brought to a focus at an early date.

As was noted in the Nugget a few days ago a meeting of citizens was held recently at which the incorporation question was discussed in detail. The cost of instituting a local government was fully considered, as also the expense attached to running the same, and it was found that to make the suggested change would be impracticable and in direct opposition to the business and property interests of the people.

In view of the careful consideration given the question and the very apparent financial responsibility which incorporation would saddle upon the property interests of Dawson, concert of action has been taken by the representative citizens regardless of nationality in opposition to the proposed measure. A number of petitions have been drawn up which were yesterday and today being generally circulated with the result that to them is being appended the names of nine-tenths of the property holders, real or chattel, to whom presented. Between now and the next meeting of the Yukon council, Thursday, January 3, it is confidently expected that the names of 90 per cent of those representing the business interests of Dawson will be obtained and that the petition to the Yukon council memorializing that honorable body to refrain from passing an incorporation ordinance, and assuring it of the abiding faith of the signers in the ability of the council to administer the affairs of the city honestly and economically, will be the largest ever received by that body. That this massive petition, representing as it will the larger part of the property interests of the city, will exercise weight and influence with the council is a foregone conclusion.

The Nugget interviewed several of the representative business men of Dawson today on the subject of incorporation and as in one voice bankers, merchants and business men of all trades and grades, regardless of nationality, expressed themselves in a manner the substance of which was: "Let well enough alone."

WHOLESALE	A. M. CO.	RETAIL
This price will appeal to your purse If you value your dollars		
50	MEN'S FUR COATS Including Wombats, Polangus, Wolf and Fur Lined Beaver Coats, worth from \$50.00 to \$75.00. Your choice while they last.	\$35.00
AMES MERCANTILE CO.		

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

NOME SCANDALS

To be Subject of Thorough Investigation by Judiciary Committee.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN FOREST CITY.

Two Hundred Boers Totally Defeated at Orange River.

GERMAN FRIGATE IS LOST.

Clark's Case Again Up for Investigation—McKinley Will Visit Frisco in May.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily, Washington, Dec. 19, via Skagway, Dec. 27.—Indications are that the Nome judicial scandals will be a long time in course of investigation.

Senator Carter has introduced a sweeping resolution that any investigation of the official acts of Judge Noyes at Nome shall include a careful investigation into and of the character and record of all who are defaming Noyes. If the resolution is passed, it will be necessary to send an investigating committee to Nome and that can not be done before next summer. Congress will have adjourned before any reports can be obtained from Nome and as the judiciary committee will not sit in the interim, the Nome scandals can not possibly be reported upon and settled for nearly another year.

Forest City Fire.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 19, via Skagway, Dec. 27.—Fire almost entirely destroyed the plant of the Brown Hoisting & Conveying Machine Co., the largest of the kind in the world. Hundreds of workmen escaped from the burning building by jumping through the windows, many being seriously injured. The loss is fully half a million. Eleven hundred men are thrown out of employment.

Boers Routed

London, Dec. 19, via Skagway, Dec. 27.—Reports of another severe battle resulting in a sweeping British victory have just been received. Boers to the number of 2000 were cornered at Orange River and totally defeated, their losses in killed and wounded being very heavy. A large number of Boers were captured.

German Frigate Lost.

Berlin, Dec. 19, via Skagway, Dec. 27.—There is general mourning here over the loss of the German training frigate Gueisenau at the entrance to Port Magala. Of the 450 men carried by the frigate, 319 survive and many of them are very badly injured. The lost, numbering 136, were drowned like rats in a hole. It is said that when the captain saw his ship was sinking he committed suicide. The queen of Spain has sent a message of condolence to Emperor William.

Clark's Senatorial Seat.

Washington, Dec. 19, via Skagway, Dec. 27.—Investigation as to the right of W. A. Clark, of Montana, to take a seat in the senate has been taken up.

To Visit Frisco.

Washington, Dec. 19, via Skagway, Dec. 27.—President McKinley has promised to visit San Francisco next May when the battleship Ohio will be launched.

Initiations Tomorrow Night.

At the regular meeting of the Arctic Brotherhood tomorrow night several

chechakos will be "mushed" over the trail to the camp of her Royal Iciness. It is also expected that the entertainment committee will have something of interest to report.

Steam Engineers Meet.

A regular meeting of the Yukon Engineers' National Association was held at their hall on Second avenue last night. The association is formed of practical engineers and at present is composed of 46 members. At the headquarters of the organization a reading room has been installed where members can peruse the latest periodicals or meet their co workers at any hour during the day or evening. The officers are M. E. Clough, president; E. L. Brant, secretary and treasurer. Communication to the organization should be addressed to P. O. box 330.

The Fire Bell.

The fire department was hustled out at about 9 o'clock this morning by an alarm turned in from the Portland lodging house at the corner of Third street and Second avenue.

The fire proved to be all contained in the stove pipe, however, and a spurt or two from the chemical engine was sufficient to put it out. No damage resulted from the incipient blaze and it was good practice for the fire ladders.

Refused To Pay

Otto Kahn, has troubles yet untold, and is now seeking the services of an attorney into whose sunburned ear he can pour the aforesaid troubles, which arise from a difference of opinion over the settlement of a bill. The holder of the bill is another knight of the jack plane, named George Kline, who appeared in the police court this morning in furtherance of a complaint against the aforesaid Kahn, in which he alleges that on the 24th inst. he went in all peace and quietness to the domicile of the warlike Kahn, intent upon nothing but getting the money due on his little bill. He says he did not get the money, but in lieu thereof he had abuse heaped upon his name and reputation till it will take a steam thawer and an order from the court to resurrect him from beneath the load. He charges that Kahn slammed the door against him, and with his large and powerful fist threatened to scatter the Kline intellect about the surrounding landscape. All this Mr. Kline thought to be highly dangerous to his person and general state of health, and therefore he produced a good sharp knife, and told the fighting Kahn that if he presumed to attempt to brain him, he would defend himself. Kahn said that the charge had come upon him very abruptly and that he had not had time to see an attorney, but that he would be ready to go to trial in the morning, whereupon the case was postponed till to a m. tomorrow.

Dr. Hurdman was called to the witness stand this morning to testify in the case of the supposedly demented Japanese, and gave it as his opinion that the man was all right so far as his head was concerned, but thought one of his feet needed fixing. The subject of the Mikado who has been in the barracks hospital since the 5th of the month, was sent in by Dr. Sutherland, and for some days it was supposed that he was more or less crazy. The story goes that although the Jap complied with the prison rules and took the big bath without a murmur, although he acted violently at times which led to the belief that his reason had deserted its throne and gone on a strike. It transpired later, however, that he was suffering from a frozen foot and had too limited a command of the English language to tell what ailed him, and was so much lacking in inventive genius to otherwise make known his troubles. He was discharged from custody this morning.

Too Much Christmas.

"Where is Mr. So and So today?" "He is up at his house. He is not feeling very well and been rather knocked out for a day or two. In fact, he worked too hard for his own good the week preceding Christmas." "And there is where the story stops. But if it went on it would be something like this: "The night before Christmas Mr. So and So took 30 or 40 Scotches in long 'glawsees' and Christmas he started breaking small 'bots' and kept it up all day and until after midnight. His wife is keeping his head swathed in wet towels. So and So sent for a motary public last night to draw up a pledge which he signed. He believes yet he is going to die, but I think he'll be all right by tomorrow. But he won't probably take another drink before the roll or middle of January."

Buried Today.

Horace Yoxall, a native of Portsmouth, England, died on December 24th and was buried this afternoon from Brinston & Stewart's undertaking parlors after suitable services held at St. Paul's church. Yoxall was employed at the McDonald hotel when taken sick. He was 30 years of age and unmarried.

TRAIL MYSTERY

Dr. Joseph Bettinger Disappears Between Dawson and Whitehorse.

LEFT HERE ON THE COLDEST DAY

His Bride of Three Months Following Three Days Later.

HE WAS SEEN AT OGILVIE

Police Along the Line Conducting a Search—Hailed From Detroit, Michigan.

Where is Dr. Joseph Bettinger, formerly house surgeon at St. Mary's hospital?

This is a question which many of his friends here and especially his wife, who is now at Whitehorse, would like to have answered.

On the very coldest day of the present winter, sometime the latter part of November and on a morning when thermometers marked 60 degrees below zero, Dr. Bettinger left afoot and alone for Whitehorse. He was lightly clad, wearing a light summer overcoat and a pair of ordinary silk mitts.

His wife, a bride of but three months, was to start three days later, the arrangement between them being that she would overtake her husband on the journey, she to travel by horse team. She started as per arrangement, but traveled clear on to Whitehorse without overtaking the doctor, nor did she hear of him after passing Ogilvie, at which place he reported in due time after leaving Dawson.

Not finding her husband at Whitehorse, Mrs. Bettinger thought that she had passed him on the trail and decided to await his arrival; but as time passed and he failed to show up, she put the matter in the hands of the police, who, although most diligent inquiry has been made, and is still being made, have thus far failed to get any trace of the missing man further than the fact that he was at Ogilvie on his way out. Constable Borrows has charge of the matter at this end of the line, but can obtain no information relative to the mysterious disappearance. It is feared, and there is very good grounds for the suggestion, that the man, owing to his insufficient clothing, became numbed with the cold and wandering from the trail perished. The police all along the line are conducting a systematic search but thus far it has been unrewarded.

Dr. Bettinger first came to Dawson in '97, and has been here nearly all the time since. He was from Detroit, Mich., to which place he returned last summer, bringing his bride with him to Dawson about three months ago.

Not being able to practice his profession here, being an American, and losing his position as house surgeon at the hospital, he was practically broke when he left here and it was to better his condition that he undertook the journey over the ice on foot and alone to the outside.

A Lesson in Modesty.

When our heads reach that stage when a foot tub will about fit us for a hat it's a mighty good thing to have some wise friend or relative to put 'em under the pump and hold 'em there until the swelling subsides. A nice young fellow here married into a society family, says a Louisville paper. His father was one of those blunt, honest sort of men who have accumulated a pretty good fortune by hard labor, and who had no nonsense in him. The young couple began pretty soon to put on fancy trimmings with the old man. He was not invited out when they had a pink tea or green breakfast, but was used to fill in the chinks. Well, the old man wouldn't have enjoyed it anyhow, for he was used to plain, substantial eating, and a supper of little cakes, ice cream, one croquette, a dab of salad and a glass of frappe would floor him. When he had suppers there would be a big dish of birds, hot biscuits, pickles and preserves, coffee, old

style chicken salad and a hot punch afterward. But the old man stood the change in the boy for a while until one day he came down home and asked him to give his wife a chiffonier, pronouncing it a "chee-fon ee-ny." This was too much. "Get in the buggy with me, said the parent sternly; "I want to drive you to see something." The son complied, and the two drove up a side street until they came to a little, old, tumble-down cottage. "There, sir," said the irate parent, "there's where you were born. Don't you forget it again and be talking to me about your wife's schee-fong-yeas."

Oldest Inhabitant Stumped.

This being the third week of weather in which the mercury has passed 15 degrees below zero but two or three times, the old timers who blazed the trail for Skookum Jim and George Carmack and who are weather connoisseurs, are at a loss to account for existing conditions. They assert that there are usually a few days of mild weather in the month of December, but three weeks of it at one time has been a hitherto unknown quantity. "We will make up for it in January and February," is the consolation extended, as these weather specialists say there is just so much cold weather allotted for this country each year, and if it does not come on time it appears later.

New Trial Directed

The decree of the full court of British Columbia in the appeal case of Purden against the Alaska Exploration Company has just been received by Messrs. Wade & Aikman, advocates for the defendants.

This was an action brought by James G. Purden against the A. E. Co. for services as carpenter and architect in connection with the construction of the A. E. Co.'s store in Dawson. In addition to his wages as a carpenter the plaintiff claimed \$500 for drawing plans and acting as an architect. The case was tried before a jury last spring when the plaintiff was awarded \$500 for architectural services in addition to the wages as a carpenter. The decree of the appellate court sets aside the judgment and a new trial is directed as to this item; in other respects, the judgment stands. Neither side pays nor receives any costs of the appeal. Messrs. Belcourt, McDougall & Smith are the plaintiff's advocates in the court here.

Many Deaths Occurring.

The apparent epidemic of pneumonia, which in many cases results in the death of the patient, is still on, a number of deaths having occurred in the city and on the creeks within the past few days. The sickness in most cases is the result of a neglected cold which in a day or two develops a case of aggravated pneumonia, against which medical skill is apparently unable to cope. A great many of the cases thus far developed can be directly traced to useless exposure, dissipation or carelessness on the part of the victim.

How Can It?

A number of private letters received here during the past week from Skagway all assert that "Skagway is booming." Such may be the case but just what there is to warrant the statement at this season of the year is a mystery. There is now but little travel to or from the interior, there is little transient travel on the steamers, Skagway has not discovered any vast mining fields in her immediate vicinity, and just what there is to warrant the statement "Skagway is booming" is not apparent to the naked eye, especially from this particular point of view.

Gracious Victoria.

Out of the lengthy deliberations and reports of the recent Church congress in London there is one story of the Queen connected with it which will be remembered when the sermons and speeches are forgotten. It was told by Prof. Bevan, who heard it from the Dean of Windsor. The dean went to see a kitchen maid at Windsor Castle who was suffering from influenza. Her room was at the top of the house and was reached by long staircases. The moment the dean entered the patient said: "Oh, sir, what do you think! Her majesty has been to see me!" This only happened a few months ago, and when the Queen came into the room she said: "My dear, I have got up here, but it was hard work for me, and I sat down on the stairs." Coming from the Dean of Windsor this charming little story may be accepted as authentic, and it is not the least touching incident in this memorable year of her majesty's life.—Ex.

HUNKER CREEK

Merry-Makers Land in the Police Court and Tell Their Troubles

TO CAPTAIN STARNES WHO FINES

Cameron for Using a Gun to Persuade a Guest to Leave

THE SCENE OF FESTIVITIES.

De Gang Wanted a Lame Plan to Kick the Stuffing Out of Galbraith, and Davis Objected.

George Martin accused Jack Cameron, of a Hunker creek roadhouse, in the police court this morning, of having pointed a gun at him on Christmas eve and using the same accompanied by threats of annihilation, as an inducement to him to leave the house, which he did.

The evidence of Martin, the complaining witness, went to show that on the night in question a large number of people were in Cameron's caravansary, all more or less busy celebrating the day. He was not a boarder at the house, in fact had left there some time before, owing to a misunderstanding about a liquor bill. A man name Galbraith was there also, and carried about his person a large consignment of the product of hootch which led to a fight with a lame man. The witness said that he believed Galbraith was in great danger of receiving rough handling and had attempted to remove him from the scene of festivity, but had been prevented by others who caught the inebriated Galbraith by the legs and threw him upon the floor, whereupon he heard many voices calling from all over the room, to "kick the stuffing out of him."

The devoted friend of the man thus threatened with being turned into vacuum, again endeavored to take him out of the house, when pretty nearly every one present had laid more or less violent hands upon him, and Cameron had held a gun in both hands and told him to leave the house. He said he went and took the cause of the trouble, Galbraith, with him, and that afterwards that hootch-laden party had gone back into the house and he had followed him up to preserve the peace, when a general mixup had taken place, everyone there once more laying hands upon him.

During this argument the stove had been upset, some benches were overturned and the table had acquired such a list to starboard that the dishes had gone by the board and the top hamper, consisting of a pitcher of syrup had broken against the wall and been wrecked. The other evidence was to the effect that Davis had been the main breeder of discontent and general inharmonious, and that upon the arrival of the police who had been summoned to preserve the peace, Jack Cameron, who is afflicted with heart trouble, had fainted.

The case goes into history as resulting in a fine of \$10 and costs to Cameron, for which he received an intimation from Magistrate Starnes that in future it would be well to cut the gun play out.

Back From Alaska.

Richard J. McArthur, who has been in Alaska for 14 years, arrived in Butte recently on a visit to his brother, E. J. McArthur, alderman from the First ward. Mr. McArthur, will probably hold the distinction of being the tallest man in Butte while he remains in the city. His height is 6 feet 3 inches. Mr. McArthur built the first house that designated the town of Circle City. He is also the discoverer of Beach creek, one of the famous money producers of the northern country. He will remain in the city for a few days, the guest of Alderman McArthur, and will then make a trip to the coast, visiting all of the Sound towns, and will put in the greater part of his time in San Francisco. Leaving San Francisco he will go to Washington, where he is interested in some legislation that concerns the northern country.—Butte Miner.

The Klondike Nugget

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

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
RECOGNIZING ALASKA.

A strong effort is being made by the leading newspapers and the congressional delegations of the Pacific coast states to secure more liberal laws for the people of Alaska.

Under existing conditions it is practically impossible to secure title to public lands in the territory for agricultural or grazing purposes, and the laws governing the location of mining property are so lax that security of title is often enough a very doubtful matter.

The American government has never given to Alaska the recognition to which its great natural wealth so unquestionably entitles it. It has been only within the last few years that any value has been attached to the big territory, aside from the sealing industry, which has flourished extensively in Alaskan waters for two decades or more.

The coast states, or more properly speaking, the coast cities, have taken the matter in hand from purely selfish motives. Every inducement held out to people to settle in Alaska adds to the commercial prestige of the cities of the Pacific states, which, each year, are coming to rely more and more upon the Alaska trade. Certainly it is to the advantage of the entire coast that the federal government should deal liberally with Alaska to the end that the big territory may become populated and developed as early as possible.

The United States government surveys, in addition to establishing the feasibility of railroads and ordinary highway construction through Alaska, have submitted exhaustive reports respecting agriculture and stock raising which are now attracting widespread attention. Undoubtedly, both pursuits could be followed at no small profit.

Alaska's mineral resources are well known over the entire United States and their importance is becoming more generally recognized each year.

What is required now is legislation which will permit the acquisition of title to land under the most liberal terms.

This is the main issue in the campaign which has been undertaken on the coast and there seems good reason for belief that in the end it will prove eminently successful.

ADVANTAGES ALL ONE WAY.

The nearer one approaches the incorporation question the less attractive does it become.

There was a time when it appeared that Dawson would be compelled to seek incorporation as a sort of protective measure. The streets were in frightfully bad condition, there were no sidewalks to speak of, no effort was made to light the town at public expense and from a sanitary standpoint conditions were anything but satisfactory.

More important than all these was the matter of fire protection which had then been given little or no attention.

Such were the circumstances which gave occasion for the original movement looking toward the organization of a municipal government. It appeared then that if any attention was to be paid to the conduct of the public affairs of the town the initiative must come from the citizens. In the course of time, however, and by a sort of imperceptible process Dawson has developed into a town with regularly laid out streets, good sidewalks, a fine fire department and in fact nearly all the various public utilities which the ordinary municipality possesses. These changes have come about so gradually and with such little cost to the individual that it is a matter of some difficulty to realize exactly what has been accomplished. Briefly summed up it may be said that Dawson has in full operation the complete governmental machinery requisite to the proper conduct of the affairs of the town at but a fraction of the cost which would be involved in the event of incorporation.

It is not to be anticipated, however, that Dawson can go on forever without contributing in some measure toward the payment of its own expenses. With or without incorporation, taxation is at hand and it is well that a clear understanding of that fact be had. If the citizens do not elect for incorporation it is understood that collection of taxes will proceed under the tax rolls as prepared by the Yukon council some months ago. If a municipal government is decided upon it would probably rest with the elected city council to prepare new tax lists. It remains, therefore, with the citizens to determine whether they prefer the scheme of taxation as now prepared by the territorial council or assume the added cost which would necessarily result from the organization of a regular system of local government.

To our way of thinking the advantages are largely in favor of the former.

Secretary Chamberlain's announcement of local sale for the Boers will do more to bring the war to a final termination than any number of additional troops which may be sent to the Transvaal. John Bull has an easier problem ahead of him in South Africa than Uncle Sam has in the Philippine islands. In the first instance, it is a case of dealing with a people who are accustomed to self-government and who can enter with intelligence into any reasonable plans of administration which is proposed. With the Philippine islands the case is vastly different. After the Filipinos have been conquered it will be a matter of long and patient effort before they can be safely entrusted with the direction of their own affairs. The hardest part of Uncle Sam's work remains yet to be done.

It is a noticeable fact that the average malamute dog wears a look of despondency these days. The advent of so many horses has practically thrown him out of business. Time was when the malamute was undisputed monarch in the Klondike, but that time is passed. He is now a side issue—his place has been filled, and from being a prime factor in the economy of the country, he is now given but little consideration. Three years ago we could not get along without him. Now he might pass entirely out of existence and things would still preserve the even tenor of their way. Apparently the law of the survival of the fittest is as applicable to dogs as it is to men.

We should like to see something done in the way of developing the numerous quartz leads, discoveries of which have been noted in the press from time to time. Unless the owners themselves are willing to give practical evidence of their faith in their properties they can scarcely expect the public to do so. We are quite confident that quartz discoveries have been made which will warrant the prosecution of development work. Some one should take the initiative and give the community a practical demonstration of what most of us believe to be a fact, viz., that quartz which will pay handsomely is present in large quantities, within close proximity to Dawson.

The Nugget plant is now operated by means of an electric motor, the power for which is furnished by the local electric light and power company. Thus another step is taken along the line of progress for which Dawson is becoming so justly noted. The extension of the same power for use on the creeks will be undertaken on a large scale during the coming spring and summer.

There are less people in Dawson today than there were two years ago, notwithstanding which fact the number of occupied houses is probably twice as large at the present time. This only goes to show that the day when six or seven people managed to live in a one-room cabin has gone by.

Judging from the tone of recent News editorials one might easily imagine that the News is owned by Mary Ellen Lease. Our contemporary seems deter-

mined to inaugurate a Populist propaganda in Dawson.

Complaint is made that First street is badly blocked up with woodpiles and other impediments which have served materially to hinder traffic on that thoroughfare. A little attention from the authorities will be quite in order.

The old year and the old century will die out together. All resolutions made on January 1st should be good for 100 years.

It is about time we heard from Mr. Prudhomme.

The News is actually becoming simple.

Prizefight Carnival.

New York, Dec. 4.—Preparations for a prize fighting carnival to be held in Cincinnati in February are under way. The preliminary steps in the matter were taken today, when James J. Corbett, acting for the Cincinnati promoters, signed Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse, to box Jack Root of Chicago, 20 rounds for a percentage of the gate receipts. The men will fight at 158 pounds, weighing on the date of the battle, February 15.

Corbett, who has been appointed to manage the carnival, will also endeavor to arrange a contest between Ben Jordan, featherweight champion of England, and Terry McGovern. Jordan and McGovern will be offered a purse or a percentage of the gross receipts. McGovern wired from Milwaukee that he would agree to fight Jordan in Cincinnati, provided the financial inducements are attractive. Corbett cabled Jordan who is in London, of the Cincinnati club's offer and McGovern's willingness to meet him.

Corbett will also try to arrange a bout with Jeffries, to take place at the carnival. He says he will allow Jeffries to dictate the terms of the battle. Failing to arrange this bout, Corbett will offer a purse for a 20-round bout between the winner of the Maher-Ruhlin bout and Jeffries.

Wanted to Be Insulted.

"Whenever I see a regulation railway lunch counter," said a man at the Texas & Pacific depot—"I mean one of the kind with high stools and stacks of doughnuts and petrified pies under glass shades—I am reminded of a queer little incident that occurred several years ago at Texarkana.

"I was on the train coming down to New Orleans from the northwest, and we stopped at the place to get supper. The depot was provided with such a lunch counter as I have described, and when I took possession of one of the stools I found myself next to a typical cowboy, with wide white sombrero, leather leggings, enormous spurs and a pair of big six-shooters hanging low down over his hips. A livid scar, evidently the result of a knife wound, ran from the corner of his eye to the angle of his jaw, and his whole appearance was so sinister and forbidding that I edged instinctively as far away as I could get. A few minutes later a big, coal-black negro came sauntering in and deliberately seated himself on one of the stools at the other side. The passengers who were eating exchanged glances of indignation, but he was a vicious looking fellow and nobody cared to invite certain trouble by ordering him out. Presently the tough cowboy leaned over and tapped me on the shoulder.

"'Scuse me, stranger," he said in a hoarse whisper; "but will you please call me a—liar?"

"'What!' I exclaimed in amazement.

"'I want ter git you to call me a—liar, if y' don't mind,' he repeated, still in a whisper; 'beller it right out so as everybody kin hear!'

"'But why should I call you that?' I asked, beginning to doubt his sanity.

"'Well, I tell y', he replied earnestly, 'as soon as you do, I'll rip and cuss some, and then I'll take out my gun and take a shot at you.'

"'Take a shot at me?' I said, in alarm.

"'Yes,' said he, 'but it's all right—I'll miss you and accidentally hit the nigger; see? Go ahead now and cut loose.'

"I begged hastily to be excused. I assured him that I liked the idea, and didn't doubt his marksmanship, but I was a little nervous about firearms, and—well, I hardly know what I said but I gulped down my coffee as quick as I could and made a bee line for the outer air. Before the train started I encountered the cowboy on the platform. He was looking gloomy.

"'You didn't get a chance to put your little scheme in execution?' remarked inquiringly.

"'No, doggone the luck!' he replied. 'I couldn't get a single white man to insult me.'—Picasune.

Christmas Aftermath

Reporter to Citizen—Well, what kind of a Christmas did you have?

Citizen to Reporter—The greatest time you ever saw! But say! Don't put my name in your paper! We had a fine dinner and just the best time imaginable. My initials are J. W., but don't mention it in your paper. We had a lot of people there to dinner. Their names are (here are given a dozen or more names)—but my wife and me would prefer to not have any mention made of it in the paper. Our residence is on the corner of Icicle avenue and Glacier street, but don't say a word about it in your paper. After dinner the folks stayed and we had a nice dance, but then we would prefer to not have anything published about it. My wife had the house beautifully festooned and decorated, but then we do not care to have anything said about it. Go up and see my wife; she can tell you all about it. But remember! We don't want a word said about it in your paper.

And when the reporter gets disgusted and takes Citizen at his word and the paper comes out without a line about the doings at his house, he, the reporter, is referred to as a "country chump," and the paper has made an enemy for life.

Regarding Spuds.

The potato market of the present in Dawson differs very materially from that of one year ago. Two weeks ago potatoes were selling at from \$15 to \$18 per 100 pounds according to quality. Today the very best are being offered at \$15 per 100 pounds, and an excellent article can be had for \$13.

Last year at this time potatoes were selling at 50 cents per pound and by January 20th had advanced to 75 cents, later going to \$1.25. Several scow loads of potatoes sold readily last year in October at 35 cents per pound wholesale, the money that on Christmas day cost Fred Clayson his life having been paid to him for potatoes at that price.

But the fabulous price at which they were held last year precluded their general use, as even the restaurants were forced to charge 50 cents extra for a meal where a few billious slices of fried potatoes were served. The result was that when the gentle springtime came potatoes, in their exuberance, began to sprout, with the result that many tons of them went to ruin and rot and instead of selling at the rate of \$2,500 per ton, they cost their owners \$10 per ton to have them hauled out and dumped in the Yukon.

Mirrors Barred to Convicts.

Convicts in English prisons are not allowed the use of mirrors. From the moment of a convict's entrance to a jail to the moment of his exit he is not permitted to have the use of a mirror of any kind, the smallest piece of glass being rigidly denied to him. To the women convicts this absence of a mirror forms one of the chief hardships of confinement, and many a female warder can tell piteous tales of women who have actually fallen upon their knees and sobbed out entreaties for the loan of a morsel of mirror—"just for a second." All these entreaties have perforce to be disregarded—and it therefore comes about that many a female convict passes three or four years without being permitted to gaze upon her own features.

Overestimated.

A late issue of the Whitehorse Star says a telegram from Dawson was received there the same day on which the paper was published which stated that too people had started from here for the outside that morning. This is probably a mistake as according to the most reliable accounts not to exceed ten people have started from here for the outside any one day since the river closed, and not to exceed 100 altogether have started. Travel on the river will not be brisk before the middle of January.

Slorah Case

Although it has been some time since anything was heard of the Slorah case or whether or not any efforts were being made to have the matter reopened, the friends of the condemned man have been busily engaged in raising money and taking the preliminary steps in the matter of procuring fresh evidence, and a day or two since the matter was satisfactorily arranged, and Attorney Blesker has been re-engaged to go on with the fight. It is altogether probable that when this vacation is over the case will once more be before the court in the form of the argument for an appeal, which, in view of the evidence in sight, Slorah's friends and attorney are very hopeful of obtaining, and there is a strong probability that in the event of the appeal being granted some sensational evidence will be heard.

A Mathematical Problem.

A Nugget representative dropped into a broker's office today and found him busily engaged in figuring on an already closely covered sheet. The broker's face wore a perplexed look and it was fully five minutes before he glanced at the intruder. Thinking that he was figuring up the volume of business transacted by him during the year just closing, and finding that he had largely run behind, the reporter was about to volunteer a few words of consolation, when the broker said:

"I have just been striving to figure out how much I lost in a wood deal in October when I bargained for 10 cords at \$18 per cord and got by actual measurement just 6 1/2 cords. Of course I planked down the \$180, and now that a full cord of wood can be bought for \$13, I am trying to find out where I get off, or if I get off at all. The point is just this: I can't afford to burn all the wood I need at \$18 per cord, especially when I got short measure; and I can not afford to run the risk of pneumonia breaking out in my family for lack of plenty of fire, when wood is selling at \$13 per cord. The question is just a little too deep for me, so if you are in we'll go out and liquidate."

The reporter was in and liquidation went.

Concerning Dogs.

Editor Nugget:

The dog problem is just now one of the most perplexing within the ken of the ordinary citizen. There are people in Dawson who pretend to think a great deal of their dogs and who would talk of their great value if they were stolen or killed, and yet they do not provide these same dogs with a mouthful of food from one week's end to the other. Life is sustained in not less than 20 dogs at my back door and I have no doubt but that other restaurateurs in the city are having the same dog-ood experience. If we would all shut down on feeding these packs of hungry, howling, fighting curs and allow them to look to their owners for what they eat, there would be mad dogs—hunger crazed—by the dozen in Dawson.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is all right as far as it goes, but there are other forms of abuse besides the use of clubs and whips. A well fed dog that is occasionally larrupped half to death is to be congratulated when compared with the dog that must depend on his own rustling qualities for every mouthful of food he eats. Prevention that does not prevent is a poor remedy.

RESTAURANTER.

A Theory Advanced.

One theory advanced for the prevalence of the existing mild winter weather is that Skagway being the gateway to the interior, the weather naturally comes in that way and that formerly the Moore Dock Co. at that place charged wharfage on everything that passed over it, therefore, no weather was furnished from below and what came down the river was manufactured at the summit of White Pass. This theory might not hold good in signal service circles, but it is worthy of consideration in the absence of more plausible suggestions.

the man thus turned into d to take him pretty nearly as more or less and Cameron hands and told. He said he of the trouble, that afterwards had gone back followed him when a gen- lace, everyone hands upon

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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.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1900.

From Saturday's Daily. LITTLE TO COMMEND IT.

Dawson is not in favor of incorporation. This fact will be made very plain to anyone who reads the article dealing with the matter which appears on another page of this issue.

Nearly all the representative business men and property holders of the city have already affixed their signatures to a petition directed against incorporation and the only reason that the great majority of the balance have not done so is that the petition has not as yet been presented for them to sign.

As has been set forth in these columns on previous occasions, conditions at the present time differ vastly from the situation as it appeared when the question of incorporation was originally advanced. Briefly summed up, it may be said that Dawson is now well and economically governed and that incorporation, even though desirable men were secured to fill the various offices, must necessarily increase the expense involved in conducting the affairs of the town with a strong doubt left as to improving the efficiency of the present system.

Certainly as a matter of theory it is far better that a community such as Dawson should handle its own affairs, but in dealing with the cold practical facts as we have found them to be, the arguments are all in favor of a maintenance of the status quo.

Incorporation at this time would simply mean to place in operation a duplicate of a large portion of our present governmental machinery, effecting a cost to the tax payer of double the amount contemplated under the present system, with no material compensatory advantages offered.

When it is considered also that the franchise could not legally be extended to others than British subjects, it becomes apparent that any elective municipal government could only be partially representative of the interests for which it would be called upon to legislate.

Incorporation would have been desirable in the earlier days of Dawson's history, but at the present time it has little to commend it.

SHOULD KEEP REGISTERS.

Inquiry by this paper has developed the fact that many of the roadhouse keepers along the trail exercise little or no care in the matter of keeping registers. It appears to us that an order should be issued by the authorities requiring registration of all parties who have occasion to stop at any place of public accommodation in the territory.

Several cases have occurred where parties have disappeared entirely, no trace whatever being left by which they might be discovered. In such instances immediate light will often be thrown upon what otherwise would prove an unfathomable mystery, if a proper system of registration is maintained by hotel and roadhouse proprietors.

Such a system is particularly necessary at this season of the year when travel to and from the outside over the ice is at its height. In fact the advantage of such registration are so obvious as scarcely to require comment.

The News says that it has no opinion on the matter of incorporation. This is due to the fact that the man with the poke has not yet appeared on the scene.

Christmas week has been filled with all manner of festivities in Dawson including weddings, which latter, by the way, have ceased to be the momentous affairs they were once considered, that is when viewed from a public standpoint. Time was when a wedding in the Yukon territory's capital was an event which entitled the entire town to a holiday. Now such things come and go as they do elsewhere, and public interest is but momentarily aroused.

Dawson is indeed becoming prosaic. **Made Its Own Funeral Toilet.** There are certain insects that have such a respect for Mrs. Grundy and are endowed with such an innate love of neatness and order that not even death, or rather decapitation, can prevent them from making one grand final toilet, which is clearly designed to give them a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

Dr. Ballion, a skilled entomologist, discovered this remarkable fact. "During one of my recent horseback rides," he says, "I frequently caught one of those large flies which annoy cattle and horses so much, and I promptly got rid of it by crushing its head. One day, instead of throwing the mutilated insect away, I placed it on the back of my hand and indolently watched it. For some seconds the insect remained motionless, but then, to my unbounded surprise, it moved its front legs forward to the place where the head should have been, and after it had rubbed them nervously together, apparently in anguish, it began to brush its body and to smooth its wings with its hind legs. Under the gentle pressure of these limbs the body gradually became extended and the extremity curved, while the wings gradually changed their natural position and left the upper part of the body exposed. Meanwhile the hind legs continued to brush each other from time to time.

"Naturally I watched this extraordinary sight with great interest, and in order to see the finale, I took the insect into my study, where it lived an entire day, spending the time at the ungrateful task of making its own funeral toilet."

Couldn't Resist. An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late."

He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter." Mr. S. looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused. "Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some newcomer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs. S. in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.—Millinery Trade Review.

A Mystery of the Sea. One of the most curious finds ever made from the sea was that which came to the Azores in 1858. The island of Corvo was then in the possession of two runaway British sailors. One morning there drifted ashore a craft which had evidently been frozen in the ice for a long time. It was an ancient and battered brig, without masts, bulwark or name, but the hatches were on, the cabin doors fast, and the hull was buoyant. She had little cargo, and that consisted of skins and furs in prime condition.

No papers were found in the cabin, but it was figured that she was a sealer or trader, carrying a crew of 10 or 12, and that she had been provisioned for a year. The flour was spoiled, but the beef was perfectly preserved. She had been abandoned when frozen in an iceberg and drifted for years. The date of the letter found in the forecabin showed that the brig had been abandoned nearly half a century before. The two sailors got out the furs, which eventually brought them \$4,000, and two barrels of beef and then set fire to the wreck. No trace was ever found of its name or owners.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker'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

DEATH WAS NEAR THIS TIME

Mrs. Gallup Was Down in Her 32nd and Last Sickness.

Mr. Gallup Was Busy Reading of the Great Worth of Persian Stomach Bitters.

Mr. Gallup had gone town after supper to hear the political news, and it was 9 o'clock when he got back home. He had left Mrs. Gallup clearing away the dishes and singing "Happy Day," but when he returned she was lying on the lounge with her eyes closed and the house quiet as a graveyard. He sat down after a glance at the figure and laboriously untied his shoes and pried them off and then picked up the family almanac to see what time the moon would be in her last quarter. Ten minutes passed, and Mrs. Gallup uttered a long drawn sigh. Two minutes later she groaned. A minute after the groan, as Mr. Gallup had paid no attention to her, she sat up and said:

"Samuel, you've come here just in time. I was afraid I'd hev to go without biddin you goodby, but you are here. You hadn't been gone from the house ten minits when I went to carry the milk down cellar. I wasn't thinkin of death or anything of that sort when all at once I heard a voice sayin, 'Git ready to soar away and become an angel.' You may tell me, Samuel, that it was the vinegar bar'l workin or thit it was a gurglin from the soft soap, but I know better. It was my summons to go, and I come right up stairs and begun to git ready. It won't disturb you much if I die tonight, will it?"

Mr. Gallup didn't reply. He had found the moon's last quarter and was deeply interested.

"I've never bin no hand to make you trouble, Samuel," she continued, "and I shan't begin now. If you'd rather I'd die in the daytime, I'll try and hold on, though I s'pose one ought to die when the hour comes. Mebbe you've bin thinkin that when I died you'd hev to pay out a great lot of money over the funeral, but I want you to know different. I've never bin an extravagant woman, and I kin git along with a cheap funeral. I was reckonin it up t'other day, and I was surprised and pleased with the figgers. Do you know, Samuel Gallup, that the hull thing, from fust to last, won't cost a cent over \$30?"

One of Mr. Gallup's eyebrows was slightly raised in a questioning manner, but he made no verbal reply.

"Only \$30, Samuel, and that includes one of the best lots in the graveyard. If you wanted to bury me out in the back yard, the cost would be reduced to \$25, and I don't think any husband on earth kin complain of that. There are wives who'd kick ag'in bein buried in the back yard, but I shan't say a word. And I've arranged other things for you, Samuel. While you've bin busy with politics and lawsuits I've bin arrangin fur death. In about an hour from now, when I breathe my last, you'll go over and rap three times on Mrs. Watkins' door. Three raps mean that I hev soared away, and she'll be over in ten minits to take charge. Then you kin go right to bed and go to sleep, same as usual. The funeral will take place the day after. Mrs. Green will lend you 14 chairs, and Mrs. Taylor will pick out the hymns to be sung. Mrs. Jordan will milk our cow and strain the milk, and Mrs. Johnson will

come over and git your meals. Are you listenin to me, Samuel?"

If he was, there were no signs of it. He had got through with the moon and passed on to the medical testimonials, and he seemed to be reading with bated breath.

"All you'll hev to do," she continued after a sob or two, "is to move about kinder sorrerfulike and shed a few tears. I've had 32 fits of sickness since we was married, and sometimes you've had to hire the washin done fur me; but, after all, you'll be kinder sorry when I'm gone. You'll remember how I made one tea kettle last 14 years and how I alus made the tea and sugar last longer than an other woman in town. I shan't ask you to break down and weep, Samuel, but if I was yo-I'd shed tears. I not only deserve 'em, but all the folks will be watchin you to see if you are affected. You've got six handkerchiefs almost as good as new, and you won't run short even if you shed tears from both eyes. Don't you think I'm right, Samuel?"

She wiped her tears and held back her sobs and waited for a reply, but none came. Mr. Gallup was reading how the life of a man who had fallen on a pitchfork had been saved by Persian stomach bitters, and his ears were closed.

"As to buryin me in the back yard, of course you kin do as you think best. In one way it will save you \$5, and in another it'll take up ground fur cabbages. You'll marry ag'in, of course, and your second wife will want a ham-mock out under the trees. Mebbe she'll object to my grave. If I was your second wife, I wouldn't object to your first wife's grave, but I'm different from most women. You'd better think the thing over purty seriously. And there's another thing, Samuel. A long time ago I told you that if you ever got married ag'in I'd haunt you. I was mad and said more'n I ought to. Of course I could come back as a ghost and roost on the toothboard of the bed and keep you awake nights, and I could hide down cellar and skeer you most to death when you come down after cider, but I'm not that kind of woman. Right here and now I want to tell you that I'll never haunt you nor your second wife. Don't you think I'm purty good, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup had finished the pitchfork testimonial and struck one where a man had been blown up with a stump, and he was so interested that he didn't hear her question. She wept for three or four minutes and then said:

"No, don't go to any unnecessary expense to lay away my mortal remains, Samuel. As my speerit will be flyin around in heaven, it won't make no great difference about my body. When Mrs. Thompson died, she wanted a funeral to cost \$250, but I'm not Mrs. Thompson. You'll marry again, of course, and you'll need all your money to flam-out with. Second wives allus flam. Yours will want a new dishpan, new curtains, new knives and forks and as many as three new tablecloths the very fust thing. Speakin of tablecloths, Samuel, I've made the last new one last seven years. I don't expect any praise fur it, but when your second wife shakes one all to pieces in six months you'll see a difference. What kind of a second wife are you goin to marry, Samuel? You needn't be afraid to tell me, fur there isn't a jealous hair in my head. Will she be old or young?"

Mr. Gallup yawned and stretched and thrust out his legs, but he had nothing to say.

"Mrs. Roedecker says you'll probably marry a young chit of 17, and Mrs. Jackson says you'll probably look fur a widdy with as many as five cows, but I ain't goin to find no fault in either case. On the contrary, I kinder pity you. Second wives allus smash

and break and bust things, and if you say anything they'll sass back and pull your hair. You'll be rid of me and my troubles, Samuel, but there'll be times when you'll sit down on the wash bench outdoors and wish I was back. Yes, yo'll acknowledge to yourself that I was hardworkin and savin and that I was no hand to gad about, but I'll be an angel, and you'll hev to plug along the best you kin without me. That's all, Samuel, and I will now die and hev it over with."

She stretched out on the lounge and folded her hands and closed her eyes, and for ten minutes there was silence. Then Mr. Gallup yawned again, looking around and saw her there, and as he rose up to wind the clock and go to bed he observed:

You'd better turn the cat outdoors and see if the kitchen window is fastened up."

M. QUAD.

Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinkska's.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

New Year presents at Sargent & Pinkska's.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

Short orders erved right. The Holborn.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinkska's.

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

Dolge Felt Shoes
Fur & Kid Mitts
Fur Caps
Lined Overalls
Ulsters, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN.
Front Street.

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper

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Dawson Society

In all the great wide world under the sun, there is no land like this new land, whose life has but just begun.

We who live here know this to be a fact; to those on the outside who may doubt it, we would say come and spend Xmas with us and be convinced. Everybody had a good time and was happy, there was the mingled chime of church and wedding bells.

There were Xmas trees galore, whose green swaying branches drooped low beneath their precious burden of Xmas fruit, the price of which would stock a farm, or buy an orange grove in Sunny California. Every other man you met was a rolly polly Santa Claus, and every bright-eyed rosy cheeked child a little king or queen with arms, and hearts to overflowing with the dear mysterious things that only Santa Claus knows how to bring through all the sooty, winding ways of the long chimneys and yet keep dainty white and spotless.

The Christmas dinner given by Major and Mrs. Wood in their elegant home at the barracks, was no doubt one of the grandest of its kind ever known in Dawson, neither trouble nor expense were spared, the very finest to be had in Dawson's market graced the handsomely decorated tables, where covers were laid for 16.

Those present were Major and Mrs. Wood, their son, Master Stewart Wood, Justice Craig, Capt. Starnes and wife, Capt. Bliss, Mrs. French, Capt. McDonnell, Capt. Rutledge, Sheriff Eilbeck, Mr. Doig, of the Bank of B. N. A., Mr. Wills, of the Bank of Commerce, Dr. Wills, Mr. McCall, Mr. Scott, of the Bank of Commerce.

The Major and his wife received their guests in brilliantly lighted rooms, decorated with flags and ever greens. The dinner was unique in its way, being the only strictly dress affair of its kind recorded in Dawson's blue book.

It is whispered that Mrs. Capt. Starnes will give a New Year's dinner to her friends.

The men of the N. W. M. P. completely outdid themselves in the length and glory of their Christmas entertainment, near one hundred members and ex-members sat down to tables groaning beneath their weight of good things to eat and drink. Toasts were drunk to all their absent comrades, both living and dead, to those who were with the Strathcona Horse, and to those who were with the Second battalion of the Canadian Rifles in far away South Africa. They are a brave and gallant lot of men, and we who are not of them drink to them with a right good will.

The Christmas dinner given by Mr. T. H. Hinton, of the comptroller's office, in his bachelor's quarters on Third avenue, was pronounced a most decided success by his invited guests who were Mrs. Edgerton, late of the Red Cross hospital corps with the army in South Africa, Police Surgeon Hurdman, Robert Hurdman, of the gold commissioner's office, and Mr. Al Watson of the commissioner's office.

Mr. P. R. Ritchie and Miss Emma Allen, two of Dawson's well known and most popular young people were married on the evening of the 26th in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church by the Rev. Dr. Grant. The news of this wedding will be more of a pleasure than a surprise to the many friends of the happy couple. And sad as it may seem, Rudy Kalenborn will have to acknowledge that for the past two weeks he has smilingly, and with malice of forethought accepted the congratulations that he knew were due his friend Mr. Ritchie. The wedding was very quiet, none but the immediate relatives being present. Miss Edwards made a charming bridesmaid, while Mr. Gerald Petre as best man was dignity personified.

Gold Run, not to be left behind in the social race, has organized a dancing club under the very pretty and appropriate title of the Snowy Heights Dancing Club, of which organization Messrs. Allen and Wheeler are the prime movers. The club made its first bow to the public in a well lighted and appropriately decorated hall on Christmas night when it gave its initial ball. First-class music was in attendance, the floor was in excellent condition, and the party which assembled in response to the invitations was made up of the best society of the town and the surrounding districts.

The people of Gold Run and their neighbors from the creeks know how to enjoy themselves when the conditions

are right, and the result of this was that the initial ball of the Snowy Heights Club was the greatest social event of this or any other season in the district. Everyone enjoyed himself and the hope that the club will continue the good work is generally expressed.

Those who were present at this affair were: Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Chinton, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. James Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Bostrom, Mrs. Sloggy, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Darrell, Mrs. Godel, Miss Ness, Miss Sullivan and Miss Keeney; not to mention a representative gathering of well known claim owners from Gold Run and neighboring creeks, Messrs. Allen and Wheeler, of 36 Gold Run know how to entertain their guests, and everyone is waiting for their next hop expectantly.

There was a very pleasant dance at Discovery roadhouse on Last Chance Christmas night, given by Mrs. Scollard and her charming daughter, who are both entertainers of the right school. The party was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Thursday night social hop of the Bon Ami Club given in Pioneer hall was a very enjoyable and largely attended affair this week, and the club grows apace in popularity in consequence of its continued successes.

Those present were: George Brimston, Mrs. Brimston, F. H. Asan, Miss Helen Beede, Geo. S. Handbury, Mrs. Handbury, J. Gillespie, Mrs. Gillespie, August Bjerebrak, Mrs. Bjerebrak, H. S. Myrick, Mrs. Vanbuskirk, Mrs. Myrick, Mrs. Mart, A. C. Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, R. E. Voschelle, Mrs. Bostrom, Mrs. Voschelle, Mrs. L. De La Pole, Burne Pollock, Miss Ethel Beede, James Hume, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Klime, Miss Bostrom, Geo. Wilson, Mrs. Bush, Mike McMillen, R. J. Dillon, Miss B. Bruce, A. Vogue, J. H. Scott, G. B. Parson, L. Spencer, Geo. M. Allen, Miss Latimer, A. E. Taylor, W. H. Gunz, Mrs. Metcalf, A. H. Jones, J. H. Patten, Miss E. McMillan, I. A. Mullen, R. H. Richard, E. Whalley, Mrs. Orr, and G. E. Daniel.

Low and distant from across the snow clad hills comes the merry chime of wedding bells, and the announcement that Mr. Richard Gillespie and Miss Margaret McLennan were married at 2 P. M. on Christmas day by the Rev. G. D. Cook in the Presbyterian church at Grand Forks.

Mr. Gillespie is a well known Dawsonite and owner of the below lower Dominion, one of the richest claims on the creek.

The bride was becomingly attired in a wedding gown of gray cashmere with white satin and black velvet trimmings. Mr. Alex McLennan, brother of the bride, acted as best man, and Miss Arndt was the fair bridesmaid.

The happy couple will make Dawson a short visit, after which they will be at home to their friends at the below lower Dominion.

In St. Andrew's church on Christmas eve a most beautiful Christmas tree was presented to the children of the Sunday school and public school.

Mr. Miller deserves great credit for the painstaking manner in which he drilled the children in their songs and recitations.

Among the ladies who took a prominent part in the entertainment and Christmas tree were Mrs. Te Roller, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Arnold, Miss McRae, Miss Keys and Miss Edwards.

The church was crowded by the little ones and their friends, and no end of fun and excitement was caused by Santa Claus driving a team of howling malamutes straight into the church and under the tree where he unloaded a basket sled full of presents for the happy children.

On New Year's eve a midnight service will be held in St. Andrew's church, beginning at half past eleven and lasting until half past twelve.

After service in St. Andrew's church last Sunday evening nine elders were ordained. They are Mr. Charles Milne, Mr. J. O. Bosworth, Col. Donald MacGregor, G. G. McClellan, W. F. Arnold, Mr. John Frank, Mr. James Bentley, Mr. Hack and Mr. Putnam.

The Presbyterian church of Grand Forks also had a tree Christmas eve, for the members of its Sunday school. Presents were distributed to all the children, after which an excellent program

was rendered by the children who were assisted by the choir.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McPherson have moved into their own cozy home at the corner of Seventh avenue and Mission street, where they entertained Capt. and Mrs. Olson last Wednesday evening in a manner fully sustaining their well known ability.

The evening was devoted to whist, at the close of which a very daintily and tastefully served lunch was partaken of.

Cards are out for the watch party for brides and grooms to be given by Mrs. Capt. Donald B. Olson on New Year's eve, and by the way the cards are about the daintiest and tastiest sample of Mrs. Olson's artistic ability, with which her many friends have been treated. The card is a two page folder, heart shaped and gilt bordered, the outside of the first page bearing a beautifully designed wedding bell, looped at the top with blue streamers, the whole being placed upon a pink ground. Both color and design are in perfect harmony. The inside of the second page bears the following:

"Come and watch ye old year out and ye new year in with Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Olson, December 31, 1900, from ye hours 8:30 p. m. to 1901.

The Misses Latimer have bidden a number of their friends to their home on Third avenue to watch the death of the old year and to welcome the coming of 1901.

It is needless to say that all those so fortunate as to be numbered among the friends of the young ladies have accepted the invitation, and the affair promises to be an enjoyable one.

Last Thursday evening Commissioner Ogilvie entertained a small number of friends at his residence. The commissioner is a good entertainer and his guests always like to come again.

The midnight mass held in the Catholic church Christmas eve will long be remembered by those who attended, as one of the most beautiful and impressive services ever witnessed in Dawson.

Miss Hartman, assisted by lady friends, will keep open house New Year's day, from 4 till 9 p. m., in her apartments over Cribbs and Rogers' drug store.

At the hotel at 36 below lower on Dominion a Christmas tree and dance was given Christmas eve which was a most enjoyable affair. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Jellicotte, Mr. and Mrs. Selterberg, Mr. and Mrs. McKieen, Mr. and Mrs. Keys, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Miss Gramburg, Miss Potter and Miss Goffrey, besides numerous others whose names are not forthcoming.

No. 7 below on Dominion creek also indulged in a tree and Christmas dance and general jollification, at which there were present, besides those who danced and took part in the pleasures of more mature life, 12 children, all of whose hearts were made glad by many beautiful presents.

The invited ones, who were all there, were: Mr. and Mrs. Reister, Mr. and Mrs. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Chas Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Lund, Mr. and Mrs. Bergstrom and Mr. and Mrs. Yeager.

Dancing was kept up till a late hour and when the guests departed for their homes it was with the general feeling that they were sorry Christmas comes but once a year.

A Famous Lighthouse.

The famous lighthouse on the Pacific coast is that of Tillamook rock, 70 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river, Oregon. The rock is 92 feet above the sea, yet at the time Mr. Lord made one of his photographs a wave was breaking through a crevasse and hurling its spray higher than the summit. On this day it was too rough for the Columbine's boat to make a landing. Coal for the station had to be hoisted in net slings, and the keeper had to be lowered in a cage or basket and, suspended in midair over the sea, report on the condition of himself and his assistants, as they were short of provisions, most of the supply having been destroyed during a storm.

From the side of the rock a heavy sea at the height of this storm tore off two pieces averaging 63 pounds and hurled them upon the roof of the keeper's dwelling. With three weight of the water these fragments made a hole 26 feet in area in the roof, flooded the building to a depth of over five feet and washed out two walls, throwing three rooms into one, an "improvement" for which the keepers were not not especially grateful. Pieces of rock punctured the iron roof in 35 places. Al-

though the local plane of the lantern is 136 feet above the sea level, 11 panes of glass three feet long and three-eighths of an inch thick were knocked in by pieces of rock which went through the lantern, and the water put out the light. The building has now been raised six feet, and a thick concrete roof has been laid on heavy steel girders.—Ex.

A Little Romance.

"Ah, count, is it you?" said the millionaire as he arose and extended his hand. "I hope I see you well?" "You behold me in ze grande health. Let us now to business. I loaf your daughter."

"Yes; you love my Kathalene?"

"And I would marry her."

"I expect you would. How much rhino have you got, count?"

"Rhino! Ze rhino?"

"Money, greenbacks, cash. How much can you settle on my daughter?"

"But zhat is mercenarie. I do not speak of money wiz my loaf. I loaf her all my life, but I settle no money."

"Then we may consider you out of it and my coachman in. He can settle \$1000 on the girl and will continue to drive for me at half wages. 'Seuse me, count, but this is my busy day."

"Then my title and my loaf was scorned?"

"You've hit it."

"And a coachman!"

"Knocks down the persimmon and gets the prize. Ta, ta! Boy will show you out, and the cable car in the next street will do for you with neatness and dispatch."—Ex.

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

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 Lowner'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.

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

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

Notice to Eagles.

All members of Dawson Aerie, No. 50, F. C. E., are requested to attend the meeting Sunday night, December 30, at 8:30 o'clock, when officers for the ensuing term will be nominated. LEROY TOZIER, W. P.

J. C. DOUGHERTY, W. Sec.

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

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

HILLSIDE CLAIM—Lower one half left limit No. 27 Gold Run creek, in the Indian River mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T., under No. 15088 by C. S. W. Barwell, D. L. S. First published October 14th, 1900.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 7

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

THE TACOMA BOYS

YOU CAN HOLD US UP

If we don't succeed in Pleasing and Satisfying You in every particular.

For the Best Bargains in Groceries and Provisions to be obtained in town.

OUR MONEY IS YOURS

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

140 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN
also TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS
The DAWSON HARDWARE CO.
2ND AVE. PHONE 36

Just a Few of Our Retail Prices

Flour, per sack	\$ 5.50
Oat Meal, per pound	.12 1/2
Best Japan Rice	.15c per lb., 7 lbs. for 1.00
MEATS	
Roast Beef, Roast Mutton, Club House Sausage Meat, per can	.60
BUTTER	
Coldbrook, 1900, 2 1/2 pound can	1.75
Coldbrook, 1900, 1 1/2 pound can	1.00
Pickled Roll, 1900, per roll	1.00
MILK AND CREAM	
Eagle Milk, 3 cans for	1.00
Reindeer Milk, 4 cans for	1.00
Highland Cream, 5 cans for	1.50
St. Charles Cream, " "	1.50
Oysters, 2 pound cans, per can	.50
Sugar, 15c per pound, 7 pounds for	1.00
FRUITS	
Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extras, per can	.50
Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can	.50
All other can vegetables, 3 cans for	1.00
All kinds of Dried Fruits, per pound	.22 1/2
Macaroni, per pound	.25
All other goods at proportionally low prices	

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

PRINCE OF WALES

Is Seriously Sick and Is Constantly Attended by a Score of Physicians.

COMPLICATIONS OF DISEASE FEARED.

Bulletins Regarding His Condition Are Suppressed.

BOERS ARE MUCH CORNERED.

Conger Does Not Like Military Control in China—Santa Fe Strike to Embrace Train Men.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. London, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The Prince of Wales is seriously sick with stomach troubles and a score of doctors are in constant attendance. Complications are feared. All bulletins regarding his condition are suppressed.

Boers Cornered.

Cape Town, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The principal seat of action in the South African war has been changed to the northern part of Cape Colony. Early on the 16th a large body of Boers crossed the Orange river towards Burgersdorp. The British force followed and to avoid them the Boers turned westward and occupied Venterstad on the 18th. But the same day, on the approach of the British they evacuated that town and marched in the direction of Steynsburg. The Boers are now completely hemmed in and can not get out in any direction as Steynsburg, Burgersdorp, Stramberg, Rosemead and Naanpoort are all strongly occupied by the British. As the Orange river has risen very considerably, it is not possible for the Boers to escape by crossing it.

Delay at Washington.

London, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The delay in the signing of the joint articles which will settle the difficulties in China is due to an objection raised at Washington. Conger has telegraphed his government urging a speedy settlement of the matter on the ground that foreign military control is worse than Chinese management.

Strike Broadening.

Topeka, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The latest development in the Santa Fe telegraphers' strike indicate that the train men will join the strikers. If they do, there will be a general tie up of the entire system.

McKenzie Answers.

Washington, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—Alexander McKenzie, the receiver of Nome mining claims who was appointed by Judge Noyes, the two being accused of standing in to defraud the owners, has filed an answer to the charges against him. The supreme court will decide on the matter in February.

In a New Place.

London, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The latest news is that the Boers have raided Cap Colony at two points about 100 miles distant. General McDonald has gone out with a strong force to drive the invaders back.

He Is Not Marked.

Mr. E. J. McCormick, looking fat, sleek and trim, is back from a visit to the outside with a fund of experience not usually acquired on the ordinary business journey from Dawson to the outside world and return. Mr. McCormick left here on one of the last steamers in October and reached

Skagway in due time, from which place he took passage on the steamer City of Seattle for Seattle. And there was where he erred, for had he waited in Skagway for another steamer, or had he shipped for below in a small boat he would have gained time, for when the Seattle reached Vancouver her passengers and crew to the number of 400 persons were ordered into quarantine, and there they stayed for 41 days. However, Mr. McCormick had the distinction of being one of seven, five men and two women, to have the smallpox, but from his rugged and very healthy appearance now no one would ever suspect it. He says all the cases were very mild, no worse than chickenpox, and that he did not even take to his bed one day on account of the infection; but ate like a drover and played football every day.

Mr. McCormick speaks in terms of the highest praise of the treatment of the marooned people at the hands of the British Columbia quarantine officials and says that everything that was wanted was had for the asking.

On being released from quarantine Mr. McCormick proceeded on to Seattle and transacted his business, remaining but five days and starting back for Dawson at once. The trip in was uneventful, that portion of it from Whitehorse down being made in 10 1/2 days on a two horse sled on which were eight passengers and 800 pounds of freight. The trail is reported by Mr. McCormick to be in fairly good shape for horses and sleds, but rather too new yet for bicycles.

Mr. McCormick will remain in Dawson the remainder of the winter looking after his various property interests, one of which is the Portland hotel property on Second avenue and Third street.

Biding His Time.

It is well that the Yukon is frozen over hard and solid, and that it is some distance from the North end of town to where there is an open piece of water broad and deep enough for convenient drowning purposes, otherwise there might have been a tragedy within the past few days, which would have left one, or possibly two chairs always vacant afterwards.

The averted tragedy has several people and things mixed up in it, and contains all the component parts for a novel by "The Duchess" or a Conan Doyle mystery.

To begin with there is the grand old incentive, jealousy, raging away like a river steamer fires when pitch is burning and a nigger is perched on the safety valve. This awful thing is still going on and the young men concerned are being watched by their friends who are fearful of the worst yet. For a clew for the modern Sherlock Holmes to begin business with, there is the most delightful thing in the world—a lady's black silk mitt.

The thing that started all this trouble was a promise made by a young lady that she would be on hand at a place named, and would, so the story goes, accompany one of the gentlemen in question from there to the midnight mass at the Catholic church Christmas eve. There were two ladies in question as well as two gentlemen, but both masculine hearts were centered upon the same lady, and besides the love that is said to be the cause of sometimes breaking the organ all to pieces, there was room in one of them for somewhat of guile. The possessor of the guileful blood pumping apparatus went to the handsome hero and told him that all he had to do was to wait quietly at the trysting place and he, the friend and all around good fellow, would bring both ladies.

This arrangement looked good to the hero, so he dressed and repaired to the place of meeting where he began smoking and waiting and after a while wondering why the expected ones did not arrive. At 3 a. m. he had consumed two bottles of Scotch and reduced to ashes and bad odors nearly a whole box of cigars. He had done more than this he had taken counsel with himself and decided that his friend had "trun him down," and that he deserved death as the reward of his treachery. In casting about for a means of extermination he thought drowning would be about the proper thing, but, as he can not drown his hated rival he is waiting with what patience he can muster till the river breaks up, and if nothing further is done to augment the debt of hatred will allow the enemy to lumber the earth till there is water.

A Merry Time.

Messrs. Stumer & Shenkle, proprietors of the Cascade Steam Laundry, gave their employes on Christmas a most enjoyable time at their place of business. A fine report was served to over 25 people and Christmas presents were distributed to all, there being fully 125 articles distributed, some of which were of a most ludicrous character.

REPORTER'S DEATH WARRANT

Ferretting Out Mysterious Murders Was His Fort.

His Last Article Was Accurate for the Reason That He Himself Was the Murderer.

"It was in the north some years ago," remarked the chief reporter. "We had a man on the paper who was simply a crank on homicides, and he was more than a mere reporter, for he had detective talent of the highest order. He didn't care much for the common crimes—burglaries, larcenies and such—but give him a good mysterious murder and he was splendid. Not only did he have the history of all the famous murders at his fingers' ends, but he delighted in ferretting out the most mysterious crimes that came within our province. In every case except the one I am telling about—and there was a good many crimes in that town—he traced out the murderer before the detectives even dreamed of his identity.

"I have since thought the secret of his success was that he put himself mentally in the place of the murderer, and reasoned it out from motives rather than from the 'clews' of the ordinary detective.

"There is seldom much method in murder," he once said to me, when in a rarely communicative mood. "Most men would commit it in about the same way under the same circumstances. It is only when a murderer goes about it systematically, as do the thugs in India, that a murder becomes truly mysterious."

"I once asked him why he did not become a regular detective.

"I was born and bred a journalist," he said, "the habit is too strong to break."

"That was literally true in his case. Otherwise I might not have to tell this story.

"One morning the body of a fine looking man was found in an alley adjoining the electric light works, in the very heart of the town. The afternoon papers had a chance at it, but didn't make much of it, so I at once assigned it to Jones—as we will call him. Although he did not show up at the usual hour, I had no doubt he was already at work on it, as it was as mysterious a case as even he could desire.

"The victim was identified as a traveler, who had just arrived, and, so far as known, he had no friends or acquaintances in the town. It was not a case of robbery, for all his money and valuables were left on his body. There was a slight contusion on the back of the head, and a small, needle-like hole through the man's heart. It was especially strange that such a crime could have been committed in a public thoroughfare, while there was absolutely no clew to the murderer or his motive.

"But these difficulties were only such as would ordinarily put Jones on his mettle, so I did not doubt that he would have a good account of the affair. I was therefore somewhat surprised when he came sneaking in about 6 o'clock in the evening to see what his assignment was. He looked worn and haggard, but denied that he was ill, so I gave him the murder job. He went out without a word.

"I did not see him again that evening. About midnight I began to wonder why I had not heard from him, but only speculated on the possibility of something having happened to him, for the idea that he could possibly fail never occurred to me. Finally, after an hour had gone by, I telephoned to the police station. Word came back that there were no new developments in the case, and that Jones had not been there. Sending two men out to hunt him up, I set to work myself to make a story of the murder from the afternoon papers. Just then Jones came in. His step was unsteady and his face flushed. He had evidently been drinking heavily—something I never knew him to do before—but rather he was not drunk; rather, he seemed at high nervous tension, although outwardly as calm as ever.

"I decided to let this breach of discipline pass, and merely asked him for his murder story. He replied that he hadn't written it.

"Well, get to work on it at once," I said, rather sharply.

"Then he really surprised me by saying that he had nothing to write beyond the bare facts already known. The police had developed nothing new, and he supposed that I had worked up the story from the evening papers.

"And it has now come to pass that

you wait for the police to develop a murder case for you?" I exclaimed angrily. "As for the reports in the evening papers, you can 'fake' a better story than they had."

"He sat down, in apparent despair, at his desk. Then I relented and cajoled him a little, begging him not to spoil his great record by failing on such a case.

"There's a starter for you," I said, throwing him the article I had commenced. "Now go ahead and fill that out with a column description of the scene."

"I haven't even visited it," he replied. Nevertheless, he picked up the pages and read them as if impelled by some hateful fascination. Then he took up his pen and made a few minor corrections. Then, as if totally oblivious to my presence, he began to write.

"As sheet after sheet fell from under his fingers, I snatched them up, read them hurriedly and shot them up to the composing room. I read rapidly, taking but small account of the matter as long as it ran smoothly, while I had too much confidence in him to question the accuracy of his statements. I only realized that he was writing a great account—the greatest he had ever written. He seemed inspired with the very innermost thoughts of the murder, and under his touch every trivial incident came out with distinctness and coherence that made the cause and method of the crime perfectly plain.

"First he described the scene with accuracy of detail that would have been impossible for one who had not studied it closely. The selection of the spot was explained by the fact that the bright electric light, streaming through the windows of the engine house, made it impossible for the passer-by to see into the shadows. Thus, while impenetrable darkness screened the assassin, the rattle and roar of the machinery near by drowned all sound of the struggle or the falling body.

"The blow on the head, he demonstrated, must have been from a stick, while the wound through the heart could only have been made by one of those long, fine bladed stilettoes of Italian make. Furthermore, the fact that this peculiar weapon was driven home with a firm hand, after the victim had been stunned by a blow on the head, indicated premeditated and deliberate murder, while the theory of robbery was disproved by the fact that the man's valuables had been untouched. The only tenable theory, therefore, was that the motive of the murder was revenge.

"A more masterly analysis of a case I never read, but here he branched off into what I at first supposed to be purely imaginary speculations as to the wrong which had led the murderer to seek the life of the unknown man. These seemed purposely vague at first, but gathered in strength and certainty, until I concluded that he must have some good foundation for them. Starting with hypotheses, he soon began to state them as facts. He described how the dead man, a once trusted friend, had entered the home of another; how by subtle wiles and deceit he had stolen the love of the wife; then followed an elopement and the breaking up of that once happy home.

"He told with the bitterness of truth how the scoundrel had deserted the erring woman and left her to perish alone; how the idea of revenge had filled the mind of the wronged husband; how, himself unseen, he had followed every movement of the intended victim for months and carefully plotted his destruction; how he had decoyed the doomed man to the town, and to the very spot where the murder was committed, and how he had destroyed the only clews—a couple of letters in the pockets of the dead man—and finally made his own escape, the secret safe in his own heart alone.

"As I read this remarkable tale through the conviction forced itself upon me that this was the absolute truth. If the writer himself had committed the deed he could not have described it more graphically. Suddenly the thought flashed over me—could he describe such a crime thus without having, in fact, committed it?

"We were alone in the room, I glanced at Jones apprehensively. He was writing rapidly—fiercely. His eyes were fixed, but he seemed to be looking through and beyond the paper across which his pen flew, at something fascinating—terrible! When he finished it was with a start, as if waking from a trance. I glanced at the last page, where was final confirmation of my fears.

"Good heavens, Jones, is this true?" I managed to say.

"Every word of it, as I live," he replied, firmly, if faintly.

"Then you have written the warrant for your own arrest," I said.

"His head dropped on his desk, but he said not a word.

"Jones," said I, finally shaking

him by the shoulder to arouse him to an understanding of my meaning, "enough to hang you is already in type." In an hour the papers will be on the streets; in another hour the police will be after you. Go make the most of your start."

"It was as I predicted," said the chief reporter, after a pause. "Before daylight a detective called on me to ascertain the source of that story. I simply pointed to Jones' name on the book and they went after him."

"Did they catch him?" asked the other, eagerly.

"They found him in his room, with a stiletto through his heart," said the chief reporter. Ex.

Sure Enough.

A busy merchant who had not taken a vacation for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for the mountains.

When about a day's journey from home, he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

Dear Frank—Our home was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once. MARIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

Dear Maria—What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you and don't worry. Affectionately, FRANK.

Youth's Companion.

The Irish Peasant.

The Irish peasant is still, thank heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland in the early thirties—he is still "the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors of course commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck."

The peasants' passion for rhetoric still induces them to commit to memory imposing polysyllables which they often misapply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nurse-maid exclaim at a crying child in her arms, "Well, of all the ecclesiastical children I ever met you're the wan of them." A landlord in the south of Ireland recently received a letter from a tenant in the following terms:

Ver Honor—Hopin this finds you in good health, as it laves me at present, your bulldog Bill has assassinated me poor ould donkey.—Ex.

Mad Horse Sent Out.

The horse owned by Lew Craden which was bitten by a mad dog some time ago on account of which appeared in the Nugget at the time, has been sent up the river as it was found to be not only impracticable but almost impossible to keep the animal and work him around Dawson. The very sight of a dog drove the horse mad and caused him to become wholly unmanageable. It was this horse that stampeded the stages coming from the Forks a few mornings since, an account of which appeared in the Nugget the same evening. While hitched in a team on the Klondike river near the ferry the horse had got sight of a dog with the result that he kicked and raved until all fastening gave way and he was free.

Previous to being bitten by the dog the horse was considered a very valuable one; but two days ago when Mr. Craden received an offer of \$300 for him, he jumped at the opportunity to "let go." If no dogs are met on the trail between Dawson and Whitehorse the new purchaser will get value received for his money. But in the event of the meeting of a dog team, there is no telling what will happen.

So It Does.

An old gentleman when passing a little boy selling newspapers at a street corner remarked:

"Are you not afraid you will catch cold on such a wet night, my little man?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy; "selling newspapers keeps up the circulation, sir."—Ex.

The Lie Eternal.

A little girl came in her nightclothes very early to her mother one morning, saying, "Which is the worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, less you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But—when there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—Ex.

FORCE OF

Even With the P

Attorney W and Inn Prisoner

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FORCE OF HABIT IS STRONG

Even With Men Who Engage in the Practice of Law.

Attorney Wade Once Called at a Jail and Innocently Inquired "Is the Prisoner In?"

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

The force of habit is very strong and sometimes when the conditions are just right it is apt to lead to the saying or doing of things peculiar, because misplaced. To cite an instance of this kind, Crown Prosecutor Wade told an amusing story yesterday which goes to show that even an astute attorney may sometimes forget just what his surroundings demand.

"When one comes to think of it," said Mr. Wade, "many amusing things happen in the practice of criminal law."

"I was just thinking over past experiences in relation to this, and it occurred to me that what took place the first time I was ever called upon to visit a prisoner in jail, was somewhat out of the common, and rather funny."

"What the object of the visit was other than to see the prisoner, or who he was immaterial, but the sight of the prison, a large, cold, dreary barn of a place, with its stone walls and iron barred doors and windows, affected me strangely."

"At the large front door there was a bell pull, and to drive away the general feeling of depression which had settled over me I seized the bell knob and pulled it back about a foot, letting it go back with a snap. Away off in the distant interior I could hear the bells jingling and it crossed my mind that possibly I shouldn't have made such a racket when the door suddenly flew open and I was confronted by a big, burly fellow who asked, ferociously, I thought, what I wanted."

"Without thinking of how it sounded I asked if the prisoner was in."

"The gatekeeper looked at me pretty hard, as if to express a doubt of the advisability of my being at large, and allowed me to enter."

Rudy Has Mice.

Rudy Kalenborn was warned this morning that he is liable to a visit from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals if he did not take the three mice which he holds captive in his show window out and set them at liberty. The little animals are kept at work constantly turning a plush covered wheel, which looks nice and harmless enough, but when the whole truth is known it seems that these little animals are kept at work ceaselessly turning the wheel, which in turn is converted by a light rod and cog with a mixing basin wherein Rudy places everything that requires labor to mix.

Big Chunks of Gold.

Probably the biggest chunk of gold ever seen in one lump was the giant nugget received in Wall street, New York city, a few days ago. It was in the shape of a cone, standing about two feet high, containing over 753 pounds of the yellow metal, and valued at \$154,000. Four men carried it with difficulty.

Nevertheless, some very large chunks of gold have been picked up in various parts of the world at different times—lumps formed by nature, and not composed, like the one above mentioned, by melting together the yield of thousands of tons of crushed rock. For some reason not well understood Australia has been the chief producer of great nuggets. One of them, the "Welcome," which was the largest on record, weighing 2218 ounces and valued at over \$41,000, was 99.2 per cent pure gold. It was found in 1858 at the diggings of Ballarat, in Australia.

The "Precious," weighing 1717 ounces and valued at \$30,340, was found at the Berlin diggings, as was also the "Viscount Canterbury," which tipped the scales at 1105 ounces and was 23 3/4 carats fine. Another great nugget, weighing 884 ounces and valued at \$16,000, was picked up in the same neighborhood. The "Maitland Bar" was found at a place of that name in New South Wales, and weighed 344 ounces, containing 313 ounces of gold. Its value was \$6182.

Two of the largest nuggets found in Australia fell to Chinamen, from whom they took their names. One of these was the "Kum Toon," weighing 718 ounces and worth \$13,000. It came from the Berlin diggings, as did likewise the "Kum Tow," which, though only 249 ounces in weight, sold for \$3000, being very pure. Another Berlin nugget, the "Needful," weighed 245 ounces and brought \$4500. The Dun-

nolly diggings, in Victoria, yielded some of the largest nuggets on record, one of which was the "Schlemm," weighing 385 ounces, but containing 60 ounces of quartz. The "Schlemm" No. 2, from the same neighborhood, was 478 ounces and sold for \$9000.

The largest nugget ever found in California was unearthed near the famous Camp Corona by a dissipated young fellow named Martin while digging a grave for a companion who had been drowned. At a depth of two feet he struck the mass of yellow metal, which he was unable to carry to the camp alone, inasmuch as it weighed 80 pounds. Afterwards he sold it for \$22,700.

No very large nuggets have been found at Cape Nome, although some weighing from 20 to 25 ounces and worth from \$300 to \$400 have been picked up. Lumps half an ounce or an ounce in weight are not rare.—Ex.

Fortunes in Election Bets.

An immense sum of money changed hands in New York city as the result of the election. In Wall street alone more than \$2,000,000 was held in the balance, awaiting sure returns from the polls. Beside many wagers of large size were made between men who refused to advertise their doings. Immense sums were at stake in the aggregate as the result of the ventures made by the small betters. Of these, of course, no record was kept.

Richard Croker apparently is the largest individual loser. During the campaign he was credited with betting on Bryan from time to time until he had posted \$120,000 with various stakeholders. It was reported that Mr. Croker last week bet \$90,000 on the general result. If this be true the Tammany chieftain lost \$20,000 because of his confidence in Democratic success. On the other hand, he is known to have won heavily on the result in Manhattan Borough. He began betting on 10,000 majority, and gradually increased his estimate until before the close of the campaign he was placing his money on 25,000 majority. He may have realized \$50,000 on these ventures, but if so he is still more than \$150,000 to the bad.

Others who met financial disaster as a result of overconfidence in Democratic success, being influenced by the attitude of the Tammany chieftain, are Senator T. D. Sullivan, who had \$18,000 at stake; James Mahoney, the pool-room magnate, who lost \$22,000; State Senator P. H. McCarren, who gave his Republican friends \$20,000, and "Jack" McDonald, a bookmaker, whose losses totaled \$11,000. Patrick Keenan, city chamberlain, took a modest flyer of \$2500 on Bryan's changes.

Robert Rose, a horse owner and bookmaker, was one of those who firmly believed in the success of the Democratic ticket. He placed \$18,000 at 4 to 1. Joseph Vendig, a bookmaker, bet \$15,000 on McKinley at 2 to 1, and later succeeded in hedging his wager, guaranteeing himself a profit by betting \$5000 on Bryan at 4 to 1.

F. H. Brooks, a stock broker, placed money for customers, for whom he won \$60,000. For Democratic customers he placed nearly \$40,000 at 5 to 1. The largest transaction of the campaign in this line of betting was so manipulated as to attract no attention. Late in October a syndicate of Democrats raised a fund of \$100,000, which was quietly placed in Wall street at odds that averaged a little more than 4 to 1.

Louis Wormser is reported to be the largest winner on the election. He was a consistent McKinley adherent all during the campaign, and never neglected to bet as he thought when the opportunity offered. He made many wagers at 2 to 1, but later gave as good as 5 to 2. He refused to raise those figures until about a fortnight ago, when he offered 7 to 2, and placed several small sums at 4 to 1. He confesses to having won \$90,000, but intimate friends of his assert that his winnings will aggregate nearly a quarter of a million.

Jacob Field was also a firm believer in Republican success. He began betting on McKinley the day of his nomination in Philadelphia, and made his last wager late Monday night. He won about \$80,000.—N. Y. Sun.

His Future Is Bright.

"It does seem," sighed the lady, "that my John hain't got any good luck in this world. He went in the war, an' they shot off his leg. That wuz somethin' kaze he got a pension fer it. But on his way home the train run off the track, an' instead of cuttin' off his good leg, so's he could git damages, it run over his wooden leg, an' to myartin knowledge, he's been in a life insurance company ten years, an' he ain't dead yit an' appears like there ain't no prospects of it. I never did see a man hold on like him!"

ARCTIC PERILS ARE FEW

And the Number of Fatalities Very Small.

Out of Many Expeditions to Discover the North Pole But Few Men Have Been Lost.

Contrary to the general opinion on the subject the disasters that have attended expeditions into the Arctic have not been numerous. Exploration in that region began with Edward VI. and Sebastian Cabot. Under Cabot's direction three ships were fitted out by the Muscovy Company, and Sir Hugh Willoughby was appointed to their command, with Richard Chancellor in the Edward Bonaventure as his second. The latter brought up safely on the Muscovy coast. Sir Hugh's ship and her companion, the Bona Confidentia, were cast away on the shore of Lapland. Months after their bleached hulks were discovered by Russian fishermen, and the first voyage into the frozen north ended in disaster. Then ensued a considerable interval during which vessels set sail for the arctic circle and came back home again without the loss of a single man.

The next fatality was the loss of the expedition commanded by the brave Dutchman, Sir Henry Hudson. In 1616 he entered the polar seas in a vessel of 35 tons and was never heard from again. He did not die, however, until he had reached 81 degrees, a mark not surpassed until two centuries later, when Scobey planted the British flag at 81 degrees 12 minutes 42 seconds. Then for over 250 years brave seamen sailed the arctic seas in comparative safety.

Sir John Franklin was the first to break the chain of successful voyages. In 1845 he set out in the Erebus and the Terror at the head of 137 picked men. Not a soul survived. The evidence gathered by the scores of searching parties who were sent to discover Franklin or his fate was that of the 138 men had perished of starvation. The search for Franklin brought to public notice such explorers as McClure, Collinson, Belcher, Ross, Kane, Hayes and Hall. None of them lost a single man from causes peculiarly arctic.

Down to 1879 there were no deaths. Then came the crushing of the Jeanette in the ice of Behring straits, and the subsequent death by starvation of 10 men who had taken refuge in the New Siberian Islands. Among the survivors of the ill-fated expedition was Chief Engineer George W. Melville, U. S. N.

The partial loss of the Greely expedition at Cape Sabine was the next exception to the rule. This expedition, which was under the direction of the United States government, went out on July 7, 1881, and came back without 11 of its members in the summer of 1884. Since 1884 there have been few deaths within the arctic circle.—Ex.

An English Project.

The latest and most important project on foot in England, so the Associated Press learns, is the construction of a canal from Southampton to London. The surmise as to the far-reaching consequences such a step would entail is scarcely less interesting than the fact that, if it is accomplished, it is likely to be through the instrumentality of American capital. Coming on top of London's adoption of the American transit system and utilization of American money and brains, this latest project may well be said to cap the climax. No word of the new scheme has yet been mentioned in the papers, and few people know of its existence. Nevertheless, the route from Southampton to London has been carefully surveyed by competent engineers, who declare that the canal is not only feasible, but that it could be built at a comparatively small expenditure. The whole matter has just been put in the hands of the same firm of contractors which is handling Charles T. Yerkes' new London railway, although the Chicago millionaire himself is not known to be taking an active part in it at present. Indeed, the legal and other difficulties which it is necessary to overcome before the construction of the canal is assured are so great that some time must elapse before the financial part of the matter comes up prominently.

The opposition encountered by the promoters of the Manchester and Liverpool ship canal in parliament and elsewhere would probably be as nothing to the jealous efforts of other cities in the same direction in this case, for since the American line of steamers made Southampton its port of call, Southamp-

ton has so improved itself and has so affected the trade of other ports that it is already regarded with a jealous eye. What commercial revolutions will ensue from a ship canal enabling trans-Atlantic and other lines to land their passengers in the heart of London many hours earlier than any other route can be easily judged by the growing popularity of the smaller steamship lines now sailing direct to and from London by the slow and difficult way of the Thames.

The fact that American capital is now largely employed in an electrical underground scheme in London has at last stimulated the British owners of District Railway stock to buy those securities in the belief that an electrical installation must speedily replace the present steam and smoke which make traveling on the old underground railroad such a noxious experience for all foreigners. Murray Griffiths, who is probably the largest owner of District stock, had a conference with Mr. Yerkes' representative in London Friday, but the both have denied that there is any expectation of a necessity that Mr. Yerkes will interest himself in this new enterprise. Mr. Griffiths, whose buying sent up the stock to points, informed a representative of the Associated Press that he believed an electric installation could be satisfactorily accomplished if the directors could only be brought to realize the necessity of keeping up with the times.

An Officer's Mistake.

"Now, then, I've caught you in the act!" exclaimed the policeman as he came upon a colored man who was just coming out of an alley at midnight with something in a bag.

"Yes, sah, you've got me," was the reply.

"I've been laying for you for a dozen nights past, and here you are at last! How many you got in that bag?"

"Only one, sah."

"Got a tooth for chicken, eh?"

"Yes, sah; dreful fond o' chicken, sah. But de price is awful high dis winter."

"We'll see about the price. Anyone with you?"

"No, sah."

"Got scared before you filled the bag, eh? Well, you come along with me."

"Yes, sah—what you gwine to?"

"I'm going to ring up the wagon and have you taken in. The judge will put you where you won't taste chicken again for three months. Where did you get it?"

"De chicken, sah?"

"Yes."

"Hain't got none, boss. I dun tote you de price was so high dis winter dat I couldn't afford chicken."

"So you don't call this a chicken?"

"Explained the officer as he reached for the bag and shook the contents out on the walk."

"No, sah," replied the man as a big black and white cat was dumped out with a yowl and ran up the officer's body to his head and sprang into the limbs of a shade tree.

"No, sah," he went on as he reached for the bag and folded it up; "no, sah, dat ain't no chicken, but an old cat dat I was carryin' off to get losted. Can't dun make out, sah, how you calls dat a chicken, but if you says so I hain't gwine to dispute it. As I told you befo'—"

But the officer raised him one and ordered him to move on.—Ex.

A Spring Expedition.

London, Nov. 19.—"It is rumored," says a Pekin correspondent of the Morning Post, "that a spring expedition to Sianfu is already being discussed as the outcome of the probable failure of the peace negotiations. Even if Prince Tuan and Prince Ching are sent from the present seat of the Chinese court, Emperor Kwang Hsu, is still helpless, as he lacks the aid of a strong and progressive advisor, all such officials having been beheaded."

"Gen. Tung Fu Hsiang, master of the military forces, is dreaded even by the empress dowager. The new cabinet minister, Lu Chuan Lin, is reputed to be another Kang Yi. There is danger, therefore, that the terms accepted by the Chinese commissioners in Pekin will be rejected at Sian Fu."

"Should the court prepare for further resistance, it would be necessary for the allies to declare war. The United States and Russia would probably refuse to take part in such measures."

"Since the occupation of Pekin, the German commander has shot more than a hundred guilty Boxers. Gen. Chaffee's orders do not provide for dealing with cases of crimes committed before the relief of the legations. The American plan is to leave such matter to the Chinese, which means nothing."

Considerate.

"Are ye goin to Plannigan's wake t'night, Casey?"

"O! am not. He licked me once, an now that the poor mon's dead O! wouldn't boy 'im think O! kem to gloat over his remains."

THE DAWSON CURLING CLUB

Elects Ten "Skips" for a Series of Games.

Next Wednesday Night Will See the Initial Contest Between Two Picked Teams.

The members of the Dawson City Curling Club met last night at the rink and arranged for their first series of club matches to commence Wednesday night next. Two rinks will play each night, except Saturday, until ten rinks have been played. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested last night by the members of the club, when the election of the skips for the teams was announced. Robert Jones, the caretaker was highly complimented by President Wills for the able manner in which he had overcome the unexpected difficulties and adding that the ice was in far better condition than he had any reason to hope for. The following teams were scheduled and skips elected:

E. E. Lewin, R. E. Giff, R. M. de Gex, H. G. Wills, skip; Dr. Grant, W. H. Scarth, Dr. Wills, Judge Craig, skip; D. A. Matheson, F. G. Crisp, J. P. McLennan, Dr. Norquay, skip; Dr. McDonald, Chas. Milne, M. H. Jones, J. T. Lithgow, skip; H. E. Rogers, Rod Chisholm, Dr. McFarlane, W. G. Hington, skip; H. D. Hulme, P. R. Ritchie, W. L. Walsh, W. H. Rourke, skip; W. M. McKay, T. A. R. Pargas, Dr. Richardson, A. Scott, skip; F. J. McDougall, J. P. Bell, R. B. Young, H. G. Wilson, skip; A. M. H. Anderson, F. J. Stackpole, Capt. McDonel, D. G. Stewart, skip; D. B. Olson, A. F. Nicol, S. A. Burpee, W. D. Bruce, skip.

To those unacquainted with the sport the following information may be interesting relative to the game. Curling is supposed to have originated in Scotland, but when is only a matter of conjecture. For the past three centuries the game has been played, however. The method of playing is somewhat similar to that of shuffle board, only of course the game is played on the ice, which must be perfectly level, and with stones weighing some 45 pounds. The stones are thrown from one end of the rink to the other or from back (law) to tee (center of circle). The standard length of the rink is 42 yards and after one series of stones are thrown by both competing teams in one direction, called an "end," the position of the players is reviewed and the game continued from the opposite end. If four players are in a team each stone of the team which is nearer to the tee than that of the opposing team is counted one for each stone so placed. The stones have handles and by the dexterous use of the same when the stones are thrown by the player they are made to "curl" if necessary either with an "in" turn or an "out" turn as the exigencies of the game may demand. Each player uses two stones and plays one alternately with his opponent. Four players constitute a "rink" and opposed to them are four others. The fine points of the game are patting to the tee, curling around stones in the line of the tee, striking out opposing stones which have the advantage of position and placing the stones to block the opponent's play. Each team has a "skip" or captain who directs from the opposite end of the rink the position the player should make his stone occupy. When the skip plays another member of his team directs him in turn. Sweeping is an important feature of the game as when the stone comes down the rink slowly the ice is swept before it making it smooth and allowing the stone to travel freely. There are many other features of the game which makes it an attractive sport and one requiring the greatest skill, but above all is the good fellowship the game engenders, for a "curler" is a synonym for manliness and bon comradship.

Unruffled.

"Say, you," cried the victim in the crowded trolley car, glaring up at the transgressor, "my feet are not made to stand on."

"That's so," replied the other pleasantly. "You don't need 'em for that while you've got a seat, do you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Unkind Supposition.

"Professor Koch," remarked the observant boarder, "has discovered a method of extirpating mosquitos and thus annihilating malaria."

"I suppose," added the cross-eyed boarder, "that he will dose them with his consumption lymph, or elixir of life, which he discovered a year or two ago."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

SOUR DOUGH'S INVESTMENT

He Paid Four Dollars for a Fiddle and Got Licked

For the Racket He Made Learning to Play—How the Matter Finally Ended.

From Saturday's Daily.
"Did ever tell you about my first investment?" asked a well known sour dough a day or two since in the Yukon hotel, of a Nugget reporter who stopped in to wish Fred Payne a happy New Year.

"No, I think not," said the reporter scenting a story.

"Well, I'll tell you now then, provided you won't mention my name."

The promise was given, because the sour dough's modesty, like that of all our doughs is almost acute enough to be painful.

"I went to work when I was about 15 years of age for a neighbor who had a job lot of potatoes he wanted picked over, at the munificent salary of \$4 per week.

"Well, just before the week was up I was sitting in my employer's kitchen one evening, when an old fiddle hanging on the wall attracted my attention, and the old man seeing me looking at it, began telling what a good thing it was to have in the house, and what a good thing it was for a boy to learn to play on. He said it was so simple that a babe in arms could draw music from it with a week's practice that would bring tears to the eyes of a potato.

"I asked him how much he would take for the fiddle, and he said it was worth \$10, but because he thought so much of me, I could have it for \$4.

"I bought the fiddle and took it home, where the only tears it gave rise to were my own, because grandfather licked me for making a racket with it.

"Then I traded it to a neighbor's boy for a four barreled pistol and went away to practice shooting on the bank of the lake.

"I fired it off, and before the echoes had died away the pistol was in the lake and I was holding my head in both hands. Grandfather had appeared on the scene once more, and my brief happiness was gone, also my week's work."

CREEK NOTES.

Mr. B. A. Barry, manager of 7 Eldorado, received a letter from Billy Chappell yesterday date November 9. Billy says, "Leave for Europe Tuesday, send my mail to London."

Miss Annie Jones, sister of Tom Jones, of 22 below Bonanza road house, arrived yesterday from Whitehorse. Miss Jones says: "We were 11 days coming from Whitehorse by stage. Mr. R. R. Reed has opened the Hallway house and grocery store at 37 above Bonanza."

Messrs. Mills and McKenzie, of 3 Magnet gulch left limit, have run a tunnel 300 feet and are taking a breast 75 feet in width and working toward the mouth of the tunnel. The boys are getting fine pay and as they have 15 men at work they will get out the biggest dump on Magnet gulch.

J. S. McKay, of 31 hill, received a letter from Wm. Bradley dated October 1st, from Seattle, saying he would start for his home in Dakota the following day. On November 14 a letter was sent from Dakota saying nothing had been heard of Mr. Bradley. As he had considerable money with him his friends here feel anxious as to his whereabouts.

Thirty-three below Bonanza roadhouse had a big dance on Christmas eve, 25 couples were present. A fine supper was served at midnight. There were some 50 gentlemen present, and the boys declare that it was the jolliest dance ever given on lower Bonanza. The ladies present were Mesdames Carroll, Roscell, Goldensmith, Coffey, Elwell, Gilbert, Adair, Chambers, Croymen, Bowles, Tipps, McDonald, White and Frame, Misses Hall and Olsen. Miss Hall and Mr. Orr won the prize (bottle of champagne) as best waltzers. The Elwell brothers furnished the music for the evening. The Magnet roadhouse was the big attraction on Bonanza Christmas eve. At 8 o'clock the festivities began and there was no abatement of merrymaking until 8 o'clock the following morning. The feature of the evening was the three handsome prizes for the best waltzing, singing and cake walking. Miss Lillie Casey captured the waltz prize, Mr. Wilson the prize for singing, and Miss Belle Campbell the cake walk prize. Miss Campbell was conducted through the various figures by Mr. Goolgeheimer, the greatest acrobat and contortionist on Bonanza. At midnight a fine supper was served to the immense throng. A number of toasts were given and just before the guests arose from their seats, Mrs. Rotweiler was presented with the finest nugget bracelet that was ever manufactured by Soggs & Vesco. The bracelet contained a Brazilian white 3 karat diamond. The genial hostess was so overcome by so unexpected and costly a present that for several minutes she could not utter a word. Christmas eve at the Magnet is still talked of as the big event of the season.

His Grandmother Knew.

The scenes and occurrences incident upon the early exploration of what is now known as the Yukon territory, there were many things which are filled with interest for those who have come after—things which go to show not only what the conditions of travel were, but the kind of stuff the argonauts were made of. Among the party who went upon one of these early trips with Mr. Ogilvie was a man whom, because he is still living, it is as well to refer to simply as captain, whose character presents a peculiar mixture of manliness and child-like simplicity.

"We were crossing a strip of previously unexplored country," said the commissioner recently when speaking of the matter, "and got into a canyon whose depth and steep walls kept us following its course for several days after we knew we were being led-out of our course. We finally found a means of getting out of the canyon upon whose edge we made a camp.

"That evening sitting about the camp fire it was noticed that the captain was preoccupied and I rallied him about it. He said:

"Mr. Ogilvie, how much money have I got coming now?"

"About \$300," I replied, wondering what he was getting at.

"How much will I have coming when we get through with this trip?"

"I told him the amount would be about \$400, or a trifle more."

"You're sure it won't be \$500, Mr. Ogilvie."

"Quite sure," I answered, "why?"

"Well, my old grandmother used to say when I was a boy that I would never be worth \$500 in my life, and I guess the old lady knewed what she was talking about."

COMING AND GOING.

George E. Storey has gone on a visit to the Forks.

F. Lawson, of 18 Eldorado, is visiting the city on business.

Skiff Mitchell and wife came down from the Forks this morning for a brief stay in the city.

The next mail to arrive in Dawson will be due next Tuesday or Wednesday, as it passed Selkirk yesterday.

James Higgins, a well known sour dough miner came down from the Forks on one of the stages this morning.

C. M. Woodworth has called a public meeting for Monday night, Jan 27th to discuss the matter of incorporation. The meeting will be held in McDonald hall.

Henry Honnen, the stage man is adding another to his already acknowledged accomplishments—he has a piano in his office upon which he is learning to play.

There is a strong feeling among those interested in such matters that a pound for dogs should be instituted as the only feasible means of doing away with the stray dog nuisance.

From all appearances the first week in January, 1901, will be devoted largely to resting after the holidays. Many are going to commence this by sitting up all night so as to be up early on the morning of the 1st.

Last Wednesday at noon one of Orr & Tukey's four-horse teams left here with a load of general merchandise weighing 10,700 pounds, for Gold Bottom. The team returned last evening bringing 14,500 pounds of coal from the mouth of Hunker creek.

Japanese Art.

The Japanese is a born lover of nature. Whatever he produces, from the most painstaking work of art to the simplest household utensil, is after natural models. In the representation of figures and scenes the Japanese display a perception which is astonishing. With a couple of strokes of the brush they reproduce what they see with a truth to life which is almost incredible.

His Only Fear.

The undaunted Corporal Calthness, so conspicuously daring in a "pinch" at the battle of Waterloo, was asked if he did not fear they should lose the day.

"No, no," said he. "I knew we could not do that. My only fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it."

An Aspiration.

There is woe and whoa, and if woe would only obey our whoa it would be worth while driving.—Milwaukee Journal.

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 14 day of December, 1900.

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

Celery at Meeker's.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Do you know," said a well-read and observant man to the Stroller one day this week, "that there are many people here in Dawson who, to use a Biblical expression, have been 'born again' and doubtless think they are now fit for the kingdom of heaven?"

The Stroller had not thought of it in that light, therefore, he inquired what was the meaning intended to be conveyed. The observing man continued:

"I mean, sir, that there are people here who never cut ice an inch thick in their lives before coming here and many of them are from cold countries, too. They were not in the swim, did not belong to the caste and did not know and do not yet know the meaning of the word. But here, by some means best known to themselves, they get in on everything that comes along and appear to think they are the guests of honor. It is ever thus in new towns, but to a sour dough it looks as though Dawson has reached the age when the line of demarcation should be drawn and adhered to. It was all right in the early days, but now it should require more than a white shirt to stamp its wearer as a gentleman and a fit associate for decent ladies."

"There," said a man at the general delivery window in the postoffice a day or two ago, as a letter was handed him, "I thought it was about time I was getting a letter. I have been here 28 months and this is the first one."

During this talk he had turned away from the window and was busy opening the letter. All of a sudden his chin dropped into his vest and his face assumed a look of disappointment and when he spoke he said:

"Tain't for me after all. It's for some other blasted, bloomin' J. McDonald."

"If eggs would advance to \$2 or \$2.50 per dozen I would feel very much more secure in my business than I do at present," remarked an alleged actor in the presence of the Stroller recently, and a bystander remarked sotto voice that the scarcity of decayed vegetables is also very much in his favor.

The Stroller takes this opportunity to warn gentlemen who go out making New Year's calls to remember their failings. Many men who on all other occasions are impervious to the wiles of temptation have been known to grievously fall while making New Year's calls, and in Dawson, where there are no close carriages in which to be taken home it behooves a man to be doubly careful. To wear evening dress and be yanked through the streets on a dog sled at midnight would not be recherché.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

In Magistrate McDonnell's court this morning Donald Alexander Sutherland McDonald, charged with having assaulted Christian Loth in the latter's cigar store near the Klondike bridge on the night of November 15th, was brought into court and remanded until Monday afternoon at which time it is thought Captain Scarth, who has charge of the case, will have returned from Fortymile to which place he went several days ago on official business. Christina Loth, the assaulted woman was in court this morning and it is said that when the case is brought up she will testify that McDonald is not the party who perpetrated the assault.

Complaint has been made by Ross A. Rumball to the effect that in March of 1899 W. V. Sommerville did steal in the office of the Klondike Miner the sum of \$497, the property of that paper.

Card of Thanks.

The Sisters of St. Mary's hospital extend their most sincere thanks to Mr. A. McDonald, Mr. Mizner, manager of the A. C. Co., Mr. Thos. Chisholm, Mr. Brown of the A. E. Co., Mr. J. Timmins, the clerks of the N. A. T. Co., Victoria Market, Mrs. J. E. Lancaster, Miss N. Cashman, Master Harry Bray, who so kindly sent them presents for Christmas. They wish to all a bright and happy New Year. December 27, 1900.

Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester. Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Automobiles Coming.

Sonnicksen & Henry, the freighters, start Sunday for Fort Selkirk from where they will bring to Dawson the automobiles which Mr. Clare has brought in. Should anyone have any business to transact in their line between those two points either up or down the river it will be attended to during the progress of the trip. For information apply at their headquarters at Boyle's wharf.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—One black dog, setter and Newfoundland, lost. Owner can have same by paying charges Driad Hotel, Mouth of Caribou.

LOST—Opposite A. C. Co. or at Cook's Gandy Store, a turquoise or diamond ring. Finder please return to Nugget Office and receive reward.

WANTED.

WANTED—General servant to cook and laundry. Family of two. Give references. Address P. O. Box 972.

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 JOURNEL BLEECKER & DE JOURNEL 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. HAGEE, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McPeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

MINING ENGINEERS.

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

Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.

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

Notice.

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

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

For watch repairing see Lindemann.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

Baldwin apples at Meeker's.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meeker's.

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

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

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.

King apples, \$11 at Meeker's.

Eastern Washington new timothy hay at Meeker's.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

S-Y.T. Co. "HIGH GRADE GOODS" Start the New Year Right Buy Only First-Class Goods

GIVE US A SAMPLE ORDER **S-Y. T. CO.,** SECOND AVENUE. TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS **SAVOY - THEATRE** NEW YEAR'S EVE. GRAND WRESTLING MATCH Catch as Catch Can. Best 2 in 3. TRENEMAN—Champion of Pacific Coast. SWANSON—Champion of British Columbia. Admission \$1.00 Reserved Seats \$2.00 Boxes—According to location **MAY POLE DANCE AND PERFORMANCE**

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**

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.

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.**

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