

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 45

DAWSON, Y. T., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

BAR GLASSES

at special values.

Everything in
HARDWARE
Odds and Ends.
SHINDLER The Hardware Man.

Ask Your Dealer
For

Yakima Star
Creamery Butter

BEST ON THE MARKET
For sale by all Grocers and Meat Markets
Packed and sold wholesale by
J. & T. ADAIR

This Week We Offer...

**Prunes and
Peaches...**

At 15 Cents

Strait's Auction House

Groceries and General Merchandise
Geo. H. Meade - successor to - E. S. Strait

Change of Time Table

Orr & Tukey's Stage Line

On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run as
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..... 3:00 p. m.

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

ROYAL MAIL

SPECIAL MEETING

A special meeting is called of Camp
Dawson, No. 4, Arctic Brotherhood, at
the Board of Trade Rooms, tonight, at
eight o'clock, to arrange for the funeral
of our beloved brother, deceased.

MONTAGUE MARTIN

Personal friends are requested to be
present. Funeral services will be held
at McDonald Hall, Sunday, at 2 p. m.
The funeral will be under the auspices of
the Arctic Brotherhood. Rev. J. L.
Naylor will attend.

D. A. Shindler } Committee
E. L. James }
E. J. Fitzpatrick }

Tickets

For St. Andrew's Ball can be ob-
tained from any of the committee
but your

Dress Suit,

Shirt, Tie, Gloves, etc.,
Should be bought from

J. P. McLENNAN.

I have a fine line of

**Gloves and Hosiery,
Ribbons, Laces,
Feathers, Flowers,
Fans, Slippers, etc., etc.**

Jas. P. McLennan.

SOUTH END MERCANTILE COMPANY

A NEW CONCERN. NEW BUILDING.
ALL NEW, FRESH GOODS

MINERS—On your way in to town get our prison on outfit. Everything guaranteed
this season's pack and manufacture. 2nd Ave. & 2nd St. South

Whilst we have an unexcelled line of **CROCKERY** that would
be a credit to any city, we wish particularly to call
your attention to a nice lot of **CHINA**

Tea Sets

Which we are now showing.

McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO. Ltd.

SAINT ANDREW

Smiled on Dawson's Efforts to
Perpetuate His
Memory.

LAST NIGHT'S BALL GRAND SUCCESS

The Elite of the City Was Out in
Full Force.

SOCIETY'S GREATEST TRIUMPH

In a Blaze of Glory, Feasting, Danc-
ing and Merrymaking the
Night Sped Away.

From Saturday's Daily.

"Who's like us!" That's what the
Scottish order of St. Andrew are saying
today, and they have a perfect right to
apply the language of Bobby Burns to
themselves after the ball they gave
last night, which was not only an un-
equalled success in every possible sense
of the word, but the greatest social
event ever recorded in the history of
Dawson.

The ball was a credit to the society
and an honor to the country, and to
new comers at least, much of a sur-
prise, because they had imbibed the
idea which seems to have taken a per-
manent root in the outside mind that
people in Dawson lived principally on
a diet of bacon and beans and wore
nothing but yellow mackinaws and
muckluks.

When the letters descriptive of St.
Andrew's ball, some to be written in
large numbers, reach the outside world,
it is not at all unlikely that this idea
will be severely shaken, and indeed,
after the display of elegance and re-
finement last night it is high time that
the outside world began the process of
conceiving Dawson's social world in its
true light, that is, in the same light as
the society of modern civilization in
any part of the world.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when the
sound of the pipes warned the dancers
and spectators that the grand march
was forming, and soon Pipers Hender-
son and Taylor appeared upon the main
floor, that is the space in view of the
boxes and balcony, followed by Com-
missioner Ogilvie and Miss Butz, who
in turn were followed by Justice Craig
and Mrs. McKinnon. Then followed
the flower of Dawson society and in
very truth the four hundred were there
as that is the number of names record-
ed at the door where two policemen
and the reception committee received
each guest, and after the gentleman's
name had been read aloud from the
ticket and the name or names of his
ladies recorded with it, all were shown
to the dressing rooms.

Messrs. Henderson and Taylor are
not only pipers of the right sort but as
leaders of a march they are artists.
They put the dancers through a great

and many figured march to the music
of the pipes, dear to the Scottish heart,
leaving them at last facing each other
in the squares of the opening lancers,
which filled the entire floor.

Mr. James Townsend, who was men-
tioned in yesterday's Nugget as the
decorator having in charge the work of
fitting the theater for the occasion, did
his work in a manner befitting his repu-
tation, and the hall was a blaze of
light and color all perfectly blended
and artistically arranged. Between the
two great flags of Britain and America,
overhanging the stage front, was a
large portrait of Queen Victoria and
from the other end of the auditorium,
facing the revered sovereign lady,
was the picture of the man dear to the
American heart, Wm. McKinley.

About the time the Savoy orchestra
began playing for the lancers, com-
ment on the excellence of the music
commenced, and the lavish praise heard
on all sides for the music was well
earned.

The direction of the floor was attend-
ed to in a manner pleasing to all by
D. C. Mackenzie, H. Ewart, Wm. Mc-
Kay, R. P. McLennan, Dr. McArthur
and W. E. Burritt. The society made a
good selection when it chose these gen-
tlemen for floor directors, as they all
worked incessantly for the pleasure of
their guests.

Among those seen and recognized
upon the floor were Commissioner
Ogilvie, who confined his terpsichorean
efforts to the grand march, but who
remained till a late hour as a specta-
tor.

Justice Craig was noticeable as a very
easy and graceful dancer and one of
whom there was no doubt as to his en-
joyment.

Chief Willis had a good time and
danced often with evident pleasure.
F. C. Wade was present and looked
satisfied and happy in full dress, but
refrained from dancing. H. TeRoller
was seen looking as genial as ever
from the boxes, but was not seen on
the floor.

Among the spectators were noticed
L. R. Fulda and wife, and Mr. and
Mrs. E. S. Tennant.

Concerning the ladies who danced,
and they nearly all did so, one could
not do better than to say that a better
lot of dancers could not be assembled
anywhere, and there were no wall
flowers unless they chose to be such.

Major Wood appeared in uniform and
for that reason and because he is a good
dancer, he was a conspicuous figure.

Architect Fuller said he was having
a good time, and no one doubted it for
a minute, and if anyone danced better
or enjoyed himself more than did Capt.
Olson, he should be awarded a prize.

Attorney Hulme wore a red coat also,
as he is a military officer of long stand-
ing. He enjoyed himself as much as
possible in the time allotted.

Meteorological Observer Al Watson
had more fun than if he had discovered
a whole flock of meteors, and Dr. Brown
in his own quiet way remarked that he
was having one of the best times he
could remember. President Wm. Mc-
Kay looked happy and was never seen
without a smile on his face as he
danced or looked after the pleasures of
others, and everyone who saw Attorney
H. E. Robertson dancing the Highland
schottische knew that his enjoyment had
in it no element of sham. Gold Com-
missioner Senkler and Attorney Pattullo
were there, and judging by all ap-
pearances they were glad of it. Regis-
trar Girouard was also among those
who knew it was good to be there, and
was not seen missing dances frequen-
tly. Sheriff Ellbeck was there, but did
not trust himself to the mazes of the
dance, confining himself to a more
quiet kind of enjoyment. J. Adair
was seen upon the floor often, and Chief
Stewart was as much at home as he is
directing the fire ladders.

Dr. McArthur was one of the best
dancers on the floor and enjoyed him-
self hugely.

Mr. Lizzie and Mr. Brown were seen
often and never unless pleasantly en-
gaged.

Dr. Richardson was seen dancing just
a few times, and Dr. Cassels looked as
if he had never known what it was to
worry over a critical case.

Mr. Tukey said: "It's a splendid
ball and few of us dreamed of such a
thing when we crossed the Chilcoot."

Attorney McCall danced well and
often.

Joe Barrett was seen shaking the
light fantastic frequently and with
decided pleasure.

Sam Wall didn't miss a dance.

as his proficiency in the matter of
dancing is well known. It goes without
saying that Attorney Thornburn al-
lowed no vegetation to take root under
his feet.

P. J. Ritchie was great in the round
dances, and R. P. McLennan was
noticeable in the dreamy waltz.

Attorneys McKinnon and McGowan
were seen during the early part of the
evening, but seemed to have disappeared
after a short stay.

Alex McDonald and Tom Chisholm
were both there and it they didn't
have a good time the ball was a failure.

These are a few, but by no means all
of those who were there and departed,
those of them who were guests, with a
warm spot in their hearts for the Scotch
laddies who had proven themselves
such princely entertainers.

One of the prime movers and hardest
workers in the arrangements for the
ball was not there, and his absence was
regretted by all who missed him;
James Macdonald, the society's treas-
urer, was absent on account of his
wife's illness.

The program contained, besides 24
dances, with numbers for four extras,
many appropriate features.

The first among these was a song
entitled "The Highlander's Toast," by
C. W. McPherson, who was introduced
by President McKay in a few brief but
appropriate words.

The air and words alike of the song
appealed to the hearts of all the Scots
present and was so warmly received
and applauded that Mr. McPherson,
who is an amateur vocalist of pleasing
voice and manner, responded with the
ballad "Mrs. Eery 'Awkins," which
created much merriment and called
forth great applause. The song "For
All Eternity," by Madam Lloyd, after
the seventh number on the program,
was a real treat to all, and especially
so to those who had never had the
pleasure of hearing Madame Lloyd be-
fore. Her voice, which is a splendid
one, had barely died away when a per-
fect storm of applause broke from the
audience who refused to be quiet till
she came back and sang the old favor-
ite, "Annie Laurie."

Walthers and Forest sang after the
tenth number, "Bonnie Mary of Ar-
gyle," and, as the natural result of
their efforts, the audience loudly de-
manded their return to the stage, which
they gracefully responded to with an-
other choice selection.

"In Sunny Alabama" was the title
of the song very sweetly sang by Miss
Melville, who by the way, should be
heard oftener as she has a wonderfully
fresh and pleasing voice. She also re-
sponded to the encore in a very satis-
factory manner, and the next specialty
on the program was what always joys
a son of Scotland. It was the High-
land ring in costume by R. S. Hender-
son, to the music brought from the
pipes by his co-entertainer also in
kilts, Mr. Taylor.

Goetzman, the photographer, was on
hand with his camera and a goodly
supply of flash light powder, and took
a snap shot of the ball room and stage
while supper was being served, from
the balcony, and in connection with
this a very funny thing happened to
Attorney McKay who was standing on
a chair near which stood the red coated
Hulme. Just before the flash light
was touched off, Attorney Hulme un-
screwed one of the electric lamps, and
at the instant the flash came, he placed
it on McKay's shirt front just where a
stud should be worn. There was a
blinding glare of white light and the
bewildered McKay got the notion some-
how that there was some connection
between the light and the electric
lamps, and for a time believed that
Hulme had electrocuted him.

There was no end of eating and
drinking, as the supper was served on
three tables continually from 11 p. m.
to 5 a. m., and Caterer Boyker fully

(Continued on page 4.)

FEED THE HUNGRY

Is a Divine Injunction Being
Heeded By the Salva-
tion Army.

AVERAGE OF 45 MEALS SERVED DAILY

Paid for by Sawing Wood at
Prevailing Prices.

DEMAND FOR MORE BLANKETS

Board and Bunks at \$12.25 per
Week—Wood Market Now
Inactive.

"What is the show for getting a sup-
per and a place to sleep?"

"Very good, sir; very good."

The first speaker was a Nugget re-
porter and the second was Adjutant
Barr of the Salvation Army, the time
being last night and the place the din-
ing room of that institution which is
located near Mission street.

Continuing the reporter, who repre-
sented himself as being hungry, weary
and generally on the decline, inquired
on what terms the entertainment could
be had, to which the adjutant replied:

"We will give you a supper and a
comfortable place to sleep, and a break-
fast in the morning when you will owe
us \$1.25, which is 50 cents each for the
meals and 25 cents for the bed. After
breakfast you will be expected to go
down on the beach to our woodpile and
saw enough wood to pay for what you
had. We allow \$5 per cord for sawing
16-inch wood and \$8 per cord where it
is sawed in 12-inch lengths."

"In case I board with you for several
days, what kind of grub may I expect?"
asked the man who couldn't saw a
cord of wood between now and St.
Patrick's day in the morning.

"Well, sir," replied the adjutant,
"we will give you three square meals
every day consisting of bread, soup,
meat, potatoes (sometimes chechako and
sometimes evaporated), pie or pres-
erves, tea or coffee, butter, etc. The
bed you will occupy will be very com-
fortable, we supplying the blankets."

Seeing that he was in a fair way to
get his name in the pot for supper if
he kept on, the reporter then ex-
plained to the adjutant his business
and from him received some interesting
information relative to the grand work
which the little army is accomplishing
in this city.

An average of 15 men are fed at each
meal, or 45 are fed daily. From 15 to
20 men sleep there each night, and Ad-
jutant Barr says he could use a dozen
or more additional bunks to very good
advantage. At the rates charged a
man's bed and board costs him but
\$12.25 per week and what he earns over
and above that amount by sawing wood
is paid him in cash.

The greatest difficulty which Adjutant
Barr has to face at present is the
one of finding a market for his wood,
the city being apparently overstocked
at the present time. The army owns
its own team and will deliver either
sawed or long wood to any part of the

(Continued on Page 2.)

WHOLESALE	A. M. CO.	RETAIL
What satisfaction to be able to buy at retail for the wholesale price.		
	Men's Nobby All Wool Scotch Business Suits	\$20.00
	Imported Irish Frieze Ulsters	\$25.00
	Cassimere Lined Storm Collars	\$25.00
AMES MERCANTILE CO.		

HUSBAND WAS HENPECKED

Until He Took a Tumble to Himself and Turned.

After Which He Had Things His Own Way and His Wife Loved Him More Than Ever.

When John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore, no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18—undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was decided by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being henpecked to the queen's taste.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the one-sided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, being selfish and possessing a thistle-down intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him. Some old lady had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose—it stuck up of its own accord, by the way—and went her usual pace of bullying and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that—what John thought didn't matter.

But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world; but, strange to say, he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell his best clothes to the rag man or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same—faithful, adoring, enduring.

One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went down town to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old time tactics, Mrs. John would in return comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge. John's heart would sink, and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan in a derby hat and creased trousers.

As it was not John's nature to war against any one he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissolutions.

One Sunday afternoon when he and his old friend were discussing some particularly exciting college scrimmage that had taken place 15 years back the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the phone.

"Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please? I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's, and everybody in the building is out, and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right, dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes." She was twisting her handkerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was distracted about something.

"I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar.

After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peeping out from behind a window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbulls' abode was in the flat opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house.

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'm, I'll go through your window."

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocket-book while she clambered from one window sill to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the door below were unlike those heard when Hendrik Hudson played ninepins in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shriek, such as the stage heroine gives vent to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife. It was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the matter?"

The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with, "The flat's been robbed!"

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back and hands clutching the folds of a bath robe go scooting through the library out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at her husband.

"John, what do you think? The Smiths' flat has been robbed, and there's hardly a scrap of anything left. They came through the kitchen window. They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's seal-skin. And the silver's all gone, and the house—oh, you just should see it! It's knee deep with the things that they've pulled out of the dressers and wardrobes." John continued to read his Spencers. "That's too bad," he said. Silence of five minutes.

"John," she spoke very softly. "Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here?"

John smiled sadly. "You won't go off on that hunting trip, will you?"

"Well—ll—," he drawled uncertainly. "I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my old candlestick or the baby or my grandmother's set of china. And—I'm not a bit afraid when you're here—honest, I'm not."

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the dining room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscle swelled up as it did when he was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through their bit of a flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eyes.

She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head and he'd never have known it.

"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I filled any want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar scarer. God bless the man that stole those things down stairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths, but it's a mighty fine thing for me."

And they lived happy ever after or had for a week, as the burglary only took place that far back.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WIND ON THE SEA.

The loneliness of the sea is in my heart,
And the wind is not more lonely than this gray
mind.

I have thought far thoughts, I have loved, I have
loved, and I find
Love gone, thought weary, and I, alas, left be-
hind.

The loneliness of my heart is in the sea,
And my heart is not more lonely than this gray
wind.

Who shall stay the feet of the sea or bind
The wings of the wind? Only the feet of mankind
Grow old in the place of their sorrow, and bitter
is the heart.

That may not wander as the wind or return as
the sea.

—Arthur Symonds in Saturday Review.

THE SACRED ARMCHAIR.

Story of a Soldier's Return.

Captain Carus Bentley of the Eleventh artillery regulars limped down the gangway from the transport and stepped on pier 19 with the vague, indefinable satisfaction that after a year in the tropics he was getting back to God's country. He swayed a moment as he reached the dock and looked up at the ramparts of buildings along the river. No one met him at the dock of the steamer. There were no tearful

eyes brilliant with joy and tender arms to crush him with happiness. There were no little feminine plaudits and girlish shrieks for greeting. How different was his coming back from his going away! She had clung to his arm and sighed little heartbroken sobs. She was sad then. He had been exultant, gay, happy, carried away with the enthusiasm of war and man's love of action. He had gone and won his spurs and got wounded and then lay for six months in the military hospital at Santiago smitten down by fever, wavering between life and death, not knowing then of the agony which he inflicted on his dear one with silence unbroken by a letter or message of any kind.

Regularly and faithfully, with the devotion of her sex, she had written to him, and at the end of ten months, having received no reply, she had ceased. Some of the letters which she had written he carried with him. His hospital nurse had let him have them when she thought that he had the strength to comprehend their contents. Each was an unhappy, passionate cry from a wounded soul, an unconscious rebuke to him, and each revealed the pain resting heavily in the bottom of a neglected woman's heart, the pain which she could not help express when the natural warmth of her heart was repulsed by persistent silence.

Bentley crawled into a cab and drove to his rooms. He had cabled his housekeeper from Cuba before the transport had sailed, and he knew that his apartments would be in trim order when he arrived, that his bath would be prepared, the fire burning gayly in the erstwhile deserted hearth and dinner hot and steaming when he wanted it. When he reached the door, he fumbled in the pocket of his blue uniform for his latchkey, and he felt puzzled when he found that it was gone. He touched the electric button. It seemed funny to him to have to ring his own doorbell before he could get in.

Presently the housekeeper opened the door, and Bentley's colli was alert at her heels. Mrs. Blossom could only ejaculate incoherent sentences in the exuberance of her surprise and joy and look at her returned soldier with all the tenderness of her devoted old age. "Happy and improving, your nurse wrote last," she said, "so I had no fear for you."

"Happy and improving," Bentley echoed under his breath. "I wonder if she, too, heard that." He had sunk down into a big armchair before the fire. He was depressed and silent and still weak from the wound in his arm. "Let me alone to think now," he said to the woman, who stood waiting for orders. So she quietly and unceremoniously withdrew and left Bentley alone with his dreams. The colli, too little noticed after the long separation, leaped on his knees and whined pitifully and lay her gentle head against the faded, shabby sleeve of his coat. Bentley took her head between his hands and as he looked at the quiet, faithful eyes two tears came into his own.

"Little old woman," he said, "you've been lonesome, haven't you? So have I. I've wanted to be back here millions of times. Yes, I have, little woman. And I had hoped when I did come that we might not be alone any more and that the hearth might not be so dreary. Yes, Jess, I actually began to imagine that some one would sit in that chair opposite and would answer me when I spoke and understand me when I was silent and love me always."

"Why, little woman, that empty chair has stood there opposite mine for ten years now. Yes, ten years. You haven't kept such close watch of the time as I have." He drew the colli close into his arms, and she lay there, complacently, blinking into the fire.

"We used to think that she came, and sat there and made us happy with her laughter and her bright talk. She was always a kind of airy ideal of ours, wasn't she, Jess? But she was real for us—yellow hair, blue eyes, low voice, slender figure and all, and she musingly, "I am going to tell you a secret. Don't get angry and bark, will you? I haven't told you before because there wasn't time before I went away. But I met her at Mrs. Manton's ball three weeks before I sailed. Yes, her, her, Jess; just think of it; the embodiment of our dream—blue eyes, womanliness, grace, ah, everything that you and I had yearned for all these years."

"I knew her three weeks, and just think of it, Jess, she said she loved me, and she promised to come and sit at the other side of the fire and to tease us and kiss us and make tea for us. Ah, little woman, I began to believe that our dream was coming true." The colli lifted herself with a quick spring and stood upright, on her knees and pricking up her ears to listen began to bark furiously at the farther door of the room.

"You are nervous, little woman," Bentley said. "Now settle back and let me tell you the rest. I have wanted so much to tell somebody. It has been rather hard to keep it shut up in one's heart without even the comfort of a friendly, patient ear. I went away with her kiss burning on my lips. I hated to go without her, but it was war, and that meant duty, and it was the one thing for which I had worked and studied and fitted myself for 20 years. She wrote to me, Jess; yes, grand letters; and, lame minded dog that I am, I didn't know how to answer her in the way she wanted. I

couldn't even grasp what she was driving at, and I used to think at times that she was aiming at a smashup. Well, then I fell ill and couldn't write at all. But she wrote and kept on writing for months, but I didn't get the letters. I don't know what they were thinking of down there to hold them back. Here they are, Jess, in my blouse, and the last one is awfully bitter; yes, awfully bitter, little woman, and I guess the jig is up. Gad, I don't blame her. Six months without a word, and then she wrote and said she hated me and loathed me and detested me and that I was a coward and that I could never see her again."

Again the colli sprang up and barked still more furiously. Then Mrs. Blossom came in and asked him if he would not go and look at his room and see whether or not everything was all right.

"I think there is something which annoys the dog," he said, as he got up to go her bidding. But she had disappeared again.

Bentley went to his room and stood at the door and looked in. It seemed dreary to him. He did not have the heart to inspect Mrs. Blossom's arrangements. He turned again to go back to the fire. As he reached the door of his den he glanced toward the chair at the other side of the hearth and then stepped back suddenly and steadied himself against the door frame. For a moment he felt dizzy. He ran his fingers across his hot eyelids to shut out the vision. A slender, girlish figure leaned back in its dreamy depths. Bentley looked again, and the vision seemed fuller to his tired, surprised brain.

"Louise!" he whispered audibly. A yellow head turned and smiled at him in an old, familiar way. He stole over to his chair and sat down, looking at the quiet, graceful girl.

"Louise, Louise," he whispered feelingly. The colli sprang at her skirts and barked indignantly. A strange being filled the depths of the sacred armchair, which Jess had been taught never to use herself and to protect with religious vigilance against intruders. Now it was occupied.

Bentley watched her curiously. She smiled again and dropped her head in her hands and watched the fire critically.

"Louise, is it you, dearest?"

"Yes, it is I," she answered calmly. "The newspapers said that you had been mortally wounded, but the surgeon cabled other news, and I concluded that he knew. I came today to inquire for you of your housekeeper, and you surprised me here."

"Louise, do you love me?"

"That is not the question we ought to consider. I have proved my love," she said firmly.

"Louise, I love you, and you know it!" he cried out wildly. "Won't you come and occupy that armchair always?"

"Some time," she laughed exultantly, with sudden gaiety, as she got up to run toward the door. She stopped in the middle of the room and came back and leaned over to kiss the spot on his head devoid of its silken gray hairs and then the sunburned cheeks, seamed with lines of long suffering, and then the dear limp arm with its glorious wound.

"Yes, some time," she laughed happily.—Exchange.

A Painful Memory.

A lady who lives on Morgan street took her 5-year-old son to a photographer's to have his picture taken. She was anxious to secure a good likeness at this particular sitting because she wished to distribute the pictures among some friends who were then her guests.

The child's idea of the affair, however, did not apparently harmonize with that of his mother, for when the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it toward little Edward that young person set up what was unquestionably a howl.

In vain did the mother call into use her utmost forensic abilities. Edward did not want his picture taken.

"Why, my child," she said soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you. Just smile and keep still for a moment, and it will be all over before you know it."

"Yes, I know, mamma," whimpered the youth, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

More Mail Coming.

Owing to the fact that no mail was reported as having recently passed Selwyn, the Nugget stated on Wednesday that there was no incoming mail this side of Selwyn. This was an error, as the mail is due at Dawson tonight, having left Ogilvie at an early hour this morning.

Manager Downing of the lower river mail route, dispatched 13 sacks of mail down the river Wednesday at noon and by this time the anxiety of the people at Fortymile and Eagle for mail has probably been appeased. Another down river consignment is expected soon and will be dispatched immediately on its arrival here.

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

WAS A WARM 10 ROUND GO

The Glove Contest at the Savoy Wednesday Night.

Delay in Starting Causes Spectators to Squirm and Say Naughty Things—It Was a Draw.

The Rafael-Carroll 10-round go was successfully pulled off at the Standard theater Wednesday night before a large number of spectators. Many people, however, who would have purchased tickets were not aware of the meeting as no announcement was made in the columns of the newspapers relative to the match. The go was supposed to start at 11 p. m., but was delayed until nearly 1 o'clock, much to the annoyance of the awaiting spectators, who gave evidence of their impatience in repeated calls for the mitted gentry. Eddie O'Donnell was appointed referee and W. H. B. Lyons timekeeper.

Immediately after the men entered the ring and were introduced to the audience in the regulation style, O'Donnell announced a challenge from the Colorado Kid to the winner of the contest. Vincent White, who is to fight Slavin in the near future was then introduced. In the meantime the onlookers were busy sizing up the two men. Carroll appearing much heavier, some 15 pounds. Rafael looked closer knit and quicker. Both men were in fine condition and stood the rapid pace all through ten rounds of heavy fighting remarkably well.

At the call of time both men came quickly to the center of the ring, Rafael the aggressor, Carroll giving ground until his corner was reached when he rushed, Rafael getting away easily; two more rushes by Carroll followed, ending in clinches. Rafael led with right and drove left in strong on Carroll's wind, Carroll then got in right on jaw a stiff punch, both men coming together in a clinch. Carroll rushed and in the clinch slipped to the floor, where he stayed until the count of seven. Rafael then drove in right swing on jaw followed by a left. Carroll rushed and clinched at call of time.

Rafael in the first round having found Carroll's wind followed it up in all the following rounds when the opportunities came up. Carroll also found a favorite place to land, he driving in his right repeatedly on Rafael's heart.

The second round was almost a duplication of the first, only Carroll here found his opening on the heart which he got in twice. Towards the close of the round after a rush by Carroll, Rafael left an opening with both hands down which, if taken advantage of, might have terminated the go instantly, but Carroll for some unexplained reason did not drive in on his man. At call of time in this round Carroll was strong and a possible winner. In this round Rafael slipped to the floor twice.

Immediately at call of time in the third Carroll rushed Rafael, who slipped and by the impact of Carroll's rush fell heavily to the floor, breaking through the stage with part of his anatomy protruding towards the depths below. Both men were ordered to their corners by O'Donnell until repairs were made, when the round was started anew. Carroll continued his rushing in this and all subsequent rounds, with Rafael doing the leading.

Until the end of the ninth round it was anybody's battle, with both men comparatively strong. In the tenth Rafael went in to finish, swinging lefts and rights and driving in straight jabs, Carroll getting groggy at every punch and an evident loser if the pace continued, but time was called as Carroll was staggering from a heavy right swing. O'Donnell declared the go a draw. The men will probably meet again in the near future. During this round great excitement prevailed owing to the repeated fire alarms from the A. C. Co.'s whistle, many people rushing through the ropes, while the men were fighting, to leave the stage as it was thought that a serious conflagration was in progress.

Wants to Fight a Duel.

Chicago, Nov. 5.—A special to the Record from Pana, Ill., says: Judge Righter of Shelby county has received a letter from Ralph Corti, an Italian, asking permission to fight a duel with Peter Camali, a fellow-countryman, who, the former claims, stole \$500 from his while working in the mines at Moweaqua last year. Corti begs that they may be permitted to step off to paces and shoot at each other until one or the other falls dead.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

The Klondike Nugget

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

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

With the passing of another thirty days, the year and the century will come to a close together. The past 100 years have witnessed more progress than was made in the preceding 500. What the twentieth century will bring forth is beyond the power of mortal man to foretell. The beginning will be fair with promise. The end may be anarchy and a lapse into barbarism. The civilization of the modern era is no more remarkable than has been the advancement attained in other periods of the world's history which have left nothing to us but marvelous traditions. Just at present we are on the highway of progress and traveling at a terrific pace, but on that very account the descent to Avernus will be swifter and easier than ever, should we happen to get turned in that direction.

The trend of events is toward the centralization of power and the concentration of wealth, both of which presage a clash of classes unless some equalizing force not now apparent is brought forward. Our boast respecting the freedom and equality of all men may yet become nothing more than a boast, in which event disastrous results are certain to ensue. The twentieth century will call for the exhibition of statesmanship beyond what any previous era of the world's history has required.

If those good people on the outside who are prone to indulge in sympathetic speculation as to how it is possible for anyone to live in Dawson through one of those "terrible Klondike winters" and survive the awful effects of the class of food upon which we are popularly supposed to live, would really see how the average Dawsonite actually gets along, such sympathy would be short lived. As a matter of pure fact, this little Arcadia, up by the North Pole, has the best fed, most comfortably clad people on earth, when the community as a whole is considered.

Five days yet remain before the date upon which the Nugget's prize story contest terminates. Several contributions have already been received, and others, we are informed, are rapidly reaching completion and will be in within a day or two. We again urge upon all who intend entering the contest to take particular care that their manuscripts are handed in to the Nugget office on or before December 5, as those received after that date will be considered.

All the ballot boxes are in at last and long waiting public now knows the exact result of the election which took place on October 17. We have been waiting with such a feeling of expectancy for Messrs. Prdhomme and Wilson to take their seats with the council that it rejoices us much to know that the season of anticipation is about to terminate. At last representative government is to be an accomplished fact.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving day, and very general observance of that fact was noticeable in Dawson, particularly among those who hail from the States. The hockey game of the afternoon was a pleasant feature of the day, which was given over largely to quiet enjoyment. The fact that so many business places closed their doors for the occasion was a graceful compliment which American residents of Dawson highly appreciated.

Andrew's ball, Dawson's great event, takes place tonight. Of the affairs of the year in which our

local four hundred participates St. Andrew's ball is the most elaborate. From all indications the preparations which have been made for celebrating the day of Scotia's patron saint, will far excel all past efforts put forth in Dawson on similar occasions.

Another terrible storm has swept over a large portion of Uncle Sam's domain, carrying death and destruction in its path. It appears to have covered the southern portion of the country with an impartial hand, leaving a trail hundreds of miles in width. We shall begin to think after a while that the Yukon is a pretty comfortable place of residence.

The News is rapidly developing into an unmitigated nuisance.

Fortymile's Bright Future.

"There is not a creek in the whole Fortymile district which does not show some gold," said J. E. Sneyely, deputy U. S. surveyor at Eagle, to a News representative. Mr. Sneyely just come out from that prosperous American camp to spend a portion of the winter in this city and in doing some development work on some Muir glacier mining property.

"I do not mean," he continued, "that gold in paying quantities will be found on every stream, but the fact that it is distributed over the entire district is a very favorable sign. Although comparatively an old district and prospected by many men, there are miles of creeks which have never yet been scratched.

"If the prospecting had been systematic instead of haphazard, the result would have been the same, for the number of men has not been sufficient to cover such an extent of country.

"Eagle City is prospering in a steady way and many of the creeks in the district are paying well. Gold Run, on Slate creek, Hutchison, Mission, Chicken, Franklin and a number of others are producing. On Mission an English syndicate has 50 men employed. O'Brien creek is being prospected with favorable results. Next season will see a marked increase in the mineral development of the district.

"The presence of the military forces, with the improvements they are making to Fort Egbert, adjoining the townsite, adds life and bustle to the place.

"The trade of the Fortymile district is already large, and Skagway, in her efforts to secure the interior trade, can well afford to make friendly overtures for the trade of that section. The N. A. T. & T. Co., the A. C. Co. and the A. E. Co. all have large stores and warehouses at Eagle and supply most of the mining camps."

In addition to his engineering and mining work, Mr. Sneyely is a farmer and has an 80-acre ranch adjoining Eagle and near the river. He has 15 acres cleared and ready for the plow and has part of that under cultivation. As a specimen of what can be grown in the interior, he has brought out as fine a bunch of oats as could be wished for. The heads are long and heavy, and the grain is fully developed and ripe, falling from the heads when dried. Speaking of the farming future of the district, Mr. Sneyely said:

"The time is not yet ripe to boom agriculture in interior Alaska. The success of the proposition so far as nature is concerned is not in doubt, but there are many difficulties yet to be overcome. The cost of clearing, preparing and plowing the ground is the first obstacle. Doubtless the production of hay and grain for feed will be the first form of farming to prove successful. In a few years all the hay consumed in the interior will be grown there without doubt, for the broad, fertile valleys of Alaska are well adapted to hay and grain raising. The enormous price to which hay is destined to go this winter will lead many people to consider the advisability of giving up mining for the more peaceful pursuit of the hay-maker."

Mr. Sneyely brings out some fine maps of the Fortymile district which he has prepared. The maps show every creek and waterway in the district and are the best yet made.—Skagway News.

Thought Himself to Death.

The startling fulfillment of the prediction of Mrs. Elizabeth Horstman of Nuhawaak, Ind., made last July, when she was apparently in the best of health, that she would die, on August 30, has set the press once more to discussing the probability of premonition of death. Mrs. Horstman, who was related by marriage to Bishop Horstman of Cleveland, is said to have been a person of great piety. It is not known that she was of a melancholy or a superstitious disposition. Neither is anything known as to the motive that prompted her to make the gloomy pre-

dition. It is known positively, however, that she made it, and that it was fulfilled to the letter.

There are, of course, numerous interpretations of this event. One of the commonest is that founded on the fatalist theory. Her day had been appointed, and she was informed of the time by some occult or supernatural agency. The spiritualist view, in its broadest sense, is hardly less common. She was advised by some departed near and dear one as to the time when she should die. The rational belief is that which is advanced by the Pittsburg Dispatch: Her death is clearly an example of the remarkable power which the mind exercises over the body.

It is known that fatal results followed the experiment of making a man believe that he had been lanced and was slowly bleeding to death. The story of the practical joke played by a lot of young French medical students on the janitor of their college is familiar. They accused him of some fictitious offense, gave him a mock trial, and sentenced him to death by decapitation. He was led to a block. Beside it was an ax. His upper body was bared and his eyes were bandaged. His head was forced down to the block. One of the students smote him across the neck with a wet towel and—he was dead. It is held that it was not the ill usage or the shock that killed him, but his firm conviction that his time had come.

There are many cases recorded in which people have predicted the time of their deaths, and Mrs. Horstman's seems not unlike the others of which a record has been kept.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Capt. Scarth was busy in the police court Wednesday afternoon, disposing of cases up for hearing.

The principal case, and the one occupying the most time, was that of Wm. Butler, a dispenser of fire water behind the bar of the Dewey hotel at the Forks, who was accused by one Christopher O'Toole of having despoiled him of \$563 in good money of the realm. Mr. O'Toole, according to the tale he unfolded, had gone to the Dewey hotel one afternoon not long since and had two drinks and some conversation with Mr. Butler. Then he had inquired for one of the sprightly soubrettes resident in the hotel, who glories in the name of Marguerite. The obliging Mr. Butler went so far out of his way as to act as the O'Toole escort to the bower of Marguerite, and once there Mr. O'Toole seems to have been so overjoyed at the meeting that he got gay, generous and lastly drunk as a result. Whether it was the brandy which he drank first, or the smiles of the lady which he took in combination with the liquid refreshments which acted upon Mr. O'Toole, deponent sayeth not, but certain it is that the evidence goes to show that he told Marguerite that she could have anything she wanted, and, as her tastes are extravagant (with a strong leaning towards champagne at the O'Toole expense) she touched the button and Mr. Butler brought wine. Many bottles were carried up to room No. 8, so many in fact that all parties seemed a little hazy in their recollection as to the exact number. At all events, after some time spent in the hilarities which the occasion demanded, and after Mr. O'Toole had done his best to reduce the violent attack of soubrette thirst from which he found the fair Marguerite suffering, he became weary and made known his desire to sleep. It then appears that both Marguerite and the solicitous Butler advised him to put his money away in a place of safety, because the room door could not be fastened. He counted out upon the lap of Marguerite \$160, which Butler put away for him and gave him a receipt for. He testified that he knew nothing at all about the receipt or when he got it. All he knew was that when he went there he had \$670 in good chequako money and that was about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. When he awoke he wondered where he was at; saw that it was 11 o'clock, and that all his health had departed from him. He told how he had carried his store of legal tender in a large poke and how a \$100 bill had become stained, and gave a fairly good description of it. There were fifties and tens also, and after Attorney McCall had submitted to his honor that there was no evidence strong enough to warrant him in placing his client, Mr. Butler, upon trial, and Attorney McKay had submitted that the evidence was quite strong, Magistrate Scarth decided to have the accused appear before the next sitting of the territorial court for the hearing of criminal cases.

Magistrate Scarth occupied the bench in police court this morning. Two years have passed since Adolph and Hilda Kruesner linked their destinies and launched that matrimonial bark on matrimony's placid, and otherwise, sea. A little son, in due time, came to gladden the Kruesner home and until the past few days the angel of peace has hovered over them. But on Tuesday of this week a cloud arose over a little matter of money. Hilda accused Adolph of stealing some nuggets from her and Adolph seized her by the neck, choked her, tossed her upon the bed and went out. The next morning the trouble was renewed and Hilda was again choked. This time she became hysterical and Adolph called in a doctor to revive her. Hilda recovered and had Adolph arrested for assault. Her story this morning did not materially differ from that given by his wife through an interpreter. The court explained to him that it is in bad form

for a man to lick his wife and gave him seven days in the guard house to reflect and repent his rashness. Hilda smiled benignly when her liege lord was marched over to the "repository."

The complaint against W. Barrett by the proprietor of the Allman bath house was withdrawn at plaintiff's request. Mr. Barrett states that he objected to the accommodations at the bath house and after tendering payment for the bath, which he did not take, prepared to depart. The plaintiff, his wife, endeavored to forcibly restrain him and a struggle ensued which made the basis of the complaint.

Bought a Mine.
M. C. White, C. White, C. H. Maas, M. F. Madison, all employes of the Ames Mercantile Co., have formed a pool and purchased the hillside claim, 39 above Bonanza. The mine will be operated this winter and a considerable amount of dirt will be taken out for next summer's sluicing.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Diamond mounting by Soggs & Vesco.

HOSE CLAMPS

Try our home manufactured Iron and Brass Hose Clamps...

McDONALD IRON WORKS
J. E. DOUGHERTY, MANAGER

Works, 4th St., opp. Government Telegraph Office. Office, 2nd Ave., near McDonald Hotel.

THE TACOMA BOYS

WE ARE AGENTS FOR KEEL & KELTON'S

Clean, Dry Wood, Delivered at \$17 per Cord,
And 128 Cubic Feet Guaranteed.
None of your 90-foot cords.

CLARKE & RYAN
Corner 6th Street and 2nd Avenue.

THE TACOMA BOYS

Honnen's Stage Line

DAWSON AND GRAND FORKS

The Only Specially Built Stages in the Territory. Double Passenger Service.

TIME TABLE

LEAVE DAWSON OFFICE	LEAVE FORKS OFFICE
A. C. Co's. Building	Opposite Dewey Hotel
9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.	9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

EXPRESSING AND FREIGHTING.
H. H. HONNEN, PROP. Telephone Number 6

A. E. Co.

It's No Secret

We are often asked how it is that this store is always BUSY. Today we volunteer information via the newspaper route, believing this to be the most modern way of informing an inquiring public, though we are always willing to answer questions in person.

Good Goods

And prices that are fair to you and to us, coupled with kind and courteous treatment of customers, is the secret of it all. A customer of today means two new ones tomorrow

Dawson's Mammoth Departmental Store

Dress Goods....

Which are all new and stylish, comprising French Broad Cloths, Voretions, and HEAVY English Cheviots, Black and Colors, 58 inches wide. Quality considered, these goods are sold at outside prices. per yard, \$3.00.

Fancy Dress Goods

Raps, Serges, Vigoreaus, Coverts, Plaids and Check Cheviots, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per yard.

Housekeeping Goods

Heavy quality, full bleached Towels, 24x42, 3 for \$1.00. Extra good quality, all linen, hemstitched Towels, with handsome damask borders, each, 50c. 72-inch full-bleach Table Satin Damask, in new and beautiful designs, \$2.00 per yard. Full line ready-made Sheets in 74, 84, 94 size. Pillow Cases, 45x36, plain and hemstitched. 30 pieces English Outing Flannels, 36 inches wide, handsome patterns, 25c. per yard. All Wool California Flannels, all colors, \$1.00 and \$1.25 quality for 75c. per yard.

Alaska Exploration Company.

Highest Prices Paid for Raw Furs.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	\$40.00
Six months	20.00
Three months	11.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4.00
Single copies	.25
SEMI-WEEKLY	
Yearly, in advance	\$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	2.00
Single copies	.25

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

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

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1900.

From Saturday's Daily AN EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS.

The removal of the postoffice and telegraph office to the new building on Third street marks another turning point in Dawson's history as a growing and progressive town. It is striking evidence of the fact that the federal government is as thoroughly convinced as are we ourselves who actually sojourn in the country, that Dawson as a mining and commercial center has a splendid future before it which will not be dimmed in an indefinite number of years. There is no reason, however, why the government should not be convinced of this because it has certainly seen enough of the Yukon's revenue producing capacity to come to the conclusion that there is something here worth while. However that may be, it is a pleasure to know that we have a fine postoffice building, well adapted to the convenience of the public and capably managed.

The removal of the telegraph office to the same building is probably of more moment to the local daily press than to anyone else as it brings the office within easy reach of the newspapers, which are among the heaviest patrons of the line.

Altogether the removal of the various departments of the government service to their new quarters is cause for general congratulation.

The Nugget's prize story contest closes on the 5th inst. The time yet remaining is short and all who intend sending in manuscripts are requested to note the fact that no contributions received after the date named will be considered in the contest. The length of the story is not to exceed 4000 words, and may be under that number if the contributor so desires. Some one will receive the prize of \$50, which will be awarded as soon as a decision as to the merits of the contributions is reached. The names of the judges will be announced shortly.

St. Andrew's ball is given full right of way in the Nugget today and it is with pleasure that we devote so large an amount of space to this noteworthy social function. Other important news matters are compelled to wait in consequence, but St. Andrew's night comes but once a year and hence is given the place of honor in today's Nugget.

Three more weeks and we shall have passed the shortest day of the year and time for the lengthening shadows will come on apace. Tempus fugit in the Klondike in a manner that is little less than wonderful. It must be that twenty-four Klondike hours are shorter than the same number in any other country.

There never yet was a wrong-doer who could not discourse all day upon the subject of his own integrity. It has never been suggested, however, that such talk was of interest to anyone save himself.

There is a fortune for someone who can secure Oom Paul and star him for a series of lectures.

The News finally came around to see what everyone else had known for

these days, viz., that the community was sick and disgusted with the News' baby prattle.

FEED THE HUNGRY.

(Continued from Page 1.)

city at the prevailing market prices for fuel. The army has now on the beach upwards of 100 cords and several hundred more in reserve to bring in when needed.

The barracks where the boarders are fed and housed are as neat and clean as any hotel in the city, while the kitchen will compare favorably with that of the most fastidious housewife in the land.

As is always the case where there is a branch of the army, a grand Christmas dinner will be served, for which preparations are already under way. The following is self-explanatory and will appeal to the sentiment of all who stop to consider the good work which is now being carried on in Dawson by these self-sacrificing, never-tiring people:

Salvation Army Headquarters, Corner of Mission and Fifth, Dawson City.
Dear Sir—In thus taking the liberty of drawing the attention to the business men to our annual free Christmas dinner, I do so sincerely hoping that I may be able to secure their kind cooperation and help. We are anxious that many who are in straitened circumstances should have some of the Xmas cheer that will be the portion of the more favored ones. Were we in the position to meet the need we would gladly do so, but as we are few in number, and poor, we come to you with the proposition that if you will supply the necessities we will be responsible for having it prepared and served. In this way we may all share in brightening what otherwise would be a dull, cheerless and lonely Christmas to many in the city.

You will be waited upon in a few days when I trust that you will see your way clear to help us in this effort. Gifts of either provisions or cash will be acceptable.

Praying that this Christmastide will find you in circumstances of happiness and prosperity, I remain yours sincerely,
JOSEPH BARR, Adjt.

P. S.—Should you know of any needy family we will be glad if you will give their address so that they may share in the good things.

SAINT ANDREW.

(Continued from Page 4.)

Miss Frances Laurette Butz, who led the grand march with Commissioner Ogilvie, wore a very stylish corn and cream colored satin mousseline de soie trimmings. Mrs. O. E. Feustad wore an elegant black silk with spangle and diamond trimmings. Her daughter, Miss Emma Burt, a general favorite, was becomingly gowned in black silk with canary trimmings, chemise flounce. Mrs. Harry Jerome Hull wore a handsome chiffon over blue silk with black velvet trimmings and diamonds. Miss Howell's dress was white mulle over pink silk cut decolette. Mrs. Mort Craig wore a Worth waist covered with point applique and chiffon, and elegantly embroidered satteen skirt; her little daughter Miss Emily Craig, wore a pale blue silk. Mrs. Adele Pancher's dress was of elegant white silk cut decolette and trimmed with blue velvet and real lace. One of the most elaborate dresses of the evening was a gray silk and real lace applique. It was designed by Worth and most becomingly worn by Mrs. G. L. Schooling.

While the dancing, fun and general jollification were in full swing there was something going on in one of the dressing rooms on the top floor and directly over the corner of the stage used as a kitchen, which, when it becomes known to those who were below, may surprise or even come in the nature of a shock.

Shortly after Photographers Goetzman and Cantwell made their flash light pictures from the stage, and the spark which caught in one of the flags had been extinguished, it was discovered that the room before mentioned was filled with smoke, and investigation showed that this came from a pile of rags which had been thrown down so as to come in contact with the stove pipe, where it came through the floor, and which, when discovered was a smoldering mass and would have burst into flames in a few minutes more. Had an alarm of fire been necessary in the crowded state of the house it is easy enough to see that terrible disaster must almost certainly have followed. Fortunately the fire was discovered in time to render an alarm unnecessary and was put out so quietly that comparatively few of those present knew of its existence.

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

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Diamond mounting by Soggs & Vesco.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

One ton of coal will go as far as two cords of wood. Does not require sawing. We are selling it at \$25 per ton. The economy must be apparent. Phone 94. Call on us. N. A. T. & T. Co. cert

Lindemann the jeweler has removed to Monte Carlo building.

Special Values

No. 1
Keep your feet warm. For a little two-bit piece you can buy from us a pair of heavy All Wool Socks. We want to close out 200 dozen.

No. 2
We will sell 50 extra fine quality Double Breasted Reefer Coats, warmly lined with wool. All sizes, at \$7.50 each.

No Discount If You Buy The Lot.

HERSHBERG

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

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Dr. Shoff, of the Pioneer drug store and the accepted as well as the eminently successful dog doctor of the Klondike, is a man with a past—not much of a past, however, for the doctor is yet in the hey-day of young manhood; but still, he has a past. (Many of us have). Dr. Shoff is not ashamed of his past, neither has he occasion to be, for the very good reason that there is nothing connected with it to be ashamed of. It was inconvenient, that was all.

While a very young man, although even then an experienced dog doctor, he shipped as physician and surgeon aboard a sailing vessel bound for the inhospitable shores of Siberia for a cargo of Siberian blood hounds. The voyage out was practically without incident and, after securing a full cargo of "first family" dogs, the ship started on the return trip. All went well for some days and until one night at the latter end of the dog watch when the vessel struck a submerged rock and began to fill. Consternation reigned. (Why shouldn't it?) The captain and crew launched the life boats and, springing into them, deserted the sinking ship.

Like Casibianca of whom we read in Mr. McGuffey's eclectic third reader, Dr. Shoff stood upon the deck, cool and self-possessed. The stern of the vessel was already several leagues under the water and hundreds of fine Siberian blood-hounds had, in the absence of dust, bitten salt water; but a few copies of the noble animal yet remained. The vessel slowly continued her way towards Davy Jones' locker and the intrepid doctor realized that he must act or die. He acted. With ropes hastily cut from the ship's rigging he improvised four sets of dog harness; picking out four of the best looking dogs from the remaining portion of the undrowned cargo, he harnessed them to the carpenter's tool chest and, just as the bow of the ill fated vessel sank to rise no more, struck out with his four-in-hand to the nearest shore which was 472 miles distant. He survived the trip, else he would never have told the Stroller this story. On reaching land he divided the last of his stock of sea biscuits between himself and his four noble dogs; having but nine, he gave each of the dogs two and ate one himself. With the tools from the carpenter's chest, in which he had ridden safely to shore, he constructed a house for himself and dogs; but the worst was to be realized. The developments of the first few days proved to the marooned doctor that he was on the Island of Maltese, as there was nothing on the island except cats—old cats, young cats, little cats, big cats, but all Maltese cats. What could the poor man do? What did he do? He ate cats—fried, boiled, stewed, fricasseed, roasted, baked and on the half shell. This life lasted for upwards of four months and until the doctor was threatened with cat-alepsy, when he managed to signal a passing steamer and, with his four faithful dogs who had ceased barking and tak'n to mew-ing, was rescued. Tears fill the doctor's eyes as he relates the above category, but why shouldn't they?

"No, I didn't go to the ball last night for two very good reasons. I was afraid I would catch cold if I wore a dress suit, and in the second I didn't have a dress suit to wear, so I stayed at home and played horse with the children and had a very pleasant evening."

"You attended the same function last year," said the second man, "and if I remember rightly, you were in full dress."

"Yes," replied the first speaker, "I did, and paid \$25 for the use of the suit

..CITY MARKET.

KLENER & GIESMAN PROPRIETORS

A First-Class Meat Market
For First-Class Trade

COMPETITIVE PRICES... Second Ave. Opp. S. V. T. Co.

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 O'Brien Club

FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort,

Spacious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging
ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Fresh Stall Fed BEEF

All Kinds of Meats
Game In Season

Bay City Market
Chas. Bossuyt & Co.
THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

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

Miners Attention!

MEET THE BOYS AT HOME
When in town they stop at
Hotel Flannery
HADLEY'S STAGE LINE Livery, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Gold Run, Dominion, etc., reasonable rates from Hotel Office.
STABLES FOR HORSES AND DOGS
SECOND ST. G. Vernon, Prop.
DET. 2ND & 3RD AVENUE.

Holme, Miller & Co.
Tin Shop in Connection 107 Front Street.

Dawson Society

As violets are shadowed by that queen of flowers the rose, so minor social events of the past week must give the place of honor to St. Andrew's ball.

Abundant praise is heard on all sides of the Scotch laddies and their masterly handling of the intricate and expensive preparatory arrangements for this, their second annual ball in Dawson, of which a full description will be found on the first page.

The entertainment given in aid of St. Paul's church by Mrs. F. C. Wade and Mr. Arthur Boyle, far exceeded their expectations, both socially and financially. Instead of a small church party as was first intended, so many people were interested and bought tickets that it was found necessary to rent a large hall to make room for the many guests.

Mrs. Wade and Mr. Boyle are to be congratulated upon their successful management of the affair.

The program of the evening was preceded by a short introduction by the chairman, Mr. F. C. Wade, after which the first number, a piano solo, Novollette in F. (Schumann) was artistically rendered by Mr. Arthur Boyle, who is a musician of rare attainments. His artistic rendition of classic music was a treat to those present, and it is to be hoped that he will often favor Dawson's music loving people.

"Simon the Cellarer," as sung by Mr. Craig, was listened to with much pleasure, for encore he gave "Darby and Joan." Miss Emma Allen, a vocalist of rare ability, sang "Poppies," and to a rousing encore responded with "Kissing Gate." Then followed Mr. Frank Johnstone's recitation of "Le Vieux Temps," he responded with an encore in the form of an improvised stump speech in the French dialect, in which many local hits were made. Mr. F. H. McConnell's "Bedouin Love Song," was well received as was his appropriate encore. Mr. C. W. MacPherson's song, "If That's the Case," was followed by the cozier song, "Little Nipper," as encore. Mr. MacPherson sings well.

"The Amorous Goldfish" from "Geisha," as sung by Mrs. F. W. Trounce, was a pleasant feature of the evening long to be remembered by those present. For encore she gave a lullaby song. A recitation, "The Stage Struck Girl," was charmingly rendered by Mrs. Olson. Her encore was most appropriate. Mr. Ben Davis made a hit with his coon song and gave "Pliny" as an encore. "The Old Gray Fox," an English hunting song by Mr. V. White was given in fine voice. By request Mr. Arthur Boyle sang "Daddy" which being a favorite selection was received with much applause. The evening's entertainment was closed by all joining in the song "God Save the Queen."

Mr. Ben Davis is gathering together the local talent of the town and expects about Christmas time to give the people of Dawson a pleasant surprise in the shape of a colored minstrel show. Further details will be given hereafter.

The Bohemian Club dance in Pioneer hall last Tuesday evening was well attended, nearly all those invited being present. One of the features of the club's dances in future will be the awarding of a prize from time to time. Further particulars will be given later.

The Terpsichorean Club has suspended its weekly dances for the past two weeks because of their conflicting with other entertainments, but invitations will be out for a dance to be given this coming week. Owing to the extended membership of this club and the limited capacity of the hall invitations are restricted to ten each week.

The American Thanksgiving day hockey match was marked by its large attendance of society people. If the officers of the Hockey Association could arrange matters so as to give afternoon games ladies would attend in large numbers who are now prevented from doing so by the severe cold of the evening.

reach an ideal that is always receding and illusive, do not enjoy a great degree of content and happiness by the way, notwithstanding. The great Agassiz said when in the height of his fame that he regarded himself as a child walking on the beach, and picking up here and there a pebble of truth, while the great ocean of infinite and illimitable knowledge rolled majestically before him, unknown and unknowable. The difference between his ideal and his realization did not make his life a failure as a naturalist and searcher after truth. It did not destroy his happiness in the realization of such pebbles of truth as he wrested from the mighty bosom of nature.

The thought comes to us that it is not the failure to realize the highest ideals that causes most of the divorces, but the failure to realize the ideals that are lowest. When women marry for the sake of better clothes, more ease and idleness, a sort of perpetual picnic and pleasant time, as some do, and fail to realize that ideal, a suit in the divorce court is apt to follow. When men marry for a housekeeper or a plaything, when the ideals they seek are low and sordid, and realization fails to come, then there is apt to be dissatisfaction, and a resort to the divorce court, frequently welcome on both sides. When men and women marry, both with high ideals of marriage, its responsibilities, its duties, its happiness, there is often times disappointment on one side or the other, there is unhappiness for a time, as they discover the sawdust stuffing in the ideal character they have constructed for each other. This disappointment and unhappiness more often comes on the woman's side, both because her ideals are higher and she is more gifted in the power of constructing them and shutting her eyes to defects in those she loves till the knowledge is forced upon her. This disillusionment that comes on one side or the other after a period of marriage and close companionship, and sometimes to both sides, seldom causes a divorce, though it sometimes causes much unhappiness for a time. A readjustment takes place and love and duty wipe out the memory of it soon.

The cause of divorces lies in the failure to realize the ideals of the parties entering the marriage state, it is true, but it is the non-realization of low ideals, rather than high ideals, that is responsible for most of them, and if one were to search for the cause of the increasing number of divorces we think he would not be far off the track if he looked for it in the lowering of the ideals with which men and women approach and contract matrimony instead of the opposite.—Great Falls (Mont.) Tribune.

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

Fresh potatoes and other vegetables delivered up the creeks. Log Cabin Grocery, Third avenue. E. Meeker.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Fine watch repairing by Soggs & Vesco.

WANTED.
WANTED—Experienced Grocery Clerk, must be temperate. Apply H. Nugget Office, etc.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—New Storeroom in Watson Block, South Dawson. No better location in Dawson.

FOR RENT—Two Cabins on 2nd Ave. between 1st and 2nd Sts., opposite Stockholm Bath. One 16x18, one 10x12. Apply to A. G. Martel, in Rear, or Tom Lamar, Madden House.

FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—Restaurant, in good location, doing first-class business. Owner wishes to engage in other business. Apply Nugget office.

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 BLECKNER & FERNAND DE JOURNEL, BLECKNER & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslyn Building. Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

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

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

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries, Public, Conveyancers, Telephone No. 48. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

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

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.
T. D. GREEN, B. Sc., Dominion Land Surveyor, McLennan, McPeely & Co.'s Block, Dawson.

Electric Light
A Steady A Satisfactory A Safe
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co., Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1

Save Money
Save Time..
Save Labor.

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

COAL

No creosote to destroy the pipes and endanger the building.
Used after comparative tests by

The Dawson Fire Department
and all large consumers.

Delivered in Any Quantity.

N. A. T. & T. Co.

400 CASES 400
Four Hundred Cases

G. H. Mumms' Champagne. \$80.00 per Case.
ONE OR ONE HUNDRED CASE LOTS.

Aurora No. 1 TOM CHISHOLM or
Aurora No. 2 HARRY EDWARDS.

"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., 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 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

You Fellows

From the Creek

Want to drop in and see us when you come to town.
You know you were always welcome to sit on the counter and whittle in '97 times, and it's just the same old place now.
You can sit on the steam pipes and shoot out the electric lights, and be perfectly at home as of yore.
Incidentally we can swap yarns about how much cheaper goods are, and possibly fit you out for the season for about what you used to pay for a sack of flour.
Don't forget the Old Trading Post

Alaska Commercial

COMPANY

The Well Dressed Man

In not satisfied with shoddy, hand-me-down garments. He has his clothing made to fit. I can honestly claim to have the finest assortment of tailoring cloths and materials ever coming to Dawson. See My Assortment at the New Store.

GEO. BREWITT, **MERCHANT TAILOR**
OPP. BRICK BLK. ON 2nd AVE.

One Hundred Dollars

Reward!

For information leading to the arrest of the party or parties who feloniously broke into the waterhouse situated on the corner of Third Avenue and Harper Street, and maliciously flooded the premises. The event occurred Monday last about 5:30 p. m.

\$100.00

D. A. MATHESON,
McLennan-McPeely Co.'s Building.

STEAM HOSE, STEAM PIPE

Injectors, Ejectors, Steam Gauges, Valves, Whistles, Malleable Fittings, Cable, Cable Sheaves, Lubricators, Packing, Etc.

at the **DAWSON HARDWARE COMPANY**
Blasting and Giant Powder, Caps and Fuse in Stock.

THE CAUSE OF DIVORCE

Ablly Explained Upon by a Leading Paper.

What the Editor of Montana's Leading Paper Has to Say on the Subject.

The cause for the most of the above divorces would probably be found in an absence of a Christian definition of marriage.—Editor Sheldon in the Christian daily run as Jesus would do it.

The above little paragraph of editorial comment appears in the first number of the Topeka Daily Capital under the Sheldon management. It is attached to a local news item stating that a judge of the district court in granting several divorces had taken occasion to comment on the increasing number of divorce suits in his court and the reason for them. After reporting the statistics and the judges' remarks, the editorial note above printed was attached under the initials of the editor. When one comes to analyze and weigh the meaning of this oracular deliverance, he is at once struck with its obscurity. Like the Delphic oracle, after which it seems to be modeled, it may mean a good many things. Jesus, in speaking on such subjects generally used language that was plain and definite enough. We learn from Rev. Sheldon that not all, but most of the divorces, find their cause in an absence of Christian definition of marriage—probably. That is, after eliminating that per cent due to other causes, he is not certain that the balance are due to the absence of Christian definition of marriage, but he deems it probable that this might be found to be the case. And then he doesn't tell us what he means by a "Christian definition of marriage." One large body of Christians would define it as a sacrament of the church. Other bodies of professing Christians would dispute this and give us another definition. The wisdom of the Rev. Sheldon is doubtless profound, but it is vague and hard to search out when the ordinary intelligence attempts to grapple with it.

Turning from Mr. Sheldon's oracular utterances that shed little light on a grave question of the day, to another utterance on a similar topic recently made by Prof. Sumner, of Yale col-

lege, in a lecture before his class, we think we can discern a purer ray of truth shed on the subject of divorce, though the professor was not talking about divorce primarily, but about marriage. He made the statement that in entering the marriage state the majority met with disappointment, and that "90 per cent of the women failed to realize their ideal in marriage." The professor has been roasted a good deal for this statement in the religious and secular press, and numerous ladies in clubs and magazines have hurled their darts at the Yale professor, charging him with cynicism, exaggeration, sensationalism and flat untruth. It seems to us that the professor is an optimist of the most pronounced school if he believes that 10 per cent of the women, or the men either, realize their highest ideal in marriage. Or else he must be a pessimist of the most virulent type and hold that the ideals of men and women in regard to marriage are very low indeed. In what other relation of life do men or women, whose ideals are the noblest and the best, ever fully realize them. Where is the perfect Christian, whose highest ideals of duty and happiness are realized on earth? There are some, we know, who claim to have reached this state, but we believe they are either self-deceived fanatics or hypocrites. Where is the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, the newspaper editor, who has attained a full and perfect realization of his best and noblest ideals of duty and happiness in his profession? If such a one exists, we can state with certainty that either his ideals are low or he is a rarity and exception among men. Nay, who among mankind ever attains to his own best ideals of manliness? What good woman, though soaring high above men in the pursuit and attainment of ideals, ever reached the Ultima Thule of perfect womanhood, in her own mind at least? That men who love them in many cases believe they have reached that point is probably due to their lesser powers of idealism in certain directions, and their less refined and grosser standards. And if it is the rule that men and women seldom or never reach and realize their best ideals in all the other relations they maintain in this world, is it strange that this should be true regarding marriage also? If Prof. Sumner had said that 99 per cent of the women who marry fail to realize in marriage their ideals, and that most of the other one per cent had very low and imperfect ideals, we should think he was nearer right. But that doesn't mean that marriage is a failure, or that men or women entering it, and striving also on both sides to

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oper Ferry on Klondike. J. W. BOYD

Attention!

BOYS AT HOME

n they stop at

Flannery

NE LIVERY, Monday, Friday for Gold Run, reasonable rates

HORSES AND DOGS

G. Vernon, Prop.

OFFICIAL CANVASS

Of Votes Cast at Recent Election Held Today at Noon by Sheriff.

NOEL SAVES HIS DEPOSIT MONEY

By Sixteen and a Half Votes—Wilson Outran His Ticket

WITH PRUDHOMME SECOND.

Little Interest Was Manifested in the Court Because the Final Result Had Been Long Known.

(From Friday's Daily.)

At last the ballot boxes are all in, and today when the noon gun shook the windows of the courthouse and everyone had put his watch back in his pocket, Sheriff Killbeck, as returning officer, and his son Jack, as custodian of the sealed boxes, produced the keys and the long anticipated formality of counting the ballots officially commenced.

Mr. Prudhomme, now Councilman Prudhomme, was present, but his colleague, Mr. Wilson, was conspicuous by his absence, although Joe Clark was there to receive his certificate of election for him.

Beyond these two, the officials, two press representatives and Frank McQuillan, there was no one present which is easily accounted for by the fact that the result was so well known long ago that the official canvass was clothed with no uncertainty whatever. There were 16 boxes altogether and the returns from each is given as follows:

- Caribou—O'Brien 38, Noel 33, Wilson 5, Prudhomme 4.
- Tagish—O'Brien 10, Noel 1, Wilson 5, Prudhomme 0.
- Whitehorse—O'Brien 76, Noel 58, Wilson 75, Prudhomme 13.
- Upper Lebarge—O'Brien 6, Noel 4, Wilson 1, Prudhomme 1.
- Lower Lebarge—O'Brien 4, Noel 2, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 1.
- Hootalinqua—O'Brien 1, Noel 4, Wilson 11, Prudhomme 7.
- Big Salmon cast no votes at all.
- Little Salmon—O'Brien 2, Noel 1, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 0.
- Tantilus—O'Brien 2, Noel 1, Wilson 2, Prudhomme 1.
- Five Fingers—O'Brien 3, Noel 1, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2.
- Hutchiku was, like Big Salmon, a blank.
- Minto—O'Brien 4, Noel 0, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2.
- Selkirk—O'Brien 5, Noel 2, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 0.
- Selwyn—O'Brien 4, Noel 3, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2.
- Ogilvie—O'Brien 3, Noel 0, Wilson 4, Prudhomme 1.
- Fortymile—O'Brien 5, Noel 4, Wilson 5, Prudhomme 6.

The final total of votes cast is 4143, divided among the aspirants as follows: Wilson receives 1417, Prudhomme, 1209, O'Brien 875 and Noel 642.

Mr. Wilson's majority is 542 and that of his running mate 334.

It was thought by some that Mr. Noel would lose his deposit money but the figures show him to have saved it by 16½ votes, which is what might be termed a near thing.

The returns from the other polling places were given at the time of the election and the official count of today shows them not to have varied.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Prudhomme are now members of the Yukon council, and will probably take their seats with the remainder of that body at its next regular meeting which takes place next Thursday evening.

The Savoy Decorated.

Those who go to St. Andrew's ball this evening either as participants or spectators have in store a very pleasant evening, not only in the matter of the dancing and refreshments, the piping and the marching, but in the handsome scene the Savoy interior will present. The committee on decorations were fortunate in securing the services of

Mr. James Townsend as decorator and from the way the room looked this afternoon there is little doubt but that Mr. Townsend will acquit himself in his usual creditable manner.

The principal feature of the decorations will be two monster flags looking down upon the ball room from the front and sides of the stage. The American flag on the left and the Union Jack on the right. The different colors of the bars are lighted up by the correspondingly colored electric lights, and both flags are mounted upon poles formed of lights. The walls of the room are decorated with the flags of nations, and the fronts and sides of the two tiers of boxes are all profusely draped with flags and colors.

The stage will be occupied by the orchestra and behind the drop will be spread the tables. Other refreshments will be served on the second floor at the rear end of the balcony.

Ladies will find a dressing room on the left hand side of the hall leading from the balcony to the front of the building, and the gentlemen will be likewise accommodated on the opposite side of the hall, where checks will be issued for hats and wraps.

St. Andrews Ball Tonight.

All arrangements for St. Andrew's ball tonight are complete and youth and beauty, gallantry and charm, grace and gentility, starch and style will hold high carnival. Hundreds of tickets have been sold and the attendance will be large and select. The management has taken such steps as will exclude any and all objectionable persons and there need be no fears entertained that the affairs will not be all that it should be so far as caste is concerned.

The Savoy has been especially refitted for the occasion. All partitions on the first floor have been removed, the interior has been beautifully and artistically decorated, and all that remains is for the participants to arrive in ample time to take part in the grand march, which begins promptly at 9 o'clock.

A Disastrous Fire.

The fire which occurred at 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning in Mrs. O'Neil's store on Second avenue, and next door to the Dawson Hardware store, was of disastrous effect in that it not only destroyed goods in the store to the value of \$2000, but almost resulted in Mrs. O'Neil being cremated in her bed. As it was she was very badly injured by the flames, being much burned on the arms, breast and face. She is now at the McDonald hotel and is today resting comparatively easy as compared with the manner in which she suffered yesterday and last night. Her attending physicians do not hesitate to state that she will recover, although progress will be necessarily slow and painful.

The fire laddies did noble work in extinguishing the flames, which were confined within the walls in which the fire started, the origin being a spark from the stove falling on a fur rug. Mrs. O'Neil, the unfortunate lady, is a pioneer in Dawson and to her is extended a great deal of sympathy in her trouble, and it is probable that something more substantial than mere sympathy will be extended in the near future.

Harry Edwards' Latest.

The trip of Mr. McLeod and Pilot McKinnon that was never completed to Dominion, and which has been thus far enveloped in that delightful veil of mystery which cover without altogether concealing, bids fair to become the theme of story, song, and art for years to come, if indeed, it does not become a part and parcel of the history of the country.

Practically all that is needed now to fulfill the foregoing prediction is for some poet-musician to give it voice. The story, so far as known, has been told and Artist Harry Edwards is at work on a picture commemorating the affair.

The central figure of the canvas is the equine source of much of the trouble which occurred on the memorable occasion depicted, and standing on either side of the noble descendant of the historic steed of Tam O'Shanter, are represented the victims of misplaced confidence, each expressing his views of the proper direction to be taken to arrive at Dominion, by pointing, one towards Whitehorse and the other in the direction of West Dawson.

From the dejected air worn by both gentlemen, and the decided stand of the animal, one has little difficulty in imagining how it happened.

Notice.

The trip to Pelly river and Selkirk, as advertised by Sonnison & Henry has been postponed about 15 days by order of E. H. Clear, manager of the automobiles at that place. Sonnison & Henry agreeing to await further orders.

Nov. 29, 1900

O'Brien In Court

George O'Brien, the man whose name for nearly a year past has been known in the Yukon in connection with the murder of Clayson, Relfe and Olsen, which wholesale murder is known for a certainty to have occurred at a point on the Yukon river a short distance above Minto on last Christmas day, is to again appear in police court this afternoon, the hour set being 3 o'clock. Whether or not new evidence will be introduced at the hearing this afternoon is not known, but a "tip" was given that something sensational will be brought out. The delay in the hearing of the case in which such grave suspicion rests upon O'Brien, has been due to the absence of and prolonged search for a person who is believed to be a very important witness for the prosecution. These delays are not usual in the meteing out of British justice, and to the fact that delays are the exception and not the rule is doubtless due the fact that the Klondike is the most law-abiding mining country known in modern history. It may be that the events of this afternoon will be such as will enable the hastening of the case of O'Brien to its final hearing.

A Fasculine Affair.

A Thanksgiving dinner was celebrated yesterday by six of Dawson's lonely bachelors, at J. F. Duffy's cabin on Third street. The participants were J. F. Duffy, J. McLaughlin, T. W. Grennan, R. S. Brown and C. J. Gillan. McLaughlin was chosen cook for the occasion and did remarkably well, serving turkey, roast pork, assorted pies and all the accessories of a swell dinner with that peculiar deftness only gained by long experience in the Klondike. Tom Grennan was the toastmaster and gave voice to some Chauncey Depew after dinner witticisms which were loudly applauded. The party adjourned at an early hour this morning to meet one year from date.

Wade Has Troubles of His Own.

Although a crown prosecutor has the advantage of being at liberty to tell his troubles to a policeman, which privilege is supposed in a large measure to mitigate the pain of many unpleasant things, still there are things, even in the life of a crown prosecutor, which cannot be laid to rest in this way, and troubles arising from the recently installed telephone in the home of F. C. Wade is the source of one of these troubles.

"When the telephone was new in the house," said Mr. Wade yesterday, after he had been called away some four or five times by the telephone bell, "I waked one morning with the sound of its bell ringing in my ears, and heard Mrs. Wade telling someone over the wire that I was asleep, but that when I got up she would have me ring him up. I got up presently and went to the telephone. I turned the bell handle and waited, and after a time spent in breathless expectation of hearing a hello in response to my ring I rang again and waited some more.

"Then I went away and finished dressing, so as to give the operator in the central station time to decide on whether to answer me or not, and went at the box on the wall once more.

"This time I rang and waited till my left ear turned cold from pressing the transmitter against it, and when I rang a wheel of blue sparks marked the radius of the bell handle, but I got no response. No sound came from within the thing I was pressing against my ear, but finally I thought I heard the suspicion of a laugh about the house, and being somewhat anxious to learn just where the fun came in, I turned from the deceitful 'phone to learn what it was all about.

"The whole family was laughing at me. Why? Because that telephone had only been fastened to the wall the evening before, and had not been connected with the wires."

Will Move Sunday.

The government telegraph office will on Sunday be moved from its present quarters, its home since the line first came into Dawson, to the new postoffice building, where it will be permanently located. The new quarters are commodious and much nearer to the business part of the city, on which account the move will be highly appreciated by the patrons of the company.

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

Coal by sack or ton, screened or unscreened. Phone 94—N. A. T. & T. Co.

For special designs in jewelry see Soggs & Vesco, Third st., opp. A. C.

Save Money
Save Time..
Save Labor.



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

COAL

No creosote to destroy the pipes and endanger the building.

Used after comparative tests by

The Dawson Fire Department

and all large consumers.

Delivered in Any Quantity.

N. A. T. & T. Co.

400 CASES 400

Four Hundred Cases

G. H. Mumms' Champagne. \$80.00 per Case.

ONE OR ONE HUNDRED CASE LOTS.

Aurora No. 1
Aurora No. 2

TOM CHISHOLM of
HARRY EDWARDS.

"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., 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.

SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 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

You Fellows From the Creek

Want to drop in and see us when you come to town.

You know you were always welcome to sit on the counter and whittle in '97 times, and it's just the same old place now.

You can sit on the steam pipes and shoot out the electric lights, and be perfectly at home as of yore.

Incidentally we can swap yarns about how much cheaper goods are, and possibly fit you out for the season for about what you used to pay for a sack of flour.

Don't forget the Old Trading Post

Alaska Commercial COMPANY



The Well Dressed Man

Is not satisfied with shoddy, hand-me-down garments. He has his clothing made to fit. I can honestly claim to have the finest assortment of tailoring cloths and materials ever coming to Dawson. See My Assortment at the New Store.

GEO. BREWITT,

MERCHANT TAILOR

OPP. BRICK BLK. ON 2ND AVE.

One Hundred Dollars Reward!

For information leading to the arrest of the party or parties who feloniously broke into the waterhouse situated on the corner of Third Avenue and 1st Street, and maliciously flooded the premises. The event occurred Monday last about 5:30 p. m.

\$100.00

D. A. MATHESON,

McLennan-McFeeley Co.'s Building.

STEAM HOSE, STEAM PIPE

Injectors, Ejectors, Steam Gauges, Valves, Whistles, Malleable Fittings, Cable, Cable Sheaves, Lubricators, Packing, Etc.

at the DAWSON HARDWARE COMPANY

.....Blasting and Giant Powder, Caps and Fuse in Stock.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

TERRIBLE TORNADO

Leaves Death and Destruction
in Its Path Through
the South.

MANY SECTIONS MUCH DEVASTATED.

Storm Extended From California
to Tennessee.

NO HOPE FOR SENATOR DAVIS

Tupper Predicts Short Life for Laurier
Government—Says Race Cry
Will Disrupt Liberal Party.

(From Friday's Daily.)
Memphis, Nov. 21, via Skagway,
Nov. 29.—One of the most terrific
storms known in the history of the
county swept over this country today,
the trend being from west to east. The
damage done cannot yet be estimated,
but in this city the deaths are estimat-
ed at 50, while the loss to property will
exceed half a million dollars. Build-
ings were blown down and bridges, cul-
verts and railroads were swept away all
over Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkan-
sas.

Many Killed.
Nashville, Nov. 21, via Skagway,
Nov. 29.—The Associated Press reports
say all the wires are down and storm
returns are hard to get. The Courier's
telephone service from 12 towns near
Nashville give the number killed out-
right at 64 and the number injured,
many fatally, at 52.

Storm at Denver.
Denver, Nov. 21, via Skagway, Nov.
29.—The worst storm that ever visited
Colorado swept over the state today.
Wires are down and all railroads are
blocked.

At Colorado Springs.
Colorado Springs, Nov. 21, via Skag-
way, Nov. 29.—The storm created havoc
in this city. The electric light plant
is badly damaged and the city is in
total darkness. All wires are down ex-
cept one to Denver. Railroad traffic is
suspended and the outlook is very
gloomy. The air is thick with flying
debris and the storm is not yet over.
The estimated loss is upwards of \$100,-
000.

At San Francisco.
San Francisco, Nov. 21, via Skagway,
Nov. 29.—For a time here today the
velocity of the wind was 42 miles an
hour and much rain fell. Telegraphic
communication was cut off for several
hours. All railroad tracks are flooded
and traffic is suspended. Only small
damage was done to buildings.

Awaiting Kruger.
Marseilles, Nov. 22, via Skagway,
Nov. 29.—The steamer Gelderland, with
Kruger on board, is entering the har-
bor. Thirty thousand people are await-
ing his arrival.

War Revenue Reduced.
Washington, Nov. 21, via Skagway,
Nov. 29.—Republican members of the
ways and means committee are making
splendid progress in amending the war
tax law. The reduction will amount to \$30,000,-
000 per annum.

Sir Tupper's Views.
Vancouver, Nov. 21, via Skagway,
Nov. 29.—Sir Charles Tupper, in an in-
terview in the Victoria Colonist respect-
ing a leader for the Conservative
Party, says a selection may be made
soon although nothing will probably

be done in the matter until after par-
liament meets. Tupper does not think
the Laurier government will be long in
power. Tupper says:

"The defeat of the Liberals in On-
tario was a terrible blow to them. I
have just heard that we have a majority
in Prince Edward Island and recounts
may change Nova Scotia and New
Brunswick, where there are grave
charges of fraud. The race cry is bound
to disintegrate the Liberal party.
Laurier, who is a Frenchman and a
Catholic, started the race cry, but he
will find that playing with fire at a
time when social passion is flaming and
rumors are spreading is very dangerous
practice."

Senator Davis Dying.
St. Paul, Nov. 21, via Skagway, Nov.
29.—There is no hope for the recovery
of Senator Davis and his death is liable
to occur at any hour.

New York Horse Show.
New York, Nov. 22, via Skagway,
Nov. 29.—New York's great annual
horse show is now on, having opened
on the 19th.

Hockey Match

Yesterday afternoon another hockey
match was played at the big rink on
Fourth avenue. A regular Thanksgiv-
ing crowd was present and in spite of
the cold the onlookers entered heartily
into the spirit of the game. There were
about 260 present, much enthusiasm
being manifested.

The game was called at 2:15, Miller
of the A. E. Co. acting as referee.

The two teams lined up as follows:
Timmons, goal; Kennedy, point;
Barclay, cover point; Stevenson, Nash,
Watt, Tiffin, forwards, with Tiffin as
captain. Marsden, goal; Bell, point;
Young, cover point; Patterson, McLen-
nan, Trenneman and Martin, forwards,
under McLennan as captain.

The two teams were pretty evenly
matched and the play was good through-
out.

Four quarters of 15 minutes each
were were played, resulting in a score
of nine each. At the conclusion of the
match public skating began, although
most of the spectators preferred to seek
a place to get warm after watching the
game.

Odd Town of Culloden.
"I reckon we've got the oddest town
in our state that there is in the United
States," said a West Virginia man.
"Ever hear of Culloden? I don't mean
the clans of Culloden described by the
poet Campbell. I mean Culloden, W.
Va. Well, sir, about half the popula-
tion of the town doesn't live in the
town and can't vote in the town, al-
though they are right in the town.

"I'll explain. The good people, and
they are in the majority, too, are down
on saloons and liquor in any shape.
They got up a temperance meeting and
purposed to drive the liquor men out
of town. When you find a West Vir-
ginian who believes in liquor, you find
a man who is ready to fight for it.
The liquor people got together and in
some way got the confidence of the town
engineer. I don't know whether he
was a liquor man or not, but they got
him on their side. The engineer dis-
covered that the town was not laid out
right, and he got authority to change
the metes and bounds. When he fin-
ished the job, the temperance people
found out that they lived just outside of
the line of the town, no matter what
part of the town their houses were in.
A man could stand in his back yard and
talk to the man whose place was right
up against his place and who was a
voter, but the first man had lost his
vote.

"The lines of the engineer excluded,
as I have said, the temperance people.
It took in the license folks all right.
The map of Culloden as it is now looks
a good deal like a sheet of paper after
a fly with ink on its feet meanders
across it. You can tell how a citizen
stands on the liquor ques-
tion by the place where he builds a
house, if he builds one, which doesn't
often occur. In spite of its zigzag bound-
aries, however, Culloden is a contented
community."—New York Sun.

One ton of coal will go as far as two
cords of wood. Does not require saw-
ing. We are selling it at \$25 per ton.
The economy must be apparent. Phone
94. Call on us, N. A. T. & T. Co. cri

Lindemann the jeweler has removed
to Monte Carlo building.

THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING

The Most Interesting Episode of
British-Boer War.

Lasted 217 Days and Both Sides Be-
haved Well—Baden-Powell's
Courage.

Mafeking's remarkable siege and de-
fense lasted just 217 days. The town
and its story will furnish one of the
most interesting episodes of the history
of the war. Gatacre's reverses, Bul-
ler's failures and Kimberley's famous
mines did not divert attention from the
gallant defense made by the handful of
men at Mafeking under the command of
Col. Baden-Powell.

The little half British, half Bechuana
settlement in the north on the Transvaal
border was in reality hardly worth
the siege or the defense to either side.
But it was attacked vigorously and de-
fended valiantly.

On October 12, only two days after
arrival in England of the Boer ultima-
tum, the burghers crossed the Transvaal
border 40 miles south of the town and
cut off railway and telegraphic com-
munication. From that time the people
in the place were compelled to subsist
upon the stock of provisions in Mafek-
ing at the beginning of the war. Baden-
Powell's scouts and runners
brought news to the outer world occa-
sionally telling of attacks and repulses,
of the suffering of the besieged and of
hunger and sickness, but always with
the word that the heroic commander
could still hold out.

Two days after the siege began the
Boers opened an attack, thinking they
could take the city at once. They met
with a bewildering repulse, which
Baden-Powell described in the follow-
ing message: "Fight Monday. All
right."

After this the burghers settled down
to a bombardment which lasted almost
up to the very day when the town was
reached by the relieving forces. After
a few weeks of shelling and waiting a
Boer messenger with a white flag ap-
proached the British works and asked
for a surrender. Baden-Powell was
sleeping when the messenger arrived.
He was awakened at once, and after
giving the Boer an excellent luncheon
he told him to return to Gen. Cronje.

"Tell Cronje," said the undaunted
colonel, "that when we have had
enough we will send out to him and let
him know."

About this time Reuter's correspon-
dent wrote:

"Col. Baden-Powell is always smil-
ing. When the people see him walk-
ing down the street whistling they take
heart."

After the return of their man the
Boers were inactive for several weeks.
Then the colonel sent them this mes-
sage:

"You can't take us by sitting down
out there. Why don't you come in and
get us?"

This started up the bombarding again.
Week after week the shells shrieked
over Mafeking. The convent was hit,
the hotel was hurt a little, and the fa-
mous dog was killed, but no British.

Early in the siege Baden-Powell's
men made a few sorties and inflicted
some damage with their bayonets. The
children became so accustomed to shells
that they watched for them to burst and
then fought for possession of the frag-
ments.

On December 26 Mafeking prepared a
sortie and carried death up to the very
trenches of the enemy. Capt. Vernon
and Sanford were killed and Lords
Edward Cecil and Charles Cavendish
Bentinck were wounded.

On January 6 word came from Baden-
Powell: "We are making up our
minds to stick out as long as need be,
and have food for another three
months." Col. Baden-Powell must have
figured in his horses and mules as
available food supply, for Mafeking
had soon to begin dieting on that kind
of fare.

Toward the end of February, says the
Chicago Times-Herald, the people of
Mafeking began to feel the pinch of
hunger, and to realize what a siege
really means. On February 19 it was
reported that the garrisons had been
placed on the shortest possible rations.
By this time the besieged were grow-
ing accustomed to horse meat, and that,
too, in small quantities. Everybody
was fed, but nobody was surfeited.
Then began several relief movements
toward the town, with the chief and
successful one marching from the south.
The last attempts of the Boers to take
Mafeking was made on May 19, when
they were repulsed with severe loss.

Battle With Robbers.

Titusville, Pa., Nov. 21.—Three
masked robbers blew open the safe at

D. A. V. & P. railway ticket office late
last night, but secured only about \$20.
The bandits then went to a disorderly
house on East Spring street, and, on
entering, presented revolvers and pro-
ceeded to relieve the proprietress and
inmates of what valuables they had, re-
ported as amounting to \$1000 worth of
jewels and \$500 in cash. Chief of
Police McGrath and Officer Sheehy at-
tempted their arrest. A pitched battle
ensued in which about 20 shots were
fired, three of which struck Chief Mc-
Grath, one in the abdomen and two in
the left shoulder. Officer Sheehy was
shot in the mouth, the ball passing
through the side of the neck and in-
flicting a dangerous wound. In the
confusion the robbers escaped from the
house. Later the dead body of one of
the robbers was found two blocks from
the scene of the combat, with a bullet
through his breast.

Wrecked in a Hurricane.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 21.—News
has been received here that the Phila-
delphia schooner William M. Bird,
from Charleston, S. C., to New London,
Conn., was wrecked in the hurricane on
the Frying Pan shoals, North Carolina,
and ten of the crew, including Capt.
Barrett, perished.

Two survivors, George W. Loud, the
mate, and George Robinson, seaman,
have been landed at Salisbury, Md.,
by the schooner Samuel T. Beachem,
from Jacksonville, Fla., which vessel
rescued them on the afternoon of No-
vember 3, 29 miles southwest of the
Frying Pan lightship.

The survivors had been without food
or water for 90 hours and suffered great
hardships, having chewed the leath-
ers of their shoes to keep from starv-
ing. They have not recovered sufficiently to
tell just how their comrades perished,
but they state in an incoherent manner
that the lost men were swept off one
by one from the wreck as their strength
grew weaker and drowned.

The William M. Bird, as Capt. John
Steelman, master of the Beachem,
states, became waterlogged at 11 p. m.
on October 30 and was a complete wreck
five minutes afterward.

Most Popular Young Lady.

This evening at St. Andrew's ball the
question of who is the most popular
young lady in Dawson is to be decided
by the raffle of a bracelet.

The bracelet has been donated by
Jeweler Sale and the proceeds are to go
to Mrs. O'Neil who was recently the
victim of such a painful accident.
Chances in the raffle will cost \$1. It
is a good cause and it is to be hoped
will end very successfully.

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

Fine watch repairing by Soggs &
Vesco.

SOUTH END MERCANTILE COMPANY
A NEW CONCERN. NEW BUILDING.
ALL NEW, FRESH GOODS
MINERS—On your way in to town get our prison on an outfit. Everything guaranteed
this season's pack and manufacture. 2nd Ave. & 2nd St. South

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE
Orr & Tukey's Stage Line
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 22, 1900
...WILL RUN A....
DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES TO AND FROM GRAND FORKS
Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co's. Building.....9:00 a. m. From Forks, Office Opp. Gold Hill Hotel.....9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office Op. Gold Hill Hotel, 3:00 p. m. Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co's. Bldg.....3:00 p. m.
ROYAL MAIL

Whilst we have an unexcelled line of CROCKERY that would be a credit to any city, we wish particularly to call your attention to a nice lot of CHINA
Tea Sets
Which we are now showing.
McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO. Ltd.

WHOLESALE A. M. CO. RETAIL
What satisfaction to be able to buy at retail for the wholesale price.
Men's Nobby All Wool Scotch Business Suits \$20.00
Imported Irish Frieze Ulsters Cassimere Lined Storm Collars \$25.00
AMES MERCANTILE CO.

FOR...
ST. ANDREW'S BALL
Collars, 25c
Cuffs, 50c
Dress Ties, 25 & 50
WHITE GLOVES . . \$1.50
Dress Shirts \$2.50, \$3
Patent Leather Shoes
SARGENT & PINSKA,
Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

BAR GLASSES
at special values.
Everything in
HARDWARE
Odds and Ends.
SHINDLER The Hardware Man.

Ask Your Dealer
For
Yakima Star
Creamery Butter
BEST ON THE MARKET
For sale by all Grocers and Meat Markets
Packed and sold wholesale by
J. & T. ADAIR

...This Week We Offer...
Prunes and Peaches . . .
At 15 Cents
Strait's Auction House
Groceries and General Merchandise
Geo. H. Meade - successor to - E. S. Stra

DEATH OF MONTAGUE MARTIN

Occurred at Good Samaritan Hospital Last Night.

Had Been Sick Two Weeks—Typhoid the Original Cause—Arctic Brotherhood Funeral.

From Saturday's Daily.
Mr. Montague Martin, the well-known and accomplished artist, died last night shortly after 8 o'clock at the Good Samaritan hospital, where for the past two weeks and since first taken sick he was under the treatment of Dr. McDonald. Mr. Martin was first taken with typhoid, which later developed an attack of peritonitis which terminated his life.

Deceased was a man of education, polish and attainments, being a graduate of Oxford and quite extensively traveled. Tales of golden wealth in the Klondike lured him from his home near London, England, two years ago, since which time he has made his home here. Versatile and accomplished, Mr. Martin was an entertainer of rare merit. Of a happy, kindly disposition, to know was to respect and admire him; and to his clever ways was due the fact that in society he was very popular and much sought after.

The funeral will be held from McDonald hall tomorrow (Sunday) at 2 p. m., and will be conducted by the Arctic Brotherhood, of which order the deceased was an active and valued member. Rev. Naylor of St. Paul's church, will be present and will assist in the exercises.

Of the dead man's family nothing is known further than that his deportment at all times left the impression that he had been well raised and belonged to an eminently respectable old English family. He was 32 years of age and unmarried.

SAINT ANDREW.

(Continued from page 1.)

sustained his reputation by the manner in which he served the following bill of fare:

- SALADS OF**
 - Lobster and Shrimp
 - Chicken, Potatoe and Salmon
 - Sugh Solleir Brof Albrannach
- Salmon Fra the Dee Jagg Geal
- Greying Lake Labarge Trout
- Roast Turkey Chicken Roasted Stot
- Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus
- Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce
- Silassat Muic
- Moose Bear Cariboo
- Soe's Trotters in Jelly

Many really good stage settings have been seen in these latter days of Dawson's progress, but nothing has ever been seen that equaled the picture disclosed when the curtain went up on the three long supper tables filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, the colored lights, the glitter and sparkle of diamonds and the decorations.

Seen from the balcony this picture could not have been more realistic and artistic had its effect been studied by an artist for months.

There was another very popular feature of the entertainment provided, and this was situated in the balcony. It was the bar, where champagne and claret punch were ladled from two never empty punch bowls, and served to the thirsty as generously as if it had been water, so that if any passed and were athirst they had themselves to thank for it. However, it is believed, as the result of close observance, that some passed.

Other flash lights were taken from the stage looking towards the front of the house, and when the powder blazed up carrying aloft its cloud of lead colored smoke, it also bore a spark which caused some anxiety by sticking and setting fire to one of the flags. The fire was put out by throwing aloft a couple of glasses of wine, and once more the dance went on with its wonted gaiety.

As was stated in yesterday's Nugget, an election was to have been held to decide who was the most popular lady at the ball, and this was announced during the fore part of the night from the stage. The most popular lady was to receive also a bracelet contributed by J. L. Sale, and the votes were to cost the voter \$1 each. The money thus derived was to have been presented to Mrs. O'Neil, who was so painfully burned in her store a few nights since.

This plan was abandoned, however, and a general subscription started then and there in its stead. Many con-

tributed largely at the time, and others will most likely do so if an opportunity is given them.

Some of the members of the St. Andrew's Society propose that the surplus of the receipts taken at the door, and from the sale of tickets, be also tendered to the unfortunate lady. Whether or not this plan is followed out cannot be known earlier than Monday, and whether it is done or not, it reflects great credit upon those who proposed it.

We are often told that the anticipation of a pleasure far exceeds its realization. Then again we are told that there are exceptions to all rules. In this case St. Andrew's ball is the exception. Not since the mirth and music of their last year's ball drifted out and was lost in the frosty air and feathery snow have Dawson's society people enjoyed themselves so thoroughly as they did last evening. Yet for a whole year have they held in anticipation this coming event. The ladies at least have planned and replanned the gowns they should wear, the ornaments, the laces, the jewels; and though the anticipation was as bright and many colored as the dreams of fairies, still the realization is a perfect joy, known and tasted. A long night passed so quickly amid song and laughter, dancing feet and love lit eyes, that the gray shades of morning bring on frosty wings regret for the night that is past, and vague, sweet dreams of that future night a year hence when again the Scotch lads and lassies with their many friends shall meet in joyous throng to perpetuate the memory of their patron saint—good St. Andrew.

The dresses worn were a dream of beauty, but so many of them were there, and so continual the dance and merry making that the names of many of their charming wearers could not be learned.

Mrs. Alex. McDonald was elegantly gowned in black satin with sequins trimmings, and hignland sash her diamonds were much admired.

Mrs. Major Wood was tall and stately in cream satin and black velvet. Her friend Mrs. French was charming in black organdy with pink trimmings.

Mrs. T. C. Healy was most becomingly attired in pink poplin with chiffon trimmings. The dress of Mrs. Capt. Donald B. Olson, the charming bride of a few short months, was cream satin with trimmings of silk bobinet and spangled lace; her ornaments were mother of pearl and a sunburst of diamonds. Miss Millicent Latimer wore a dainty gown of white organdy over turquoise silk; her necklace was of pearls. Miss Marcia Latimer was very fair in white organdy over white silk.

Mrs. W. E. Fairchild wore an elaborate gown of black satin entrain, with low neck bodice of silver net over white satin. Her nugget necklace had diamond settings. Mrs. E. J. Bryant from 90 Bonanza looked well in black silk net over pale blue silk; she wore an abundance of pink flowers. Mrs. J. L. Sale wore a stylish dress of blue organdy, with forget-me-nots in her blond hair and necklace with elegant sunburst of diamonds. The popular Miss May Hughes wore pink organdy over pink silk with trimmings of black velvet and handsome gold ornaments. Mrs. C. A. Celene wore a gown of yellow and black taffeta, her ornaments were diamonds. Mrs. Charles Lamb, of 8 Eldorado, was becomingly gowned in cardinal silk with black chiffon trimmings. Mrs. F. C. Wade was very attractive in black silk mauve with chiffon trimmings and handsome nugget necklace. Miss Robbins' gown was of dainty baby blue silk, and well became her. Miss Maud McDonald was at her best in a fairy dress of Nile green silk under a spangle of silver net, ornaments of pearls and diamonds. Her mother, Mrs. John McDonald, wore a dress of black silk with cut jet trimmings. Mrs. F. A. McGowan was

much admired in an elegant fitting of pale lavender, brocaded silk with lace and pearl trimmings and ornaments of diamonds and turquoise.

Mrs. Ed M. Sullivan wore a black net gown embroidered with blue turquoise spangles and black beads, over a black mouse de soi skirt. The waist was of the spangled net, cut quite decolette. Mrs. Sullivan's slippers were of black satin designed for and worn by Princess Albert.

Mrs. Dr. Hepworth wore founced pink silk, with trimmings of white silk, black velvet embroidered chiffon applique. Mrs. C. W. Hines wore pale lavender silk grenadine; trimming, white velvet and sequins; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Miss Margaret Thebo wore pale green brocaded satteen; trimmings, aplice and pink velvet; her ornaments were diamonds. Mrs. C. F. Redpath was dressed in black lawn with lace trimmings. Miss King appeared in an elegant gown of brocaded organdy. Miss R. Holmes wore light blue silk trimmed in light blue tulle and black birds. Mrs. W. D. Mackay wore crimson plush, jet trimmings, with crushed roses and diamond ornaments. Mrs. W. Devig wore a dress all over lace, over pink silk, chiffon trimmings, with ornaments of nuggets and diamonds. Mrs. Breen's dress was of black silk with lavender trimmings. Mrs. J. Thornton wore a dress of all over applique over satin, chiffon trimmings decorated with roses; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Mrs. F. E. Maltby wore black silk with chiffon fissure, ornamented with roses. Mrs. Clara Bernier wore a gown of embroidered black chiffon, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. J. J. Crawford wore a dress in cardinal silk; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. A. D. Williams, whose dainty tripping of the Scottish reels was the admiration of all, wore a decolette princess of pink brocaded silk draped with strings of pink wild roses. Her two sisters-in-law, Miss Williams and Miss Tottie Williams, who are also adepts at the light fantastic, were charming in pink silk with black velvet trimmings. Mrs. Eugene C. Stahl wore a smiling face and a most becoming dress of yellow organdie, with black trimmings. Mrs. Ralph Boyker's imported gown of black silk with chiffon trimmings and real lace bodice was much admired; clusters of poppies and sparkling diamonds enhanced its beauty. Miss M. Richardson wore a very tasty costume of white silk crepon over pink silk.

One of the daintiest costumes on the floor was that worn by Mrs. Dr. Sutherland; a knotted silk fringe draped over a cream serge and headed with dainty bands of black and blue velvet was made doubly attractive by the glimmer of many diamonds and turquoise. Mrs. J. Boorman wore a very dressy gown of cream serge with black velvet trimmings and diamond ornaments. Miss J. Matherson from the Forks wore a handsome gown of silk with black and lavender stripe trimmed with point lace, cut decolette and decorated with roses. Miss L. E. Coutts from the Forks wore an elegant gown of embroidered heliotrope and black cut decolette and lined with pale green silk. Miss Amril, her sister, wore embroidered chiffon over white silk with pearl trimmings and pearl necklace. Miss Joy wore a handsome organdie over green silk. The popular Miss Long wore a red and black silk grenadine cut decolette; her ornaments were diamonds. The gown of Mrs. P. A. Annance was lemon silk with chiffon trimmings. The Misses Jeanette and Alice Barrett, neices of Joe Barrett, were two of the most elegantly dressed young ladies at the ball, their opera cloaks, diamonds and elaborately embroidered chiffon dresses were the admiration of all.

(Continued on Page 2.)

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