

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

EXTEND THE FRANCHISE

Subject of Incorporation Was Discussed in the Rooms of the Board of Trade Last Night—Unanimously Favor Extending Privilege to Aliens—Harmonious Gathering.

From Friday's Daily. A political meeting held last night in the rooms of the Board of Trade was what would be called a "small and early" in the city. It was small in number, but it was informal and after a few minutes of preliminary remarks, the subject of extending the franchise to aliens was discussed. The meeting was held in the rooms of the Board of Trade, which were crowded with citizens who were interested in the subject. The meeting was held in the rooms of the Board of Trade, which were crowded with citizens who were interested in the subject. The meeting was held in the rooms of the Board of Trade, which were crowded with citizens who were interested in the subject.

Another question of importance concerning which discussion was desired was that of to whom the voting franchise should be extended, whether to British subjects alone or under certain conditions to aliens as well. The chair announced that Mr. McGowan had been invited to be present at the meeting as representative of the Americans and an expression of opinion was asked from him. In replying, Mr. McGowan stated that if incorporation was effected under the Northwest Territories Act, aliens already possessed the franchise, but if such act were amended or repealed the privileges granted to aliens would depend entirely upon the Yukon council making such alterations. The act as it now stands extends the franchise to all aliens whose names appear on the last assessment roll as being assessed in the sum of \$200 or more.

It was explained by the chair that less than 30 per cent. of those qualified to vote under the Northwest Territories Act were British subjects, and the suggestion was made that if the franchise were extended to aliens the qualification could be placed high enough so all would not be included. Mr. Adair is in favor of the franchise being extended to all property holders. As to the qualification of aliens, it was decided to suggest the raising of that as it now stands in the Northwest Territories Act from \$200 to \$5,000—from which, however, there is an exemption of \$2,000 in the income tax. In other words, it was resolved that all aliens who pay taxes on \$1000 whether real, personal or income, should be entitled to vote. The resolution was put in the form of a motion, as follows, and was unanimously carried: "Resolved: That it is the sense of this meeting that the committee appointed to wait upon the Hon. J. H. Ross, commissioner of the Yukon territory, relative to the extension of the franchise to aliens recommend that all residents in the proposed municipality of Dawson whose names appear on the assessment roll just completed as taxed upon the ownership of property to the extent of \$1,000 be permitted to vote and that there be no property qualifications as to British subjects resident in the city."

Mr. Matheson suggested the chair appoint the committee to wait upon the governor and submit the resolution, who named Dr. Alfred Thompson, Thos. Adair and Thos. McGowan. The name of M. H. Boulias was also added. Mr. McGowan was somewhat unwilling to serve upon the committee, but it was pointed out by several the perfect propriety of one American being among the number. One of the committee will wait upon the governor today and ascertain when it will be convenient for him to receive them as a body. The question as to the number of aldermen that should be allowed the city was taken up and discussed at considerable length. Mr. Butler suggested that if the governor and council were made aware of the personnel of the proposed list of officers their stability, integrity, their standing in the business world and their unimpeachable character, greater consideration might be given the city and the privileges extended than otherwise would be received. The suggestion was made that the board should not consist of less than four members exclusive of the mayor and in reply to a question as to the number usually allowed cities the size of Dawson upon the outside it was stated that in both Regina and Calgary there are six aldermen. It was pointed out that the occasion might arise whereby one or more of the aldermen might find it necessary to be absent from the city for several months at a time and it would be necessary for the number to be sufficient so that there would be no interruption in the transaction of the city's affairs.

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READY FOR THE BALL.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

INCIDENT IS NOW CLOSED

Skagway, Nov. 29.—Steamer Dirigo arrived this morning bringing newspapers of the 17th inst which contain full accounts of the alleged Yukon conspiracy. Your correspondent interviewed Capt. Hovey in regard to the matter. He stated that the story of Inspector Horrigan's trip to Skagway in connection with the conspiracy was correct and that Horrigan had talked the matter over with Judge Brown. They had concluded that no action was necessary as nothing definite had been attempted. The incident may be said to have

entirely closed. Marshall Shoup's trip to Seattle was in connection with an entirely different matter. Citizens of Skagway claim they heard of the conspiracy last summer. Turkeys Skag. Skagway, Nov. 29.—There were practically no turkeys eaten in Skagway yesterday as none were to be had in the market. Steamers Seattle and Dolphin are due and they will relieve the famine.

Johannesburg the Capital. London, Oct. 24.—A Pretoria despatch says it has been formally notified at headquarters that the Postmaster-General has been transferred from Pretoria to Johannesburg. It is understood in well-informed quarters at Cape Town that Lord Milner has decided to make Johannesburg the official centre of the High Commission, as well as his place of residence. Over the Ice. A. S. Sargent, of Sargent & Pinsky, leaves next Tuesday for the outside. Quite a party will accompany him on the trip, which will be made with a horse and bobbed. J. W. Riley, S. Archibald, Daub the scowman, Messrs. Marshall and Dickie of the Forks will all start at the same time.

Kruger Getting Weaker. The Hague, Oct. 24.—A. D. W. Wolmarans, one of the Boer envoys, who has been visiting Mr. Kruger at Hillversum, "found the mental condition of the former President of the Transvaal to be by no means satisfactory. Mr. Kruger is slowly growing weaker physically and mentally. His slowness in reaching a decision on important questions is found to be a serious hindrance to those working in Europe in behalf of the Boer cause. At the slightest question regarding his health, Mr. Kruger exhibits intense irritation and vehemently denies that anything is wrong. The approach of winter causes anxiety, as Mr. Kruger refuses to leave Holland. According to a remark made by a prominent Boer, the former President's condition would long ago have been much worse if hatred of Great Britain did not nerve him to continue.

OLD PAPERS IN BUNDLES, FOR SALE AT THE NUGGET OFFICE FIVE CENTS A POUND. Has It in the Neck. It is not that Ben Davis has become prouder or more haughty in his old age that causes him to tread the streets with his eyes ever heavenward; it is merely a few boils on the back of his neck.

POLICEMEN VICTORIOUS

Defeat Bank of Commerce Hockey Team by Score of 2 to 1.

The first hockey match of the season was played yesterday on the police rink between the Bank of Commerce and Police teams, resulting in a victory for the latter by a score of 2 to 1. The play was more in the nature of a practice game and while the puck was kept on the move all the time and the score was small it could not have been called fast hockey. A schedule of games will be arranged in the near future.

DEPARTMENT HAS MOVED

Gold Commissioner's Office Now in New Quarters.

This morning at 10 o'clock found the entire gold commissioner's department located in the new Administration building, each individual member of the 32 comprising the staff congratulating the other upon their removal to quarters more commodious and more in keeping with the importance of the department. On account of yesterday being a holiday the rush of business at the various wickets was somewhat larger than usual and arrivals fresh from the creeks were considerably mystified as to exactly where they were. But little confusion attended the moving and everything is now in as perfect running order as could be desired.

Calve and Shop Girls. Calve, the great singer, who is now traveling with the Grau company, is in excellent health and spirits. She announces her hope of giving New York three new parts this season—the title role in "De Lara's," "Messaline," "Valentine in Les Huguenots," and "Salome in Massenet's 'Herodiade.'" Her reappearance in "Carmen" will also be welcomed. Mme. Calve will open her season as Carmen, at Montreal.

A special to the New York World from Paris, dated Sept. 23, just before she sailed for America, says: Mme. Calve was the heroine of a pretty manifestation yesterday. While she was trying on dresses in the parlors at Armand's, the fitter said: "Madame has become known to our workshops here, and the girls are crazy to see you. If you knew how they worship you, you would feel flattered."

Mme. Calve was exceedingly pleased and said: "If I was sure that none but the people of this establishment would be there, I would go and sing them something."

Theroupan M. Armand suspended work for half an hour. Mme. Calve stepped into the shop, and, without a piano, gave a concert to 300 eager working girls, singing selections from the operas of "Faust," "Pompeii and Juliet," and "street ballads. Then she asked what else they wished of her.

When she left no order could restrain the whole establishment from crowding the stairs and shouting: "Thanks! Good wishes!"

The Rebel Trials. London, Oct. 24.—A despatch from Graf Reinet states that over 50 of Lotter's men, including Lieutenant Schoeman, have already been tried. Many of the prisoners declared that they did not fire a shot on the morning of the fight with Colonel Sobell, while others asserted that they were unarmed at the time. All of them prayed for mercy. Lotter himself and the other wounded still remain to be tried.

The Newspaper That Will Live. The newspaper which represents the beliefs and hopes and the mental life of a million men may hope to last as long as those men and their descendants shall last, and as long as that newspaper shall faithfully represent them.

The newspaper which thinks has life in itself, and can long outlast the single mind that created it. The newspaper that does not think is a newspaper corpse, galvanized into financial life while its owner lasts, and dying with him—W. R. Hearst, in New York Journal.

Reginald—Darling, I could float out here forever and ever and— Voice from the shore—Say, young fellow, don't forget that boat is a dollar per hour and you owe for two now. Reginald (to his companion)—Here, for the love of goodness, take this oar and help me to pull ashore.—Chicago News. The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

MART TOMERLIN ON TRIAL

Charged With Holding Up and Robbing the Dominion Gambling House of \$1,401 on November 15—Three Witnesses Testify—No Convicting Evidence Yet Introduced.

From Friday's Daily. The preliminary hearing of Mart Tomerlin, charged with holding up and robbing the Dominion gambling house of \$1,401 on the morning of November 15th began in Magistrate Macaulay's court this forenoon at 11 o'clock.

The past week's confinement has made a marked change in the appearance of the prisoner and today he looked fully two years older than when arrested two weeks ago. Crown Prosecutor Congdon has charge of the case for the commonwealth, Attorney H. F. Hagel appearing for Tomerlin.

The first witness called was Corporal John S. Piper of the N. W. M. P., not to give his main evidence as an officer and detective, but to explain the topography of the Dominion building and surroundings, the Webb building where Tomerlin lived and where he was arrested and the relative positions of the two buildings with each other, the witness having made measurements and sketches of the property and territory in question. The back door of the Dominion was shown to be 32 feet from the entrance to the back stairs leading to the floor on which Tomerlin had a suite. Between the two houses, and near the back door of the Webb building is an open space from which it is possible to look through a window directly into the gambling room.

John Turner, known as "Jack" Turner, was the next witness. He chewed gum and related in substance the following: Witness was in charge of the house at the time of the hold-up and robbery, having relieved his brother and partner, Thomas Turner, between 12 and 1 o'clock the same night. His brother had made up a cash slip and left it in the money drawer. The slip called for \$1,401. Witness saw money in the drawer, bills, gold and silver coin, gold dust and nuggets; when he relieved his brother, but did not count up the money. When the robbery took place witness was sitting in the only game running in the room at that time. He was dealing; others at the table were the bartender, Phil Wren, Geo. McLeod, George Thompson, S. Owen Dozier and a man from the creeks whose name is unknown to witness. Others were in the room at the time, one chap being asleep at the "far table" and three others were seated talking at another table. Witness did not see the two intruders until they were in the middle of the room, they having entered by the back door. The first thing he heard was a command from the larger man: "Hands up!" Witness did not readily comply and again came the order: "Hands up!" Witness then complied. The smaller man took a position near the stove and aiming a rifle that looked like a Winchester at the crowd, said not a word. The larger man with a revolver in each hand, one looking to be of 45 calibre, the other of 41, advanced to the smoking room between the gambling room and bar and called to the porter who was in the bar to come out. He did so and was ordered by the robber to line up against the wall and hold up his hands. The larger robber then said: "Jack, give me the key to the money drawer." Witness replied that the key was in the drawer. The robber went to look and returned saying: "Jack, give me that key or I will make a slaughter house of this place." Witness then took the key from his pants pocket and threw it on the table. The robber then ordered McLeod and Dozier to stand up while he took the key from the table. He then opened the money drawer, dumped the contents into the pockets of his overcoat. Then he backed toward the rear door, the smaller man preceding him. When near the door he said "Good-night, gentlemen." Witness had then risen to his feet and the larger robber said: "Anyone leaving this room before 20 minutes will be a dead man." The large robber wore a soft black hat, the smaller one a cloth cap with a peak; both wore overcoats and both had a black cloth or handkerchief tied over his face concealing the portion from the nose down. While in the room the larger man had slightly pushed up his hat revealing his forehead, but witness could not identify the forehead of the prisoner as the same one. He had seen the prisoner in his place several times in the week or ten days previous to the robbery, but never saw him play at any game or drink at bar. Was with the officers when the prisoner was arrested in his room and heard him say he had no money and his room rent was ten days in arrears. Thought that the tone of the prisoner's voice at that time was similar to that of the robber, forcible, clear and of a tenor tone. Tomerlin also stated in his room that he had no rifle. The witness thought the prisoner resembled in build, form and size the larger of the two robbers.

On cross examination Turner said he did not pretend to positively identify the prisoner as one of the robbers. Having given his evidence in a careful and straightforward manner on which he was complimented even by the opposing counsel, the witness was excused.

Thos. Turner was the next witness, but further than verifying what his brother had said as to the amounts and denominations of money left by him when he went off watch, little relative to the robbery was adduced. The witness was very accurate in his statements, and was certain he could identify a certain gold nugget that was in the gold dust sack. He had seen the prisoner around town but was not personally acquainted with him.

As the hour was then 1 o'clock, a recess was taken until 2:30. It is said the crown will put in some evidence against the accused at this afternoon's session.

The Appeal to Cape Rebels. London, Oct. 24.—A despatch from Middleburg, Cape Colony, reports that an interesting letter has lately been discovered by the Intelligence Department. It was written by the Transvaal Commandant, F. A. Grobler, to a Dutch member of the Legislative Council immediately after the raid. The following is an extract: "We are now marching in force against Charterhoad. Our plan, with God's help, is to take all that is English in South Africa, so, if you true Afrikaners in Cape Colony wish to be released from the English yoke, now is the time to hoist the Vierkleur at Cape Town. You can rely on us. We will push through from sea to sea and wave our flag over the whole of South Africa under an Afrikaner Government if we can reckon on our Afrikaner brethren. Read this letter to your true Afrikaner friends and keep awake."

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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The Klondike Nugget

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901

\$50 Reward

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET

From Friday's Daily.

THE QUESTION OF VOTING.

American and other alien residents of this city will greatly appreciate the action taken at the meeting in the Board of Trade Rooms last night in connection with the approaching incorporation of the city.

As will be noted by reference to another column of this paper it was resolved as the sense of the meeting that alien residents who are on the local assessment rolls for the payment of taxes on property in excess of \$1000 in value should be qualified to participate as voters in the coming election.

The Nugget believes that the nature of the situation is well understood by all residents of Dawson who may be classed as aliens. They are in no position to make demands for the extension of the rights and privileges of suffrage, and if such privileges are granted, it will be entirely a matter of graceful courtesy on the part of the Yukon council.

It may be said, however, that the peculiar conditions which exist in this community warrant the council in following the line of action indicated by the resolution in question. A municipality may be defined as a corporation in which the tax payers occupy the position of stockholders. The rights enjoyed by a town government are so limited that no question of federal or territorial policy can possibly be affected. It is simply a matter of securing a certain amount of revenue, to be expended for the benefit of the particular community in which the money is raised and it is quite natural that those who contribute should desire some voice in the selection of the men who are to be authorized to expend the funds so raised.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Tonight will witness Dawson's grandest social pageant of the year, St. Andrew's ball. For four successive years this function has been observed in this city and each year with increasing pomp and splendor.

Strangers who have been in Dawson only a short time will wonder at the magnificence which will be displayed at the ball this evening. They will marvel at the richness of the costumes and the decorations, and will find difficulty in persuading themselves that they are really in Dawson and not some metropolitan center. But to those who know the history of the town, who know the substantial nature of the foundations upon which it has been built, and who realize the wonderful strides that have been made along every line of economic and social development the glories of

the great event will be accepted as a matter of course. St. Andrew's ball may be accepted as a fair criterion of the material condition of the community. Dawson is a busy, thriving, prosperous town and that prosperity will be well reflected tonight.

The telegraph line is down and the mail has not yet been up this winter. The expression "Klondike isolation" seems to have some meaning after all.

Thanksgiving day was quietly but generally observed in Dawson. This city had particular reasons for rejoicing, and the occasion was honored in a fitting manner.

A Tale of Two Tickets.

Horace Turner and the lady whom he called an angel, years ago, moved out of Evanston about the first of June for the summer. Mr. Turner bought a railroad commutation ticket for the purpose of saving money. There were 60 rides on the ticket which cost him \$6.

"I won't use all these rides," he explained to his wife, "but I'll come pretty near it—near enough to bring the fare down to 11 or 13 cents a ride anyway. You see, if we go into the city to the theater or if I have to go in on Sunday I can just use my commutation ticket, and it'll be just the same as if I rode free."

That was reasonable enough, but Mr. Turner didn't happen to go into the city during the month of June, and the consequence was that he had about a dozen rides left on his ticket when the month was ended.

But he didn't mind that. He felt that he was ahead of the game anyway, and he went up to the station on the 1st of July and bought another monthly ticket, promising himself to even things up by doing more extra riding on Sunday and at night. Meanwhile he kept his old ticket in his pocket, having forgotten all about it.

One day when the weather changed he put on a heavier suit of clothes. When he was riding into the city the next morning, he handed out his ticket, to be punched and kept on reading his paper as he did so.

"This is last month's ticket," the conductor informed him. "It's no good."

Then Mr. Turner looked and saw that it was so. He felt for his July ticket but couldn't find it. Evidently he had fished the wrong one from his pocket when he had changed his clothes. He tried to convince the conductor that he was an honest man and would permit his good ticket to be punched next time, but it was a useless effort. If he had been a pretty young woman, his plea might have counted for something. As he was the rules had to be observed. So he paid the full cash fare, handed the old ticket into his pocket and told several passengers who sat near him that robbers the railroad companies were.

He happened to think of his ticket before he left home the next morning and rode into the city without any trouble. During the day he had occasion to rummage in his pocket for a letter and while doing so he fished out a railroad ticket.

"There's that confounded old June ticket again," he said. "I'll just tear it up, so that I won't make another mistake when I change my clothes again."

He ripped it into bits without looking at it a second time and forgot it until he was going home at night. When the conductor came along, Mr. Turner handed out his ticket and looked at the headlines in his paper.

"This is no good," said the man with the pencil. "That month's."

Horace Turner looked. There was prima facie evidence that he was unable to shatter. Then he paid his fare again and made a solemn vow that he would never buy a commutation ticket as long as he lived.—Chicago Record-Herald.

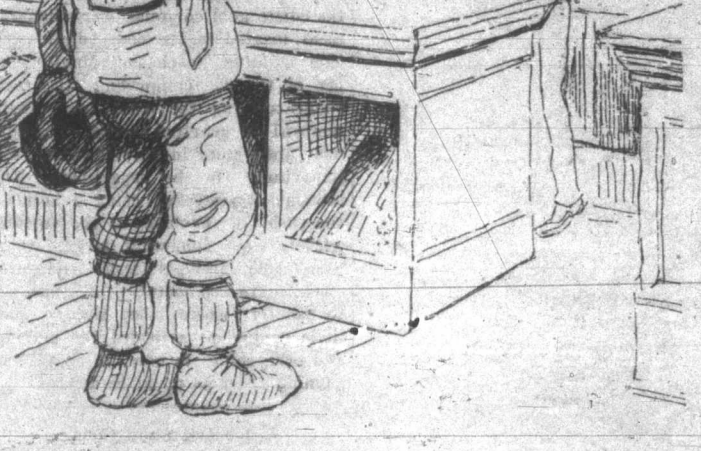
Stroller's Column.

The subject and question of the day! My St. Andrew's outfit and how to pay for it.

The other day a gentleman from the creek called on the chairman of the St. Andrew's Society of Dawson, Mr. R. P. McLeeman. That the gentleman was a foreigner was evident from the foreign look and other foreign substance on his face.

"Be you da president of da St. Andrew's Society for prevention of cruelty to dogs?" asked the fellow whose head proclaimed him to be a "square" and upright man.

"I have the honor of being president of the St. Andrew's Society," replied R. P., "but as yet we have



"AN TAK A NUDDER FIVE AN' BUY A CASE OF SCOTCH WHISKY."

not added a canine department. However, what can I do for you?" "Ye teank Ae buy a teckett an' go da ball. How much da price?" "Fifteen dollars from your inside pocket," replied the president, "or an ounce of dust."

"Fifteen hales!" said the man formerly from Norseland but latterly of Hunker. "Ae not pay fifteen tollar to see a circus, nor da half of it to see a St. Andrew's ball. For fifteen tollar Ae can put a nudder hole to bedrock. Ae like da Scotch, but Ae radder tak five tollar more an' buy a

young man came up to impart some fresh heat to the chair, she would exhibit for his edification some article of her ball costume. A puckered waist, a one-button-cut-away dress, a bit of lace trimmed lingerie, a dainty pair of slippers or some other article equally attractive to the average masculine eye, would be seen in various parts of the room. And yet, the young man, having switched from lawn tennis suits to hockey stocks, said nothing about the St. Andrew's ball. He said he had found a new brand of chewing gum and would not



SHE TRIED TO INTEREST HIM IN ST. ANDREW'S MATTERS.

case of Scotch whiskey at da N. A. T. house. But radder dan disappoint you, Ae'll give you one tollar for a teckett, but not a nudder cent. You tak it? No! All right, den, har go for da Scotch whiskey. If Ae cant haf a Highland Fling one way, Ae cant an nudder."

And as the man walked away he muttered something about: "If he done da proper thing with me an' sell teckett at one tollar, Ae been able to sell enough on Hunker to half-fill da hall."

Speaking of St. Andrew's ball, that function has been the means of a certain young man in Dawson losing his Sunday-night job. He is one of those prematurely ripe, mellow youths who leans back in his chair and puts his feet on the center table the second time he calls at a young lady's house. He holds the cat on his knee and says, "Oh, pawus." About six months ago he started to warm a chair in a young lady's home and has never been able to cool off until now. He would sit on the chair with his feet on the table, smoke cigarettes, and talk about his red neck-tie while the girl would sit alone on a

give me a cold, don't you know? Besides, we have a game of hockey on for Saturday. I really think I will go to St. Andrew's ball next year." The young lady hastily gathered up her finery and asked to be excused for the evening. She realized that all her St. Andrew's ball aspirations were knocked into the middle of some future period for her parents were not going; and as she bathed her pillow in salt tears that night and thought of how she, single-handed and alone, had held down the sofa and listened to oat meal mush-talk for the past six months she resolved that the next thing in pants that comes smooching around her parlor will declare its intentions in the early part of the game.

The Stroller probably gets as much advice as any other man of his age and experience in Dawson and now he is going to reciprocate by offering a suggestion. It is this: That on the Dawson stage all flippant allusions and reference to the late Islander disaster be eliminated. That is all.

Ben Davis and his partner own claim 21 on Stowe creek. It is as yet unprospected, therefore, it may be rich or otherwise. Ben has the reputation of being "next" on many things and of being hard to head off in the matter of peddling.

One day lately he was in a First Avenue "crash" store when a miner came in for a drink. He bore with him the aroma of fresh earth and in many respects gave evidence of his occupation. He was asked where he had been for some weeks and in reply stated that he had been prospecting his claim, 22 Stowe creek. Being further questioned, he reluctantly admitted that he had struck bedrock and in a low, guttural whisper further admitted that he had been rewarded with gold from \$3.25 to 17.50 per pan.

Then it was that Ben Davis jumped up on top of the table by which he was sitting and yelled until he was hoarse, winding up by inviting everybody in the house to drink with him. "You found \$7.50 to the pan on 22 and we own 21. Have another round, gentlemen and then smoke. I am the people and don't you forget it!"

Half an hour later Ben discovered that he had been made the victim of a foul conspiracy and that the miner who had been employed to do the acting is working a lay on Dago Hill. Davis' enthusiasm cost him \$13, which is more than he could get for No. 21 on Stowe.

Not According to Rules.

"Tickets!" There was something resolute and commanding in the tone of the conductor of the famous express train as he uttered the word upon flinging open the door.

The broad-shouldered, firm jawed veteran conductor of the line looked so businesslike that the passengers in the crowded coach at once got busy hunting up their tickets, and when the conductor reached them they all had their pasteboards ready.

All but one. This was a ruddy faced, well groomed, fine looking old gentleman with white whiskers.

He fumbled in his wallet for his ticket, but it wasn't there. Then he began a hurried search of his pockets. He appeared to be unsuccessful.

"By ginger!" he was heard to mutter. "I'm almost certain that I brought those."

And then he stood up and made a systematic search of his pockets, turning over old, dog eared letters, formal looking papers and heavy looking envelopes tied up with red tape.

But he didn't find what he was looking for. They he clawed his Gladstone bag down from the rack above his head, fished at the lock and finally got in open. He spent five minutes in turning the contents of the bag topsyturvy, perusing all the titles and muttering things that wouldn't go for a minute in a family newspaper that has a large circle of young readers.

"Tickets!" The broad shouldered, firm jawed veteran conductor of the line was towering right over the well groomed old gentleman with the ruddy face and white side whiskers.

"Haven't got any ticket, dang it!" growled the well groomed old gentleman. "Lost it, I guess. But here's my card." And the old gentleman handed the conductor his pasteboard, which set forth the fact that he was the first vice president of the road.

Now, right at this point in the narrative, if the writer were to let the truth get away from and follow the inevitable rule in such cases made and provided, he would have the conductor remark grudgingly to the old gentleman that, card or no card, vice president or no vice president, he'd have to show something entitling him to a ride on the line or be put off at the next station. Then the writer would have gone on to narrate how the old gentleman was filled with admiration over the conductor's strange sense of duty and how he coughed up his fare in good money and how two days later the conductor found him self appointed division superintendent.

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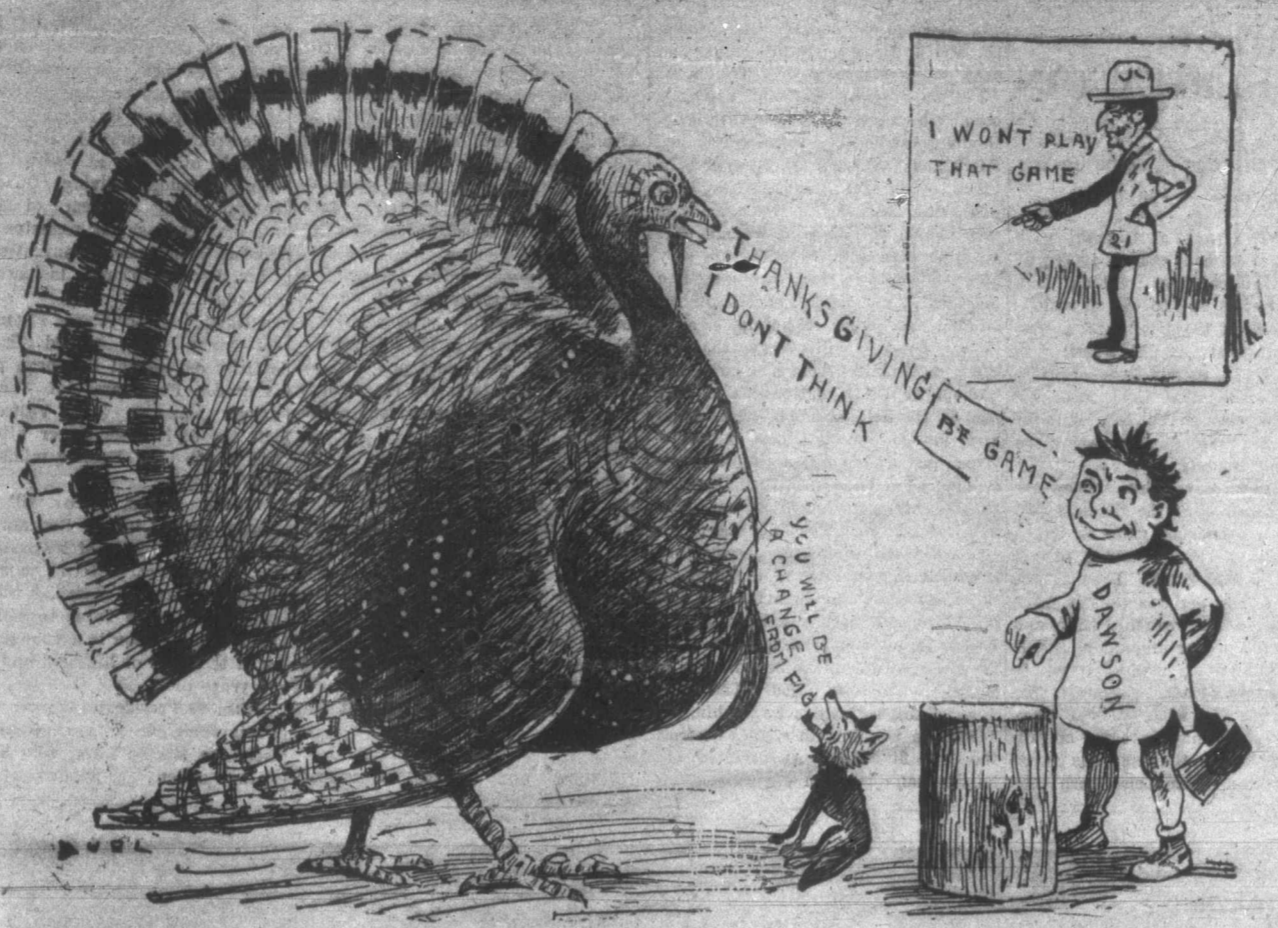
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### ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Magnificent Structure, a Credit to Any City in the Dominion, Now Completed and Ready for Its Many Occupants Who Will Take Possession This Present Week.

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily. The new administration building, which will be completed and ready for its many occupants this present week, is a magnificent structure, a credit to any city in the Dominion. It is situated on the east side of the Dawson river, and is a fine example of modern architecture. The building is a large, two-story structure, with a central tower and a series of wings extending from it. The exterior is finished with a combination of brick and stone, and the interior is well-lighted and comfortable. The building is now ready for its many occupants, and it is expected that it will be a valuable addition to the city of Dawson.



DAWSON PREPARES FOR THANKSGIVING.

### THANKSGIVING TOMORROW.

The Day to Be Observed by General Cessation From Business, Feasting, Friendliness and Religious Exercises—Two Nations Will Mix as One—Psalm 133.

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily. It was a peculiar and at the same time happy coincidence that caused President Roosevelt of the United States and Lord Minto, governor-general of Canada to designate the same day this year to be observed in their respective countries as a day of thanksgiving and praise for the manifold blessings vouchsafed by Him during the past year, and for another time the day assumes somewhat of an international aspect. Throughout the length and breadth of almost the entire North American continent on tomorrow there will be a general cessation of business. Affairs will be laid aside and the people with one common accord irrespective of race and religion will gather together in their houses of worship there to acknowledge by services of song and praise the beneficent care of an omnipotent power who during the past twelve months has held their destinies within the hollow of His hand.

#### RECEIVED BY WIRE. HARD LUCK SKAGWAY

Arrives Last Night With Manager Down in Charge. Mail Carrier Downing arrived last night from Tanana after a hard and dangerous trip and another mail left Skagway this morning for Dawson. For ten days, as near as can be calculated, the mail for Dawson via the up river route has been caught at Mackay's without any special effort being made to get it through.

#### MAIL FROM LOWER RIVER

Arrives Last Night With Manager Down in Charge. Mail Carrier Downing arrived last night from Tanana after a hard and dangerous trip and another mail left Skagway this morning for Dawson. For ten days, as near as can be calculated, the mail for Dawson via the up river route has been caught at Mackay's without any special effort being made to get it through.

#### SERIOUS INJURY TO PURCHASE BRITISH YUKON

Skagway Pipe Dreamer Formulates a Plan. Skagway, Nov. 27.—Attorney G. M. Miller of this city, a brother to Joaquin, has formulated a novel plan for the settlement of the Alaska boundary question. He proposes that the United States negotiate for the purchase of all British possessions west of the 130th parallel up to the McKenzie river, making that the boundary line.

#### RECEIVED BY WIRE. FUEL AND HOOTCH

Cause Business Before Magistrate Macaulay. In the police court this morning only a small grist of cases were up for hearing. A man by the name of Fortune and Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane had a difference regarding the ownership of some wood. Mrs. Crane had possession of the fuel in question, but was ordered to turn it over to the plaintiff.

#### JUNEAU NEWS.

Juneau, Nov. 26, via Skagway, Nov. 27.—The Sentinel Island light-house at the entrance to Lynn canal will be furnished and ready to operate by December 25th. Private information has been received here to the effect that the steamer Grand Duchess has left New York for Seattle via Cape Horn and that she will enter the Alaska trade for the new Alaska Mail Steamship Company.

#### PEEL RIVER INDIANS

Arrive This Afternoon With Hi-Yu Caribou. Seven sleds with three braves and five dogs to the sled arrived in town at three o'clock this afternoon. The delegation is from the Peel river tribe and the cargo brought consists of freshly killed caribou meat.

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#### MAIL LAID UP.

Skagway, Nov. 27.—It is reported here that all out-bound mail is stuck at Selkirk. Mail for Dawson left Whitehorse today.

#### THAT CABLE.

Skagway, Nov. 27.—The repair crew on the Juneau-Skagway cable dropped it back into deep water and it will be necessary to return to Shelter island to pick it up again.

#### LOST HER WHEEL.

Skagway, Nov. 27.—Juneau reports that the damage sustained by the Fallon was the loss of her wheel. She was towed south.

#### BIG CHEMICAL ON RUNNERS

Facilitates the Egress From Fire Hall No. 1. Since the big chemical at No. 1 fire hall has been mounted on runners better egress from the hall has been afforded in a novel manner. Sunk in the floor of the building, protruding about a quarter of an inch above the general level and stationed a foot apart is a series of rollers, extending clear to the door, upon which the machine rests. So situated it is much easier for the horses to take the engine out than it is when resting either on the solid boards or in a greased slide.

#### TESTING NEW ALARM

Everything Will Be In Good Shape in the Near Future. The statement that the new fire alarm system will be turned over to the city at once is not correct, as it is desired to more thoroughly test and regulate its workings before it passes out of the hands of those who installed it. Chief Stewart is authority for the statement that frequent tests of its efficiency will be made from time to time in the near future and that these tests will be continued until the system is found to be working perfectly. Then, and not before, will it be turned over to the city.

#### HOUSE ON FIRE.

As we go to press the fire residence owned by Mr. Delobel and near the Standard oil depot, is in flames. The fire department is doing good work, but the indications are that the house and contents will be lost.

#### NO SHORTAGE OF FUEL

Say the Small Dealers in That Commodity. The very best article of fuel is still to be had at \$14 per cord despite the efforts of a few of the largest dealers to create the impression that wood is scarce and shoot the price up to \$20 per cord. One dealer remarked only yesterday that when trails become better on the river the price of wood is more likely to be lowered than raised as within a few miles of town there are thousands of cords which the owners must have their money out of this season.

#### SPANISH HUMOR.

Some recent jokes from Madrid, giving an idea of contemporary Spanish humor: "But why do you marry so poor a woman?" "To revenge myself. I have suffered much in this world." "Ah, I understand—an unhappy love affair." "No, I am marrying a poor woman to make my creditors rave!" New York by the accident of possessing the commercial metropolis, surpasses Pennsylvania in population, but in all things illustrating the grandeur of free government, Pennsylvania is the empire state of the republic.—Philadelphia Times.

#### LITERARY FOOD WANTED.

Contributions of any kind of reading matter, newspapers or magazines, will be very thankfully received at the Salvation Army barracks. Their stock is nearly exhausted from such constant use.

#### MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis is to have a music hall. Countess Russell has arranged for an early appearance on the American stage. Victrola Sardon is hard at work on a new spectacular piece for the Porte St. Martin. R. Mansfield is to lay the cornerstone of the new Garrick theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 20. Chauncey Olcott is an enthusiastic member of the order known as the Knights of Columbus. "Sweet Anne Page," the comic opera in which Lulu Glaser has been trying to star, is to be shelved. Roland Reed, who has been in precarious health as a result of several serious operations, is reported to be on the mend. Mme. Janauschek, although appreciating the honor, has declined to accept an invitation to enter the Ed- win Forrest Home for Actors. New York has a law prohibiting Sunday theatrical performances, but the vaudeville houses give their regular programmes and call them sacred concerts. Ada Rehan has bought the American and English rights to a drama based upon the Dreyfus case and will play the part which might be described as Mrs. Dreyfus. Carl Hauptmann, a young brother of the author of "The Sunken Bell," has had a Berlin hearing as a dramaticist without giving any promise of duplicating the success of the latter. In Atlanta a short time ago a theater doorman refused to admit two detectives in plain clothes. They arrested him for interfering with an officer, but the charge against him was dismissed by the magistrate and the detectives soundly rebuked. Governor Jeff Davis of Arkansas is in arms against duels. He solemnly declares that he will outlaw any man in Arkansas who wears a monocle.—Baltimore Herald.

#### RECEIVED BY WIRE. MAIL LAID UP.

Skagway, Nov. 27.—It is reported here that all out-bound mail is stuck at Selkirk. Mail for Dawson left Whitehorse today.

#### LADIES ARE IN DEMAND

For St. Andrew's Ball by Several Young Men. The Nugget is requested in the cause of suffering femininity, if any such there be, to announce that there are at present in Dawson four or five young men who are owners of tickets to St. Andrew's ball, likewise each and all of them is in possession of a claw hammer coat, low cut vest and pants to match, and patent leather shoes. But, in Biblical parlance, "There is one thing needful." Not one of them has a young lady to accompany him to the ball; hence this announcement. If any young lady (anything under 47 goes) is ready to attend the ball and is "shy" an escort, she need not necessarily shy herself, by placing her order any time between now and noon of Friday can have it filled. State whether a long or short, spare or corpulent man is desired. They are all eminently respectable men; at least they said so when they called to have this notice inserted. Any application for an escort sent in care of the Nugget will be treated confidentially. Satisfaction is guaranteed to at least three applicants. The other two must take chances as the last two are poor chances.

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12 (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Wed. and Thursday's Daily. A GRAVE WRONG.

The story as published in the Nugget of yesterday regarding the discovery of gold on Mayo creek by three Swedes should be closely investigated by the authorities. If the facts as set forth in the report are correct a grave injustice has been done which in some manner or other should be remedied.

Should it prove true that the men in question were thus forced to lose the products of their years of toil, equity demands that some compensation be given them. The intention of the law is not to deprive anyone of the results of his labor, but the purpose is to secure a complete record of all gold taken from the country and to see that the dues imposed by law are collected.

If the three men concerned have been the victims of too stringent enforcement of law, it is but just that means be taken to secure a knowledge of their whereabouts and that proper return be made to them of what is theirs by right.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS PER SACK.

During the month of November, now almost at its close, two consignments of mail have arrived in Dawson from the outside. One of these, consisting of twenty-six sacks, arrived on the steamer Nora, November 8, and the other a small lot of about 265 pounds, came by canoe a few days later.

For this extraordinary service the territory has paid the sum of slightly over \$9000, or an average of about \$300 a piece for each and every sack that the contractors landed in Dawson.

The sum of \$45,000 which the government pays for the delivery of mail during the winter months, was agreed upon under the expectation that it would require a large expenditure of money to handle the mail properly.

The price paid is sufficient to command the services of men who possess the ability and courage to forward mail during all seasons of the year.

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 exceeded in the history of all past years.

GAME OF FLIRTATION

Dorothy Dix Gives Some Points on How to Play It.

Flirtation is a game played with wit and wit. It is a game that is played in the social circles of the world, and it is a game that is played in the social circles of the world.

Women understand it. 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.

Learn when to hedge. Never keep a man with you after he displays the first symptom of weariness. Get tired yourself first.

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 icy winter for seven or eight months of the year.

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.

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.

shreds by the old tabbies on the hotel gallery, but she knows that she has been passed up by the Summer man, and in her heart she feels as disgraced 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.

too big a chump to live. Before he ever screws his courage up to telling her he is tired of her he has shown her in a thousand unmistakable ways. She has lost the day, but if she lets him tell her so she is like a defeated general who stays on the battlefield and takes a straggling, while he had the opportunity of retiring with flags flying and drums beating and all the outward show of victory.

Be a game loser. Don't knock over other women. It is proclaiming your own failure. The girl who is always accusing other girls of wearing hand-made complexions and running after men and being crafty and deceitful hurts no one but herself.

When you win, don't boast of your triumphs. If a man owes you it is unprincipled to parade his affections before others. If he is merely flirting your conquest is no more than certain poor game a sportsman may knock over, but never counts.

Uncle's Narrow Escape.

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

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

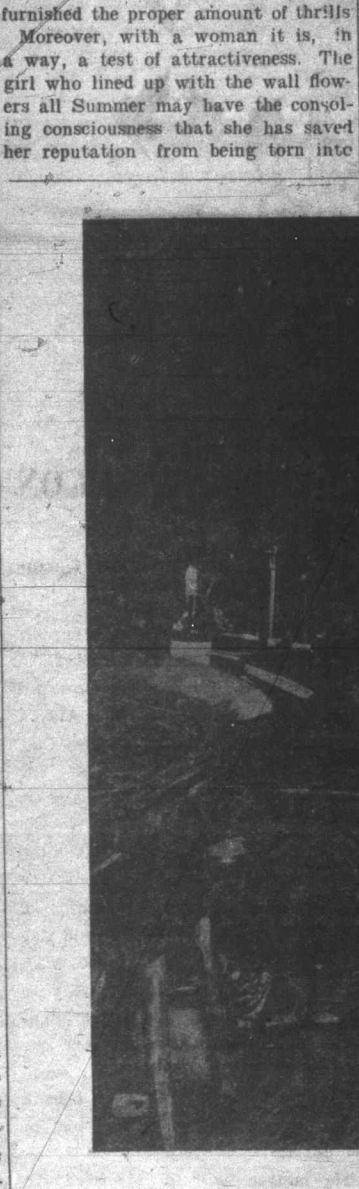
THE ARIZONA KICKER

Mrs. John Agnew wishes us to correct the statement that her husband was drunk when killed by a bear on North creek the other day.

Our little affair with Colonel Hope the other day has been greatly magnified by our malicious contemporary. The colonel came to our office to borrow \$5. As he already owed us \$50 borrowed money we declined to lend him any more and in order to get rid of him we had to throw him through a window.

When ex-President Kruger was in Paris some of the warmest admirers were the sewing girls, who used to gather under his window and cheer him on their way to work.

Interior of a Miners' Home in the Klondike.



INTERIOR OF A MINERS' HOME IN THE KLONDIKE.

THE WIDOW WILKINS

Found Great Comfort in Party Line Telephone.

Down in Indians is a bedridden woman who has most of the time with one of her ears glued to a telephone receiver listening to "Si" Bilkins at "the corner" talking to "Jim" Henderson up at the "Mo-Nish place," or to "Pete" Lannigan conversing with Susie Riggs, "old" Squire Bigg's "second darter by his first marriage."

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 Mathews said that he "allowed the widow were just too lazy to draw her breath, and she oughter be ashamed of herself for act like that."

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.

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 lie back in bed and gasp. It was more news than she had heard before for two weeks. "Lawsy sakes alive," said the Widow Wilkins, "them new-fangled things do beat all."

Old Crimes.

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

He modest merit sought to find, And pay it its 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, Ann changed them every day.

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.

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

Mr. James Melvor, the librarian of the Honorable Society of the King's Inns, Dublin, who died recently, was one of the most accomplished men of the present generation.

The will of the late C. P. Huntington discloses that the only property belonging to him in San Francisco was a mortgage interest in real property in the value of \$50,000.

Senator Hanna's regular appearance day after day with a pink carnation in his buttonhole recalls the same habit of the late Senator Brice, who always wore his favorite flower.

Major Alexandre Alberto da Rocha Serpa Pinto, the African explorer, is dead. He was born April 26, 1848, and contributed largely to contemporaneous knowledge of African geography.

The czar of Bessarabia 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.

Dr. S. Hoepfner, a well known consulting engineer and chemist of Canada, who died the other day in Denver, was the inventor of an electrolytic treatment of refractory ores which is in use in many smelters in this country and Europe.

General Michael J. Bulger, who died the other day at Dadeville, Ala., was the oldest living Confederate veteran, being 100 years of age. He led the fight against secession at the famous Montgomery convention and when defeated offered his sword to the south.

"Whist," of the Paris Figaro, who for many years signed remarkable articles on general European politics, is dead. The bearer of the pseudonym was M. Jules Valfrey, who left the diplomatic career after the fall of the De Broglie ministry in 1877.

Claude Anson, who will shortly marry Lady Clodagh Beresford, sister of the Marquis of Waterford, for some years been ranching in Texas. After the marriage the young couple will go to Texas to make their home. Mr. Anson is a younger brother of the Earl of Lichfield and is now 38 years old.

When ex-President Kruger was in Paris some of the warmest admirers were the sewing girls, who used to gather under his window and cheer him on their way to work.

Kind words he ver had far 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.

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

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COULD'NT DO THE IMPASSIBLE

No, the citizen would positively buy any of the hair restorer.

"Do you think you can monkey of me?" he blazed with perity.

"Oh, not all," replied the man cheerfully. "We don't pretend to be able to restore the hair, but we can process of evolution."

An innocent bystander cracked faint smile, but otherwise said still.—Detroit Journal.

Newspapers. "I don't believe either the men want to fight," the pressman would not do it at all if it were for the money in it. Money that turned the man who had been a referee. "I don't know about it," staid the man who had always stood that way.

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

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# GOVERNOR INSPECTS

## Quartz Ledges on the Divide Between Victoria and Eldorado.

### Excursion up the Greys

#### Expresses Himself as Pleased at the Outlook.

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

Governor Ross, accompanied by Mr. David MacFarlane, superintendent of local improvements, made a trip yesterday up Bonanza creek as far as Victoria gulch. Ever since his attention was first called to the immense possibilities which may result from the quartz ledges on the divide between Victoria and Eldorado are being prospected, on one of which a vein of ore being taken out, the possibility of being fully up to the expectations of the fortunate owners and they are now awaiting only the arrival of more men in order to sled a quantity of it to the Mungler stamp mill to make a thorough mill test.

Governor Ross was greatly pleased at the evidence of activity on all sides. The owners of the ledge being worked are certainly having a very great degree of faith in their properties as the sum being expended in their exploitation is no small amount.

On his return, the citizens of the forks held a reception at the Gold Hill hotel, in honor of their distinguished visitor. The affair was simply informal and was largely attended by many who had not previously had the pleasure of meeting the chief executive of the territory. The party incorporated of the Forks was spoken of but only in a general way. The gubernatorial party returned to the city at a late hour, thoroughly pleased with their short excursion.

# DIAMOND MYSTERY

## Leaves 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 making personal charge of the Auditorium.

"The Diamond Mystery" has proven a drawing card and the company will continue to 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 strangers continued to come in until 9:15.

Mr. Bittner announced during the evening that the new run 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 any audience in this city.

## Plague Stones.

How many people are there now? How do you know what "plague stone" is? Probably 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 shape, in them, which was filled with water, into which the townspeople dropped their purchase money in their dealings with the country people to prevent infection in time of plague."

It is said that one of these erections stood somewhere in the outskirts of Vancouver, and the restored White House at Hereford, says the writer, is a modern memorial of the site of such a stone.

The Nugget's stock of job printing material is the best that ever came to Dawson.

# CASTRO OF THE STEEL HOUSE

## The President of Venezuela and His Methods.

### Motions of His Thumbs That Are Said to Mean Death to His Enemies—The Killing of Acosta, His Rival.

At this moment Cipriano Castro, self-seated President of Venezuela, can say with more truth than Louis XIV. of France said it: "I am the State," Castro is Venezuela.

The Venezuelan President, more properly Dictator, works as silently as a servant in rubber shoes. Just now he is popularly supposed to be preparing to see the world beyond Venezuela. For sooner or later he must follow one or another of his predecessors—Guzman Blanco, who died wealthy in Paris; Crespo, who was shot in battle; Andrade, who is now working for his living in Trinidad. It is not likely that he will depart like his immediate predecessor, Andrade, who escaped through the back door of the palace as Castro and his soldiers crashed in at the front, led to Barbados and Venezuela's only gunboat, and then, with infinite courtesy sent the boat back to France with a note saying: "I return you the navy, you may need it yourself." Castro's aspirations lean rather to the Blanco method of exit and to a golden exile. People in his own house tell of frequent shipments of gold sent abroad by the thrifty President.

Castro rules not with tongue or pen or sword, but with his thumb. As he moves that thumb to the left, to the right, so is the law, as Simon said: "Thumbs up, thumbs down." One day last year in the Prado, a man named Lopez fired a pistol point blank in Castro's face. By a miracle the bullet went astray. When the would-be assassin was brought before Castro, the Dictator asked him: "Will you shoot me?" So last February, when the revolutionist was taken, the Dictator sent an order for his captors to get Acosta into Caracas before the 20th, that is, Castro, might have the pleasure of supervising the execution. Failing this, the order was to shoot Acosta on the 19th, wherever he might be.

When came the 19th the prisoner was still 200 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 upon the heads of those within. Again last October the great Caracas earthquakes in the dead of night threw Castro from his bed. Then in his fright he jumped through a window to a paved court and broke his leg. The next day he moved from the 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, nor 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 first 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 particular 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. But Castro said: "If my soldiers capture Acosta he shall be shot." So last February, when the revolutionist was taken, the Dictator sent an order for his captors to get Acosta into Caracas before the 20th, that is, Castro, might have the pleasure of supervising the execution. Failing this, the order was to shoot Acosta on the 19th, wherever he might be.



SOME THANKSGIVING SUGGESTIONS.

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, untrusting eyes. For the Dictator has more than once openly asserted that, if he could, he would annul all concessions 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 Orinoco river companies—all American concern. 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 the 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 American 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 Attorney-General, however, handed down an opinion in favor of the concessionaire. The upshot of the matter was that the Attorney-General was compelled to resign and a lawyer who agreed to think with Castro's mind was appointed in his place.

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 courts; that a number of newspaper men in the prisons have been waiting for months, and are still waiting for trial; and that the most shocking abuses are practised within the prisons walls. Following the publication of these revelations, the judge advised the lower judges to proceed at

once with the delayed cases and to order the release of all prisoners unlawfully deprived of their liberty. His orders will not be carried out, for Castro has just thrown him into prison to share the fate of those whom he tried to help.

# 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, if the thought that, as a rule, the unfavorable 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 \$5000 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 conceited 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 celebrated friend of) the London Saturday Review took his "Innocence Abroad" seriously, called the book "hippant," 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

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 will 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 poor word is made! The privations which you have imposed upon yourself, and the long nights which you have devoted to study—that's luck! Luck means rising at 6 in the morning; luck means straightforwardness, sincerity and earnestness; luck means saving one dollar if you earn two; luck means minding your own business and not meddling with other people's."

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.

MAX O'RELL.

**Call and Get Prices**

Just Received Large Consignment of **Special Centrifugal Pumps** Made by Byron Jackson for direct connection to motors, thereby doing away with all belts and pulleys; also large stock of **BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES**, including horse shoes, nails, iron and genuine Pennsylvania blacksmith coal; also large stock of pipe and pipe fittings.

**McDonald Iron Works Co.**

Opp. New Courthouse Phone No. 2

# WHISKY WAR WAGING

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

### GOING DOWN FROM \$32.50 TO \$25

#### Other Liquors May Be Proportionality 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 \$42, as the company stores accept dust at \$18. What caused the reduction is not generally known, but the supposition is that the N. C. Co. refused to play a middle 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 successors to the old A. C. Co. the new concern is too old in the business of catering to the hungry and thirsty public of Alaska and the Yukon to ever be dictated to 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.

# 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 fuse 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 from the Third avenue hotel, another case of defective fuse. 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.

# 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 for them are 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 of expectation—astirle the Laced wire fence of anxiety, so to speak; but there is yet 24 hours more in which to be spoken for, they are not wholly discouraged. The two men who have been made arrangements have been made are wearing "Taken" cards.

Money Couldn't Buy It.

The most expensive picture known is the Raphael in the National gallery of England, which cost the nation \$850,000. It cannot be bought. Another famous picture by the same great artist is in the possession of a country squire in the Midland. 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.



SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

A Few Reasons Advanced by "E. J. W." Why Klondikers Should Be Thankful Tomorrow—Hold-ups Have Been Survived and We Are Not In Maine, Iowa or Kansas.

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily. Tomorrow is the day we give thanks. How time does fly? Or, as an ancient lady once said, "How tempus do fugit."

WHEN WOMAN'S WIT FAILED

Because It Came in Contact With One Sharper.

Mrs. Mollison Had Plans for Her Daughter But There Were Other Schemes Working.

"He is impossible—utterly impossible," said Mrs. Sidney Mollison. "The idea of that young second rate bookkeeper sending a silver hand mirror as a present to my daughter!"

Beryl has offended him by returning his gift. She is a girl at hand to console him—Janet Craig. She is that blue eyed thing whom Beryl went about so much with last summer.

Janet was thinking: "He stays in bed all day, does he? We shall see. Hear that—hear that high note, brother Tom? People have said it is a sweet note. What do you think of it?"

JUST FROM THE KOYUKUK

Peter Dowe Arrives Last Night After 36 Days Travel.

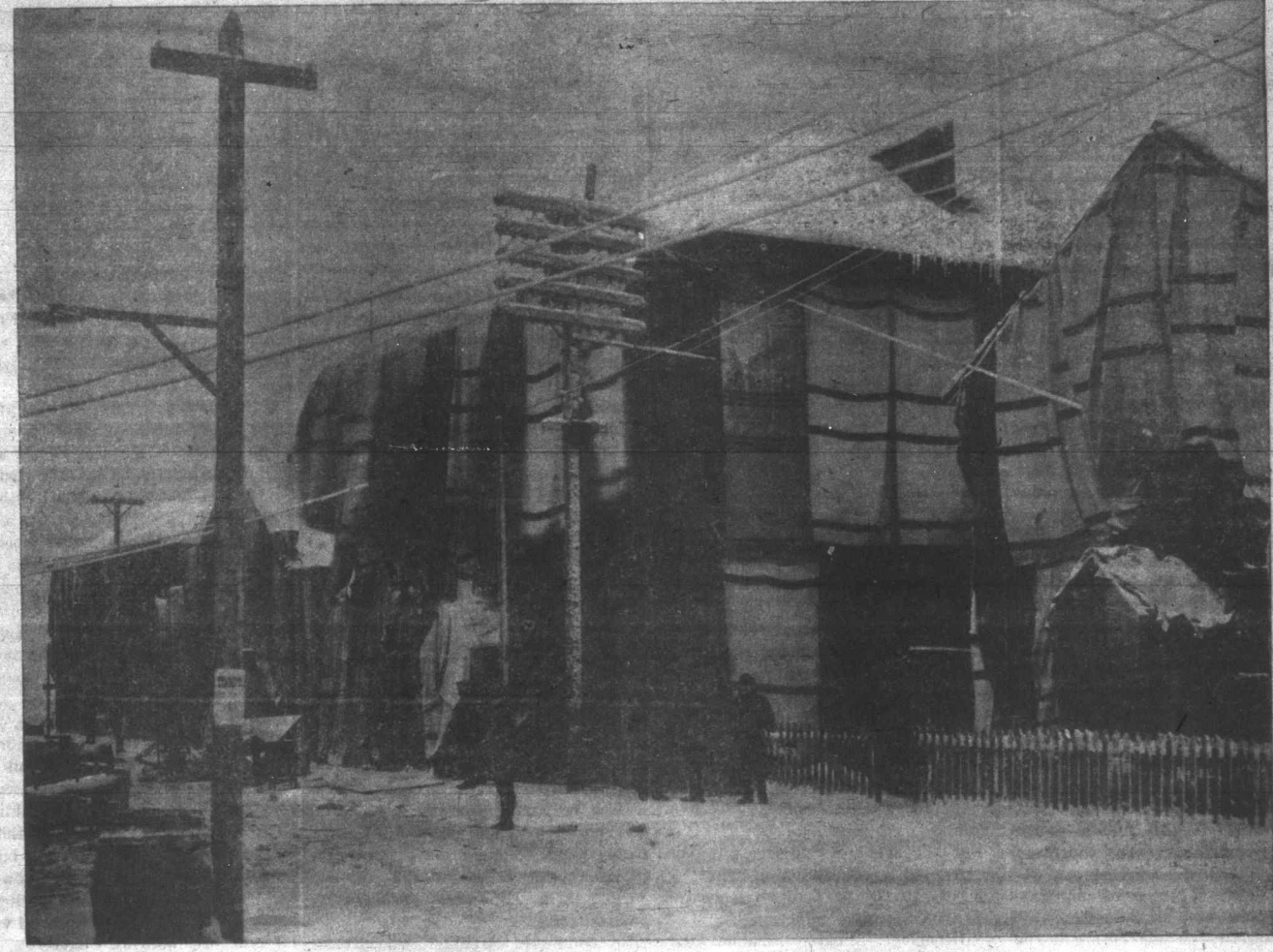
Has Confidence in Future of That Section as Heavy Gold Producer—Many New Discoveries.

Mr. Peter Dowe the well known mining man arrived in Dawson last evening from the Koyukuk, being the first man to arrive over the ice from that now famous camp.

WAS GREAT SUCCESS

Sunday Night's Sacred Concert Was Best Yet Given.

Never in Dawson's history has a more appreciated concert been given than was that of Sunday night under the management of H. J. Brand.



N. C. CO.'S METHOD OF FIGHTING FIRE.

Wages to \$18 a week. That was giving him encouragement. "How?" "You know perfectly well. When he was earning only \$15, he had all he could do to pay for his board and clothes."

for the "blue-eyed thing" was in the house ten minutes. Janet on entering ran into Mrs. Mollison's arms and kissed her. Then, seeing Beryl looking sad, she ran away with her on the pretext of removing her wraps, but really to learn what the trouble was.

brother Tom in a dressing gown approaching the door from the stairs. Mrs. Mollison was alarmed. "Dear Tom, you never get up at this hour!"

Editor Nugget:— If any further evidence was needed to establish the fact that the upper river mail contractors are most outrageously prostituting their agreement with the Canadian and United States governments in not complying with the terms of their contracts, it was supplied last night in the arrival of the intrepid Downing with mail from Tanana and way points.

Retirement of General Buller. New York, Oct. 24.—Interesting details concerning the enforced retirement of Sir Redvers Buller are given in a dispatch from London to the Herald.

his former friend, even to the extent of conferring a peerage, as a mark of personal friendship. Some leakage of this opinion found its way to the public press and was transmitted to the war office.

Mr. Mollison was neither brave nor generous, so he sought refuge behind his bachelor brother, who was associated with him in the firm of Sidney Mollison & Bro. It was a retreat skillfully executed, however, for if Mrs. Mollison had one pet purpose in life besides marrying her daughter to wealth and position it was to coo to her brother Tom so he would remain a bachelor and leave his share of the estate to her children.

Another Kick. Editor Nugget:— If any further evidence was needed to establish the fact that the upper river mail contractors are most outrageously prostituting their agreement with the terms of their contracts, it was supplied last night in the arrival of the intrepid Downing with mail from Tanana and way points.

The Bonnie Heather. James Arden of the Anglo Klondike Mining Co. was in the "old country" on a visit this summer and returning brought back a box of Scotland's heather which he presented to R. P. McLennan, the president of St. Andrew's society.

How to Build a Rink. To the Editor of the Klondike Nugget, Dawson:— Dear Sir,—I herewith take the liberty of enclosing a rough preliminary sketch of "How to build a Skating Rink," trusting to your good nature to give it a place in the Nugget.

CHEAP FREIGHT RATES. WINTER RATES ON GENERAL MERCHANDISE TO THE FOLLOWING CREEKS, PER TON. Sulphur, including 21 Below, \$30.00. Gold Run, \$35.00. Bureau, \$50.00. F. A. CLEVELAND, Office, Hotel McDonald.

Lord Morris, who had one of the richest Hibernian brogues ever heard outside of the Green Isle, was exploring to Father Healy, who had treated with the fact that, on the eastern side of a certain marriage, he neither rose nor an old show to after the happy couple.

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Cold Foot once a month during the month of January, February and March. Several parties are packing in bids and I understand that we had gone in for \$500 for each round trip. "From Fort Yukon to Cold Foot, a distance of 320 miles, there are but two road houses, so that every one going in should take their provisions and cooking outfit with them."



TWO STRAINS OF ROMANCE

One in the Man, The Other in the Little Woman.

Happenings on the Steamer Bound for Alexandria—He Had Learned Marine Engineering.

It was late one afternoon as a man stepped from a small sailing boat on to the quay at Waterport, Gibraltar.

Earlier in the day, having sailing better to do, he had set out on a sail across the bay.

For the first two days he spent most of his time in the engine room. Once or twice, as he sat watching the movements of the big cylinders, he broke into a short laugh.

Then came a bitter shock of disappointment. They were within a day's run of Alexandria, and he was about to go on deck.

The girl was in despair. "What shall we do? The cable was broken—the Scud will have to get to Alexandria by the 23d.

The captain shook his head. "But we can't wait until he's released!" she cried, with a little stamp of her foot.

The man standing behind the crates had been drinking in every word, his eyes fastened on the girl's face.

"But he has been our engineer!" she cried. "I happened to overhear."

The girl looked at the figure before her in astonishment. She saw a tall, good looking, clean shaven man in wet, sodden clothes, with the collar of his coat turned up.

"I found this on the stairs," she said shortly. He caught sight of the book she was reading and saw it was "Debre's Poemage."

She thanked him with a smile, and he turned and walked moodily away. He remained down in the engine room the rest of the time—he felt almost sulky.

The next day they were anchored off Alexandria, and old Lewison with Lord Hillmarch came on board. The engineer kept out of the way until they went into the saloon for lunch.

then he seized the opportunity and went on deck. He leaned over the railing and gave himself up to his thoughts. Another hour or so and she would have passed out of his life forever.

The engineer awoke from his reverie with a start. A few yards away the bronked face of the lieutenant of the destroyer was laughing at him.

Then a slight noise behind him made him swing round.

He saw Miss Fay Lewison and Lord Hillmarch standing at the open door of the companion.

Then a slight noise behind him made him swing round.

He had several conversations with her—indeed, she seemed almost to welcome an opportunity of speaking with him.

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romance somewhere in my composition," he added lamely. She did not speak. He moved his head slightly, and her gaze met his. Lord Hillmarch looked from one to another critically, then a slight smile crept over his insignificant little face.

The two turned to him with a start. "I just love frankness!" said Miss Fay.

Lord Hillmarch lit his cigarette. "Then, as a beginning," he said coolly, "I'll remark that I don't think I'll come to England in the yacht with you."

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Under Water Forty Years. Lakeville Plantation, Me., Oct. 20.—Forty-six years ago, when the owners of Princeton tanneries came to the chain of Dobeis Lakes and purchased three townships of hemlock woods, Edward Mallet, a youth of 20 years, built a windmill on the shore of Middle Dobeis, and made a lot of money by grinding the oats and corn that were brought to the mill by the farmers who lived in his vicinity.

A Personal Matter. "I may be wrong, but if so I trust that you will right me," he said to a patrolman at the Fulton ferry.

St. Andrew's Ball. Those desiring tickets must apply to the committee, viz.: R. P. McLennan, Dr. Thompson, D. G. McKenzie, Jas. F. McDonald, H. E. Ewart, J. N. Nicol, H. C. McDiarmid, A. D. Williams, C. Milne, J. P. McLennan, Dr. McArthur, Chas. McDonald, J. T. Bethune, C. W. MacPherson, Dr. Gillis, Wm. Thornburn, R. Lindsay, Chief McKinnon.

Professional Cards. WADE, CONDON & AIKMAN — Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY — Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

SOCIETIES. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or on before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.

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home, became well-to-do by raising hay and pork to sell to the woodmen. Meanwhile the builders in Princeton needed stones for new cellars and underpinning, had been going to the heap of grout and stones at the outlet of Middle Dobeis for supplies, taking away many tons every season—until most of the dam had been removed in scows. Last week the logs were cut away from Upper Dobeis dam, and when the water and timbers came down against the obstruction, which was formed in 1858 the pressure was so great that half of Middle Dobeis went out with a rush, restoring the lake to its old level and bringing Mallet's windmill to the surface nearly as good as new.

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

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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.

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

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

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

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.



SOME DAWSON DOG TEAMS.

He was an almost middle aged little man, with a kindly face. He held out his hand to the engineer. "That happens to be his name, you know—Dennis Kenyon," he said, with a smile.

"It's all very ridiculous," said Miss Lewison. Kenyon grew sober again. "I suppose," he said slowly, "I must be leaving the ship now unless"—he paused and looked at her intently—"unless by a remote chance you also have"—His voice died away nervously.

THANKSGIVING GIFT...FREIGHT RATES... To Grand Forks \$12.50 per ton To Sulphur \$30.00 per ton To Gold Bottom on Hunker 17.50 per ton To Gold Run 35.00 per ton To Dominion 30.00 per ton To Montana 60.00 per ton To Quartz 30.00 per ton To Eureka 80.00 per ton THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. Office N. C. Co. Bldg. Phone No. 8



# HOOT, MON! DINNA YE KEN?

Elaborate Preparations for St. Andrew's Ball This Evening Completed—Decorations on a Magnificent Scale Never Before Attempted—Will Surpass Previous Efforts.

From Friday's Daily.  
The small sized army of carpenters and decorators which has for several days been engaged in transforming the barren walls of the A. B. hall into a veritable thing of beauty ended its labors this afternoon and the result of the artistic skill shown will be as a picture from fairyland. Bunting and flags have been used with the greatest profusion, the riot of colorings blending most harmoniously. Harry Sedley, who is assisting Cox & Cloes, the decorators, has painted a setting which will adorn the rear of the stage, the scene depicting a camp of Highlanders in one of their mountain fastnesses. In the center of the stage suspended from the proscenium arch will hang the huge St. Andrew's cross composed of myriads of electric lights. Attached to the ceiling in the center of the room will be another St. Andrew's cross from which will run to the sides, ends and corners bunting of variegated hues. An artistic effect is produced by the panels formed in the construction of the balcony along the sides of the room. There are five on each side, adorned with palms crossed over scrolls of bunting. Each of the pillars supporting the balcony is draped in a manner similar to the general tone and effect of the decorations. As a whole, over the main balcony are hung garlands and festoons in every conceivable shape thus affording a grateful relief to the bare ceiling which would otherwise be visible. Hanging from the front of the balcony and in its center is a large picture of King Edward likewise suitably draped.

The erection of the two extra balconies was a wise decision on the part of the executive committee as additional seating capacity to the extent of nearly 100 is thus afforded. From the rear of the balcony greater egress is given by an extra stairway which has been put in. In the ladies' dressing room, the large room directly in front of the hall will be a couple of maids to attend the wants of the fair ones and repair any trifling damage that may be inflicted upon their gowns in the crush of dancing. The ladies will also find at their disposal mirrors and all kinds of toilet accessories. The room adjoining wherein are the lodge lockers will be devoted to the gentlemen for smoking and cards. The gentlemen's check room

is found at the rear of the main balcony where ample provision has been made for checking and caring for their outdoor apparel. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. A. P. Friemuth will occupy the front of the stage. At the rear the tables from which supper will be served will be spread. Everything may be said to be in perfect readiness for the great social event of Dawson and tomorrow the executive committee and members of St. Andrew's Society will modestly receive the many encomiums they so richly deserve.

### The Tide of Telephone Talk.

"It's very curious how talk ebbs and flows over the wire," said a New Orleans telephone girl. "Low tide is at 1:30 in the morning. Around that time several minutes will elapse when nobody in this whole big city is using the phone. When you come to think about it, that is something remarkable. Between 1 and 3 o'clock the calls will average from 160 to 180, rarely more, but for some reason I was never able to understand, business always picks up between 3 and 3-in fact, it nearly doubles. Then, for equally mysterious reasons, there is another lull, and the hour between 3 and 4 is almost as quiet as between 1 and 2. I have often tried to figure out some theory for those two curious fluctuations, but have never even hit upon one that was even plausible. "After 4 o'clock, however, there is a steady and continuous increase in the stream of talk. We girls who have been in the exchange a good while get to know exactly how the city wakes up. The market men head the procession, and then follow the different tradespeople and clerks and office employees, according to the necessities of the various callings. All of them use the phone more or less, and it is very curious and interesting to watch the graduations by which the community settles down to its day's work. By 9 o'clock the rush of traffic has become something tremendous, and it grows by leaps and bounds until it reaches a climax at 10. From 9 to 10 the calls will often exceed 4,000. Then there is a slight falling off, becoming more marked as the day advances, and between 4 and 5 five-tenths of the business phone have subsided. But

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oddly enough, the residence phones at that juncture suddenly take up the tale, and their heaviest business is between 4 and 6. I suppose the business folks are through then with the main cares of the day and have a little leisure for long distance gossip. Throughout the early evening calls don't vary much one way or the other, and, with 9 o'clock, they begin to dwindle steadily down to 1:30, which, as I said before, is extreme low water mark.

### Made Herself a Baroness.

Passengers who arrived in New York on the White Star liner Ocean yesterday, were on tiptoe with curiosity when the vessel reached her pier to learn the identity of a mysterious voyager who appeared on the passenger list under the title of the Baroness Bazus. Persons skilled in the family histories of the continental nobility had tried in vain to guess the nationality of this family.

It has been noticed that the baroness, who seemed an unassuming woman of rather more than middle age, wore many costly rings and that a crest appeared on most of her possessions. She had a small, long haired dog, of which she seemed very fond.

All the other passengers were on the alert at the docks to see what friends met the baroness. They were surprised and mystified when the baggage was distributed according to the initials of its owners, to see the baroness go to the letter "L" instead of the letter "B". Some of the curious ones were near enough to over hear a waiting friend say, "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Leslie?" and the mystery was solved. The baroness was Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Mrs. Leslie willingly explained the origin of her title. She had taken it she said, because she did not approve of the policy of the publications which bear the Leslie name and did not wish longer to be identified with them.

"This title dates back to the time of Saint Louis, king of France," said the baroness. "Saint Louis conferred it upon Philippe Picote, the head of a family in southern France. He had, besides the title of Baron de Bazus, that of Count Lateyrolche.

"This last title is now in the family. I have just come from visiting them, and I have had a delightful time. "Ancestors of mine came to Louisiana from France on account of the Huguenot persecutions. About ten or fifteen years ago my aunt established her right by birth and marriage to the title of Baroness de Bazus, and she decided to claim it for the benefit of her son. This son died seven or eight years ago, and as my aunt too, is dead, the title passes to me. The family in France received me with open arms and were glad that I had the title. As they have the title of Count de Lateyrolche they could spare the other one.

"By an act of the French parliament in 1847 the Barons de Bazus are mentioned and their rights of procedure and the like are confirmed." Upon the accession of the baroness to the title, which took place in Paris the Baroness Salvador gave a soiree for her.

This is the fifth name the Baroness de Bazus has acknowledged as her own. Originally she was Miss Marianne Florence Folin. She married E. G. Squier, afterward United States minister to Peru, and after she separated from him married Frank Leslie. After Mr. Leslie's death she married in 1891, William C. K. Wilde, from whom she obtained a divorce. Among her ardent admirers before her marriage to Mr. Wilde was the Marquis de Leuille, who freely offered his title. It was not accepted, and it was shown afterwards that the "marquis" was not a Frenchman at all, but a London tailor's son.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Perry Reid of Gold Run is in Dawson for a few days.

**Union Services.**  
The Presbyterian and Methodist congregations united in holding services at the Presbyterian church yesterday. Rev. Hetherington, opened the services and Dr. Grant, preached the sermon. Special music had been prepared for the occasion which was well rendered under the leadership of Director Searell.

The large church auditorium was comfortably filled, and the services throughout were in accord with the spirit of the day.

**Job Printing at Nugget office.**

**COMING AND GOING.**  
J. H. France and J. Ellison of Hunker are guests at the Empire hotel.  
Messrs. Chas. Worden of 16 Eldorado and John S. Day of Cheenago Hill are registered at the Regina.  
L. McDonald and A. James of Bonanza, and John Payne of Dominion, are registered at the Empire hotel.  
Mr. Peter Dore, the sour dough miner who arrived from the Koyukuk on Tuesday evening is making the Regina hotel his headquarters during his stay in Dawson.  
Capt. Donovan of 6 above lower Discovery on Dominion is in town for Thanksgiving and is a guest at the Regina. The Captain reports a big stampede from lower Dominion to Mail creek, caused by a report of a big strike made there recently.

**A Chinese Heroine.**  
The moral and intellectual standards of the Chinese are so different from ours that their popular characteristics are as likely to appear ridiculous in our own eyes as to look sublime. When, for instance, they accord memorial honors to a young woman who cut slices from her arms and added them to the medicine of an aged parent in the hope of imparting vigor, our sentiment of admiration is not unmingled with other feelings.

Still, there are Chinese characters whose heroism we can admire. One of them—and a great favorite with Chinese historians and poets—is Queen Mi, wife of the Emperor Liu. During the rebellion of Tsao a great battle was fought, the chronicles relate, in which the forces of the emperor became scattered and his household dispersed. While the combat still raged Queen Mi found herself alone, abandoned, cruelly wounded by an arrow and tottering feebly through the bloody grass on her "three inch gold lilies" (compressed feet), bearing in her arms the little A-tou, heir to the line.  
She was not his own mother, but

her maternal devotion was none the less perfect. Dragging herself painfully to a half ruined hut, she crouched against the wall with the baby wrapped in her robe. Presently a horseman rode up and discovered her. He proved to be Chao-tzu-lung, a faithful general of the emperor. Prostrating himself at her feet he begged her to mount his horse with the child; he would fight on foot at their side and endeavor to break through the enemy's lines to the royal army on the farther side.

Ceremoniously bidding him rise, the grateful queen in her turn knelt, not to her general, but to his loyalty, and assured him that she trusted him to rescue the heir, but that he must leave her to die. A warrior on foot, with a wounded woman as well as a baby, would be at a fatal disadvantage. He must ride and carry the child.

"Place him beneath your corselet, next your heart," she said, "not tightly nor yet so very loosely."  
But Chao-tzu-lung could not bring himself to abandon the queen, seeing which she suddenly stopped, laid A-tou at his feet and running with the last muster of her strength to a wall near at hand sprang down it to her death.

Then, indeed, the general took the baby as she had hidden him, and charging the enemy in a fury of grief and rage broke through the lines, bore the heir in safety to his father, Liu, and told him and guard the story of the queen's sacrifice.—Youth's Companion.

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