

The Nugget Circulates From Skagway to Nome

Vol. 4—No. 34

DISCUSSED LIEN LAW

Four Members Elect Were There.

They Advise Trades and Labor Council to Obtain Legal Assistance.

The two elective members of the Yukon council from the Dawson district, and the two from the creeks, all attended the meeting called by the Trades and Labor Council for Saturday evening to discuss the lien law.

George Wyatt, Harry Fisher and others spoke in its favor, and all of the four councilmen expressed their opinions thereon, but not one of them seemed willing to adopt the lien law in the shape it was drawn.

BONSPIEL CLOSING.

Only Seven Rinks out of Seventeen Entries for Cup.

Of the seventeen curling rinks which entered for the championship cup, two more were put out of the contest at the matches on Saturday evening.

This leaves only seven rinks out of the seventeen which are now in the contest, namely—Crisp, Corwell, Bruce, Moncrieff, Phillips, Scott and Harry Jones.

The Phillips and Moncrieff rinks will curl tonight, and it is believed the bonspiel will be finished on Saturday evening.

A "Black Sheep"—Auditorium.

We have still a good supply of beautiful Silk Blouses which we shall continue to sell at reduced prices.

SUMMERS & ORRELL, 212 SECOND AVENUE.

Good Dry Wood! A. J. PRUDHOMME 211 Harper St., Free Library Phone 214-A

LEAVING TANANA

Stampede Again Stampede Hundred Miles Further.

The latest mail from lower river points and Nome got in this morning, and a gentleman received a letter in this mail from an intimate friend and business partner at Rampart.

Dave Macfarlane, of the public works department, enjoyed a dry birthday yesterday and received many congratulations.

MASSING OF TROOPS

Is in Rapid Progress in Turkey.

The Powers Are Preparing to Take Stern Measures Against Abdul Hamid.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Constantinople, Feb. 7.—Turkey is massing troops on the Macedonian frontier while Russia and Austria are prepared to take stern measures against Abdul Hamid.

NEW ORLEANS

Will Receive a Visit From French President.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New Orleans, Feb. 7.—It is said that President Loubet will visit New Orleans next year en route to St. Louis.

MORE BOOKS

Free Library Adds to Its List a Few New Books.

The board of managers of the free library is rapidly equipping the institution with an excellent list of books and the library, in consequence, is becoming more and more popular with the reading public.

BONSPIEL CLOSING.

The Eternal City—By Hall Caine. Story of Mary McAune—By Herself. The Mantle of Elijah—I. Zangwill. Dreamers of the Ghetto—I. Zangwill.

Lochnair—S. R. Crockett. Abroad With the Jimmies—Lillian Bell.

The Man From Glengarry—Ralph Connor. A Sailor's Log—Robt. D. Evans.

The Loom of Life—S. F. Goss. Prisoners of Hope—Mary Johnston. Audrey—Mary Johnston.

The Virginian—O. Wister. The Aids of Huckleberry Finn—Mark Twain.

A Woman Tenderfoot—Grace Seton-Thompson.

Lives of the Hunted—Earnest Seton-Thompson.

The Commoner—W. J. Bryan. Young Lucretia—M. E. Wilkins.

The Kentons—W. D. Howells. The War with Spain—Hon. H. C. Lodge.

The Starbuck—Opic Read. The Philippines—A. G. Robinson.

The Cruise of the Petrel—T. J. Hains.

The Princess Xenia—H. B. Watson. The Westerners—S. E. White.

The Alabaster Box—W. Besant. The Apostles of the South East—F. T. Bullen.

An English Woman's Love Letters. Temporal Power—Marie Corelli. A Fight to a Finish—F. Warden.

Capta's Bluff—Max Adler.

Dawson Amateur Operatic Company. Full rehearsals of the opera "Pirates of Penzance" will be held this week in St. Andrew's hall, tonight (Monday), Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 p. m.

The second act will be rehearsed tonight, and the punctual attendance of both principals and chorus is particularly requested. As the production of the opera takes place at the Auditorium on Wednesday of next week, the attendance of every member of the society taking part is the opera at all the remaining rehearsals is imperative. The plans will be opened at the Auditorium box office for the four performances at Wednesday noon.



WAR CLOUDS IN THREE QUARTERS OF THE HORIZON.

STRIKING CEREMONIAL

Requiem Mass Celebrated With Pomp.

Was 25th Anniversary of Death of Pope Pious IX—The Pontiff Is Ill.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Rome, Feb. 7.—An unusually striking ceremonial requiem mass was performed at Rome on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the death of Pius IX. The pontiff gave absolution, although suffering from a slight cold.

ROYAL AID

Czar and Czarina Aid Suffering Finns.

Special to the Daily Nugget. St. Petersburg, Feb. 7.—The Czar and Czarina sent several thousand dollars direct to Finnish relief fund, agreeably astonishing the Finns.

HEAVY INCREASE

Britain Continues to Import More Goods.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Liverpool, Feb. 7.—Great Britain's imports for January increased nineteen millions and exports three millions over last year.

NO HOME, NO NAME

Was James Howard's Condition at 4 p. m. on Sunday.

James Howard, whose color is somewhat similar to an oft-used Hunker slicehead, was in police court this morning on the charge of drunk and disorderly. James denied the allegation but Corporal Egan testified that at 4 o'clock Sunday morning he had surveyed James on Third avenue when he was "bilin" drunk he knew not either his name or the location of his place of abode.

Mr. Justice Macanlay elicited from James the statement that he had been drinking considerably up to midnight of Saturday. A fine of \$2 and costs was imposed.

Use "Grape Nut," the health food. You are cheating yourself if you don't have it for breakfast. 3 packages \$1.00. N. A. T. & T. Co.

EXCEEDING FACILITIES

Port of St. Johns Overcrowded.

Every Berth at the Docks Occupied and Additional Wharfage Required.

Special to the Daily Nugget. St. Johns, N. B., Feb. 7.—Remarkable growth of the shipping business of St. Johns, N. B., is shown today when every berth is occupied at the docks and steamers have to lie two deep. The congestion calls for immediate extension of wharfage facilities.

Edna Lyall Ill.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 7.—Edna Lyall is gravely ill at Eastbourne.

Best hot drinks in town—The Sideboard.

DELIVERY OF PARCELS

Subject to Exceedingly Provoking Delays.

London Times Criticizes American Mail System With Much Severity.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 7.—From provoking delays caused by American mismanagement of the parcel post service with Great Britain the London Times deduces that American methods are not superior to British as is stated and will inaugurate a campaign for reform which should be started at New York and Washington.

Ex-Premier Dies

Special to the Daily Nugget. Sofia, Feb. 7.—Former premier Karaveloff of Bulgaria is dead.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

TO RAISE THE RATE

Freight on Coal Will Be Very High.

American Shipping Interests Combine to Keep Up the Price of Anthracite.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, Feb. 7.—Increased freight rates on bituminous coal which the American lines will enforce from April 1st will cost the consumers at least five million dollars more than would be the case should present rates continue.

PROTECT LABOR

Against Chinese Immigration to Philippines.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Manila, Feb. 7.—The Philippine labor union protests against Chinese immigration and threatens violence if continued.

CONSUMPTION

Carries Off Prominent Newspaper Man.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Chicago, Feb. 7.—Consumption carried off S. B. Woodbridge former city editor of the Chicago Times and New York Sun.

MASS MEETING

To Consider Protesting Federal Election and Reforms.

The committee appointed at a meeting of the opposition party on Friday evening has secured A. B. Hall for a mass meeting on Friday evening. The object of this mass meeting are said to be twofold, the first one being to receive and act upon the report of the committee appointed to draft resolutions dealing with all the reforms that were the issues of the last campaign, such as away offices, wholly elective council and so forth, and the second to receive and act upon the report of the committee as to the advisability of protesting the federal election.

WANTED—To borrow on good security, \$1500. Address D. Nugget Office. "A Black Sheep"—Auditorium.

FOR DAWSON.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Skagway, Feb. 9.—The steamer "Dolphin" arrived Saturday night at eight with a good load of passengers and freight. The Dolphin is back on the run for the remainder of the season. She has been handsomely fitted up and makes quicker time than formerly. The following are the passengers for Dawson: Mrs. J. Ryley, Louis Spritz, J. H. Hebb and wife, Nellie O'Donnell, Lucy Johnson, W. L. Tuttle, W. L. Smith, H. S. Peterson, E. Peterson, W. E. Thorne, A. McPherson, H. Golden and wife, C. H. Gillagher, F. Sattelle and wife, L. M. Baxter.

MAY GET IN TONIGHT

A Large Letter Mail Is Hourly Expected

The Largest Newspaper Mail Ever Carried Expected Here Tomorrow.

Hobo Bill, of the White Pass line, is trying to make a record, or at least to do as good as schedule time under difficulties. He arrived from Whitehorse at Minto on Saturday night and telegraphed that he would leave there at four o'clock yesterday morning. If the road is not too badly drifted he will get in about nine o'clock tonight. He carried nine passengers, whose names have already been published in the Nugget, and 460 lbs. of letter mail.

Slater, of the White Pass, took his stage over the Yukon crossing at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. He should be here Wednesday noon, with good luck. He has three passengers and about 260 lbs. of mail.

Walker, driving the Merchants line stage, passed the Pelly last night and should be at Stewart crossing tonight, and in Dawson tomorrow evening. He has eight passengers and no less than eight hundred pounds of newspaper mail. This, of course, is part of the large accumulation of American mail which has been lying at Skagway. That it has at length been released is no doubt due in a great measure to the representations to the United States government of Consul Saylor, of Dawson, who returns on the White Pass stage due this evening.

The Merchants line sent out a special stage today, with only one passenger, to meet the Walker stage. The White Pass does not expect to send out a stage tomorrow unless the stage expected gets in this evening but instead will start out its regular stage at one o'clock on Wednesday.

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BIG DICK HELD OVER

On Charge of Robbing Rudy's House

Evidence Adduced at Preliminary Hearing Very Strong Against the Prisoner.

George Dick, familiarly known in Dawson as "Big Dick," charged with robbing Rudy Kalenborn's home on December 8th, was given a preliminary hearing before Mr. Justice Macanlay in police court this morning when he was held over to appear before the territorial court at the next criminal session which will be held the first week in March. His honor fixed the amount of bail at \$3000, two sureties of \$750 each and the prisoner's personal bond in the sum of \$1500. Attorney Hagel appeared for the prisoner while the crown's interests were looked after by Sergeant Smith in his usual careful manner.

The specific charge against Dick was that of stealing a purse containing one diamond ring, one turquoise ring, some pearls, \$1.25 in money and one bread ticket, the whole to the value of \$300, the robbery having been detected on the 9th of December but evidently committed between 8 and 11 o'clock of the previous night as at that time the Kalenborns were away from home. Mr. Kalenborn at his store and Mrs. Kalenborn at the skating rink.

Mrs. Kalenborn was the first witness called this morning. She testified to having left her purse with its previously mentioned contents on top of a folding bed at her home when she went to the skating rink at 8 o'clock on the night of December 8th. It was the following afternoon that she discovered the purse was missing. Shown a diamond ring she positively identified it as one she had worn and had in her possession since August of 1901 up to the date of its disappearance.

Mr. Kalenborn identified the ring as his wife's engagement ring given her by himself in August of 1901.

Jeweler J. L. Sale identified the stone in the ring as a 2-karat one he had sent to the outside for at Mr. Kalenborn's request. He also identified the ring and setting as having been manufactured at his place. The value of the stone, the witness said, is from \$250 to \$375.

Adolph Sallman, jeweler and diamond setter employed by J. L. Sale & Co., positively identified the ring as having been made by himself. He pointed out several features of both the stone, ring and workmanship by which he identified it.

R. Chadwick is a bartender and on December 23rd the prisoner asked him to advance money, taking the ring as security. Witness had no money to spare and suggested that Dick take it to a pawnshop but the latter said he did not wish to pay the heavy charges of a regular pawnbroker.

John Curry, a waiter, identified the ring as the same one on which he on the night of December 23rd advanced to George Dick \$150, paying him a check for that amount on the Canadian Bank of Commerce, taking Dick's receipt for the same. The receipt was produced in evidence. Curry had the ring and receipt in his possession since December 23rd until he turned both over to Detective W. H. Welsh on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Welsh identified the ring as the one given him by Curry last week.

This closed the evidence for the crown and his honor, Mr. Justice Macanlay, immediately stated that the evidence was so conclusive that the only thing to do was to hold the prisoner over to the higher court, no defense having been introduced. Dick was taken back to jail. It is not believed he will be able to furnish the required bail.

John Curry, being desirous to leave at an early date for the Tanana and being an important witness for the crown, was required to furnish bail for his appearance when wanted in the territorial court.

To My Friends. Kindly allow me through the columns of the press to thank all who so generously volunteered their services at the concert given in my behalf at the Auditorium yesterday evening. Particularly am I grateful to my fellow musicians, the members of the N. W. M. P. band and orchestra, to the vaudeville artists and to the individual members of the Hutter Company. I shall always hold them all in most grateful memory and trust that I may some day be able to repay the kindness they have shown me.

Acting-Commissioner Wood Still on the Creeks. Acting-Commissioner Wood was not at his desk this morning; as was expected, he not having returned from his inspection of the creeks. He and Inspector Wroughton, who went out to inspect the state of supplies of the police detachments, are expected this evening.

Superintendent of Public Works Bertrand, and Chief Licenses Inspector, C. C. McGregor, were reported as having arrived at Mackay's yesterday. They are traveling in a single outfit.

Things about the court house were quiet today. Mr. Justice Craig alone sitting in chambers. A few motions were disposed of and his lordship announced that he would deliver judgment next Monday in the Scofield appeal case and also in that of the Bank of Commerce vs. the Syndical Lyonnais. The latter is one of the largest cases heard during the past year. No cases will be heard this week except by consent. The regular list will be taken up next Monday.

Tab L. Duto—Here's an article that says that more than half the dyspepsia in this generation is caused by eating between meals.

Ep E. Cure—How absurd! Why luncheon always comes between breakfast and dinner, dinner between luncheon and breakfast, and breakfast between dinner and luncheon. If a man didn't eat between meals he'd starve to death, don't you know—New York Sun.

Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

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ALEX. BROWN

AD HOCKEY

at the Game ay Night

Lot of Farmer- Win Easily From Athletics.

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BEATS CRIPPLE CREEK MINES

GOOD THINGS WITH MILLIONS IN THEM WHICH TO THE SURPRISE OF MRS. BOWSER HE DECLINES TO INVEST IN.

A man with a patent potato digger had been waiting for Mr. Bowser to call an hour when he reached home the other evening.

"I'm going to give you the tip of your life. Here is a sample of my fireproof paint that I want you to go down in the kitchen and test, and then I want you to put in \$2000 with me. It's the best thing of the century. It beats all the Cripple Creek mines. There's more money to be made out of this paint than anything else on the face of the earth."

"Sir, you have made a mistake," interrupted Mr. Bowser. "How do you mean?" "I am not easy to work. You can take all your old fireproof paint and go to Texas with it!"

"But, my dear man, you can't afford to miss a good thing. I've got it. It's like picking up diamonds. This paint only costs 22 cents a gallon, and it sells for 85. Look at the profit!"

"Stop!" thundered Mr. Bowser, as he almost jumped off the floor. "You are wasting your breath. I will show you out."

"This isn't anything like the worst-ible remover you invested in and lost \$250," said the paint man, as he reached the door and slid out.

Mr. Bowser returned to the sitting-room to exclaim: "By the great horn spoon, but the next swindler who calls here will bear something drop! Woman, why is it that people think my skill is stuffed with sawdust? Do I look like a 'born idiot'?"

He jumped for the cat, but she was too quick for him, and he was glaring around and breathing hard when the bell softly tinkled. A pleased smile came to his face, and he hurried down the hall to open the door himself.

The caller was a religious young man who was canvassing for the 'Life of the Disciples,' bound in calf or otherwise, and some church people had told him to call on the Bowsers. He began his speech, but he hadn't got out ten words when Mr. Bowser uttered a whoop and rushed for him.

Mrs. Bowser and the cat hastened down the hall, but by the time they reached the open door the young man was flying out of the gate for his life and Mr. Bowser was at his heels and thirsting for his blood.

"I'd be willing to call it 'Bowser's World-Wide Cough Cure,'" said the compounder, as he reached the door. "Yes, and you'd be willing to have me called a fool! Good night, sir—good night!"

"It might have turned out a good thing," observed Mrs. Bowser a minute later. "I presume there is money in a good cough syrup."

"Then let it stay there," replied Mr. Bowser. "I can't imagine why people should come to me about such things. My own business is enough for me."

Mrs. Bowser was about to refer him to hay forks, fire escapes, rat traps, cat killers, gate machines, burglar alarms, window locks, flying machines, street car brakes, corkscrews, water filters, and several other things, but before she could do so the bell rang again and a well-dressed man asked for Mr. Bowser, and proceeded to say:

"I am the inventor of the Davis Hair Restorer, of which you have probably read, and have called with the hope of financially interesting you in the discovery. With proper pushing the sales would reach a million bottles a year, and if you will invest—"

"Who in thunder sent you to me?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as the blood rushed to his face.

"Why, I was told that you were always on the lookout for a good thing, and as this is something exceptional I thought—"

"You can think and be hanged to you, sir! I have no time to waste over such things. If any one has told you that I was as soft as putty, you have discovered that he was wrong."

"But this is straight goods," protested the caller. "I can prove to you that it will not only restore gray hair to its original color, but it will produce a new growth where the hair has fallen out. You have the misfortune to be bald-headed, but I assure you—"

"I may be bald-headed, but I am not an idiot!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as the few hairs on his head stood on end. The caller hastened to get out doors and lean against the fence and wonder what sort of a change had come over the man inside.

"Now, why in Jericho should that man have come to me?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he walked up and down and was half inclined to kick the cat whenever he passed her.

"Perhaps he heard that you did once invest in a hair dye or something of the sort," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"I never invested. No one except a fool would invest. Why, the man invited me in my own house when he referred to my bald head. I wish I had kicked him."

Mrs. Bowser recalled 'Bowser's Hair Dye,' 'Bowser's Hair Restorer,' and 'Bowser's Hair Grower,' and the money he had put into them and lost, but she was too polite to reopen the old wounds. She was trying to figure out what could have brought about such a radical change when there was an aggressive, impudent ring at the bell and a man of

Surrendered Himself

Kosciusko, Miss., Jan. 17.—Brooks Story, the famous outlaw and express runner, voluntarily walked into the sheriff's office today and informed Sheriff Love that he wanted to return to the penitentiary and finish his sentence.

Story was convicted of robbing the express office at Durant and given ten years' sentence in 1892. After being incarcerated for some time he and several others made a bold dash from the thin walls at Jackson, but Story was recaptured after being seriously shot. The next time he escaped, he was recaptured in Georgia, and while being conveyed back to the penitentiary by Traveling Sergeant Montgomery escaped by jumping from a moving train. This cost Montgomery his position, but he was revenged on Story by capturing him some time later at Madison station. Story twice escaped from the officers of Atkula county. Once he was struck across the head by the deputy sheriff with a shot gun, and the officer, believing that he had killed him, went to get a wagon to haul the body home, but when he returned Story was gone.

Story's last escape was from the prison hospital at Jackson, November 18, 1900. Since that time he has been in the Indian Territory, beginning work as a carpenter, he accumulated some money and embarked in the restaurant business at Ardmore. He went under the name of Charles May, and prospered. Story is thoroughly repentant and says: "If I had the wealth of Rothschild I would give it all to recall that night's work," meaning the robbery.

Many of the best citizens here have signed a petition for Story's pardon, believing that he has been sufficiently punished.

To Aid the Starving Stockholm, Jan. 17.—In addition to continuously seeking to the famine district money for fodder, the central famine committee in this city, in cooperation with local relief committees, is collecting destitute children from the remote homes in the northern districts and bringing them down to civilization, providing nourishing food and warm clothing for them.

The headmaster surveyed the neat room. At last his eyes lighted on two very small boys who were standing as far away from him as might be.

Toby was well snuggled in the capacious depths of a voluminous armchair well drawn up to the hearth. Outdoors it was raining piteously, and the wind was rattling loose shutters and hurrying itself in fitful volleys on the window-panes. Toby's knees were crossed tailor-fashion; upon them rested a book; Toby's eyes were shining, his lips parted, for Toby was breathlessly crossing the desert of Sahara; and unless that green speck upon the horizon should turn out to be an oasis at last, Toby was likely soon to be very thirsty.

A rude hand striking him by the shoulder, he tore his eyes reluctantly from the book and lifted them with a slow, reproachful, upward glance.

"Toby," said Miss Battlemore, "your room is in worse confusion than ever. Come right upstairs with me."

Toby sighed deeply; he shut the book, and, holding his forefinger in the place where he had left off, trotted dutifully upstairs in the wake of Miss Battlemore.

When it was pointed out to him that under the bed was not the place for his Sunday trousers; that the closet floor was not the place for clean collars; that the soiled clothes-bag was not the place for oranges and apples; that the bureau drawer was not the place for muddy shoes; that the wash-basin was not intended as a receptacle for stockings, Toby humbly admitted his sins, meekly expressed the profundity of his sorrow, and gave earnest promise for better things of himself thereafter.

Said Miss Battlemore after a thoughtful pause: "Toby Tolliver, I'm coming up here tomorrow at half-past three, and if everything isn't in order I shall take away your stamp album." Having delivered herself of which ultimatum the lady withdrew.

"All right," murmured Toby, "and with one transcontinental bound was back again on the great sandy waste, and perched high upon his stanch ship of the desert, making swiftly for the oasis. Toby came down a little late for supper—indeed, the second bell had rung when he sat down. But he was fairly contented. The oasis had been reached, and left far behind once more; seaport had been gained, and, carrying well-worn laurels of fame and fortune, he was sailing homeward over the rolling deep. It is true that a ship far off to windward and carrying a black flag was a disturbing element. The captain supposed it was a merchantman. Toby felt that he could have told the captain better.

Family service concluded, and the quarter past nine gong having sounded, Toby, in company with Philip and their several peers (boys on the second story—third-story boys stayed up till ten), ascended to upper regions.

"The album's mine. I'll count three. By that time drop it." Miss Battlemore, frantic with rage, took a step toward the door, album in hand.

"One," said Toby. Miss Battlemore advanced. "Two," said Toby. She was almost upon him. "Let me by," she cried, in a white fury.

Toby's hand flashed from behind his back. Even Philip was stung to admiration. Toby had begun to think he was the Midshipman, and it seemed to him that Miss Battlemore bore a striking resemblance to Slowstow the Bearded Pirate.

"Three," said Toby, hand raised. Miss Battlemore saw what he held in his hand. If there was anything she dreaded it was a pistol. Through a mist of terror she beheld his unflinching eyes. With a suppressed scream she let drop the album, and it crashed to the floor. Toby threw open the door and pointed with stern finger to the hallway. It was so the Midshipman had done. Miss Battlemore needed no further hint.

Toby slammed the door after her. He turned to Philip.

"Well," said he, a little shaky about the knees, "I kept the album, didn't I?"

But the only comment that young man had to make was, "Gee whizz! I wouldn't like to be in your boots."

For a short space after that the two boys regarded each other in silence; dreadful doubts filled Toby's mind.

"Toby," said Philip, suddenly, "let's fix up the room."

Rarely has complete order been brought out of absolute chaos with such silent expedition. As it was, a few tortoise-collars still protruded from under the bed, when heavy footsteps were heard approaching.

"Guess I'll go out and play ball," remarked Philip, suddenly remembering an engagement.

Toby looked at him with contemplative contempt, and then, before Philip had quite made good his exit, there entered the great body of Amos Benton, M. A., followed by the trembling Miss Battlemore, who chose to keep well sheltered by the headmaster's impermeably broad shoulders.

The headmaster surveyed the neat room. At last his eyes lighted on two very small boys who were standing as far away from him as might be.

Toby was well snuggled in the capacious depths of a voluminous armchair well drawn up to the hearth. Outdoors it was raining piteously, and the wind was rattling loose shutters and hurrying itself in fitful volleys on the window-panes. Toby's knees were crossed tailor-fashion; upon them rested a book; Toby's eyes were shining, his lips parted, for Toby was breathlessly crossing the desert of Sahara; and unless that green speck upon the horizon should turn out to be an oasis at last, Toby was likely soon to be very thirsty.

A rude hand striking him by the shoulder, he tore his eyes reluctantly from the book and lifted them with a slow, reproachful, upward glance.

"Toby," said Miss Battlemore, "your room is in worse confusion than ever. Come right upstairs with me."

Toby sighed deeply; he shut the book, and, holding his forefinger in the place where he had left off, trotted dutifully upstairs in the wake of Miss Battlemore.

When it was pointed out to him that under the bed was not the place for his Sunday trousers; that the closet floor was not the place for clean collars; that the soiled clothes-bag was not the place for oranges and apples; that the bureau drawer was not the place for muddy shoes; that the wash-basin was not intended as a receptacle for stockings, Toby humbly admitted his sins, meekly expressed the profundity of his sorrow, and gave earnest promise for better things of himself thereafter.

Said Miss Battlemore after a thoughtful pause: "Toby Tolliver, I'm coming up here tomorrow at half-past three, and if everything isn't in order I shall take away your stamp album." Having delivered herself of which ultimatum the lady withdrew.

"All right," murmured Toby, "and with one transcontinental bound was back again on the great sandy waste, and perched high upon his stanch ship of the desert, making swiftly for the oasis. Toby came down a little late for supper—indeed, the second bell had rung when he sat down. But he was fairly contented. The oasis had been reached, and left far behind once more; seaport had been gained, and, carrying well-worn laurels of fame and fortune, he was sailing homeward over the rolling deep. It is true that a ship far off to windward and carrying a black flag was a disturbing element. The captain supposed it was a merchantman. Toby felt that he could have told the captain better.

Family service concluded, and the quarter past nine gong having sounded, Toby, in company with Philip and their several peers (boys on the second story—third-story boys stayed up till ten), ascended to upper regions.

"The album's mine. I'll count three. By that time drop it." Miss Battlemore, frantic with rage, took a step toward the door, album in hand.

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Toby's hand flashed from behind his back. Even Philip was stung to admiration. Toby had begun to think he was the Midshipman, and it seemed to him that Miss Battlemore bore a striking resemblance to Slowstow the Bearded Pirate.

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bum. The headmaster handed it to Miss Battlemore.

"It seems you also pointed a pistol at her. Give me the pistol," said the headmaster sweetly.

"It's a cap-pistol," he observed, taking it and turning to the window. His lips were twitching, while Miss Battlemore's face went scarlet.

"Yes, sir, it's only a cap-pistol," repeated Toby, in a choked voice.

"Ah!" The headmaster glanced smilingly around the room. "It all seems to be in order, doesn't it, Miss Battlemore?" he asked. Miss Battlemore answered, yes. "Are you willing, Miss Battlemore, to accept Tobias' apology?" he asked. Again Miss Battlemore answered affirmatively.

"Then if Tobias asks pardon I suppose you are willing to return the album?" A third time an affirmative answer trembled from Miss Battlemore's lips.

"Tobias," queried the headmaster, and glanced suggestively toward Miss Battlemore.

"Please, Miss Battlemore, excuse me," came with little grace indeed from Tobias' lips, and the stamp album was returned to him.

The headmaster slipped the pistol into his pocket and started to leave the room. Toby was breathing rather more easily. He bent over to Philip.

"He's got your pistol!" whispered Toby. "You're not going to let him take it? It's grand larkery."

The headmaster had apparently heard, for he turned, and looking at Philip, said more sweetly than ever: "I think I shall keep your pistol; that is, Philip, unless you have anything to say."

But Philip was silent.

He said, "The play seemed tiresome."

And patting for a reply I said, "No time hangs heavy. If you are only by. That is, I said it later. I couldn't think of it then. I was ready for her another time. But she never said it again.

The good, the true, the beautiful. She said, "I dearly prize. And they are always with you. I said with beaming eyes. That is, I should have said it. If I hadn't been too slow. As it was, I only thought it out. An hour or two ago."

"May I sit by you?" asked Phyllis Quoth I, "The pleasure's mine. I said it after she got out. Two stations down the line. Send me benignant heaven. Some speak of wit, I pray. That I may think of fit replies. Upon the self-same day!"

Use "Grape Nut," the health food. You are cheating yourself if you don't have it for breakfast. 3 packages \$1.00. N. A. T. & T. Co. Job Printing at Nugget office.

GOING TO SIBERIA.

Well Known Dawsonites Faith in the Siberian Concession

None, Dec. 1.—E. Manchester, better known as Duke Manchester, will be remembered by many old Dawsonites. He went to Dawson five years ago, and was placed in charge of the fuel supply of the A. E. Co.'s Yukon steamers, and since the organization of the Northern Commercial Company has held a similar position with them. Last season the 12 steamers of the N. C. Co. burned 20,000 cords of wood, which cost them \$80,000, but next year three vessels will burn oil, and Manchester is going to Siberia. He said:

"Siberia is a new country, and I want to be on the frontier. I have been on the frontier for fifteen years. Siberia is undoubtedly rich in gold and is now open to the miners of the United States. Heavy interests are backing the region embraced in the concessions secured from the czar by a retired Russian colonel of cavalry and John Rosene, of the Northwest Commercial Co. Large steamers will ply between the Pacific coast and Siberia, and materially assist in the development of the country."

South Africa Announced It was officially announced in August last that an Imperial pension would be granted to the widow and orphans of Canadian non-commissioned officers and soldiers who fell in South Africa, just as in the case of the dependents of deceased British regulars. Now the Imperial authorities have cabled asking the Canadian Government if they will ascertain who are entitled to the pension and act as agents for the war office in paying the same. The matter has not yet been brought before the cabinet, but it is likely that an affirmative reply will be sent.

The Flag Has Grown The flag of the United States has grown since '76—the thirteen stars are now fifty-eight. And so has the trade of the Family Grocery grown, because Dunham is always on the front for fresh goods. A lot of butter and lard has just arrived over the ice. He bought it fearlessly at price. His customers demand the best and they can always depend on him.

FOR SALE—Four strong dogs, year. Try Blue Ribbon—Frankfurter and a half-old. Apply to Dr. Rich-Kraut, 3-lb. cans. Finest in the ardsen, York street, between 3 and land, 3 cans for \$1.00. N. A. T. & T. Co.

Monogram Hotel AND STORE No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska. Good-meals, good beds, good bar. Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take get-off at the mouth of Lost Chicken which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.



A FOX IS WATCHING THE RABBIT. FIND IT. In Saturday's puzzle Newell may be found by using the upper part of the picture as base. He is then in the lower left-hand corner.

THE ART TO PLEASE.

You may boast the wealth of Croesus, you may have a Caesar's power, And the fame that wins the future may be your easy door, But if one modest quality you cannot add to these, Your case is poor and pitiful. I mean the art-to-please.

This fact that parries eloquence, a famous poet said, For it's not the wisest intellect that always gets ahead. There is a mild persuasion which plays so well its part, It battles poisonous phrases and defies the speaker's art.

Since life is full of friction, and our paths are sore beset, By obstacles that hinder us, 'tis better not to fret, But try the gentle manner, whatever comes to tease, And practise with a kindly heart the helpful art to please. —Joel Benton

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Dodgers	4.	"

Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Today. THE KLONDIKE NUGGET JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

WAS GREAT SUCCESS

Testimonial Tendered to Alex. Brown

Theatre Crowded With Friends and Admirers of the Sourdough Musician.

The testimonial tendered to Alex. Brown at the Auditorium was an unqualified success, netting the beneficiary something like \$400, a sum that will go far toward assisting Mr. Brown in regaining his shattered health. It was near 9 o'clock when the curtain was rung up on the opening number, and by that time there were few vacant seats left in the body of the theatre. The orchestra numbered eleven pieces, was under the direction of Prof. Thielhorn and embraced several members of the Police orchestra, who had kindly volunteered their services. The first number was the familiar march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," which was played with a vim not heard before in years. Miss Annie Merrill followed in a couple of pleasing songs which were very well received. Mons. de Vello gave a very clever exhibition of club swinging, using illuminated clubs in an encore that was demanded. Arthur Wright, possessor of an excellent baritone voice, sang three songs. One of the most pleasing numbers was the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore," played as a duo for the cornet and euphonium by E. P. Lopez and Theodore Eggert. The latter placed himself far back in the upper gallery, and the distance softened the brassy tone of the euphonium so that a beautiful effect was produced. Frank Montgomery contributed a couple of coon songs and was followed by the orchestra in a selection from the ever popular "Bohemian Girl." The N.W.M.P. band, assisted by some half dozen of the professional musicians, under the baton of Constable Winters, favored with three

numbers. It was the first time the band had appeared on the concert platform and they acquitted themselves very well indeed. They were seated on the stage and after the curtain had been rung up Mr. Brown, who played with the band, hobbled from the stage to his chair in first row with his clarinet in one hand and a cane in the other. His popularity was evidenced by the storm of applause that greeted his appearance. The numbers by the band included a march by Hall, overture by Belger and a selection from "Norma," by Donizetti. After an absence from the stage of several months Miss Krieg's beautiful soprano was again heard in the divina cavatina from "Robert le Diable," a masterpiece of melody that can be sung only by voices of the highest cultivation. Billy Mullen closed the list of specialties with his swordplay parodies. The latter half of the program was taken up by the third act of that ludicrously funny comedy, "Why Smith Left Home," as portrayed by the Bittner company. During the play specialties were introduced by Miss Krieg, Miss Montrose, Mr. Darling and Mr. Moran, all highly delectable to the audience. Mr. Bittner on behalf of Mr. Brown thanked the players, musicians, and the attaches of the house for having volunteered their services, expressing the hope that the funds secured would be the means of restoring to complete health him who was always regarded as the friend to everyone. Mr. Brown will leave as soon as the weather moderates direct for Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he expects to find the relief of which he so greatly stands in need. Next June he will have resided in Dawson six years continuously.

Coming to Canada.

Though British emigration returns are admittedly defective, it is noteworthy that those issued for the past twelve months indicate an increased emigration to Canada of 59 per cent., the totals being: 1902, 67,713; 1901, 42,898. Emigration to the United States increased 20 per cent., and to South Africa 82 per cent. Emigration to Australia declined 6 per cent.

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

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

Job Printing at Nugget office.

MINING ON THE CANDLE

Steam Thawers Are Now In Operation

District Is Said to Have a Mining Population of Over Five Hundred.

Some, Dec. 5—J. L. Parks returned from Candle creek last week by way of the Fish river trail. He was on the trail sixteen days and though the trail is good, he would advise no one to take this route unless they are well acquainted with the country, as the danger of losing the way on the divide and at the head of the Koyuk river is very great even for those who have been over the trail. There is timber nearly the entire distance, plenty of ptarmigan and he saw several foxes. Mr. Parks reports much work at Candle creek. Many have been hauling wood up the creek, mostly willows from the Kewallick. Coal sells at \$2 per sack on the creek but many of the miners are hauling their own coal from the ledge on Chicago creek, a tributary of Kuguruk about 20 miles from Candle. The trail to the mines is fine, and with a good dog team they haul from ten to fifteen hundred pounds. The coal is of a good quality and burns readily in a cook stove or heater. Most of the work on Candle is either on the side of the creek claims or on the benches. There were several steam thawers operating and others which are doubtless working by this time. Tom Flores has his thawers working on 5 below Blank, and Duncan McDonald is using a thawer on No. 10 above discovery. Myers and Tweed have a thawer on their fraction between 6 and 7 above and two will soon be at work on 2 below. Two above Blank will be worked extensively and many of the benches and gulches in the vicinity of Candle creek will not only be prospected, but

ACHIEVED THEIR FAME BEFORE FORTY YEARS

There are some striking examples of famous men who have achieved their fame before they reached the age of 40 years. Nelson was captain at twenty-one and a rear admiral at the age of thirty-nine. Howe became captain at twenty, and was a rear admiral ere he reached the age of forty-four. Lord Cochrane, grandfather of the present Lord Dundonald, was a commander at twenty-five years old, and less than a year later covered himself with glory by the heroic storming of Gamo, in 1801. "Pi-hin" men of the twentieth century have not, as a rule, had the chances of distinguishing themselves which fell to those who lived a hundred years ago, and most of those who have become celebrities are much older than the heroes of a century back. Still, even today, there are a fair number of soldiers whose names have become well known before they passed their fortieth birthday. Lord Kitchener, born in 1850, was in command of Egyptian cavalry by the time he was thirty-two. In 1888, at the age of thirty-six he was governor of Suakin, and two years later was adjutant general of the whole Egyptian army. Sir Hector Macdonald was not thirty when he got his commission by his gallantry in the Afghan war, of 1879-1880. He was mentioned in despatches five times during the next ten years, in India, South Africa and Egypt, and got the D. S. O. at Suakin in 1889. Sir Evelyn Wood, born in 1838, was only seventeen when mentioned in despatches for gallantry in the Crimea. He got the V. C. in India, in December, 1859, at the age of twenty-one, and was a colonel before he reached the age of forty. Lord Roberts is six years older than Sir Evelyn, but he, too, distinguished himself at an early age, and was a V. C. and lieutenant colonel before he reached his thirty-seventh birthday. Baden-Powell was brevet colonel at a much earlier age. Born in 1857, he was assistant military secretary in the South African operations in 1887, and became brevet colonel at the age of thirty-two. At sea the palm for quick rise certainly belongs to Lord Charles Bessell. Born in February, 1846, he became a cadet on the Britannia at the age of thirteen, and was a commander in 1875, at the age of thirty-one, and a captain seven years later. He made his name famous all the world over by taking the little Condor in, right under the guns of the fort at Alexandria, in 1882, and served on Lord Wolseley's staff during the Nile expedition, in 1884. He was in command of the naval brigade at Abu Lea and other battles, and also head of the expedition which rescued Sir Charles Wilson when the gunboat Soha was repaired under a furious dervish fire. At the age of forty he was one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

ATHLETIC SMOKER

First of the Club Held Saturday Night

Who Cashed the Committee on Arrangements and What Became of the Program.

The members of the Athletic Association, and their friends, were ripe Saturday night for a rare treat and smoke-jollity in connection with the first smoker given by the association, but it was only through a lucky chance that the affair escaped proving a most chilly frost. Leading professional men, prominent business men and chaplains about town kept dropping in all evening and by 11 o'clock there was quite a crowd on hand waiting for something to turn up. If there was a reception committee they were not visible and when strangers arrived there was no one there to extend the glad hand and give out the pass word of the evening, "What'll you have?" If there was anything to drink in sight the horse editor of this great moral daily failed to perceive it. The difficulty it appears was owing to the committee of arrangements having consisted of but one gentleman, and he having failed to give any report. During the previous two or three days his time was so completely occupied by matters of very great importance that he was not to be found in his accustomed haunts, and on Saturday night he had chanced himself so completely from the maddening thought that he had lost himself, and worst of all he had the program in his pocket. Mr. H. C. Macaulay finally came to the rescue, welcoming the guests on behalf of the club and introducing Mr. H. D. Hulme as the head punch of the "erriers. In assuming the chair, Mr. Hulme was vociferously applauded and being of modest mien blushed like a school-boy. Joe Boyle was first at the bat, doing a clever stunt on the piano, a rhapsody in E flat minor by Schlavinski. Frank Johnson gave several of his incomparable French-Canadian dialect tales and C. W. Macpherson sang as he alone can sing. O. S. Finnie warbled a few warbles, "Rudy" told his troubles in German, and Captain Hulme, with rare discretion reserved the best of the program, his own effort, to the last. The captain has a very extensive repertoire, but upon such occasions the song that is always demanded is that exquisite fantasia from Spaghetti's well known opera "Drilla, ye Terriers, drilla. Four boxing contests followed the literary and musical effusions, the goes being in the sweater-weight, better-weight classes. The first to put on the pillows were Nick Burley and "Kid" Owens. Burley was knocked down seven times in the first round and had the "Kid" been in condition he would doubtless have been put out. It was the latter's first appearance in the ring since the signal victory he won over a year ago in the club gym in the shank of the morning with a sweet young thing as the prize to be striven for. The "Kid" is certainly clever with his dukes. Kerr Wilson next donned the mitts with Burley and was followed by R. Chisholm and A. MacLachlan. The last bout was between F. J. Stackpole and Wm. McKay, the distinguished bantamists who are so often seen at the bar—that is, the bar of justice. Both are in the heavy-weight class and both made a very clever showing, giving the spectators a rattling good exhibition of bit and take it. One had a few teeth jarred loose at the foundation and the other is proudly exhibiting a dislocated thumb as prima facie evidence of his opponent's face. Burley retired, Jimmie de Boy Wonder from Atlin holding the bottle for Stack and the Duke of Donaghy doing the same for Billy. Refreshments were served at a late hour and what began as a frost terminated as a howling success. The thermometer last night dropped 35 degrees and early rises this morning had another taste of the nipping cold weather of January. The minimum yesterday was 44 below, maximum, 9. At noon today the mercury marked 36 below.

"A Black Sheep"—Auditorium. Job Printing at Nugget office.

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It is in the army and navy promotion is nowadays slow compared with what it once was, in other walks of life) gifted people rise perhaps more rapidly than they ever did. Shakespeare's first play was not written until he was about twenty-seven, and even that miracle of juvenile genius, Byron, was twenty-four when "Child Harold" appeared. Kipling, however, was only twenty-two when he published "Plain Tales from the Hills," and by the time he was thirty-three had written fifteen world-famous books. Ouida's first book, "Hedra in Bondage," was written when in her twenty-third year, and before she was thirty her works had been translated into a dozen languages. Hall Caine, both in 1853, wrote "The Shadow of a Crime" before he was thirty-two, and "The Debutante" a couple of years later. Men, however clever, do not nowadays, become, like Pitt, prime minister of Britain before the age of twenty-five, and yet several of the great of modern statesmen have become famous long before reaching middle-age. Cecil Rhodes was born in 1853. By the time he was thirty-one he had become treasurer-general of the Cape Colony. Immediately afterwards he was appointed deputy commissioner of Bechuanaland. In 1889, when thirty-six years old, he was recognized as the most powerful man in all South Africa. One year later he was Prime Minister of Cape Colony. One of Rhodes' chief enemies was an even younger man. Ex-President Steyn, of the Orange River Colony, is only forty-five at present. He was elected president of the Free State at the age of thirty-nine. The postmaster-general of England, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, is at present only thirty-nine. Young Lord Lytton, grandson of the famous novelist, is another example of successful youth. Lord Roschery said of a speech of his in the house of lords in January last that it was the best of his kind ever listened to. Lord Lytton is only twenty-six. It is perhaps on the stage that real talent comes most rapidly to the front. Mary Anderson began her stage life at the age of sixteen. She reared with such fame as seldom falls to the lot of any woman at the age of twenty-eight. Ellen Terry was a very young girl

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when she played with Sir Henry Irving in "The Taming of the Shrew." She then retired from the stage for seven years, yet was only thirty when she made her great success as "Ophelia" at the Lyceum. Even Sir Henry Irving, who is supposed to have struggled for many unsuccessful years, was only thirty-five when he made so great a name in "The Bells," and in Shakespearean plays. Marconi has given the world an invention more important than anything since Stevenson applied steam to the driving of locomotives. Already his name is known all over the civilized world, and yet he is now but twenty-seven years of age. In music many of the greatest names have been made at a very early age. The Philharmonic Academy of Bologna suspended their rule by which no one under twenty was eligible for membership in order to elect Mozart, then a lad of barely fifteen. Sarasate created an extraordinary rage in London in 1874, when that thirty years old Kubelik is the latest instance of extraordinary musical ability in a mere boy. In the ecclesiastical world it is easy to find instances of men who have made great reputations while still young. Canon Farrar's writings brought him to the front at the age of thirty. Bishop Gore, of Worcester, and the present Bishop of London, are both still young men. Few names are better known than that of Dr. Nansen. He was only twenty-seven when he crossed Greenland. Sir H. M. Stanley and the Duke of the Abruzzi are other instances of great explorers who made their fame before they were forty.

Tradesmen Angry

London, Jan. 17.—Discontent is beginning to become manifest among the retainers of the royal household, the new domestic arrangements of which are warring anything but smoothly. The chief troubles emanate from the royal tradesmen, who are thoroughly dissatisfied with the new regime of domestic economy as now practised in the king's kitchen. Most of the old servants at Buckingham palace have been superseded and a new German secretary-steward has been installed, whose notions of economy are causing the present outcry among the royal-warrant holders. The tradesmen have been suffering some time past by an arbitrary system adopted by the palace officials. On receiving accounts for goods supplied, these officials quietly knocked 25 per cent. off the total amount demanded, and then, without consulting the tradesmen, forwarded them the reduced amounts. The latest phase of the trouble has been the quibbling by the king's economist over the price of most of

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