

S. C. SENATORS OUTFIRED

By Joe Martin and Smith Curtis of the British Columbia Legislature—Row Over-Arrangement of Seats Brings Angry Legislators to Blows.

Victoria, Feb. 25.—The scene in the United States Senate, as the result of which Senators Tillman and McPherson of South Carolina are still in the British Columbia legislature, was more than duplicated in the British Columbia legislature yesterday. Joe Martin and his former opponent and champion, Smith Curtis, being the principal actors. With the withdrawal of lines and the opposition to Martin joining forces with Premier Dunsmuir, Richard McBride, the newly chosen leader of the opposition, naturally took possession of the speaker's place at the left of the speaker, his party also holding caucus in the opposition committee room. Yesterday morning Martin and his three personal followers seized this room and the opposition party was forced to retire to the Cedar committee rooms for private deliberations. When the house met in the afternoon, the government had recognized the reconstruction of the opposition by placing seats as indicated by the opposition leader and whip. Martin became very angry at the change and prior to the opening of the session took his position immediately behind McBride, calling him a bully and a blackguard, and demanded him vacate the seat of opposition honor. "Is there anyone who will defend the opposition?" he roared. Smith Curtis promptly sprang to his feet.

"I will," he shouted back. "You've stated in an interview that you intend to support the government, then you go to the government side where you belong; you're no longer a leader of the opposition or in the opposition." Finance Minister Prentice rose to protest. "What do you know about it?" called Captain Tatlow from the opposition side. "You can't regulate the opposition; you attend to your own affairs." A few minutes later the angry legislators came to blows. Martin had seated himself as the chaplain entered to read prayers and when the members rose for prayer he slid into McBride's seat. As soon as prayers were concluded Curtis seized Martin by the throat and shouting "You irreverent cur," backed him against the wall. McPherson, Gilmour and others hauled Curtis off and order was restored with the greatest difficulty.

Tillman Still Smarming.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25.—Senator Tillman smarts under the withdrawal of the president's invitation to dine with Prince Henry. He intimates that Roosevelt cannot properly upbraid him for his course, remarking that if the president had given the direct he, too, would have suspended parliamentary rules to resent the insult.

Dredger Damaged

Seattle, Feb. 25.—The Puget Sound Dredge and Bridge Company's dredge San Diego was damaged to the extent of \$50,000 in Seattle harbor during a storm last night.

Coronation Cost

London, Feb. 25.—Civil estimates place the cost of the coronation at one million pounds.

Northern Re-Opened!

Quick lunch, 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. 7c. Dinner, a la carte, 3 to 5 p. m. WE NEVER CLOSE

Cafe

THE DAWSON CLUB.

E. W. PAYNE, Prop. Membership fee \$6.00 per month, which entitles member to a \$6.00 commutation ticket for billiards, pool or bowling.

1st. Avenue, Over Monte Carlo.

The Ladue Assay Office

Prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the finest equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quartz Mill will soon be in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free mill-ore. Call and talk it over with

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EMPIRE HOTEL
JAS. F. MACDONALD, Prop. and Mgr. Elegantly Furnished. Well Heated. Bar Attached. SECOND STREET, Near Second Ave.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE
B. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR
Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT
FIRST AVENUE, Next J. P. McLennan's

The Sunset Range For home comfort.

The famous double oven **Hotel Range**

Specially adapted for restaurants and hotel use.

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

On Air-Tight Heaters of All Kinds.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



EDGAR A. MIZNER.

MANAGER MIZNER RETURNS

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, the affable head and general manager of the N. C. Company, at this point, returned at noon today from a trip outside, full of news of importance to the people of the Yukon. His arrival was anticipated beforehand by Messrs. Wm. Fairbanks, T. A. McGowan and Joe Burke, who left this morning with a team and met Mr. Mizner at the Twelvemile road house. At that point he transferred his genial self to the care of his friends and preceded the stage by a half hour or so. On his arrival here he at once retired to his private apartments where a sort of informal reception was held by his most intimate friends.

Mr. Mizner looks exceedingly well and has lost none of his aldermanic proportions by reason of his trip to the effete centres of the Pacific Coast. His trip inside is a record, being but four and one-half days from Whitehorse. He left San Francisco on the 11th, Seattle on the 14th, Skagway on the morning of the 20th, and Whitehorse on the evening of the same day. Mr. Mizner accorded an interview with a reporter of the Nugget shortly after his arrival, and said: "First of all, the interview wired in from Skagway that was purported to have been had with me there, wherein I was quoted as making all kinds of statement concerning the lower river, stage of water, etc., was the worst kind of rot. I did not even see a newspaper man while in Skagway let alone talk with one, and the interview published here in one of the dailies is the worst kind of a fake."

"The Northern Commercial Company this year will stand alone on its own bottom. We are not in any combination or deal whatsoever this year. The Northern Navigation Company is a thing of the past, as we shall operate our own steamers and the N. A. T. & T. Co. will do the same. You may say this for me. We are going after the business, and propose to get it. We are going to sell the goods and if necessary the ax will be sharpened in a few days and you will see a cut in prices that will prove a revelation to the old timer."

"Concerning the lower river rates, our tariff will be out shortly and no matter what the reduction may be via the White Pass line we shall still make it of interest to shippers to give us some consideration. Another point worthy of a second thought is that in our new tariff there will be no classification, a scheme which has proven very unsatisfactory. Everything will be shipped either by weight or measurement. Freight rates will be arranged from this end of the line, my powers in the matter being largely discretionary."

"At the time I left San Francisco the requisitions for the year were just beginning to be received, one of the first being an order for 1500 tons of oats and 2000 tons of hay for our own company. We shall also carry this year a complete stock of mining machinery, boilers, engines and general supplies, and will have every-

thing that the miner needs. Quite a large quantity of spring goods will come in over the ice. "You doubtless saw an account of the wreck of the Bertha on the inside passage below Queen Charlotte Sound. I am glad to announce that the vessel will be saved. Captain Carroll and a crew of divers came north on the Cottage City and were put off at the scene of the wreck. Immediately after the accident occurred the company forwarded all the passengers to their proper destination and received many words of commendation for their kindly treatment and the prompt manner in which they cared for those under their charge.

"We will have more boats on the lower river this year than ever before and are not going to lose sight of the boom in the Koyukuk. The Rock Island and probably the Seattle No. 3 will each make a trip to Bergman on the first high water and to replace the Paris, which was burned, we are having built a steamer which will beat anything in the northern waters. It will be 100 feet long, 20-foot beam, possess hollow shafts and aluminum bracing, contain very powerful machinery and with a cargo of 80 tons will draw but ten inches of water. It is intended for operation on the Koyukuk alone, and if completed in time will be sent in over the pass in sections, otherwise it will come via the mouth of the river.

"While in Seattle I had quite a talk with Mr. Hawkins. There is no doubt of the creeks railroad being built this year. Mr. Hawkins was leaving the following morning for San Francisco, but he says he will be in Dawson the latter part of March.

"Dr. Rowan, one of the well-known owners of 25 above, Bonanza, was married in Seattle recently. One thing I would not be surprised to see this summer is a large number of tourists making the trip inside via the White Pass and out by way of St. Michaels. There is much talk of it in railway and tourist circles at present.

"I spent the winter in San Francisco and very naturally enjoyed myself. I expected to be able to make a trip to New York, but Mr. Louis Sloss and others of the company went east and I found myself tied at home. The trip inside was very pleasant with one exception. Some of the road houses are so dirty it is a wonder to me they do not walk off. The trail is in excellent condition from Whitehorse across the cutoff to Cormack's and we came along spinning. From Cormack's to Stewart the river is quite rough.

"Yes, I am glad to get back. One sometimes gets tired of Dawson, but it is a pretty good place after all." At this juncture the reporter's hand was clasped around a bumper of oil of joy and in company with a jolly crowd of good spirits the health of the prodigal son was drunk with many expressions of friendship and good will.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

THE METEOR IS LAUNCHED

Emperor Williams' Schooner-Yacht Slides Into the Water at 10:39 O'Clock This Morning in Presence of Cheering Crowds—Was Happy Event.

New York, Feb. 25.—The German Emperor's schooner yacht Meteor was launched at Shooters Island at 10:35 this morning. President Roosevelt and Prince Henry arrived at 9:30, and were received with cheers and the Presidential and Royal salutes of 21 guns each were fired. Shooter Island, in anticipation of the arrival of the distinguished visitors, presented the appearance of a military encampment rather than a scene of international comity. Two battalions of naval militia reached the island at eight o'clock and were posted at various points between the landing stage and scene of launching. They were supplemented later by a squad of petty officers and sailors from the Hohenzollern who, though not under arms, presented a military aspect. Police swarmed everywhere over the island, and out in the bay revenue cutters, naval tugs and police patrol boats manned by naval militia and blue coats darted about to keep the excursion fleet back of the imaginary line. The party proceeded directly from the ferry to a stand erected at the in-

shore end ways on which the Meteor rested. The president and prince with Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt arrived at 10:32, when the prince conducted Miss Roosevelt to a small platform immediately under the bow of the boat. On this platform at the launching were President Roosevelt, Prince Henry, Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt, Mayor Seth Lowe of New York, and Ambassador Von Holleben. Exactly at 10:39 Miss Roosevelt broke a champagne bottle, saying in the name of the German Emperor "I christen thee Meteor." Guns roared, bands played and great cheering lasted several minutes. The prince handed a bouquet to Miss Roosevelt and then raising his hat in a few words acknowledged the cheering. The launching occurred without a mishap. The president's daughter lifted a silver-mounted hatchet and struck a rope. It parted cleanly and down came the weights. Wedges flew up and out. The yacht trembled, started forward and then slid slowly down into the water to the cheers of the distinguished gathering.

CALLED IT FLUNKYISM

Vice-Pres. of Georgia Society Talks.

Opposed to Ovation to Prince Henry Whom He Designated As a Paper Admiral.

New York, Feb. 25.—The annual banquet of the Georgia Society at Marborough House terminated last night in an uproar through Vice-President Jas. B. Gray, the last speaker, violently attacking the popular reception to Prince Henry. "I don't approve of this reception and its great ovation by American people to a German paper admiral, especially when his nation has denied the scantest credit to a real admiral, an American. It is the height of flunkysim."

Agreement Reached

London, Feb. 25.—The French and British governments have reached an amicable agreement on all points of difference in regard to Newfoundland and Morocco. France appears to be courting more friendly relations with Britain, regarding her as a possible ally against Germany.

Cabinet Resigns

Rome, Feb. 24.—The Italian cabinet has resigned owing to the failure of Signor Villa, the cabinet's candidate for the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies. The opposition cast blank ballots.

MARK HANNA'S BUMBLE BEE

The Wily Buckeye Senator Makes First Move in Nomination Game.

New York, Feb. 24.—Senator Mark Hanna made his first move in the game for the presidential nomination Saturday night at a banquet of the Creve Coeur Club under the management of Grand Master Sargent of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood.

Popular Dawsonites Return.

On the stage which arrived today at noon there were 350 pounds of mail and the following passengers, most of them old timers in the Klondike: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tabor, Mrs. E. A. Mizner, Mr. Wm. L. Walsh, Mr. J. C. Murray of Murray & Ross, Judge S. O. Morford, Mr. W. S. Waugh and Mr. T. F. Lawson. John Enlund, the man who is supposed to know something of the mysterious stampede to the south fork of the White river, was a passenger from Selkirk to Whalen's.

No Late News.

Nothing new has developed in the mysterious Selkirk stampede from which it is possible to learn anything more definite than was known yesterday. At the office of the gold commissioner a wire was received yesterday from Recorder Burwash at Stewart asking that 500 additional application blanks and a man to assist him be forwarded at once. J. A. Longpre left this morning to fill the position.

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Heaters and Cook Stoves Below Cost.
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TATOES

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 15 (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 Per month, by carrier in city 3.00 Single copies 25

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

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"The Nominee." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

A DIFFERENT VIEW

The Nugget does not agree with the idea advocated at the meeting last night that the delegates to Ottawa should confine their activities to securing a cancellation of the Treadgold concession.

The expense of sending the delegation to Ottawa will amount to a considerable sum, and advantage should be taken of the circumstances to secure every possible benefit for the territory.

Again, the matter of federal representation may well command the attention of the delegates. The Yukon territory was never in greater need of some one to plead its cause at Ottawa than it is at the present time.

These, and other matters of importance may well command the attention of the delegates after the main purpose for which they are sent has been accomplished.

Disorderly conduct in legislative chambers seems to be the order of the day. Following the row between the two senators of South Carolina on the floor of the United States

senate, comes an equally disgusting exhibition in the legislature of British Columbia. It begins to look as though the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury may soon take the place of Roberts and other parliamentary authorities.

The people of the Yukon are at last united. With one voice and without dissent they have condemned the Treadgold concession and now they stand shoulder to shoulder with a determination to see that the wrong which is being perpetrated upon the community is righted.

If all the unrecognized genius that is floating around Dawson could be sent down to Ottawa there wouldn't be a pan of dust left of the entire Treadgold concession.

If brother Beddoe had not been handicapped by the backing of the News, he would have stood a much better show of going to "congress."

At last Miss Stone has been released and the weary paragrapher must seek some other subject upon which to exercise his wit.

Husband Locates Wife.

Seattle, Feb. 10.—J. C. Coon, a boat builder at Whitehorse, Y.T., recently departed for the east with his wife, from whom he had been separated by untoward conditions for months. He was able to locate her through a brief story printed in the Post-Intelligencer, which was obtained from S. P. Brown, general agent of the White Pass & Yukon Railway.

Coon wrote his wife to come to the city some time ago. He was to locate her through a letter addressed in care of the general delivery. Mrs. Coon came to Seattle and found her husband not here. She applied to Agent Brown to obtain information of her husband's whereabouts and he gave the story out for publication.

Boyer in Seattle.

Seattle, Feb. 10.—A deal was consummated yesterday whereby the Hotel Northern passes into the hands of new owners on March 1. S. S. Bailey, who has been proprietor of the hostelry for the past five years, sold his interests to R. E. Nixon and Ralph Boyker. The purchasers are two well known mining men who made their fortunes in the Klondike.

Spring Suits

Robinson, the tailor, from Vancouver, is here and will remain during the entire week to take your orders. Room 6, Melbourne Hotel. All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

WITH THE PLAYERS

Farce Comedy at the Auditorium.

Vaudeville and High Class Specialties Hold Its Own at the Savoy.

The play at the Auditorium this week is one that should be characterized on the bills as "constructed for laughter only." It is a farce comedy pure and simple and entirely devoid of a single line of pathos or emotion, one that is guaranteed to dispell the worst case of blues on record.

The plot of "The Nominee," if such it can be called, deals with the troubles and ambitions of Jack Medford who is a victim of too much mother-in-law. Wishing to escape for a period of rest from the constant nagging of his wife's mother, Medford concocts a scheme with his friend Dr. Bunyon by which he proposes to run for congress, but instead of making the political canvass personally he has Bunyon do it for him while he himself slips off to New York for a good time.

He does not want to be elected, but merely adopts the scheme in order to get away from home for a while, it seeming as plausible as any other that might be originated. Bunyon and Medford leave the latter's home together, the latter ostensibly to enter the political arena but in reality for New York, while Bunyon impersonates his friend in the congressional canvass.

NEWS FROM FORTY MILE

Wade Creek a Beehive of Industry.

Chicken Creek Doing Well and Good Pay Located on Walkers' Fork.

E. E. Dilley, well known here in '98 and '99; returned Saturday evening after a two years' stay in the Fortymile country, the bulk of his time having been spent on Jack Wade creek. That creek, he says, is being worked more extensively this year than ever before, and the cleanup in the spring will show some surprising results.

Dress Goods AT A BARGAIN

We are offering a large line of Black and Colored Dress Goods at \$ \$ \$ \$

Half Price

J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET

does not appear until the last act, but when she does come on it is in a ravishing gown and a chic, little French bonnet that would have tempted St. Anthony, let alone Jack Medford.

Next week will witness another big production, a military drama entitled "On the Rappahannock." The following is the cast of this week's play: Jack Medford... Mr. Bittner... Dr. Leopold Bunyon... Mr. Southard... Porter Vane... Mr. Mullen... Col. Murray... Mr. Layne... Mrs. Van Barclay... Miss Forrester... Rose Van Barclay... Miss Lovell... Mabel Medford... Miss Howard... Annie Jackson... Miss D'Avara

THE SAVOY.

Vaudeville and farce comedy still continue the attraction at the Savoy, the efforts of John Mulligan as a fun producer seeming to never grow tiresome. The curtain raiser this week is a version by Billy Evans of "The Four Shamrocks," a very laughable Irish comedy in one act and three scenes.

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popular with the miners, courteous to all and never has any difficulty whatever with those with whom he deals in his official capacity.

The change that was made in the American customs officer located at Sam Patch's is one that has proven very beneficial to the miners operating on the American side of the line. The predecessor of the present official made life a burden for those whose business took them back and forth across the line, some of his acts being characterized by the miners as being little short of legalized holdups.

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

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

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures all once. Pioneer Drug Store.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM ALL THIS WEEK. "THE NOMINEE" LIFE MOTION PICTURES

NEW SAVOY Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 11. Nat. C. Goodwin's "CONFUSION" FARCE COMEDY

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

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin"-"Farallon"-"Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska

Burlington Route No matter to what point, you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington. Via the Burlington

By Using Long Distance Telephone You are put in communication with Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek. Yukon Telephone System

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including "The" and "George Sim" repeated vertically.

The Professor's Delusion

George Singleton was country born, when he was little more than a baby. His father, a wealthy farmer, shipped him off to a city boarding school. From that time until he graduated at the big city university George knew little of country life except through his vacations. It is rather a hard thing to do to make one's hero a narrow sort of a chap, but if the line of truth is to be heaved to, it must be said that in some ways George Singleton's views of life were not more than a foot wide.

Among other things that city school boys had done for this farmer's son was to give him a prejudice against country girls. George professed to know something quite different in the case of a girl, who, swinging her legs on a strap, cut through the crowd to the little schoolhouse at the crossroads, and the girl who took her father's carriage, or, at the very least, the elevated railroad, and was rolled away to a fashionable seminary. George did not want to be a country boy, perhaps, but he was one and the country girls with whom he associated when visiting home knew it. They left sort of a pity for this young fellow whose vision was so limited. George, while a somewhat remarkable student, was dense enough to see that he was not to be able to perceive that there was acumen enough in the country girls to enable them to see him up pretty thoroughly. He had yet to learn that keen wits were not necessarily associated with the rattle of silk skirts.

George Singleton's father had been so proud of the progress that his son had made in his studies that it was almost too late that he came to know that the boy had failed utterly to learn some of the higher lessons of life that are not to be found inside book covers. The old gentleman was wiser in the later years to remark that George knew all about Greek gods, but when it came to a question of other kinds of tubers George was not certain whether the potato sprouted under ground or had to be planted in a bush like a gooseberry. He wanted his son to go farming, even if he had given him the finest education that money could buy. But George wouldn't have it that way. He wanted to be a professor of ancient languages, and, as George was anything but a fool as far as book learning went, he was offered the position of instructor of Greek in the great institution of learning by the name where he had imbibed knowledge.

Instructor Singleton was looking forward to the day when he would have the right to tack professor on his name. It is needless to say in the light of these later day ways that the university was a co-ed affair. George had mixed classes, males and females. As he looked along the line of fresh girl faces which showed above the front row in the recitation room he found himself dropping back into the old habit of comparing the girl pupils whom he knew to be city bred with those who came from the country. George was forced to admit that there was much difference in the line of intelligence between those who came from Washington avenue and those who came from "just beyond the creek road." He did, however, flatter himself that with a certain mental effort he could tell a certain "savior faire" manner of his pupils who had been brought up amid what George called the refinements of civilization and those who had been reared where the air was thick in the country roads and where the sounds of nature take the place of the rattle of cable cars.

There was Belle Madison, for instance, strikingly handsome girl of whose very name had a boulevard sound to it. No one could possibly mistake Belle for a country girl. She had a certain something, according to instructor's view of life, that made her as a child of that part of the great city where the upper tendor of the world lived. George Singleton had never had the trouble to look up the names of the places of his pupils. He had to have to. His insight could not fail him. Now, it happened that Singleton was only 25 years old, and he happened that he was physically big and good looking. Some of the things which is not altogether unnatural, perhaps. He began to feel a deep interest in one of his pupils. It may be needless to say that it was the city bred girl, Belle Madison. Pupil and instructor met frequently at such of the gatherings as the university life afforded. It is hard to say better to go straight at the matter, and so let it be said without any more around that the pupil was entirely indifferent to the instructor. She was as handsome a girl as could be found after a week's hunt. She had a brunette, with a little of the blue eyes showing through the tan on her cheeks. It was tan sure enough

and this fact puzzled Instructor Singleton a little, for it was the one thing which this girl pupil of his had in common with the country lasses who dwelt down his father's farm way.

George's love affair prospered. He wasn't a bad fellow, only narrow and with an unreasonable prejudice against country girls. It didn't take Belle long to find out the bent of her teacher-lover's mind. She heard him say nice things about city girls, to disparagement of their rural sisters. She chided him a little at times and said that there were lots of country girls who were just as nice as George tried to make her out to be. He said: "You can't find your counterpart in a ten years' search in any city, and as for the country, a man would be nothing short of an idiot who would undertake a search that would last a century and in the end be unsuccessful."

Things went on smoothly and teacher and pupil were engaged. George had seen Mr. Madison, the father, at an office in a big downtown building. On the office door appeared simply the words, "William Madison, Commissions." Singleton knew that the mother was dead and that Belle had lived nearly all her life with her father. The spring vacation came on. Belle told George that her grandmother lived in Posey county, Indiana, and that she was going to spend the ten days' Easter vacation with her. George was asked to follow her in a few days to get acquainted with the old lady. A few days later he left the train at a dingy little station and inquired of the agent the way to Mrs. James Madison's residence.

"Oh, the old lady," said the railroad official. "She lives a mile back with her son. He's got about the biggest dairy farm in Indiana."

The day was delightful and the country was beautiful so George trudged along the road in the direction indicated. He soon came in sight of a great collection of buildings, while beyond, turned out for their first spring pasturing, were cattle that might have covered a thousand hills. It was near sunset. George reached the first of the long, low roofed sheds. There was a cow stanchioned at one end. Near by stood a man leaning against a post, while on a three-legged stool, with a pail firmly clasped between her knees, sat a maiden milking.

By the shades of Aeschylus, Aristotle and the rest of the Greeks, was there not something familiar about the sweeping lines of this dairy maid's figure and about the poise of her superb head? George passed through the gateway numb and dazed in all his faculties. At his step the girl turned her head, rose and came to meet him with the brimming milk pail in her hand and an equally brimming smile in her face. "I thought you'd get here just about this time, George, and so I let you catch me at my favorite work. I was born here and have lived here nearly all my life. Father has a commission office in the city, but he's only there occasionally. Ever since I was 17 I have been his partner in the dairy business, though he made me go to the university to polish up a little. Here," and she put her hand into her pocket, "is our card." George took it and read:

William Madison & Daughter,
Dairy Farm Products,
Posey County, Ind.

Milk Cows a Specialty.

"Not much savor of a boulevard about that, is there George? You know now where the tan cheeks came from. Do you think you can stand me as I am?"

And George looked at her and thought he could.—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

Sorrow for Rev. Jaquet

Seattle, Feb. 10.—After a missionary service as a Catholic priest extending over twenty-eight years Rev. Father A. Jaquet, of Nome, has been adjudged insane by Judge Wickersham in the northern camp, and at last reports was in charge of the United States marshal. He had been formally committed to the United States insane asylum.

Two weeks previous to November 6, the reverend gentleman had shown signs of aberration of mind. An order was issued to inquire into his case, and Judge Wickersham, one of his best friends, had the sad duty of adjudging him irresponsible, temporarily, at least. Time only, it is said, will show whether his mind is totally gone.

The hearing was one of the most pathetic scenes ever recorded in Nome. Sympathy could be read on every face in the large audience and at times a death-like stillness prevailed, broken only by the quiet voices of the lawyers and hushed tones of the witnesses, as if they were in the presence of death.

Judge Wickersham in announcing an

opinion expressed the utmost sympathy and feeling which was felt, in fact, by the entire community at Nome.

"Father Jaquet has erected a monument which will forever perpetuate his good work in Nome and Alaska," says the Gold Digger. "By his own individual efforts he has built a magnificent church, and there is no doubt that he has accomplished what no other man, similarly situated, could have done; but at what a terrible sacrifice."

"At this time it is impossible to predict how long his present state of ill-health will continue, but everything is being done by the physicians and careful attendants have been secured to nurse him back to health."

"A well known physician thinks that a grave mistake was made when the father was first put under restraint in a house that was entirely unfamiliar to him, as it undoubtedly produced extra-mental excitement."

Rev. Father Jaquet is well known on the Pacific coast. He has worked in all the coast states. He went to Nome last July and in his short tenure of office erected a church and parochial house.

Curling Scores.

The scores of the first week's play in the curling club tournament for the Bruce cup is as follows:

Monday:
McGowan F. Johnson
Rainbow L. L. Bell
Donald Chisholm
Crisp.....12 Norquay.....19
Altwin Boyle
Watt Thompson
J. Moncrieff McJannet
Hingston.....9 Young.....8

Tuesday:
Senkler E. B. Congdon
Jinnit Sutherland
Tiffin Edwards
Richardson.....19 Stewart.....7
Macrae Stauf
Hamilton Barrett
J. F. Bruce McKenzie
R. Moncrieff.....22 McKinnon.....6

Wednesday:
Lewin Thorburgh
J. G. Bell McPherson
Wills Cassell
De Gex.....12 MacFarlane.....15

Heron Warden
Fairbanks Dixon
Anderson Ward
W. B. Bruce.....15 Noble.....8

This ended the games for the first half of the week. For the second the scores were:

Skip Hingston, 17; Stewart, 5.
Skip Richardson, 14; Norquay, 10.
Skip Crisp, 15; Young, 8.
Skip De Gex, 12; Noble, 17.
Skip Moncrieff, 18; MacFarlane, 8.
Skip Bruce, 20; McKinnon, 7.

This leaves Skips Richardson, Bruce, Moncrieff and Hingston ahead by one game, but there are four weeks play yet to finish the tournament.

NOT WORTH THE COST

Is an Eminent Writers Opinion.

Of Uncle Sam's System of Carrying Mail From St. Michael to Kotzebue.

Last year the government established a postal route in the extreme western part of Alaska. Beginning at the island of St. Michael, the route extended in a northerly direction to the head of Kotzebue Sound, thence westerly to Cape Prince of Wales, returning to St. Michael by the way of Port Clarence, Teller, Nome, Golovin Bay and Norton Bay. The route was a thousand miles long and the trip was made by W. S. Flannagan and Francis H. Gambell. An account of the trip, made last spring, and many of its experiences is published in a recent issue of World's Work, the story being written by Mr. Gambell.

The unique mail train that Messrs. Flannagan and Gambell provided consisted of a light birch sled built especially for their trip and drawn by six heavily coated Alaskan dogs. They carried three hundred and sixty-five pounds of mail and supplies. On the first day they met a stiff breeze from the north with the thermometer four degrees below zero. That day they traveled thirty-five miles. Gambell's chin was frozen and it took some time to thaw it out with snow. The second day they traveled eighteen miles in the face of an ever-increasing wind. Day after day they fought their way through the snow, wind and bitter cold.

After three days of traveling with-

out discovering any human habitation, they came to three native huts. The next day they were surrounded by an Arctic fog and the mercury was from fifty to sixty degrees below zero. The cold was piercing. Gambell writes:

"My tea got cold before I could drink it; the beans seemed never to have been warmed; the fork froze to my lips."

The next day they got lost and stumbled upon a native hut, where they hired a native to pilot them to Kotzebue, but in a few hours the guide became lost, and after they had wandered around for eighteen hours without anything to eat, the guide got his bearings and soon led them to Kotzebue with the first United States mail that had ever entered the settlement. "At last we delivered the mail," writes Gambell, "and then sat down to the best supper that we had ever eaten in our lives."

At Kotzebue they rested three days, then started on a sixty-mile run across the ice to Cape Blossom, most of the way out of sight of land. The ice was piled up in heaps; there were no landmarks and they had to keep their course by a compass that they carried. At the end of the third day they reached a native village, where they were made welcome. They entered through the chimney into a vestibule for several rooms. The room they were taken to was heated with seal oil lamps and the heat from the bodies of human beings and dogs. In a side room they cooked and ate their supper and returned to the living room.

"Some of the men who had been out fishing had returned and, squatting upon the floor, with a wooden platter of seal meat, some frozen fish and a can of seal oil before them, were making their meal. Before going to bed they closed up the only opening to the house. There were fourteen people and two young dogs in that small room, while the odor of the seal oil added to the closeness of the air."

The next night they stayed in a white man's house—that of the commissioner of the newly formed mining district. In two days they reached Cape Prince of Wales, then started on the return to Port Clarence—then to Teller and across the country to Nome, where they found a modern city with schools, stores, hotels, club rooms, etc. Here they met a weekly mail carried by dog teams two thousand miles from Dawson.

In his conclusion Gambell says that it was a great trip and that they demonstrated that such a route can be maintained, but that it is not worth the suffering and the expense. The patrons of such a service are too few and the perils of even one trip are too great.

No account is given of the character of country through which these "pathfinders" went, but there is little doubt that much of it will be found capable of settlement, in which case the government will find it necessary to establish regular mail communication—but unquestionably Mr. Gambell is correct in estimating that at present the service is not worth what it costs.—Post-Intelligencer.

Valdes Railroad Prospects.

Seattle, Feb. 10.—Back of the project of a railroad from Haines Mission to the Rainy Hollow district is a movement looking to the development of extensive iron deposits said to have been found in that section of Alaska and the British Northwest.

An Associated Press dispatch from Ottawa to the Post-Intelligencer tells of the proposed application to the Dominion parliament by the Yukon Pacific railway for a charter to build a road from a point on Chilkat river, near the international boundary, to Rainy Hollow. The surveys for this road were recently completed by John Harper, a well known Dominion surveyor, with the aid of six or seven assistants. The party left Seattle about two months ago for Haines and Pyramid harbor.

From time to time it has been given out that the object of the railroad was the development of the Rainy Hollow copper mines and incidentally the Porcupine placers, but men well posted as regards large operations in the north say that great iron deposits have been found along the line of the proposed road, and that their development is the real purpose of such a highway.

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

TRAVELERS TO KOYUKUK

TAKE NOTICE

That the N. A. T. & T. Co. at Fort Yukon has a full stock of goods for outfitting, at reasonable prices. Any shortages arising will be reported to their Circle City station.

WINTER TIME TABLE-STAGE LINE.
THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.
Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901.—Week Days Only.
FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Carnack's and Dome..... 9 a. m.
FOR GRAND FORKS..... 11 a. m., 1 p. m. and 5 p. m.
FOR 23 BELOW LOWER DOMINION Chase's Roadhouse, via Hunker Creek, 9:30 a. m.
FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND EUREKA CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, Sun days included.
Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.
ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.
Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

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All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

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The Great Northern "FLYER"

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A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.

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How Are You Fixed

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Jobs Promised Tomorrow's Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery

miners, courteous to any difficulty what with whom he has special capacity. Gets to return to the city tomorrow.

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Balsam cures all lung Store.

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Monday, Feb. 17

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The Special Delivery Girl

It was a damp and generally disagreeable Christmas morning. There was no promise of sunshine and the light was still further dimmed by a murky mist. Maggie Brown looked slowly up at the cloudy sky as she seated herself in the express wagon, and shook her head disapprovingly. Then she glanced at the contents of the load behind her, smiled and nodded to the coatless porter at the rear door of the great store, and told Tommy to drive along. Tommy yawned heavily as he spoke to the horse and the latter briskly drew the wagon through the narrow street into the broad thoroughfare. There were very few people stirring, it was not 7 o'clock, and the highway was quite free from other vehicles. The horse was fresh and needed little urging, and the load, despite its bulkiness, was not weighty. So they sped towards the eastern suburb of the city at a very fair rate of speed.

Maggie Brown was undertaking a new line of work. She had contracted to deliver a load of Christmas gifts that the great department store had been unable to handle the day and night before. It came about through the sickness of Mr. Pegler. Mr. Pegler was a neighbor of Maggie's, and he owned a horse and wagon and did a thriving express business in an independent way. Mr. Pegler was always in demand at Christmas time. He was a careful man and he knew the city thoroughly, and he always helped out when the great holiday rush came. When he fell sick, and it happened the very evening after he had disposed of the last package on his load before Christmas, and the doctor ordered him to stay in bed all the next day, Mr. Pegler felt very badly in mind as well as body. Not only would he lose the money for his work, but he would sorely disappoint the manager of the great store who had bargained for his services. He felt worse about this than he did about the loss of money, being a conscientious man. Maggie knew he was ill because she saw the doctor come, and she went over to inquire how he was and to cheer up Mrs. Pegler, who had a way of taking trouble quite too seriously. And when Maggie found out how badly Mr. Pegler felt about his failure to carry out his promise, she asked Mrs. Pegler if she couldn't see him, and Mrs. Pegler took her into the bedroom where Mr. Pegler lay propped up on a pillow, looking very pale and very much unshaven.

"Good evening, Mr. Pegler," said Maggie Brown, as she took the rocking chair by the bedside. "Glad you're feeling some better. I won't bother you but a minute. When I heard you couldn't get out tomorrow I was just thinking that you might let me take your horse and wagon and deliver a load for you."

The sick man's eyes grew very big. "You?" he murmured, as he looked over. Maggie was a well built girl of sixteen, comely and neat, and with a pair of wonderfully bright grey eyes. "You don't know the streets and you can't drive."

"I shall take Tommy along to do the driving and watch the load and I know your horse is gentle and safe, and perhaps the men at the store could give me a lot of things to deliver in houses close together, and besides, I should take a map."

The sick man's face lighted a little. "You're a smart girl," he murmured. "You almost make me believe you can do it. Can you trust Tommy?"

"Tommy will do what I tell him to do," said Maggie Brown with some emphasis. "And his pay will depend on the way in which he does it. Besides, he's wild to drive horses."

"I wish you could do it," the sick man said. "I haven't sent word yet to Mr. Mathews, an' he's countin' on me sure. If you could only manage it I wouldn't ask for a cent's pay for the horse an' wagon."

"I can manage it all right," said Maggie Brown confidently. "That is, if Mr. Mathews will trust me."

The sick man looked at her long and earnestly.

"I don't know anybody else I could get to do it," he said. "I'll write a bit of explanation to Mr. Mathews. Get me paper and a pencil."

So with much difficulty and some groaning the disabled Pegler wrote a note both of explanation and introduction. "Guess that'll do," he said as he passed it to Maggie, and the girl glanced it through.

"Mister Mathews," it read, "this girl will take mi place i am sick, she can do it she is smart an honest excuse me plesse Mister Pegler."

"That will do, I'm sure," said Maggie as she folded the precious document. "And now I'll get the key

of the barn from Mrs. Pegler and go home and tell Tommy and father."

"You're a good girl," said Mr. Pegler gratefully. "I wish you belonged to me."

"Guess father would object to that," said Maggie with a little laugh as she arose to go.

"Guess likely he would," said Mr. Pegler with the ghost of a smile. "Get the barn key from Mrs. P., an' send her in here. I need another dose."

Maggie talked her father over in short order. He was an easy man and was under the sway of his daughter's masterful ways. There was nobody quite like Maggie.

"But what am I to do for my Christmas dinner?" he plaintively asked.

"There's plenty of good things in the pantry," said Maggie, "and you can keep the fire in the kitchen stove a-going, and besides, Tommy and I'll be home for supper and we'll have a real jolly time tonight. It ain't as though you couldn't cook, you know, father. You cooked breakfast for Tommy and me for more than two years. You haven't forgotten that."

And she patted his cheek affectionately.

"It will be a queer Christmas day," grumbled Tommy. "A fellow won't have no time to look at his Christmas presents nor nothin'."

"They'll keep," laughed Maggie. "And suppose we save them all till evening and then enjoy them with father."

"I was goin' skatin'," said Tommy.

"Indeed," said Maggie.

"But I guess there won't be no ice."

And so the bright-eyed girl and her yawning brother drove up to the great store, where the alert Mathews listened to the explanation Maggie offered, and read the note, and shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know about this," he said in his hurried way. "Somebody might steal the whole load away from you."

"Do you see that boy out there in the wagon?" said Maggie. "That's my brother Tommy and he's nearly fifteen. He can whip any two boys of his size on our street. He's a beautiful fighter. And besides," here his voice sank to a whisper, "he's got a gun this morning. It's a cheap gun, but Tommy knows how to use it, and I'd be sorry for any man who tried to bother us."

The alert Mathews laughed despite his manifold cares.

"I guess we'll have to trust you," he said. "We need your services too much to be overparticular. Of course we'll hold Pegler responsible for anything that goes wrong. Here, Jim, load up this wagon. I'll try to get things together so you'll have as little driving to do as possible. Sorry Pegler is sick. Tell him we'll credit him with \$4 if everything is satisfactory. Here, George, fill up this delivery book. Be sure you deliver at the right numbers, my girl, and get a signature for every delivery."

So Maggie and Tommy were on their way to the eastern suburb of the city, Tommy keeping an eye on the horse and Maggie closely studying the delivery book.

"Vassar street comes first, Tommy," said the girl. "No. 29 Fourth street beyond Rumford avenue."

"I know all the streets out there," said Tommy. "I helped a boy once who was distributin' bills."

So presently they reached Vassar street, and No. 29, and Maggie lightly jumped down. She quickly found the right package, and started up the front steps. "No. 53 is next," she called. "Drive on and find it."

The door of the house was hastily opened by a little man with sandy whiskers and the little man was angry. "This is a pretty time to get around," he cried. "I sat up half the night waiting for you."

"No. 29," said Maggie as she pushed forward the book. "Brimfield. Please sign."

"Why, bless my soul," cried the little man, "it's a girl! Well, well." And he actually smiled as he scribbled his name in the proper place.

"Thank you, sir," said Maggie. "Merry Christmas, sir."

"Wait," said the little man. "This is a special delivery, ain't it?"

"I guess it is," said Maggie.

The little man drew his hand from his pocket and a shining dollar came with it.

"There," he said, as he laid it on the delivery book. "Special deliveries are always extra, my dear — and a Merry Christmas to you," and he snatched up the package and quickly closed the door.

Maggie looked at the dollar and she looked at the door. Then she smiled and dropped the money in the purse

at her belt, and ran down the steps and up the street after Tommy.

At No. 53 a fussy lady suddenly appeared and sharply called. "Packages go to the side door."

"Yes, ma'am," said Maggie with a smile and trotted around the house. The fussy lady opened the side door herself.

"Dear me," she said, "the idea of sending a girl on such business! This isn't your regular occupation is it?"

"No, ma'am," replied Maggie.

"I'm a special delivery. Please sign there."

"Why are you doing it?" inquired the lady.

"Because the regular man is sick and couldn't work."

"Your father?"

"No, ma'am, just a friend."

The fussy lady looked hard at Maggie.

"Wait," she said, and ran back into an inner room. A moment later she was back with a cup of coffee and a delightful little cake in a pasteboard box.

"You're a good girl," said the fussy lady, "but I don't like to see them put such work on you."

And Maggie drank the coffee, which was very good and warming, and thanked the fussy lady and wished her a Merry Christmas, and hurried away with the cake to Tommy.

At the next house, which was No. 79, a pale little boy raced through the hall and opened the door for her. She had several packages for this home and this little boy looked up at her with a quick smile.

"Is you Santa Claus' little girl?" he asked.

Before Maggie could reply a white capped young woman appeared in the hallway.

"Come away from the open door, Robert," she cried. "Please step in," she added to Maggie. The little fellow caught Maggie's hand and drew her forward, and then the nurse closed the door and took the packages and signed the book.

"You must see my pretty tree," said the little boy still clinging to Maggie's hand.

"Oh, I'm in such a hurry," Maggie gently protested.

"But you must come," and the little boy tugged the harder.

"Please do as he says," murmured the nurse. "He has been very ill and we have to spoil him until he is quite well again."

So Maggie was led back into the library and showed the beautiful tree, and the little boy made her take a big and gorgeous cornucopia full of candy—the nurse nodding to her not to refuse it.

"I like you," said the little boy, "cause you's got eyes just like my mamma, who's gone 'way down soul' cause she's so sick. You'll come and play with me, won't you?"

Maggie looked at the nurse, who nodded again.

"Yes," she said, "I'll come very soon."

As she left the house the nurse softly said, "You mustn't forget your promise. He'll talk about it until you come. And Mr. Oliver will be so glad to pay you for your time if you can only amuse him and keep him from worrying."

"I will come next Friday afternoon," said Maggie after a moment's thought.

She found Tommy looking a little anxious.

"I was just going to drive into the yard and look for you, sis," he said. Then he smiled as she laid the big cornucopia beside the cake in its pasteboard box. "Well, I like this," he chuckled.

So from house to house the brother and sister went, and at every door Maggie found fresh evidence of the gentle Christmas spirit. Sometimes it took the form of a word of friendly greeting, sometimes it was expressed by a coin or rustling bill. Maggie protested against these practical evidences of good will but was always overruled, and presently she found it was a great waste of time to protest at all. At one place a kind-hearted hostess filled a pasteboard box with good things from her hospitable table, and this made a fine lunch for the boy and girl, even if it had to be eaten at hurried intervals.

It was just 2 o'clock when the last package was delivered, and Maggie telephoned the welcome intelligence to the anxious Mr. Mathews at the big store. Then they turned the horse in the homeward direction and let him take his own pace.

Mr. Pegler was asleep and resting easily. So Mrs. Pegler informed Maggie.

"Tell him when he wakes up that the load was delivered all right and that there's \$4 to his credit at the big store," said Maggie.

"Bless you," said Mrs. Pegler, "he says you're to have that."

"Not a penny of it," cried Maggie. "Tell him I got my pay all right, and ain't complaining a mite."

That evening, as they contentedly sat around the table in the living room, having enjoyed an excellent dinner that Maggie had prepared after giving herself an hour or two of rest, the girl turned to Master Tommy.

"What do I owe you, Tommy?" she asked.

He looked at her a little anxiously. "I really ought to have a dollar," he said.

Maggie laughed. "I think that's fair, don't you, father?" she said. "Here's your dollar, Tommy."

Tommy's eyes brightened as he

clutched the coin. But they gave with astonishment when Maggie eyed the contents of her purse on a table. "I find," she said, "a dollar later, that I have here \$5.25 to add to Tommy's account in the bank and that will leave me the same as he gets, \$6.25." She laughed lightly. "It seems to me," she said, "that there must be a good many worse kinds of business than this Christmas special delivery." — Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Lone Star Stock Is the Best Investment Ever Offered to the Public.

We claim we have the mother lode. Can you deny these facts. The mines are situated at the head of the two richest creeks on earth—Eldorado and Bonanza. Gold is found on every claim on Bonanza creek, and up Victoria Gulch to the quartz mines. If it did not come from this ledge, where did it come from?

The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge. The gold is found in slide matter on Seven pup. Where did it come from?

The best pay found in Gay Gulch is at the head of the gulch, below the quartz mines. There are eight gulches heading at the Lone Star mines. They all carry gold. Where did it come from?

Lone Star stock is the best investment ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp. Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp, LEW CRADEN.

LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.
 LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.

Stroller's Column.

"The devil is the matter this time," she said, a moment ago have \$5.25 to an account in the savings bank will leave me the same \$5.25." She laughed and said, "Must be a good man of business than being a social delivery."—W. Ireland Plain Dealer.

ing at Nugget office.

uta, beef, mutton at Anza Market, next P

's facilities for turning job work cannot be made of San Francisco.

foreign events for the

GET

tegraph service news gathering and will be de-ly for

Month!

PROMISE ME YO'LL SCATTAH PEANUT SHELLS O' MAH GRAVE."

Lian wah dah an' I seed huh up de rose; but in de scitement I forgot 'bout it till las' night when she wah out an' I looked tru de private box an' foun' de selfsame nutrupped up in de very hankchief I had de mawwin' ov de picnic in de Sink. An' das' why I 'se come to kill mahself."

"You are welcome to the office any time you want it for that purpose," said the Stroller, "and when you are ready to do business, see that you fall on the floor away from the paper for Old Sonnam is sure to make a mess of you. He hasn't been anything but flies for several weeks and he'll think a hundred and fifty pounds of fresh nigger is quite a picnic."

Zion looked grave and returned to his work. In less than an hour he was singing about "hearin' de gospel nutrupped aroun' de curve." That afternoon Lian showed up with a blackmelon and while they were eat-



one leg taught to skate now and by the end of the week he hopes to be able to wear two skates instead of, as at present, one skate and one ice creeper.

"Come out for a skate?" said a neighbor to the Stroller a few evenings since, and when the latter temporarily forgot himself and said: "Please excuse me, but I took four on my way to dinner," it lowered his social standing at home to such an extent that things have since been very unpleasant for him.

The present mild weather, while yet it seems far too early, is very suggestive of the moist and misty spring time, and could we but smell the incense of burning overshoes in the back yard we could feign believe even at this early date that spring is upon us.

And yet until we see the barefooted boy with but one suspender, we must not get too far away from our furs and felts.

Speaking of barefooted boys, who would ever think that Clifford Sifton and Admiral Hobson were once barefooted boys with one suspender apiece and an ungovernable desire to wiggle their toes in the ambient air and soothe their parboiled heels in the yielding mud?

This fable teaches us that when spring does come and we meet the barefooted boy coming home from the "swimmin' hole" with his pants on wrong side before, that we must treat him with respect, for in after life, like Sifton, that same boy may shine either as the chief concession grantor or, like Hobson, the champion kisser of a nation.

A word in the above put the Stroller in mind of a story:

An Irish brick-mason who had a job on a four-story building, overslept himself one morning and on awaking found he had but two min-



utes to dress, travel three blocks and get to the top of the building and be ready to go to work on time.

Grabbing his clothes, he started down stairs and by the time he reached the street he was dressed. He rushed wildly along and managed to reach the top of the building just as the foreman called "time." Without thought for other than his work Pat labored for an hour or two when, by a misstep, he fell from the building to the ground forty feet below. His fellow workmen hastened to the rescue but when they arrived Pat was brushing the dirt from his clothes and then it was that he saw the rear part of his pants in front.

"Pat, are yez boort?" asked the foreman.

"Th' saints be praised," said Pat, "O'm not boort, but O'm dommed badly twisted."

The Stroller would be pleased to know why ice taken from the Yukon river for domestic purposes has to be cut from in the neighborhood of the old brick yard five long miles up the river. Has someone with a pull a la Treadgold been granted an ice concession or is it done in the interests of teamsters?

While it cuts no ice with the Stroller either way, he is anxious to know why ice should be hauled several miles over ice.

To the Evaporated Kid:

The Stroller has acted on your suggestion and spoken to Manager Bittner about a benefit for us, but he does not take kindly to it. He wishes us well, but there is a yawning abyss between good wishes and a meal ticket. Bittner says he has been broken in on enough lately and will now run his house a few nights for himself.

To the delegates who are going to Ottawa on the Treadgold matter:

Don't blow out the gas!

The Stroller suggests the organization in Dawson of a "He Never Cares to Wander" club to which every man who has been here three years without once leaving the country shall be eligible for membership. Colonel Macgregor is the man for chairman and Dr. J. N. E. Browne for secretary. There should be no initiation fees or dues, but when a member goes to the outside he forfeits his membership and pays into the treasury the price of a case of Scotch. This would be a great thing for the remaining members and at the same time it might prevent some from going outside and squandering money that is needed here.

Call a meeting, Colonel!

February 13 - March 30.
Dawson, Feb. 24th.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir,—Please inform me the beginning and the ending of Lent, to decide a wager.

Yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

Lent began on Thursday, February 13, Ash Wednesday being on the 12th. It continues throughout March, Easter this year falling on Sunday, March 30.

MORE WATER FOR LESS PAY

Was Order Presented by Sifton Yesterday

As the Latest Treadgold Concession Feature—Petition Regarding Two Railways.

Ottawa, Feb. 25.—Hon. Clifford Sifton presented to parliament yesterday the orders-in-council re the Treadgold concession, the latest of which makes provision that the concessionaires shall supply to miners on Bonanza, Bear and Hunker creeks and all affluents two thousand inches of water at 25 cents an inch. The original order fixing a charge of one dollar an inch, required that the company should supply one thousand inches.

A petition was introduced yesterday respecting the Lake Bennett Railway and Coast Kootenay Railway.

"H. M. S. Pinafore."

Rehearsals for the three performances of Gilbert & Sullivan's opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore," by the Dawson Amateur Operatic Society, are progressing most satisfactorily. The performances will be given on March 13, 14 and 15. The box plans for the first two performances will be opened at the Auditorium Theatre on Thursday next at 12 o'clock noon. The box plan for the performance on March 15 will be opened at the same place on Saturday next at 12 o'clock noon, in order to allow the residents on the creeks an opportunity of witnessing the opera and giving them time to reserve their seats. As a rumor is afloat that a number of the boxes and seats have been already sold privately, the Executive Committee wish it to be contradicted. Every part of the house will be for sale when the plans are opened, and after that it will be "first come, first served."

A GREAT COUNTRY

Rich in Mineral and Grazing Resources

Is That Tapped by Iliamna Trail Expedition Planning for a Railroad.

Seattle, Feb. 10.—The Trans-Alaskan Company and the Trans-Alaska Railway Company, which are engaged in the struggle for the coveted right of way across Alaska from a point on Iliamna Bay northward to a point on Bering strait are not confining their efforts to the work of influencing congress by representations of the things they intend to do, but are both represented on the ground in an effort to prove their right to be considered as legitimate and reliable claimants for the privileges which they covet.

Both companies are represented in Alaska by pioneer parties who are doing the advance work preliminary to the actual beginning of the work of construction and both companies claim that they will begin the actual work of laying track on the proposed railroads during the coming season.

While the Trans-Alaska Company is engaged in proving its claim to the privilege of constructing the railroad, the Trans-Alaskan Company, its rival is not by any means idle. The latter company has a corps of surveyors in the field mapping out the country and getting things into condition at Iliamna to proceed early in the spring with the actual work of railroad construction. Extensive terminal grounds at Iliamna Bay have been surveyed and filed on and detailed surveys are being extended into the interior for the purpose of obtaining data upon which contracts for construction can be let early in the coming season. The company has already secured one of a fleet of steamers which it intends to put on the run between Seattle and Cook's Inlet as soon as it is in a condition to begin shipping materials and supplies north for the construction work.

W. F. Smith, chief engineer of the Trans-Alaskan Company, who has spent several months in Alaska recently in charge of the company's surveying and pioneer work, returned on the steamer Bertha on Wednesday, and in speaking of the condition of the work in conversation with a reporter at the general offices of the company in the Pacific Block yesterday said:

"Preliminary to making any statement regarding the company and its work in Alaska I wish to make it plain that I will not partake in the controversy which is now going on between the Trans-Alaskan Company and the Trans-Alaska Company for the possession of the right of way. The higher officers of the two companies will attend to that matter and that is their portion of the work. As for myself, I am merely a hired man, as it were, and my business is to do as I am told in regard to prosecuting the work which the company has decided to do.

"But I will say that the Trans-Alaska Company is getting ready to commence the actual work of construction during the coming season. We now have a party of men at Cook Inlet doing the surveying and pioneer work preparatory to the commencement of more active operations. My brother, who represents the rival company, and his party have just arrived from the interior after having some trying experiences."

A striking thing about the controversy for the possession of the right of way for the construction of the railway is the unanimous agreement on the part of all persons interested in any manner in either scheme upon the wonderful richness and promise of the country which the proposed roads will tap. Upon this subject Mr. Smith said:

"There is no question of the phenomenal richness and possibility of the country. The surveyors who have from time to time made the surveys and the prospectors who have been through the country for the precious and other metals all agree that the country will prove to be immediately an immensely productive one. In mineral wealth the country is not to be surpassed by any other section of Alaska. There are large deposits of gold, both in the quartz and in the placer conditions, also of silver, copper, cinnabar and graphite. There are immense deposits of asphaltum; while many promising oil claims have been located and one company is already engaged in sinking an oil well. Two varieties of oil have been found by the assays, oil with a paraffin base and oil with an asphaltum base.

"There is no room for doubt that the country will prove to be an excellent grazing country. There are immense stretches of lands which are covered with a heavy growth of grasses. In places this grows as high as a man's head and samples have been brought out from the country which measured nine feet in length. This wild grass can be cut in the summer time and stacked up against the winter season, thus enabling stock raisers to bring their herds through the closed season with but very small expense comparatively. There are immense herds of large game in the country, and where these thrive there is no reason why cattle and horses should not do well. Little has been done in the way of experimenting with agricultural products in the country which will be tapped by the railroad, but those few experiments which have been made indicate that the country will prove immensely rich in agricultural resources."

Back From Tennessee.

Benjamin Joshua Thompson who, previous to going outside last fall, was in the employ of the Nugget for over two years, returned to Dawson last night. In order that he might be better able to study the scenery, he walked from Whitehorse, being 14 days on the road. He spent most of the time he was away in Arkansas and at his old home in Tennessee. He reports everything prospering in the south, the possum crop being unusually good.

For Sale.

THREE-QUARTER interest on lower hall left limit hillside, 27 Gold Run, at a bargain. Apply R. N. Robertson, Log Cabin Hotel, South Dawson.

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge No. 7998, F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mineola street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.

C. H. WELLS, W. M.
A. DONALD, Sec'y.

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MASS MEETING LAST NIGHT

The great mass meeting held in the Standard theatre last night to ratify the action of the committee of twenty appointed to consider the best methods for making a strenuous opposition to the Treadwell grant, ended in what may be termed an unexpected manner. Our report of yesterday afternoon left the committee in session at the rooms of the Board of Trade, discussing a petition upon the question to be signed by as many as possible and then sent to Ottawa. This had been introduced by Col. McGregor. It was briefly discussed and finally adopted.

Then came up the question of the selection of delegates, a remnant of the snarl the committee got into in the early hours of Sunday. It was first moved to rescind the balloting altogether, and the next proposition was that the resignation of Mr. Williams, twice tendered at that meeting, be accepted. Neither of these propositions were acted upon, but on the motion of Arthur Palmer, seconded by John R. Grey, a resolution was passed that the chairman appoint a committee of five to take the four candidates already elected and choose three from them. Of these four candidates Arthur Wilson had not been voted upon but had been elected by special resolution. Sugrue and Williams had won their election by ballot, and Congdon had subsequently been elected by a unanimous vote.

Chairman Macaulay, selected as this committee Arthur Palmer, D. Matheson, P. H. Hebb, Alderman Murphy and Councilman Prudhomme. Then Mr. Williams left the room. As the committee was leaving for deliberation, Mr. Congdon asked that his name be not considered by the committee. The committee returned and reported the names of Wilson, Congdon and Sugrue. That was how affairs stood at the opening of the meeting in the evening.

Col. McGregor called the meeting to order and J. H. Davison was elected to preside. The lengthy reports of the committees were then read, including the several special reports and the substitute for the Treadgold concession drawn up by Mr. Williams, and the report of the afternoon meeting. There had been added to the report a unanimous resolution that the Yukon council be requested to at once call a meeting to protest against the Treadgold grant, and that a similar request be made to the city council. Later on in the meeting in regard to the question of bringing the matter before the Yukon council, Councilor Prudhomme told how he had already taken measures to that end. He had written Acting-Commissioner Newlands on the subject and under date of Feb. 17th had received the following reply:

"In reply to your letter of the 17th I beg to inform you that I have no power to call a meeting of the Yukon council to deal with a matter which is entirely within the jurisdiction of the Dominion government, and for which the council has no authority whatever."

To this Mr. Prudhomme has replied: "I have your reply to my letter of the 17th. It was never suggested that the Yukon council had jurisdiction or authority to deal with the Treadgold concession. The legislative powers of the Yukon council are defined by section 8 of the Yukon territories act, but elective members of the council deem themselves to a certain extent advisers of the government at Ottawa upon Yukon questions. We wish the appointive members to join with us in advising the Dominion government as to the facts of the Treadgold concession, and that this should be done by resolution of the council. For this purpose a meeting should be held."

So, as Mr. Prudhomme remarked, it is now up to the appointive members of the council to state their positions in the matter.

After a motion had been made and seconded that the report of the committee be adopted, there were several amendments and nearly the whole of the evening was spent in inconsequential discussion upon details of the report and in personal explanations. The first of these amendments was by Dr. Catto. It read as follows:

"Resolved, that this meeting select three delegates to proceed to Ottawa and lay before the proper authorities the enormity of the wrong now fastened upon the people of the Yukon by the Treadgold concession, and exhaust every available means to the end that said concession be annulled and that no water rights be granted to any individual or corporation except under the mining regulations without submission first to the commissioner of the Yukon Territory in council."

This had already been adopted by the committee as far as the word

"annulled," and the futility of such a request as that contained in the remainder, the suggestion that the government refer such matters to its own appointive body, had been thoroughly threatened to the apparent satisfaction of everyone with the exception of Dr. Catto, who was not a member of the committee.

Mr. Woodworth again explained that it was not desired that the Yukon council should pass upon any rights to be granted as long as a large majority of its members were the appointees of the minister of the interior. The concession which had raised this popular indignation was said to have been granted upon the advice of one member of the Yukon council, the gold commissioner, and others. (A voice: Who?) Mr. Woodworth said that was what we all wanted to know, and also what they had reported. It was claimed to have been granted upon the advice of the people appointed by Mr. Sifton, and not on that of the people of the Yukon territory. Then why refer these questions to Mr. Sifton's appointees?

Mr. A. D. Williams was the next speaker, neither to the amendment nor to the motion, but, as it turned out, on a purely personal question. He first declared that he was proud to have a boost from anyone but had certain objections to being stabbed in the back. It was wonderful how this remark enlivened the audience.

They at once placed themselves in an attitude of attentive expectancy. Mr. Williams kept it up: "You may think I am sore," he said. "Probably I am. The only thing I ask is a square deal," and from this he went on to explain his action in the late contest for the mayoralty and told all about the balloting for delegates for Ottawa. He told how he had twice offered to resign, after his election, in favor of Mr. Congdon, but "instead of accepting my resignation they turned me down, and in a cold, raw manner at that—well, I ask if the people of the territory are going to stand tactics such as that?" (Cheers) "So of course I am sore."

Mr. Congdon regretted that Mr. Williams felt as he did, because in all the meetings of the committee no member had given more attention and had furnished more useful information than had Mr. Williams. (Applause.) and it had never occurred to him (Mr. Congdon) until that moment that Mr. Williams felt in the least bit hurt. He then made his explanation of the balloting, and of the fact that when the nominating committee was appointed he had particularly requested that his name be not considered. He concluded by saying, "If it will offer the least solution of the matter I will at once retire, and permit the name of Mr. Williams to be used in place of my own."

Without any reference whatever to the motions before the meeting the other gentlemen mentioned for delegates were called upon to speak. Councilor Wilson came first, and was followed by Sugrue, who was evidently very popular, and who deplored the fact that the unity of all cliques brought about by the Treadgold inquiry should threaten to be broken at this meeting.

William Thornburn proposed an amendment that the report be adopted except that part referring to the afternoon meeting, and after him A. Macfarlane put in a timely point of order, but by this time the whole business of the meeting was tangled up and speakers continued to talk upon which they could find anything to say, and in the end all the amendments were adopted, no matter how contradictory, and the original motion to accept the report of the committee was also adopted.

Also, on the top of the committee reports that three delegates should be sent to Ottawa, and Dr. Catto's amendment that three delegates should be the number, the meeting with immense enthusiasm vindicated Mr. Williams and insisted that he should be a delegate. So that the real result was the selection of Wilson, Congdon, Sugrue and Williams as the delegation.

Judgment Given.

William Patrick sued the late candidate for alderman, Mr. Seabrooke, before Judge Macaulay this morning, for \$75 for wages. Mr. Seabrooke did not dispute the claim altogether but said the only point in dispute was as to the number of hours worked. The plaintiff, when on the witness stand, said that Mr. Seabrooke had said when the controversy occurred, "There is a court to settle such matters," and plaintiff had accordingly brought his action. Mr. Seabrooke had no competent evidence to support his side of the argument, which was a matter of a few hours anyway, and the judge said he had no recourse but to give a verdict for the plaintiff with costs.

"Looks Like an Early Spring"

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LATE NEWS OF CREEKS

Events on Bonanza and Eldorado.

Now the Most Busy Period of Entire Year—Many Social Happenings.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomson of No. 43 above Bonanza attended the A. B. circus last Friday night and report a very enjoyable time.

Mrs. Warren of No. 6 Victoria pup has been in town the last week visiting her brother.

Mrs. Keys of Monte Cristo Gulch was brought to town last week and taken to the Good Samaritan hospital for treatment. It is expected that she will be able to return home in a few days.

Miss Leda Martin of Dawson has been visiting Mrs. Kinsey at Grand Forks and Gold Hill the last couple of weeks.

The ten-round go between Max Nelson from St. John, N.B., and Swanson from Nanaimo, B.C., last Saturday night at the Dewey, Grand Forks, drew a large crowd to witness the fight. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity. Time was called a few minutes after nine and both gentlemen stepped to the middle of the ring and shook hands. Nelson wore a look of confidence and determination, while Swanson's expression seemed to indicate that he had entered the ring for sport. Swanson is the larger of the two. However, he got none the best of Nelson, who was very wary and ever on the watch for an opening. Honors seemed equally divided. Both did very well until the sixth round, when it was plain to be seen that unless a foul occurred the fight must be declared a draw, for both combatants would rather clinch than fight. Up to the sixth round both received considerable punishment. The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth rounds were practically all clinching. Nelson seemed to be in better trim for the contest than his opponent. In the first round Nelson's seconds claimed the fight on a foul, but the referee, while he admitted the foul, said he did not want to stop the fight and cautioned the combatants on fouls. (Both gentlemen acted manly throughout and several times Swanson entered the ring with a smile on his face. The fight was declared a draw. Immediately after the tenth round Mr. Swanson stepped to the center of the ring and in a remarkably calm voice said it was the first time he had ever entered the ring to fight and that he wanted no more of it. He said he was a wrestler and would wrestle any man in the community not weighing more than 135 or 140 pounds, but that he was tired of fighting and would fight no more.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at the Forks in a manner that would do justice to any American city. The Literary Society kindly tendered their regular meeting night at the church over to the Americans for the occasion. Committees on finance, program, and refreshments were appointed and then the work began to give in honor of George Washington the grandest entertainment yet held at the Forks. The church was beautifully decorated with flags, bunting and garlands of red, white and blue. In the center of the platform on a blackboard, Mr. Asa T. Heydon had drawn a most excellent bust picture of Washington; on either

side of him were gracefully depicted with colored chalk the American and British flags, making a very pretty and appropriate effect. Washington having served under both flags. Long before the entertainment began the church was packed to the doors and as a consequence many who had come from a distance were unable to procure seats. The program was the best yet given at Grand Forks judging from the hearty applause given each number. Mr. Black acted as chairman and Miss Bense as pianist for the evening. The program was opened by the chairman, who in a few well-chosen remarks stated what the meeting was for. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was then ably led by Miss Bense singing the verses as a solo, the audience joining in the chorus with a will and heartiness that fairly made the church ring with patriotism. This was followed by an address of welcome by Mr. Hart, who spoke upon the friendliness existing between the two nations and the progress made from Washington's time to the present. Mr. Mahoney then favored the audience with a solo, which was generously applauded. Master Wallie Harris gave a recitation on the cherry tree incident. Mr. Heydon spoke on the life of Washington, paying many glowing tributes and touching upon all the crowning events that marked his brilliant and illustrious career from the cradle to the grave. Mr. Bense followed with a solo, "I Loved You Better Than You Knew," receiving hearty applause. Little Miss Mildred Stahl gave a recitation which captured the hearts of the audience. Mr. Gladwin sang a patriotic solo, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," which was well received. Miss Bense then sang with much feeling a very pretty solo entitled "A Blind Girl to Her Harp," winning enthusiastic applause. Mr. McKay in a few brief remarks dealt with the historic events that marked Washington's life as a soldier. The national song, "America," was then sung by the audience. Miss Marynie McDevitt charmed the audience with a very pretty piano solo, showing a touch and technique which bespeaks a brilliant future for her as a pianist. The star number on the program was the recitation by Mr. Longton of Henry Ward Beecher's "Tribute to the American Flag." Mr. Longton delivered it with great force and effect, bringing out each stirring passage in such a manner that every American present could not but feel proud of the Stars and Stripes. Miss Martin

of Dawson sang "My Old New Hampshire Home," at the conclusion of which the audience fairly raised the roof with applause, calling again and again until the young lady responded with an encore. Mr. Anderson sang "He is Sleeping in the Klondike Vale Tonight," and for an encore, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Miss Davis recited "Barbara Fretchie." Mrs. Patterson gave a very comical darky recitation and encore which kept the audience convulsed with laughter. Mr. Vincent rendered "Sing Me a Song of the Sunny South," which was heartily applauded. An intermission for luncheon was then held during which Mr. Benjamin gave some choice selections from the phonograph. The lunch, which was prepared by Mrs. McDevitt, Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Black, was a revelation; sandwiches, excellent coffee, fruit and plenty for all. Toasts were to be responded to at the conclusion of luncheon but owing to the impatience of the younger people to get over to the social hall and trip the light fantastic the program was brought to a close by all singing "God Save the King," after which all who indulged in the terpsichorean art hied themselves to the social hall and danced into the "wee sma' hours." The committee wishes to tender a vote of thanks to Miss Bense for her kindness in loaning her piano for the occasion, also the business houses and citizens who so liberally and willingly helped to make the event the grand success it was. Long may the memory of the father of his country live in the hearts of all.

The Grand Forks Social Club will hold another one of its popular hops next Friday, Feb. 28th, at the social hall.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists. Job Printing at Nugget office.

TO FORM NEW PARTY

No Party Politics But a United All Parties in Interest of Territory.

It was said at the meeting last night and, in short, in an unambiguous fact, that the discussion upon the Treadgold concession united all cliques and parties in the Yukon territory. To perpetuate a state of unity and maintain it as long and as far as possible, it was proposed to form an entirely new political party, to be called "The Yukon Party."

To this end a call was issued last afternoon for a meeting this evening at the Hotel Metropole. Several places for this first meeting were suggested, but the desire was as far as possible away from the stamping ground of the factions of last elections and in other movements, including that in regard to the Treadgold concession.

The call is sent out in the name of Councilmen Prudhomme and Wood and Mr. Woodworth and others who also signed the original call. As a political party and to be known as a political party, the line is to draw at party politics. Both Liberals and Conservatives are invited to join, and every faction is invited to sink their present enmities and to work in an amicable and devoted manner to the best interests of the Yukon territory.

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