

GOVERNOR INSPECTS

Ledges on the Divide Between Victoria and Eldorado.

EXCURSION UP THE CREEKS

Himself as Pleased at the Outlook.

of the Forks Hold an Informal Reception in Honor of the Governor.

Senator Ross, accompanied by David Macfarlane, superintendent of improvements, made a trip today up Bonanza creek as far as the gulch. Ever since his election was first called to the attention of the public, the possibilities which may result from the opening of the creek have been expected from quartz in the gulch. The governor has shown interest in everything pertaining to such propositions and yesterday visited some of the most promising ledges which are beginning to show signs of promise. A number of claims located near the gulch on the divide between Victoria and Eldorado are being inspected, on one of which a ledge now down some 50 feet. The ledge is being taken out in order to be fully up to the expectations of the fortunate owners and is now awaiting only the arrival of more snow in order to sled a party of it to the Mungler stamp mill to make a thorough mill test. The owners of the ledge are all sides. The owners of the ledge are being worked are certainly showing a very great degree of faith in the properties as the sun being hot in their exploitation is no amount.

DIAMOND MYSTERY

Proves a Drawing Card at the Auditorium.

Good crowds continue to patronize the Auditorium every night, the "Great Diamond Mystery" being very popular. Nearly every seat in the house was occupied last night and all present were highly pleased with the entertainment afforded. As manager of the Auditorium Mr. Bittner is a heavy-weight success.

Mr. Bittner has a way of making things go and it is easily to be seen that success will crown his efforts in taking personal charge of the Auditorium.

"The Diamond Mystery" has proven a drawing card and the company will doubtless play to full houses throughout the week.

The people are becoming accustomed to the idea of having the curtain go up at 8:30 and at that hour last evening a good crowd had assembled, although stragglers continued to come in until 9:15.

Mr. Bittner announced during the evening that the new rule will be steadily adhered to in the future and patrons of the house should govern themselves accordingly.

Next week "Friends" will be produced for which performance Mr. Cummings has been engaged. This will be the first time in Dawson that Mr. Bittner and Mr. Cummings have appeared on the same stage, and next week in consequence will witness the strongest production that has yet been played before an audience in this city.

Money Couldn't Buy It.

The most expensive picture known is the Raphael in the National gallery of England, which cost the nation \$350,000. It cannot be bought. Another famous picture by the same great artist is in the possession of a country squire in the Midlands. He is not a rich man, and it must have been a temptation when a millionaire baron sent him an offer accompanied by a blank check. The check was returned. Undiscouraged, the baron made a definite offer—\$250,000 down and \$10,000 a year for life. The owner refused.

NOTICE.

We offer for the holidays the following special—Campbell & McKay's "Fine Old Scotch," \$20 per case. Glenn Finnach, "Mellow Blend," \$20 per case. McLean & Co.'s "Extra Blend," \$22.50 per case. These goods have a solid reputation.

N. A. T. & Co.

A Card of Thanks

We desire to express our appreciation of the liberal patronage extended to us by the Dawson public. We have endeavored to deserve the same by conducting a first-class up-to-date market, and it is a pleasure to note that the people of this community are ready to patronize those who conduct their business in a manner worthy of support.

A. R. CAMERON & CO. YUKON MARKET.

DAWSON-TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. FREIGHTERS DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS DOUBLE SERVICE

EMPIRE HOTEL

The Finest House in Dawson All Modern Improvements.

H. J. MORGAN J. F. MACDONALD

Window Sale.

Lasts for This Week ONLY Take a Look at It. You Will See Something You Want.

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED



SOME THANKSGIVING SUGGESTIONS.

PLANS ALL ARRANGED

St. Andrew's Society Holds Its Final Meeting Last Night.

St. Andrew's Society had its last general meeting prior to the ball yesterday evening at which the various committees submitted their reports. It was decided to adhere rigidly to the decision first made regarding the hour of beginning the dance. The grand march will take place promptly at 9 o'clock no matter if there are only a dozen couples in the hall. It has been decided also to have a flashlight photo taken while the march is in progress, the artist taking the picture agreeing to use smokeless powder for the purpose. The sale of tickets so far has been everything that could be desired. A feature that will be made a specialty of at the dance is one which it is thought will make a pronounced hit, is the execution of a Scotch reel by four little tots, Misses Constance and Lennie Macdonald, Master Reggie Williams and Master Clare Wilson. They have been drilled by D. C. Mackenzie and have become as proficient as many of the older lads and lassies. J. U. Nicol, as in times past, will have charge of the punch bowl and today his engaged in concocting a brew so potent that his name will go down to posterity as the master of the art. At last night's meeting R. P. McLennan, president of the society, distributed a sprig of heather to each of those present and it is presumed bougainvillees Friday evening will be composed exclusively of the flower so dear to the sons of Bonnie Scotland.

DAWSON IS QUIET TODAY

City Has An Air Suggestive of the Holy Sabbath.

Dawson has a Sunday air today that pervades the entire city. All the large stores, banks and public offices are closed and but for the fact that the saloons are open and egg-nog and Tom and Jerry are being drunk in a quiet but persistent manner all things would be as quiet as a country church yard. Family dinners by the score are being served this afternoon and evening and all the public eating houses are serving turkey in a lavish manner.

The union exercises at the new Presbyterian church will be largely attended this afternoon at three o'clock.

Owing to St. Andrew's ball tomorrow night, public functions tonight will be few and sparsely attended.

Hockey Game Today.

The N. W. M. Police and Bank of Commerce hockey teams will meet on the police rink this afternoon. The personal of the police team will be as follows—Capt. Cosby, Sergt. Marshall, Const. Henderson (Capt.), Const. Hope, Const. Brazier, Const. Lawless, Const. Timmins, Const. Lemon (spare man).

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

THE WIDOW WILKINS

Found Great Comfort in Party Line Telephone.

Down in Indiana is a bedridden woman who lies most of the time with one of her ears glued to a telephone receiver listening to "S.M." Wilkins at "the corners" talking to "Jim" Henderson up at the "McNish place," or to "Pete" Lannigan conversing with Susie Biggs, "old" Squire Biggs' second darter by his first marriage.

The induction of the telephone into the country was the dawning of a new day for this bedridden woman. Her life had been a lonely one. For over ten years she had been confined to her bed. She lives with her son and daughter. The son is always busy around the farm and the daughter around the house to permit of their being much with their mother, except the hours following supper, and so the Widow Wilkins had a lonely time of it.

She didn't get much sympathy, either. The neighbors couldn't understand why she didn't either die or get well if she was sick. Farmer Matthews said that he "allowed the widow were jest too lazy to draw her breath, an' she oughter be ashamed of herself for afe-like this." The Widow Wilkins got her revenge when the party line telephone was put through the country and carried down the road on which her house stands. Her son subscribed and a telephone was duly installed in the house. There are ten other subscribers on the same line. The widow discovered quite by accident one day that she could listen to what other people were saying on the wire without their being any the wiser. When the widow found this out she was happier than Robinson Crusoe was when he found Friday.

It had been hard work for her to keep in touch with current events and the happenings down at Elmtown, five miles away. Suddenly she discovered that all the events, news, scandals, political intrigues and miscellaneous gossip of all sorts were, so to speak, kept right in her room, nice and fresh every day, and all she had to do was to turn on the tap and let it run into her eager ears.

The first day the widow discovered that Bill Dawson was going to sell his farm for \$5,000, that Tom Yunt wanted to be a constable, that Bill Allen's cow was dead and that Sprule Hawkesby was sparking Luke Twanby's Sur.

After she had discovered all of these state secrets the Widow Wilkins had to hang up the receiver so as to give herself the opportunity to be back in bed and gasp: It was more news than she had heard before for two weeks. "Lassy sales alive," said the Widow Wilkins, "ther new fangled things do beat all."

The next day the Widow Wilkins had the receiver at her ear before breakfast. She heard some more strange and startling information. Malinda Hawkins was talking to some man in the city about selling out her millinery store, and Pete Saunders was swearing at the man down at the sawmill for not sending up the silks for his barn. It made the widow's blood run cold to hear the flights of rhetoric used by Pete, but somehow she could not put the receiver down. "Orful, orful," sighed the widow, "to hear that Pete Saunders talk that way. He used to be in my Sunday school class, too. I wonder of his swearin' yet. I'll see! And she hurriedly picked up the receiver.

The widow's room used to be rather dull place to spend an evening, and her son and daughter were wont to yawn many times before 9 o'clock and wait listlessly for the hour to retire. But now it was all different. The widow's room was turned into a social club. The widow became a most delightful conversationalist. Her son and daughter hung breathless on her words while she related a full account of all the astounding things she had heard during the day.

Then at times she would vary the monotony of her recitals by taking down the receiver and after carefully plugging up the transmitter would repeat to her eager listeners just what passed over the wire.

The various church societies and the quilting bees were ever fond of holding any of their meetings at the Widow Wilkins'. The members said it was because the Widow Wilkins lived so far away, but the fact was that the Widow Wilkins, confined as she was to her house and having few visitors, was lamentably ignorant of good lively morsels of gossip and an afternoon at the widow's was unusually uninspiring. But some way all of the societies, the quilting bees and the sewing circles began to hold their meetings at the Widow Wilkins'.

She had to hold their meetings at the Widow Wilkins' because she was so far away, but the fact was that the Widow Wilkins, confined as she was to her house and having few visitors, was lamentably ignorant of good lively morsels of gossip and an afternoon at the widow's was unusually uninspiring. But some way all of the societies, the quilting bees and the sewing circles began to hold their meetings at the Widow Wilkins'.

But after a while the farmers who had telephones on the party wire that ran through the widow's house became tired of having their secrets spread broadcast over the country. Farmer Thompson found out that everything he told H. Miller and Bowers was known to every member of the Baptist Aid Society, and Farmer Thompson knew well enough that that only one or two members of the church had telephones. Farmer Thompson had his suspicions, as he said, but he decided to wait until he was sure.

So he sent a decoy telephone message to H. Miller. He told H. that he intended to set up a saloon at the corners and sell the best Kentucky whiskey at two-drinks for five cents. "Sho," said H., "kaint do that, Thompe."

"Yes, I kin," said Mr. Thompson. "It's a goin' ter be moonshine hicker. H. from down in Kaintucky."

"Better look out fer revenooers," answered H.

The next day the report was spread broadcast that Farmer Thompson was going to start a saloon and sell moonshine whiskey. Farmer Thompson traced the report down to the Widow Wilkins. He went up to see the Widow Wilkins.

"Widder," said Mr. Thompson, "I hearn tell you circulated the story that I was a goin' ter start a saloon and sell moonshine."

The widow began to weep. "Yes, I did, Thompe," she said, "but it was the best fun I ever had in my life a listening to that telephone. You hain't laid in yer bed, Thompe, fer ten years er you'd know what a blessin' that telephone wur fer me, and I hope you ain't a goin' to say anything to hev it taken out. Honest, I hev been gettin' better every day since that telephone's been in th' house, 'cause it gives me something to think about and a new interest in life. Don't be mad Thompe, I won't listen to you no more."

"I'll tell you," said Farmer Thompson, finally. "If you'll consent to talk ter me every night over this new fangled thing, and if you'll let me come an' see you once in a while like I used to do long time ago, 'fore you got mad at me and married the other man, all right."

The party wire that runs through the Widow Wilkins' house is now busy every night, and the neighbors that used to storn because the widow was listening to them talk to each other, now take great delight in listening to Farmer Thompson "sparkin' the widow." And the people who have been listening of late say that the widow's health has improved so much that she gets out of bed now, and the other day she went riding, and that she is to be married next fall.

ONLY TWO SPOKEN FOR

Young Men "To Let" for the St. Andrew's Ball in Little Demand.

Up to 12 o'clock today only two of the five young men advertised yesterday as willing to escort lonely ladies to St. Andrew's ball had been spoken for, and all arrangements have been completed, all parties appearing pleased at the prospect of attending the swell function in not only congenial but in eminently respectable society. The other three are on the quiver wire fence of anxiety, so to speak, but as yet 24 hours more to which to be spoken for, they are not wholly discouraged. The two men for whom arrangements have been made are wearing "Taken" cards.

An Unreasonable Request. The experiment of taking men from the interior States for service in the navy has, in the main, been a successful one," said the naval officer who is on leave of duty, "although it is exasperating work breaking them in. Many of them see salt water for the first time when they enter the service, and their greenness concerning everything pertaining to their duties makes them the butt of all the others, and, although we try to protect them all we can, the old men often take advantage of their ignorance to amuse themselves at the expense of the new men."

"Not long ago I was stationed on a receiving ship. One day during my watch one of the new men came shuffling up, and without going through the formality of saluting, burst out: " "I can't do it alone, mister!" " "Can't do what?" I asked, taking in the situation.

" "Why one of the chaps ordered me to weigh the anchor, an' I can't lift it alone! Durn it all, I don't even know where the scales are!" Detroit Free Press.

MODERATE WEATHER

Today the Mildest Thanksgiving in Yukon History.

Thanksgiving of last year came on the 29th of November, which was the coldest day of that month, the mercury registering 39.5 below zero. This morning it was just zero, the warmest Thanksgiving ever known in the history of the country. Today is not a typical Thanksgiving, it being usually colder than this even back in the middle and eastern states, and on that account and in view of the fact that there has been but little cold weather thus far, nearly everyone appears to feel that Thanksgiving has come ahead of time.

One noticeable feature of today is that remarkably few country people are in town, the day probably being more lively in the country.

Change of Avocation.

It was news to those who read the morning paper that the "Devines" would conduct religious services today. Heretofore the Devines of Dawson have confined their operations chiefly to prize fighting.

Cows, Hens and a Coon.

South Orrington, Me., Oct. 21.—It has become second nature for a Maine hen to use the cows turned out to pasture to scare up the grasshoppers. The cattle serve the same purpose for the fowl that a trained dog does for the bird hunter.

In their zeal to catch the insects the hens frequently follow the cows to distant lots and become the prey of foxes, hawks and skunks. This year an aged raccoon that had his home on the side of Bald Hill entered lists as a new enemy to the fowls, and for a few weeks his deeds spread terror among those who hoped to secure a large harvest of winter eggs. The coon was doing his worst at a time when Jim Fitch, an employee of a theatre in Boston, came down to his old home to spend a week. Before he left Boston he had been practicing to represent the famous white heifer in "Evangeline," and took his stage fixings along to gain additional skill and to mystify his former neighbors. As soon as he heard of the cows luring the hens far afield, and then turning them over to the maw of beasts and birds of prey, he laid out a plan of campaign for the circumvention of the coon.

With the help of a neighbor's son, who acted as the hind legs for the heifer in "Evangeline," he made up a stage cow and accompanied her to the pasture. The cattle, more discerning than the average Westreger, detected the fraud, but by dozing out sundry lumps of sugar and saying "So, boss" for a day or two, Fitch thought them to endure the counterfeit. Then the actor got inside the mimic cow to serve as a substitute for the fore legs, taking along a small rifle. The cows were nearly an hour in getting to the lot where the coon lurked, but Fitch was patient, and the hens followed on behind, catching grasshoppers in their usual stupid way. As the cattle drew near a strip of bushes, Fitch heard a squawking among the hens and stepped out from "Evangeline's" heifer in time to see the coon hurrying away with a fat pullet. Two shots from the 32-caliber rifle did the job for the coon, after which the actor walked home in triumph. The following evening about a dozen farmers sat down to a room supper, at which Fitch was the guest of honor. He said the reception was far ahead of any encore ever given to a popular actor.

The trunk of the elephant has no fewer than 3000 muscles, at least says Custer, the famous comparative anatomist. The whole of the muscles of a man's body added together only number 527.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

Another Frank. "You never loved me!" exclaimed the bride of a week. "True, I did not," answered the brutal bridegroom, "with a sneer, as he wrote an order for the expressman to come for her baggage."

"Then why did you marry me?" she roared, gazing traitfully into the mirror to see if her hat was on straight.

"I did it," he answered hoarsely. "to pay an election bet." Baltimore American.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, dyed and repaired—both men and women's.—I. GOLDBERG, tailor for Herringsburg.

WHISKY WAR WAGING

Northern Commercial Reduces Price of Scotch \$7.50 Per Case.

GOING DOWN FROM \$32.50 TO \$25

Other Liquors May Be Proportionately Reduced.

N. C. CO. AFTER THE TRUST

Which Has Formerly Sold Scotch for \$30 Currency—Cheap Skates Are Now in Order.

There is a war on in whisky circles.

It having been precipitated a day or two ago by the Northern Commercial Company which made a cut on Scotch from \$32.50 to \$25 a case. The parties against whom the fight is generally supposed to be directed is the combination known as the whisky trust. Their price heretofore on the same goods has been \$30 a case payable in currency, which would be equivalent to \$22.50 as the company stores accept dust at \$16. What caused the reduction is not generally known, but the supposition is that the N. C. Co. refused to play second fiddle to any combination which might be gotten together. The company has an immense stock of liquor on hand and is certainly as strong as any trust it would be possible to form. As the whisky trust is too old in the business of entering to the hungry and thirsty public of Alaska and the Yukon to ever be dictated by any outside aggregation of capital. The price they are now quoting on case goods is the lowest that has ever been known in the history of Dawson. No public announcement has yet been made as to whether or not it is the intention of the trust to meet the cut.

Plague Stones. How many people are there nowadays who know what "plague stone" is or was? Probably very few, yet at one time such things were not uncommon. According to an old writer, they were "stones placed on the boundary limits of towns, having a circular or square disklike sinking in their center, which was filled with water, into which the townspeople dropped their purchase money in their dealings with the country people to prevent infection in a time of plague."

It is said that one of the soldiers stood somewhere in the outskirts of Manhattan, and the restored White Cross at Hereto, says the writer, is a modern memorial of the site of such a stone.

Another Frank. "You never loved me!" exclaimed the bride of a week. "True, I did not," answered the brutal bridegroom, "with a sneer, as he wrote an order for the expressman to come for her baggage."

"Then why did you marry me?" she roared, gazing traitfully into the mirror to see if her hat was on straight.

"I did it," he answered hoarsely. "to pay an election bet." Baltimore American.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, dyed and repaired—both men and women's.—I. GOLDBERG, tailor for Herringsburg.

Ames Mercantile Co. Men's Fine Gloves... For Street, Driving and Dress, made by the best manufacturers, in Kid, Mocha, Reindeer, Castor and English Buck; Unlined, Silk Lined and Lamb Lined. Regular Price \$5.00. SPECIAL SALE. Price Per Pair, \$3.00

The Klondike Nugget

ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Yearly, in advance \$10.00
Per month, by carrier in city in advance 1.00

NOTICE
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1911

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one circulating copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

THANKSGIVING.

The minds of something like ninety millions of people are centered today upon the subject of Thanksgiving.

Canada and the United States have peculiar reasons for rejoicing. In both countries a degree of prosperity is being enjoyed which has never been excelled in the history of all past years.

Bountiful harvests have been raised in both the Dominion and the States and manufacturing industries have flourished in a most gratifying manner.

Dawson, although far removed from the great commercial centres of the world, has reasons for sincere congratulation and rejoicing.

Although the prices of all the various dainties which go to make up the conventional Thanksgiving menu are probably higher in this city than in any other of the world's markets, it is undoubtedly a fact that in proportion to population there will be as many fine spreads in this city today as in any other community where Thanksgiving day is observed.

This statement, which is vouched for by dealers in various lines of trade who are in a position to know the exact conditions, speaks volumes for the condition of general prosperity which prevails in this community.

There are no great charitable organizations in Dawson for the reason that no occasion has arisen requiring them.

Nearly the entire population of the territory is self-sustaining, and the few people who may be temporarily thrown out of employment are always looked after by their immediate friends.

On the whole it may be said that the lot of the average Yukoner is an enviable one even though the country is held in the grip of winter for seven or eight months of the year.

The climate is healthy and invigorating and the rate of sickness and death is extremely low.

For all these conditions, therefore, and for many others which might be enumerated, the people of this territory have reason to be genuinely and sincerely thankful.

THE TERRITORY PAYS.

The mail service this winter is almost as bad as it was in the winter of 1898-99, before the police took the work of handling the mail in their own charge.

The present situation is far more exasperating by reason of the fact that in the early days it was not expected that the mail would be forwarded regularly and everyone made plans accordingly.

From the amount paid the mail contractors the public has anticipated a regular and systematic service would be given this year, and the failure of the contractors to observe the terms of their agreement has placed the business community at no small inconvenience.

As was shown in the Nugget of yesterday, the cost of delivering the few packages of mail that have thus far arrived has averaged about \$300 per sack, a sum that is altogether out of proportion to the value of the service rendered.

The fact must not be overlooked

GAME OF FLIRTATION

Dorothy Dix Gives Some Points on How to Play It.

Flirtation is a sauce piquant with which the Summer season is served. In Winter love making is a pastime that is apt to end in serious consequences at the altar, and a man talks sentiment at his peril.

Women understand this. They are perfectly aware that the Summer flirtation is a confidence game in which each of the parties is trying to sell the other a gold brick.

A Skagway enthusiast has come forward with a proposition for the purchase of the British Yukon country by the United States government.

Old Grimes.

(Reproduced for the use of the present generation.)
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man—

We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart 'twas open as the day,
His breast with pity burned—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ver had in all,
He knew no base design,
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true,
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er—
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it his desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

An Attack of Love.
She's as pretty as they make 'em,
With a color like a rose,

And the fellows, devil take 'em!
Eye her everywhere she goes,
But I know she doesn't heed 'em.

For she loves no man but me,
And her heart has lost its freedom,
For it's in my custody.

She's the dearest little maiden
That a man could ever see,
And she never yet was laden
With a vulgar finery.

But she dresses like a model,
With the most ethereal taste,
And as long as I can tiddle
I shall dote upon her waist.

She's a queen among the many
And a saint among the few,
And I love her more than any
Any girl I ever knew.

She's as pretty as they make 'em
And is just the girl to woo,
But the fellows, devil take 'em!
Have no right to think so too!

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Fans, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Slippers, Etc. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET

GAME OF FLIRTATION

Dorothy Dix Gives Some Points on How to Play It.

Flirtation is a sauce piquant with which the Summer season is served. In Winter love making is a pastime that is apt to end in serious consequences at the altar, and a man talks sentiment at his peril.

Women understand this. They are perfectly aware that the Summer flirtation is a confidence game in which each of the parties is trying to sell the other a gold brick.

A Skagway enthusiast has come forward with a proposition for the purchase of the British Yukon country by the United States government.

Old Grimes.

(Reproduced for the use of the present generation.)
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man—

We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart 'twas open as the day,
His breast with pity burned—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ver had in all,
He knew no base design,
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true,
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er—
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it his desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

An Attack of Love.
She's as pretty as they make 'em,
With a color like a rose,

And the fellows, devil take 'em!
Eye her everywhere she goes,
But I know she doesn't heed 'em.

For she loves no man but me,
And her heart has lost its freedom,
For it's in my custody.

She's the dearest little maiden
That a man could ever see,
And she never yet was laden
With a vulgar finery.

But she dresses like a model,
With the most ethereal taste,
And as long as I can tiddle
I shall dote upon her waist.

She's a queen among the many
And a saint among the few,
And I love her more than any
Any girl I ever knew.

She's as pretty as they make 'em
And is just the girl to woo,
But the fellows, devil take 'em!
Have no right to think so too!

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Fans, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Slippers, Etc. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET

GAME OF FLIRTATION

Dorothy Dix Gives Some Points on How to Play It.

Flirtation is a sauce piquant with which the Summer season is served. In Winter love making is a pastime that is apt to end in serious consequences at the altar, and a man talks sentiment at his peril.

Women understand this. They are perfectly aware that the Summer flirtation is a confidence game in which each of the parties is trying to sell the other a gold brick.

A Skagway enthusiast has come forward with a proposition for the purchase of the British Yukon country by the United States government.

Old Grimes.

(Reproduced for the use of the present generation.)
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man—

We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart 'twas open as the day,
His breast with pity burned—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ver had in all,
He knew no base design,
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true,
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er—
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it his desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

An Attack of Love.
She's as pretty as they make 'em,
With a color like a rose,

And the fellows, devil take 'em!
Eye her everywhere she goes,
But I know she doesn't heed 'em.

For she loves no man but me,
And her heart has lost its freedom,
For it's in my custody.

She's the dearest little maiden
That a man could ever see,
And she never yet was laden
With a vulgar finery.

But she dresses like a model,
With the most ethereal taste,
And as long as I can tiddle
I shall dote upon her waist.

She's a queen among the many
And a saint among the few,
And I love her more than any
Any girl I ever knew.

She's as pretty as they make 'em
And is just the girl to woo,
But the fellows, devil take 'em!
Have no right to think so too!

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Fans, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Slippers, Etc. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET

GAME OF FLIRTATION

Dorothy Dix Gives Some Points on How to Play It.

Flirtation is a sauce piquant with which the Summer season is served. In Winter love making is a pastime that is apt to end in serious consequences at the altar, and a man talks sentiment at his peril.

Women understand this. They are perfectly aware that the Summer flirtation is a confidence game in which each of the parties is trying to sell the other a gold brick.

A Skagway enthusiast has come forward with a proposition for the purchase of the British Yukon country by the United States government.

Old Grimes.

(Reproduced for the use of the present generation.)
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man—

We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart 'twas open as the day,
His breast with pity burned—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ver had in all,
He knew no base design,
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true,
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er—
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it his desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

An Attack of Love.
She's as pretty as they make 'em,
With a color like a rose,

And the fellows, devil take 'em!
Eye her everywhere she goes,
But I know she doesn't heed 'em.

For she loves no man but me,
And her heart has lost its freedom,
For it's in my custody.

She's the dearest little maiden
That a man could ever see,
And she never yet was laden
With a vulgar finery.

But she dresses like a model,
With the most ethereal taste,
And as long as I can tiddle
I shall dote upon her waist.

She's a queen among the many
And a saint among the few,
And I love her more than any
Any girl I ever knew.

She's as pretty as they make 'em
And is just the girl to woo,
But the fellows, devil take 'em!
Have no right to think so too!

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Fans, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Slippers, Etc. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET

GAME OF FLIRTATION

Dorothy Dix Gives Some Points on How to Play It.

Flirtation is a sauce piquant with which the Summer season is served. In Winter love making is a pastime that is apt to end in serious consequences at the altar, and a man talks sentiment at his peril.

Women understand this. They are perfectly aware that the Summer flirtation is a confidence game in which each of the parties is trying to sell the other a gold brick.

A Skagway enthusiast has come forward with a proposition for the purchase of the British Yukon country by the United States government.

Old Grimes.

(Reproduced for the use of the present generation.)
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man—

We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart 'twas open as the day,
His breast with pity burned—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ver had in all,
He knew no base design,
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true,
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er—
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it his desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

An Attack of Love.
She's as pretty as they make 'em,
With a color like a rose,

And the fellows, devil take 'em!
Eye her everywhere she goes,
But I know she doesn't heed 'em.

For she loves no man but me,
And her heart has lost its freedom,
For it's in my custody.

She's the dearest little maiden
That a man could ever see,
And she never yet was laden
With a vulgar finery.

But she dresses like a model,
With the most ethereal taste,
And as long as I can tiddle
I shall dote upon her waist.

She's a queen among the many
And a saint among the few,
And I love her more than any
Any girl I ever knew.

She's as pretty as they make 'em
And is just the girl to woo,
But the fellows, devil take 'em!
Have no right to think so too!

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Fans, Flowers, Feathers, Gloves, Slippers, Etc. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET

For the Festive Season! Dress Suits Pressed \$2.50

Clothing Fit to Adorn the Most Fastidious. Another Choice Line of Handsomely Made Garments Added to Our Immense Stock.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM

W. W. Bittner TONIGHT! Dress Suits Pressed \$2.50

The Largest Stock Groceries, Provisions, Hay, Oats and Feed

Money SAVED By buying from us...

Whitney & Pedlar

WINTER TIME TABLE-STAGE LINES THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

THE FINEST IN THE LAND Meats

W. D. BRUCE ORPHEUM BLDG. Fire and Life Insurance

Money to Loan.. IN SUMS FROM \$500 UPWARD.

B. A. DODGE STAGE LINE

We May Be Persistent

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Regina Hotel

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO.

Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.

Bay City Market



INTERIOR OF A MINERS' HOME IN THE KLONDIKE.

shreds by the old tabbies on the hotel gallery, but she knows that she has passed up by the Summer man, and in her heart she feels as discredited as the Indian brave who started out in full war paint and feathers, and who comes home without a single scalp dangling at his belt as a witness to his prowess.

Now, just how the Summer flirtation ought to be played is a subject concerning which there is much controversy. No rules are laid down for the game, and experts in its refuse to disclose the various holds and falls by which they have won.

The trouble with womankind is that they think that life is a simple game in which they can call for their partner's best and go it alone. This is never the case. The important things to us are the cards that those who sit in the game with us hold, nor does our own hand matter so much as the way we play it.

The first important point in the Summer flirtation game is to begin right. Examine your cards, and see what sort of a hand fate has dealt you. If you are radiantly beautiful you can afford to stand pat and take the chances. Otherwise you will need to draw to your own good quality of the charms the rules of the game allow.

Many amusing stories are told of our colored fellow citizens of the South by the raconteurs of that section. A venerable "darkey" was hauled before justice of the peace and charged with gratifying his appetite for feathered denizens of the barnyard in which he had no ownership.

After a brief pause the suspected culprit was discharged with a sharp admonition. As he passed out he stopped before the justice, but in hand, his ivory's disclosed by a broad grin, and said:

"For de Lawd, squire, if you'd said 'ducks' you'd 'a' had me."—New-Lippincott.

stopped their Kicker last week because we refused to pitch into Mexico and get up a war. It is our aim to please our subscribers as far as possible, but we can't go too far in it. We have nothing in particular against Mexico and must decline to pick a fuss.

An item in our columns last week stated that Mrs. General Deyo of this gulch was formerly a ballet girl in the east. The idea was to increase her social prestige here at home, but as she and her husband have also vigorous objections, we make our humble apology and trust that she is a leading lady instead of a ballet girl.

Joe Crowley of the Royal Poker rooms was idiot enough to put up a mirror 20 feet long and 4 feet wide behind his bar the other day. It had not been in place 20 minutes before half a dozen men were shooting at their reflected images, and Joe was \$150 out of pocket.

PERSONALITIES. Mrs. Martha Davis, the only survivor of the 16 brothers and sisters of John Brown, is a resident of a little town in Michigan.

Senator Pettus of Alabama always affects a brilliant red bandanna, the first and only one seen in the senate since the days of Thurman.

Major Alexandre Alberto da Rocha Serra Pinto, the African explorer, is dead. He was born April 30, 1848, and contributed largely to contemporary knowledge of African geography.

The czar of Russia has rewarded the physicians in attendance upon him by conferring upon Dr. Hirsch the order of Alexander-Newski and by making Professor Popoff his body physician and Dr. Tichonoff honorary medical adviser.

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM

W. W. Bittner TONIGHT! Dress Suits Pressed \$2.50

The Largest Stock Groceries, Provisions, Hay, Oats and Feed

Money SAVED By buying from us...

Whitney & Pedlar

WINTER TIME TABLE-STAGE LINES THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

THE FINEST IN THE LAND Meats

W. D. BRUCE ORPHEUM BLDG. Fire and Life Insurance

Money to Loan.. IN SUMS FROM \$500 UPWARD.

MASTRO OF THE STEEL HOUSE

President of Venezuela and His Methods.

Fastidious. Specially Made. Fine Stock.

G. CLOTHIER

THIS WEEK Great Mystery

FAMILY NIGHT

WILSON, DAWSON

Law & Co., AND RETAIL

Supplies

Man

Hotel

Man

Yellow House, the White House of Venezuela, to Mira Flores. And there in the wing where walls, floor and ceiling are all of steel, the Castros eat and sleep.

Incidentally, the man who published the verses in which the Dictator was named Clown of Mira Flores, one Dr. Pedro Migares, is at this moment languishing in the Rotunda, having been confined there since last April, when his poem first appeared—all this without trial and by the simple mandate of Castro's thumb.

That the steel house is bullet proof is an added point of merit, in the Dictator's eyes. That which Castro most fears is not earthquake, not nature, but human kind. Were he to camp on the summit of Vesuvius the uncertainty of the prolongation of his career could not be greater than it is as the Dictator of Venezuela. The country over which he rules is a volcano and Caracas is its crater.

And when comes the eruption, the victim will be Castro.

A revolutionary army is mobilizing in the field. Colombian revolutionists are pouring over the border to lend a hand to their Venezuelan brothers, with the understanding that the attention will be reciprocated when Castro is overthrown and Colombia becomes the seat of war.

That Venezuela has a revolutionary party is, of course, not remarkable. The conservative element of one Administration invariably becomes the revolutionary element of the next Administration. But the particularly discontented party which is now in the field has a special grudge against Castro. The Dictator shot the revolutionist leader, Gen. Acosta. Now, in that country, where such leaders are as thick as tramps along a railroad, never before has one been punished by death.

When came the 19th the prisoner was still 60 miles by horse from the capital; and so Acosta, one of the bravest soldiers in Venezuela, was made to kneel in the middle of the road, with his back to the firing squad, and thus was carried out another sentence pronounced by Castro's thumb.

To appreciate the importance of the date of this occurrence it is necessary to state that Feb. 20 was the day on which Castro called his congress together, changed the constitution to suit his own purposes, and declared himself no longer Dictator, but Constitutional President. The constitution forbids capital punishment. As Dictator, Castro might shoot Acostas by the score and his legal right to do so would only be a matter of dispute. But once he became the chief executive under the constitution such an act would be illegal beyond question, and Castro, immune as Dictator, would be subject to consequences as president.

Castro's own soldiers love him not. "He took away our thin uniforms," they say, "and dressed us up in cloth uniforms and caps, like French soldiers. Besides, he seldom pays us. So he is glad when we desert, simply putting new men in our places." The officers of Castro's army, however, make no complaint. For every time the Dictator uses the military as the instrument for making a golden haul the officers get the drippings. To illustrate:

Last fall the soldiers reported that three rich Caracas merchants were hoarding gold within their homes. The Dictator ordered that each of these men be taxed \$60,000 for the "support of the government." The merchants refused to pay. Castro turned them over to certain army officers, who, having made them prisoners, kept them tied to stakes facing the sun all day, and facing an electric light all night. Half blinded and almost crazed by their sufferings,

they at last yielded and paid the "tax."

Another case was not quite so profitable to either Castro or his military staff. A German merchant collected bills to the amount of \$12,000 in cash. Castro not only forbade the German to take the money out of the country, but demanded that it be paid over for "government support."

The man was arrested and lorded until he understood that it was his money or his life, and so led the soldiers to the place where the treasure was hidden. A few weeks later one of the Kaiser's cruisers put in at Guayra, the captain hurried over to Caracas and demanded not only the \$12,000, but the punishment of the officers who had maltreated a German subject. Castro, livid of face, liquidated on the spot, and the guilty members of his staff are still in Maracaibo prison.

Castro has not a single friend among the foreign representatives in Caracas. All the members of the diplomatic corps, on behalf of countrymen who have interests in Venezuela, watch Castro with suspicious, mistrusting eyes. For the Dictator has more than once openly asserted that, if he could, he would annul all con-

cessions of land granted to foreigners by his predecessors, and sell the same over again to others. He actually did annul concessions enjoyed by the various Oymoco river companies—all American concerns. But he has not yet succeeded in selling these over again.

For the sum of \$40,000, however, he granted a concession of what is alleged to be part of an American asphalt company's mines in the state of Bermudez. This, in a nutshell, was the cause of the asphalt war, the first days of this industrial fight, then United States Minister, Mr. Loomis, in a formal conference with Castro suggested that Venezuelans should protect American interest in their country in order to encourage the investment of American capital in the development of Venezuelan industries. Mr. Loomis concluded with the statement that Castro's attitude toward the asphalt company was opposed to the policy just outlined, and was calculated to antagonize Yankee capital. To which Castro, in his reply, gave this token of international courtesy:

"Well, Mr. Loomis, those Ameri-

can asphalt people are getting very excited. Take them to a saloon and give them some ice cream to cool them off."

Even the course of justice is perverted as Castro wills. The Dictator recently informed the Attorney-General that his legal arguments in the famous asphalt dispute ought to be in favor of the concessionaire's enemies.

The law of Venezuela commands the Judge of the Superior Court in each federal district to inspect prisons, ascertain through the prisoners themselves how their cases are progressing, hear their complaints and provide remedies. The Judge of the Caracas district has very recently not only complied with this law, but also made public the result of his investigations. He mentions facts proving that under Castro's government justice does not run in the path of law, that there are individuals in the prisons who were committed by Castro's agents instead of by the

clock tinker's fingers, the small verge that held in check the power of the spring by locking into the teeth of the crown wheel at the apex of the train, was slipped from the small wire that kept it in place and away went the entire train spinning like mad. A slight pressure of the forefinger against the swiftly revolving verge or crown wheel would act as a coaster brake and the train would be brought to a standstill. The cover to the enchanted can was quickly removed and the metal movement was allowed to sink to the bottom of the magic fluid—contained therein thus giving the tightly-wound movement a chance to splash in the fluid until it was completely unwound.

When the wheels had ceased to spin the clock tinker would take the movement out and rub it dry. The next step was to lubricate it, which was placing one-half of a hickory nut meat between the jaws of the duck-billed pinners and with a firm grip pressing out the oil, which, through the agency of a broom splint, was put back on the little wire and locked into the crown wheel once more, the springs newly wound and the convalescing patient was well on the road to recovery. The movement was set back in its own place, the pendulum

rod and bar carefully adjusted, the face and hands restored, and again the recorder of minutes was on the shelf, going tick-tock, tick-tock. "Now, Mr. Clockman, that sounds home-like, what's your bill?" "Well, for chronic cases like this our fee is usually one dollar," and he said afterward the money came like finding it.

When business was it its best he receives word that the factory would soon start up on full time and his services would be required for making more clocks for future clock tinkers to doctor up.

In later years he explained the trick as follows: It seems that six out of every ten balky clocks are afflicted the same disorder, gummy, dirty pinions, and instead of taking the whole movement apart he slipped verge off and allowed the movement to run down in a can of common stove gasoline. The fluid would remove the old oil that had collected dust and lint to an extent that stopped the clock, the revolving pinions cleaned themselves and when the movement was taken from the liquid it was in running order again.

...FREIGHT RATES... \$12.50 per ton To Sulphur 17.50 per ton To Gold Run 30.00 per ton To Montana 30.00 per ton To Eureka

These Rates Will Be Continued Until Further Notice, and Do Not Apply in Case of Perishibles. Perishible Goods at Owner's Risk Unless Special Arrangements Are Made.

HERE TO STAY AND HERE TO PAY.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

Office N. C. Co. Bldg.FREIGHTERS.... 'Phone No. 8

consider how he was going to earn his living. Plugging or driving a truck team was out of the question with him and he finally decided to fit up a wagon and drive about the country tinkering clocks. Accordingly a light rig was secured and fitted out with queer-looking hammers, duck-billed pinners and what not, then to give an imposing air to the outfit he added a miscellaneous assortment of extra parts of clocks, such as dials, pointers, verges, clock springs, etc. Most important of all was the ingenuity and good nature of a Yankee which he supplied himself.

Driving leisurely along over the country roads, he would pick out a house, alight, hitch his horse to a hospitable post and saunter in, something as a near relation would do. "Got any sick clocks here, madam?" he would ask.

This style of introduction generally succeeded and disabled timepieces were brought to light. "What's the matter with the clock, anyway?" he would say as he examined a clock. Then the whole story of its rise and fall would follow. "Been prying into the cox with the handle of a feather duster?" "No, sir, nothing of the kind."

clock tinker's fingers, the small verge that held in check the power of the spring by locking into the teeth of the crown wheel at the apex of the train, was slipped from the small wire that kept it in place and away went the entire train spinning like mad. A slight pressure of the forefinger against the swiftly revolving verge or crown wheel would act as a coaster brake and the train would be brought to a standstill. The cover to the enchanted can was quickly removed and the metal movement was allowed to sink to the bottom of the magic fluid—contained therein thus giving the tightly-wound movement a chance to splash in the fluid until it was completely unwound.

When the wheels had ceased to spin the clock tinker would take the movement out and rub it dry. The next step was to lubricate it, which was placing one-half of a hickory nut meat between the jaws of the duck-billed pinners and with a firm grip pressing out the oil, which, through the agency of a broom splint, was put back on the little wire and locked into the crown wheel once more, the springs newly wound and the convalescing patient was well on the road to recovery. The movement was set back in its own place, the pendulum

rod and bar carefully adjusted, the face and hands restored, and again the recorder of minutes was on the shelf, going tick-tock, tick-tock. "Now, Mr. Clockman, that sounds home-like, what's your bill?" "Well, for chronic cases like this our fee is usually one dollar," and he said afterward the money came like finding it.

When business was it its best he receives word that the factory would soon start up on full time and his services would be required for making more clocks for future clock tinkers to doctor up.

In later years he explained the trick as follows: It seems that six out of every ten balky clocks are afflicted the same disorder, gummy, dirty pinions, and instead of taking the whole movement apart he slipped verge off and allowed the movement to run down in a can of common stove gasoline. The fluid would remove the old oil that had collected dust and lint to an extent that stopped the clock, the revolving pinions cleaned themselves and when the movement was taken from the liquid it was in running order again.

...FREIGHT RATES... \$12.50 per ton To Sulphur 17.50 per ton To Gold Run 30.00 per ton To Montana 30.00 per ton To Eureka

These Rates Will Be Continued Until Further Notice, and Do Not Apply in Case of Perishibles. Perishible Goods at Owner's Risk Unless Special Arrangements Are Made.

HERE TO STAY AND HERE TO PAY.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

Office N. C. Co. Bldg.FREIGHTERS.... 'Phone No. 8

Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. Is the Place to Buy Your Fittings. OUR LINES ARE COMPLETE IN ALL SIZES. Steam Pipe 1/2 to 8 inch. Steam Hose 1/2 to 2 inch. Giant Powder Caps and Fuse. Store, Second Ave. Phone 36. Tin Shop, 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

St. Andrew's Hall. Those desiring tickets must apply to the committee, viz: R. P. McLennan, Dr. Thompson, D. C. McKenzie, Jas. F. McDonald, H. E. Ewart, J. N. Nicol, H. C. McDiarmid, A. D. Williams, C. M. L., J. P. McLennan, Dr. McArthur, Chas. McDonald, J. T. Bethune, C. W. MacPherson, Dr. Gillis, Wm. Thornburn, R. Lindsay, Chief McKinnon. No tickets sold at the door. Grand march at 9 p. m. sharp. Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

OLD PAPERS IN BUNDLES, FOR SALE AT THE NUGGET OFFICE FIVE CENTS A POUND.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS WALL PAPER AND SIGNS Wines, Liquors & Cigars CHISHOLM'S SALOON. ANDERSON BROS. SECOND AVENUE

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. OFFICES SEATTLE SAN FRANCISCO

By Using Long Distance Telephone You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks. Yukon Telephone Syn. Ltd.



FIRST AVENUE, DAWSON, MORNING AFTER FIRE, JANUARY, 1900.

INDIAN HUNTERS

Report Game Very Scarce Far Up the Klondike.

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

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

Notice for Meeting. A public meeting for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming a literary and debating society will be held in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church at the close of the three o'clock union service on Thanksgiving day, Thursday, Nov. 25th.

TWO LIVELY CHASES

The Fire Company Had Plenty of Exercise Yesterday.

The fire department had two runs yesterday afternoon, the first being to a cabin on First avenue between Edward and George streets adjoining the Standard Oil Company, the property of M. de Lobel and occupied by Messrs. J. T. Bethune, S. A. D. Bertrand and David Macfarlane. On account of the slight snow on the ground the team on the big chemical had a tremendously hard pull getting up the hill. The fire caught from the usual defective flue and by the time the department arrived the roof was in a merry blaze. Both chemicals were put to work and quickly had the flames under control. The cabin was damaged considerably and a loss of \$500 to each of the occupants was caused by the smoke and water. Being in such close proximity to the Standard Oil Company's warehouse Chief Stewart in case of an emergency had two lines of hose laid, aggregating nearly 5,000 feet, one from No. 1 fire hall and the other from the N. C. Co.'s big pump. Scarcely had the department returned to their quarters and while they were still engaged in re-charging the chemical another alarm came in from the Third avenue hotel, another case of defective flue. The quick response of the department was all that prevented a serious fire. One corner of the building received a severe scorching before it was gotten under control. The damage amounted to probably \$500.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Goetzman's Magnificent Souvenir OF THE Klondike IS NOW BEING CLOSED OUT AT \$2.50 EACH. This Work Is Without Exception the Finest Production Ever Published Showing Views of This Country. The Work Is Handsomely Bound With an Illuminated Cover and Contains 80 PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS OVER 200 VIEWS. Printed on Heavy Coated Book Paper. Former Price \$5.00, NOW \$2.50. Copies, While They Last, Can Be Obtained at All Book Stores or at Goetzman's Photograph Studio Corner First Avenue and Second Street

Best Scotch Whiskies \$25 Per Case Gold Dust at \$16 Per Ounce. FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Best Scotch Whiskies \$25 Per Case Gold Dust at \$16 Per Ounce. NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

ENEMIES OUR BEST FRIENDS For Without Them Our Efforts Would Be Small. If criticism is kind and fair, accept it with respect and thanks; if it is fair but unkind, accept it with respect without thanks; if it is unfair and unkind treat it with contempt. Have an aim in life and let nothing divert you from the road that leads to the goal. Follow the precept given in the favorite proverb of the Arabs: "The dogs bark, the caravan passes." Be comforted whether you are an artist, a writer, or anything else, by the thought that, as a rule, the unfair critic is a failure in the art he criticizes. If he could write good books and good plays, which would bring him an income of \$50,000 a year, if he could paint good portraits which he could sell for \$500 apiece, he would not waste his time finding fault with the productions of other people. And there are even worse critics than those I have just mentioned: there are the utterly ignorant ones who do not know the rudiments of the arts which they criticize. If you are a philosopher and can always see the bright side of things; if, better still, you are of a humorous turn of mind, you may get a great deal of amusement out of either concerted or ignorant criticism. Imagine the joy that Mark Twain must have felt when, a good many years ago (more years perhaps than I care to remind my celebratory friend!), the London Saturday Review took his "Manuscript Found" seriously, called the book "flippant," and praised the topographical portion of it. "His description of the towns is fairly correct," said the portentous weekly. How Mark Twain must have roared, why, till tears came to his eyes. The Saturday Review has been at it again, and this time I am victim of its arrows. A few weeks ago I published a book in Paris, in French, naturally. I will not name that book for fear you should think I am advertising it. An author generally entertains for his last book the feelings that a father entertains for the baby. He is prejudiced in its favor. Maybe my book is very bad. However, considering that the press of France and England has almost unanimously praised it, I have come to the pleasant conclusion that it cannot be so very bad. If you will excuse my quoting a passage from a more favorable criticism you will better see my point. Speaking of my book the Paris Figaro, the most literary of French papers, says: "Although Max O'Rell has chosen an English name de plume, although he speaks and writes English as well as the late Queen Victoria (!!!), although he has delivered over 200 lectures in English, he is a Frenchman, and a thorough Frenchman, for he is too witty and writes French too brilliantly to be anything else."

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

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

What am I to do? No author can hope to make a living without the appreciation of the Saturday Reviewer. Am I, in future to publish a French English vocabulary at the end of the French edition of my books? Or am I to bring my French down to the level of the Saturday Reviewer's knowledge of that language, of whom I might say, quoting Chaucer: "He spake ye French of Steatford-atte-Bow. For French of Paris was to himme unknow."

And then I remembered that when some 15 years ago I published a

school edition of Bossut's sermons the Saturday Review said: "It was not so bright and entertaining as 'John Bull' and his 'Island.' The whole thing dawnd upon me and I have felt happy ever since."

Criticism should never exasperate us, on the contrary it should benefit us and even occasionally amuse us. We should not hate our enemies, not only because the gospel tells us to love them, but because we should be grateful to them for the good they do us, for if we owe part of our success to our friends, we owe a still greater part to our enemies, because they make more noise about it and vertise us ever so much better.

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

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

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

"Luck" as I exclaim in a little book of mine. What a drudge this word is! but one candidate who will consider that the election was made according to merit, and that one is yourself. The rest will cry out in chorus that your luck is something wonderful.

Do what is right, or what your conscience tells you is right; do your best—and never mind what your critics say. Many a man who criticizes the millionaire that has amassed his wealth through his intelligence and industry would lick his boots for a greenback.

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

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

"But I cannot give up the case in this way!" he exclaimed. "She dug the sand with the point of her parasol."

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

Anything Goes. "Do you remember that country late premium list I got out when we were not living so well as we are now?" asked the successful author.

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

A Meat Market and the Classics. Oviedo, the writer of "Sumario de Natural Historia de las Indias," one of the most gifted and delightful writers of the middle ages, embodied in his history a splendid description of the native American turkey. He does not, however, entertain his readers with a lively description of that fowl as a food delicacy, probably by reason of the fact that in those days the noble bird was considered to be more of a thing of beauty than the subject of an epicurean repast. The world of letters would gain a feast of words and Oviedo a feast of the gods, if he lived in Dawson today and partook of the turkey as prepared for the table in a thousand homes. If that distinguished gentleman was with us the Yukon market would be perpetuated in history for from that depot the choicest corn fed turkeys are distributed. Cor. King St. and 2nd Ave. The Yukon Market A. R. Cameron, Prop.

A Swift Descent. Lillian Bell in Woman's Home Companion tells of Salzburg and a visit to a salt mine. How the descent into the salt mine was made she tells as follows: "Our costume consisted of white duck trousers, clean but still damp from recent washing, a thick leather apron, a short duck blouse something like those worn by bakers and a cap. The trousers, being all the same size and the same length, came to Bee's ankles, were knickerbockers for me and tights for Mrs. Jimmie. "One rather incomprehensible thing struck us before we left the attiring room. This was the use of the leather apron. The attendant switched it around in the back and tied it firmly in place, and when we demanded to know the reason she said in German, 'It is for the swift descent.' "Jimmie was similarly arrayed when he met us at the door, but he seemed to know no more about it than we did. At the mouth of the salt mine we were met by our conductor, who took us along a dark passage, where all the lights furnished were those from the covered candles fastened to our belts, something on the order of the miners' lamp. Presently we came to the mouth of something that evidently led down somewhere. Blindly following our guide, who sat astride of a pole, Jimmie astride of the guide's back, Mrs. Jimmie after having absolutely refused was finally persuaded to place herself behind Jimmie, then came Bee, and last of all myself.

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

A New Feature. The Big Man—He called me a dirty thief—the villain. The Little Man—If I never noticed that you were particularly dirty—Ally Stoper.

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

Hay and Oats For Sale. DAWSON WAREHOUSE CO., Limited. WARM AND COLD STORAGE

Shredded Whole Wheat Flour. F. S. DUNHAM'S THE FAMILY GROCER Corner 2nd Ave. and 6th St.

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

HICKS & THOMPSON, Props. HICKS & THOMPSON STAGE LINE HUNKER AND DOMINION TIME TABLE Leaves Flannery Hotel 9:00 a. m. Arrives Corbush 4:00 p. m. Leaves Corbush Hotel 8:30 a. m. Arrives Dawson 3:00 p. m. Freighting to All Creeks. COOKED BY DAY OR NIGHT

FLANNERY HOTEL. First Class Accommodation. Warm, Comfortable and Fresh Parlor Rooms. Well Cooked Meals.

DON'T FORGET THE LITTLE FOLKS. We have all kinds of gifts for little folks. Toys, Dolls, Mechanical Toys, Trains, Ornaments, Books, Furniture, Sleighs. The Furniture Department.

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

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

The Nugget Dawson Vol. 2 No. 285 TO EXTEN Subject of Inco the Rooms of Night—Un tending Harmo the political meeting held the number of citizens in the rooms was what you would expect in a "small and early world." It was small, wholly informal and discussion of questions pertinent to the voting franchise. The possible candidates for the office of mayor, chosen at last night were James J. U. Nicol, D. A. M. Alfred Thompson, Thomas Roderick Chisholm, George Butler, J. C. Lamar and Thos. McGowan being there upon invitation of the representative of the American people. A noticeable feature of the meeting was the entire unanimity upon every subject brought up. The proceedings may be said to consist of an immediate incorporation of the board of four or five members of the franchise committee, chosen at the meeting, to be called by Jas. P. Macdonald in the morning. He stated that it was soon to become known that it was their desire and intention to deliver and select from the material the best possible to procure for the mayor and aldermen. It was stated that the meeting was wholly informal and a great deal was invited. Nicol remarked that he had stated in the newspaper that he was a candidate for the office of mayor. He had no intention of doing so, but he would consent to do so if the majority of the board of aldermen should so decide. He stated that he had no intention of doing so, but he would consent to do so if the majority of the board of aldermen should so decide. He stated that he had no intention of doing so, but he would consent to do so if the majority of the board of aldermen should so decide.