

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1 No. 303

DAWSON, Y. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1900

PRICE 25 CENTS

...FOR... HOLIDAYS

...THE LATEST IN...
American Neckwear

*Beaver Gauntlets
Fur Caps.....*

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

CLEARING SALE
OF...
Ladies' Underwear
Flannelette,
Sateens and Silk
BLOUSES
also Felt Lined
SHOES

THE HUB
2nd Ave.

FOR XMAS
Full line of
Gent's
Neckwear
Suits
and Overcoats
Boys' Clothing
P. S.—Yakima
Creamery But-
ter, Wholesale
and Retail.

Are you troubled with **WATER** in your mine?
If so we have
Electors, Pulsometers, Centrifugal & Force Pumps
in sizes to suit any emergency.
Holme, Miller & Co.
Rose, Steam Fittings, Picks, Shovels, etc. 107 Front St.

Change of Time Table
Orr & Tukey's Stage Line
Telephone No. 8
On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a
DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES
TO & FROM GRAND FORKS
Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Build-
ing 9:30 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office, Op. Gold
Hill Hotel, 3:30 p. m.
From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill
Hotel, 9:30 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C.
Co.'s Building, 3:30 p. m.
ROYAL MAIL

**HEALTHFUL,
TOOTHsome
...MEATS**

Game of All Kinds
..CITY MARKET..
KLEBERT & GIESMAN, PROPRIETORS
Second Ave.
Opp. S-Y. T. Co.

The O'Brien Club
Telephone No. 87
FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort,
Socious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar
FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

Electric Light
Steady
Satisfactory
Safe
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1
FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS
Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

THE RIDGE CABLE CO.
Have installed a new plant on the Ridge and are now in a position to pull up all comers.
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

PRINCE OF WALES

Is Seriously Sick and Is Con-
stantly Attended by a Score
of Physicians.

COMPLICATIONS OF DISEASE FEARED.

Bulletins Regarding His Condition
Are Suppressed.

BOERS ARE MUCH CORNERED.

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

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

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

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

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

McKenzie Answers.
Washington, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—Alexander McKenzie, the receiver of Nome mining claims who was appointed by Judge Noyes, the two

being accused of standing in to defraud the owners, has filed an answer to the charges against him. The supreme court will decide on the matter in February.

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

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

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

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

Christmas Aftermath

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

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

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

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

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

plenty of fire, when wood is selling at \$13 per cord. The question is just a little too deep for me, so if you are in we'll go out and liquidate."

The reporter was in and liquidation went.

Concerning Dogs.
Editor Nugget:

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

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

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

Slorah Case

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

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

Lindemann the jeweler has removed to Monte Carlo building.

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

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

Glasses fitted by Soggs & Vesco.

HUNKER CREEK

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

TO CAPTAIN STARNES WHO FINES

Cameron for Using a Gun to Per-
suade a Guest to Leave

THE SCENE OF FESTIVITIES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHOLESALE **A. M. CO.** RETAIL

This price will appeal to your purse
If you value your dollars

50 MEN'S FUR COATS \$35.00
Including Wombats, Polangus, Wolf and Fur Lined Beaver Coats, worth from \$50.00 to \$75.00. Your choice while they last.

AMES MERCANTILE CO.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	\$40 00
Six months	20 00
Three months	11 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4 00
Single copies	25
SEMI-WEEKLY	
Yearly, in advance	\$24 00
Six months	12 00
Three months	6 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	2 00
Single copies	25

NOTICE.

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

LETTERS

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

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1900.

ADVANTAGES ALL ONE WAY.

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

There was a time when it appeared that Dawson would be compelled to seek incorporation as a sort of protective measure. The streets were in, frightfully bad condition, there were no sidewalks to speak of, no effort was made to light the town at public expense and from a sanitary standpoint conditions were anything but satisfactory. More important than all these was the matter of fire protection which had then been given little or no attention.

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

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

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

Secretary Chamberlain's announcement of local rule for the Boers will do more to bring the war to a final termination than any number of additional troops which may be sent to the Transvaal. John Bull has an easier problem ahead of him in South Africa than Uncle Sam has in the Philippine islands. In the first instance, it is a case of dealing with a people who are accustomed to self-government and who can enter with intelligence into any reasonable plans of administration which is proposed. With the Philippine islands the case is vastly different. After the Filipinos have been conquered

it will be a matter of long and patient effort before they can be safely entrusted with the direction of their own affairs. The hardest part of Uncle Sam's work remains yet to be done.

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

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

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

It is about time we heard from Mr. Prudhomme.

The News is actually becoming simple.

One of Forbes' Scoops.

The following story illustrates the late Archibald Forbes' cleverness in getting his news reports in ahead of his fellow correspondents:

Here is a little scene: Time, near midnight, after a hard day's work. Everybody done up. "Hello, Jones," says Smith. "There's Forbes already asleep, like brass." "By Jove, yes," quoth Jones (incipient snore from Forbes). "It would take ten horses to wake him up. I'll turn in," says Jones. "Time enough to get our stuff off tomorrow, eh?" "Right you are," responds Smith.

In ten minutes the wearied warrior scribbles are dead asleep. Forbes rises cautiously, passing out like a ghost, sits him down in a hidden corner with the stump of a tallow candle, writes like a whirlwind for a couple of hours, finishes with the last flicker of his dip, saddles a horse, off he goes helter skelter across the country, gallops for an hour, delivers his letter, gallops back, is in bed by 4, sleeps this time "like brass" and no mistake.

"Hello, lazy bones," exclaims Smith at 7 a. m., shaking the sleeper. "Time to be up, old man," adds Jones. "What are you up to?" quoth Forbes drowsily. "We are thinking of getting our stuff off." "The devil you are! Why hurry? Let's have another snooze."

At last Smith and Jones get their stuff off and in three days discover to their bewilderment that they were 24 hours behindhand. Very provoking to Smith and Jones. But if Forbes had been the victim of the little ruse he would have been the first to laugh over it and to congratulate his successful competitor.

Couldn't See the Joke.

Once Offenbach graciously accepted the invitation of some friends to visit them in Etretat. As his hosts were waiting for him at the hotel, one of them, who was very intimate with the composer, suggested:

"Let us give him a rousing welcome."

The idea was taken up and developed. One of the party possessed a collection of old weapons. This was ransacked, and some two dozen young fellows were soon equipped as halberdiers. Another mounted a donkey and waved the flag of the club.

When Offenbach's carriage came in sight, a drum beat, the halberdiers presented arms and fireworks were set off from the balcony at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

As the composer stepped to the ground a venerable old man approached and presented to him the key of the hotel on a silver platter.

Offenbach, vain as a peacock and accustomed to all sorts of queer receptions, entirely failed to see the joke, though it was as broad as anything in "The Grand Duchess" or "La Belle Helene." He took it all seriously as a tribute to his genius, and, with tears in his eyes and in a voice that shook with emotion, he murmured:

"Gentlemen, this is too much, too much!"

A Unique River.

Unique in its kind is no doubt the Mocona waterfall in the South American republic of Uruguay, situated about two miles below the mouth of the Piper Assu river into the Uruguay. A great rock divides the river into two separate streams in such a manner that the right arm continues its flow on the original level, while the second arm falls gradually, so that it finally lies 22 feet below the level of the other arm. The bed of the upper part of the river is not very deep, and the water flows partly in a right angle to the river, thus forming a waterfall of more than two miles in length.

This unique view presents itself to



The Lights Are Out

The last Christmas of the 19th century has passed into a memory and the tired little ones have closed their eyes in happy slumber. Possibly on that occasion of gift giving you may have inadvertently forgotten some one. So here's a gentle reminder—

A New Year Gift will make it all right.

We have, notwithstanding an immense sale of Christmas gifts, a large and varied stock of appropriate presents for New Year.

HERSHBERG

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

the traveler, however, only during the winter, for in the summer, and especially during the rainy season, the Uruguay contains such immense quantities of water that both arms form one single stream, navigable even for the largest freight steamers. The fall has been known for centuries, and a description of it was published as early as 1691 by the Rev. Antonius Sepp, a missionary from Tyrol, who spent over 20 years among the Indians of Uruguay.

Man Compared.

If man grew as fast in proportion as a silkworm, he would be bigger than an elephant in two months. If he could navigate as fast in proportion as the average house fly, he could cross the Atlantic and back in the time it takes him to eat his breakfast. If he had as many eyes in proportion as the butterfly, he would have 40,000, to say nothing of an extra pair in his head for skylights. If he could spring as far in proportion as the spider, he could jump over the tallest tree in California, and it wouldn't bother him in the least. Man isn't the whole thing after all.—Freeport Journal.

Artificial Sponges.

Artificial sponges are made in Germany by treating pure cellulose with zinc chloride. The product swells in water and on drying becomes hard. But to prevent this action alkaloids are used. A pasty mass is thus obtained, which, being treated with rock salt, is then placed in a mold. When removed, it appears to be traversed by canals in all directions, and after having been washed in alcohol and water the sponge is ready for use.

Easy Choice.

"Did you have any trouble in selecting a name for the baby?"
"None at all. There's only one rich uncle in the family."—Richmond Dispatch.

"Much learning maketh a man sad," says one proverb, and another says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." So what are you going to do about it?—Chicago News.

Look These Up.

In many educational journals nowadays we see pronunciation tests, catch words, etc., which may be valuable for technical use and yet not being needed every day in everyday talk are, like certain folks I know, chiefly interesting on public occasions. I should like to put down here a list of words that are very generally mispronounced.

Everybody knows how to pronounce them perhaps, but being such common little things, mere street waifs, with unwashed faces, nobody takes the trouble to "speak them fair." Now, to know what is our duty and fail to do it is a much more culpable thing than not to do it because we don't know what our duty is. So here they are, little, commonplace creatures, which are mispronounced every day:

Toward, again, bade, brooch, apricot, often, catch, hearth, aye, lien, greasy, sew, scare, years, idea, area, bouquet, agree, heat, rise (noun), arctic, shone, route, gaunt, canine, juvenile, infidel, corporal, tete-a-tete, trousseau, amendment, restaurant, bicycle, were, recipe, frontier, depot, process, recess, romance, tirade, essay, tarpaulin, won.

The above are in common use and of common abuse. Some of them of course come from our sister, France, and people are likely to say that they are not expected to pronounce foreign words correctly.—Texas School Journal.

A Natural Lighthouse.

Stromboli, one of the Lipari islands, has constantly and usefully performed the function of a lighthouse for at least 2,000 years. Circular in outline, the island culminates in a conical shaped elevation, due to past volcanic agency, which rises to the height of 3,090 feet above sea level, and is visible over an area having a radius of more than 100 miles. During the day masses of vapor are seen issuing from a point high up the mountain side, and at night successive displays of red light, varying in duration and intensity, somewhat resemble those of the gigan-

tic flashlight on the coast. The nascent last from under one to over 20 minutes, gradually increasing to a ruddy glow and as gradually fading away.

This island is referred to by several very ancient writers as the great natural pharos of the western Mediterranean. Now it serves the same purpose for the constant stream of traffic passing to and from the French and Italian ports in the gulfs of Genoa and of Lyons, through the straits of Messina, for which Stromboli acts as a "leading" light. To such an extent is this the case that, although the other principal islands of the Lipari archipelago are marked by lighthouses, nothing of the kind is placed upon Stromboli.

A Dangerous Square.

There is said to be no equal in the world to the grand and imposing square of Paris, the Place de la Concorde. On one side of it is the Tuilleries, on the opposite side the Champs Elysees and on a third the river Seine. In the center stands the obelisk of Luxor, a magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, 74 feet high and weighing 500,000 pounds. This obelisk was one of two of the same shape and size, erected in 1350 B. C., by Rameses the Great at the entrance of the temple of Thebes. Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French government, and in 1836 it was removed to its present position in the Place de la Concorde. The removal and erection on the new site required an outlay of \$80,000 and the employment of 800 men, the obelisk being transported to France in a vessel built especially for the purpose.

The Place de la Concorde is rich in historic interest. It was there that the guillotine was erected in the "reign of terror" after the death of Louis XVI, and it was there that the signal was given for the attack on the Bastille in 1789. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were beheaded there in 1793, and it was the scene of great rejoicing in 1848, when France was proclaimed a republic. The Place de la Concorde has also been termed the Place Louis XV and Place de la Revolution.

Rattlesnake Poison.

"Years ago, when I was a boy at home," said a southern man, "an uncle of mine, who lived near Montgomery, was out on his plantation one day when he saw an enormous rattlesnake stretched in a furrow of a cotton field. He seized a hoe lying near by and made a pass at the monster. At the same time it struck out at him and broke off one of its fangs on the edge of the hoe blade. My uncle dispatched the snake and then pecked up the fang and brought it to the house as a curiosity. It was sharp as a needle, and a faint yellow stain at the tip showed where some of the virus had exuded.

"The bit of bone lay for at least three or four years in an ebony box on my uncle's writing table in his study, when one day a stupid negro servant girl, not knowing what it was, used it to extract a splinter from her thumb. In less than an hour her whole lower arm was swollen, and she exhibited all the characteristic symptoms of snake poison.

"My uncle had studied medicine and by prompt measures saved the girl's life, but for some mysterious reason gangrene subsequently appeared in her arm, and amputation was necessary. My uncle lost no time in burning his murderous relic."

Two and Four.

"Two?" demanded the peremptory conductor as he took a quarter from the woman who had just struggled to a place on the trolley.

"No, four," she replied.

Four fares were rung sharply, and the conductor handed back 5 cents. "That isn't right!" exclaimed the woman indignantly. "You said you wanted to pay for four," retorted the trolley employe. "I didn't," denied the woman. "You asked if my little boy was 2 years old, and I said no, he was 4. I suppose I'll have to pay for him if it's the rule, but I don't think it's right!"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the discords that issued from the throat of the enraged conductor, who thrust ten pennies into the outstretched hand and retired to the rear platform to relieve his feelings more fully by refusing to stop the car for any one for ten blocks.—New York Press.

- Usher & Dewar Scotch at Pioneer.
- Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinsky's.
- Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.
- Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.
- Large Africana cigars at Rochester.
- Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.
- Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.
- Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.
- Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.
- Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.
- Eggs by the case at Meeker's.
- Just in Time.—Diamonds galore at Soggs & Vesco. Who wants fine stones?
- Finely mounted sterling silver articles at Sale & Co., the jewelers.
- New Year presents at Sargent & Pinsky's.
- Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.
- Short orders served right. The Holborn.
- Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinsky's.

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

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

J. P. McLENNAN.
Front Street.

The Nugget

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

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

REPORTER'S DEATH WARRANT

Ferretting Out Mysterious Murders Was His Fort.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And it has now come to pass that

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Jones," said I, finally shaking

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

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

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

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

Sure Enough.

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

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

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

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

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

—Youth's Companion.

The Irish Peasant.

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

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

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

Wanted to Be Insulted.

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

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

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

"What! I exclaimed in amazement.

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

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

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

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

"Yes," said he, "but it's all right—

I'll miss you and accidentally hit the nigger, see? Go ahead now and cut loose."

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

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

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

Kills the Song.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "The Dear Homeland," once said: "The moment a song is put on the streets, as we call it, it becomes tremendously popular. You hear it everywhere. Every boy hums it as he goes to school. It is played in every street. But my publisher shakes his head sadly when that day comes. It is generally the beginning of the end—a boom which dies away. People get tired of hearing the same song wherever they go, whatever the song may be, and the song of the barrel organ is not welcome in the drawing room. So that the putting of a song on the street organs means a fleeting fame, and then—well, too often an utter relapse and complete oblivion."

The Lie Eternal.

A little girl came in her nightclothes very early to her mother one morning, saying, "Which is the worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded

it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, less you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—Ex.

So It Does.

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

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

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

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

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

Diamond mounting by Soggs & Vesco.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately. (Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner. Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Celery at Meeker's.

THE TACOMA BOYS

YOU CAN HOLD US UP

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

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

OUR MONEY IS YOURS

CLARKE & RYAN, GROCERS
THE TACOMA BOYS.
Corner 6th St. and 2nd Ave.

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between
Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.

SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS,
General Manager
S. M. IRWIN,
Traffic Manager
J. H. ROGERS,
Agent

WE HAVE

140 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN

also TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS

The DAWSON HARDWARE CO.
2ND AVE. PHONE 36

Just a Few of Our Retail Prices

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

THE DAWSON CURLING CLUB

Elects Ten "Skips" for a Series of Games.

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

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

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

To those unacquainted with the sport the following information may be interesting relative to the game. Curling is supposed to have originated in Scotland, but when is only a matter of conjecture. For the past three centuries the game has been played, however. The method of playing is somewhat similar to that of shuffle board, only of course the game is played on the ice, which must be perfectly level, and with stones weighing some 45 pounds. The stones are thrown from one end of the rink to the other or from back (taw) to tee (center of circle). The standard length of the rink is 72 yards and after one series of stones are thrown by both competing teams in one direction, called an "end," the position of the players is reversed and the game continued from the opposite end. If four players are in a team each stone of the team which is nearer to the tee than that of the opposing team is counted one for each stone so placed. The stones have handles and by the dexter use of the same when the stones are thrown by the player they are made to "curl" if necessary either with an "in" turn or an "out" turn as the exigencies of the game may demand. Each player uses two stones and plays one alternately with his opponent. Four players constitute a "rink" and opposed to them are four others. The five points of the game are putting to the tee, curling around stones in the line of the tee, striking out opposing stones which have the advantage of position and placing the stones to block the opponent's play. Each team has a "skip," or captain who directs from the opposite end of the rink the position the player should make his stone occupy. When the skip plays another member of his team directs him in turn. Sweeping is an important feature of the game as when the stone comes down the rink slowly the ice is swept before it making it smooth and allowing the stone to travel freely. There are many other features of the game which makes it an attractive sport and one requiring the greatest skill, but above all is the good fellowship the game engenders, for a "curler" is a synonym for manliness and bon comradship.

He Is Not Marked.

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

Mr. McCormick left here on one of the last steamers in October and reached Skagway in due time, from which place he took passage on the steamer City of Seattle for Seattle. And there was where he erred, for had he waited in Skagway for another steamer, or had he shipped for below in a small boat he would have gained time, for when the Seattle reached Vancouver her passengers and crew to the number of 400 per-

sons were ordered into quarantine, and there they stayed for 41 days. However, Mr. McCormick had the distinction of being one of seven, five men and two women, to have the smallpox, but from his rugged and very healthy appearance now no one would ever suspect it. He says all the cases were very mild, no worse than chickenpox, and that he did not even take to his bed one day on account of the infection; but ate like a drover and played football every day.

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

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

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

Biding His Time.

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

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

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

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

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

A Merry Time.

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

Just in Time.—Diamonds galore at Soggs & Vesco. Who wants fine stones? Mum's, Pomery or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Pine line of 25c goods. Rochester. Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Capt. Starnes occupied the magistrate's chair in the police court this morning for the first time since his illness.

The first case called was that of Kline against Kahn which had been remanded yesterday morning in order to give the defendant time in which to secure the aid of an attorney and prepare his case. He did this with the result that Attorney Hulme appeared for him and the case was dismissed. F. M. Wright, who is a carpenter and who had been in the employ of Kahn and Kline, and had acted as a sort of mediator and messenger between them in order to effect a settlement as a prelude to getting the money due him for work performed, was called to the witness stand and testified to having heard the threats of Kahn concerning the gray matter of Kline, but was unable to say whether the defendant was a very dangerous man or a meek and lowly follower of the precepts of peace on earth and good will to man. If such language had been addressed to him he should have acted on the principal that it was fighting talk and that a man would not say it if he didn't mean it. Kahn said he had nothing in his possession at the time to harm anyone with excepting a small key which he produced. Attorney Hulme submitted that to sustain the charge of threatening great bodily harm it was necessary to show that something more dangerous than words had been used and the magistrate took the same view of the case, but said to the accused that if the charge had been one of disturbing the peace under the vagrancy act it might have had a different ending. "You had better be careful of that tongue of yours," he said, in closing; "because such language as that will not do, and will sooner or later land you in jail if you don't stop it."

COMING AND GOING.

Death from pneumonia is more prevalent this winter than ever before in Dawson, there being ten cases at present in the Good Samaritan hospital and six or seven at St. Mary's, all of which are said to be on the way to recovery.

Fred Payne, of the Yukon hotel, has been missed from behind the register for several days. He is suffering from an attack of quinsy.

C. T. Weldon, a miner from the Forks, died at the Good Samaritan hospital of pneumonia day before yesterday, 24 hours after his arrival from the Forks.

House rent in the city is coming down to where others than the representatives of the Rothschilds can afford to inhabit a cabin.

As a Christmas gift, Major Wood is in receipt of one of the handsomest poker sets that ever came into the country.

Inspector McDonnell of the N. W. M. P. left the barracks this morning in a sleigh drawn by two horses. Upon the front seat were two policemen, and at the office it was said he was going for a drive, which information seemed a little vague, although manifestly true.

Masons Organize.

There are many Masons in Dawson, and they have been looking forward for a long time past to effecting an organization here. Last evening this was effected, under the charter which arrived some little time since from Winnipeg, from which place also comes a dispensation under which the lodge will work during the next six months. About 65 Masons gathered in the Masonic building last night and elected the following officers:

Dr. C. H. Wills, worthy master; W. V. Tukey, senior warden; M. H. Thompson, junior warden; Dr. Alfred Thompson, treasurer, and J. A. Donald, secretary.

Further officers will be elected next Thursday evening, the regular meeting night being the first Thursday on or before each full moon.

Mad Horse Sent Out.

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

Previous to being bitten by the dog the horse was considered a very valuable one; but two days ago when Mr. Craden received an offer of \$100 for him, he jumped at the opportunity to "let go." If no dogs are met on the trail between Dawson and Whitehorse the new purchaser will get value received for his money. But in the event of the meeting of a dog team, there is no telling what will happen.

Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester. A new and large jewelry store now occupied by Lindeman; Monte Carlo building.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office—Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

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

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

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

TABOR, WALSH & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers. Telephone No. 40. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Opheum Building.

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

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

LOST AND FOUND
FOUND—One black dog, setter and Newfoundland, pacer. Owner can have same by paying charges. Driard Hotel, Mouth of Caribou.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

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

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

For watch repairing see Lindeman.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

Baldwin apples at Meeker's.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meekers'. Sargent & Pinsky have the finest assortment of American neckwear for the holidays in Dawson.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Club Notice.
All members of the Monte Carlo Club are requested to be present at a special meeting to be held at the club rooms Saturday, 8:30 p. m., Dec. 29th for the purpose of reorganization. E. J. Fitzpatrick, Sec.

King apples, \$11 at Meeker's. Eastern Washington new timothy hay at Meeker's.

George Wilhelm, please call at office of C. J. Mulkey, First ave., between First and Second.

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY DEC. 17
The Two Comedians **EDDIE DOLAN-ED. LANG**, all this week.
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