

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 2 No. 29

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

Slater's
Felt
Shoes

Sewed with Goodyear
...Well...

Sargent & Pinska
"The Corner Store"

OFFICIAL NOTICE

Of the Death of the Late Sovereign Has Been Duly Received

BY COMMISSIONER WM. OGILVIE.

Also a Proclamation From His Excellency, the Governor General

CONCERNING THE NEW KING

In the Person of King Edward the VII—Oaths of Allegiance Will Now Be Administered.

The following self-explanatory and official telegram has been received by Commissioner Ogilvie:
Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 23, via Bennett, B. C., Jan. 31, 1901.

The Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, Dawson:
Extract from a report of the committee of the honorable the privy council, approved by his excellency on the 23d January, 1901. The committee on the recommendation of the minister of justice and attorney general advise that upon the issue of the proclamation under your excellency's hand and seal arms announcing the demise of Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, and the accession of His Majesty King Edward VII, the Hon. Calixte Aime Dugas and the Hon. James Craig, judges of the territorial court of the Yukon territory or either of them do administer the oath of allegiance to the commissioner of the Yukon territory. The committee further advise that the commissioner of the Yukon territory and the said judges of the territorial court be notified by telegraph of the issue of the aforesaid proclamation and of the provisions of this minute. All which is respectfully submitted for your excellency's approval.

(Signed) JOHN J. M'GEE,
Clerk of the Privy Council.

A proclamation by His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Gilbert John Elliott, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh in the Peerage of Great Britain, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, etc., etc., Governor General of Canada.

To all whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory by whose decease the imperial crowns of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and all other of her late majesty's dominion is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, I, the said Sir Gilbert John Elliott, Earl of Minto, Governor General of Canada, assisted by his majesty's privy council for Canada and with their hearty and zealous concurrence, do therefore, hereby publish and proclaim that the high and

mighty Prince Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, is now by the death of our late sovereign of happy and glorious memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege lord, Edward VII, by the grace of God, king of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, to whom are due all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, and I do hereby require and command all persons whomsoever to yield obedience and govern themselves accordingly, beseeching God by whom kings do reign to bless the Royal Prince Edward VII with long and happy years to reign over us.

Given under my hand and seal at arms at Ottawa this 23d day of January, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one, and in the first year of his majesty's reign.
(Signed) MINTO.

Remove Symbols of Mourning.
Gov. Ogilvie, through Dr. J. N. E. Brown, territorial secretary, has requested the Nugget to state that the symbols of mourning which have been so appropriately displayed in the city since receipt of the sad news of the death of the queen, may be removed this evening.

Saw Its Shadow

Today is one time when the appearance of Old Sol was not hailed with joy and yet he shone forth in all his effulgence and thereby set spring back just six weeks later than it would have otherwise been, and all because the ground hog saw his shadow. Some people may think this legend does not apply in the Yukon as they insist that there are no groundhogs in this country. This is a mistake, as all sausage eaters will testify. The fact remains that the ground hog saw his shadow today and people will do well to order a few extra cords of wood and defer garden making until well along in March. Had the heavens been obscured by clouds today there would, in all probability have been sluice heads on the creeks by March 1st and cabbage heads on the market six weeks later; to say nothing of a large number of square heads already in the country. The fact that the sun shone today is little short of a disaster.

COMING AND GOING.

The fire bell, the bell at the Catholic church, and that of St. Paul's are tolling from 3 to 4 this afternoon, and all public offices are closed.

Tomorrow there will be morning and evening services of memorial nature in the Catholic church, and evening services of the same nature in the other churches.

Fred Payne disappeared from his accustomed haunts at an early hour this morning, taking with him a bicycle and an ax, which leaves his friends so alternative but to fear the worst. There is some reason to suppose that Mr. Payne has heard of the stampede to Caulder creek which is the next latest discovery after Last Chance, and he has probably gone after a mine.

A man named Davis was rather severely bitten by a mad dog this morning while crossing First street at Second avenue. The dog was a large black mongrel, and that he was mad there can be no doubt as he ran with his mouth open and frothing. After biting the man the dog made his escape and will probably be heard from again unless he falls foul of the dog catcher.

Mr. Oswald Finney of the gold commissioner's office, who returned from a trip east in company with T. T. Burwash, recorder at Stewart, Recorder W. R. Hamilton, of Hootalingua; and Miss Robinson, of the post-office, last Thursday, was seen on the streets this morning. When Mr. Finney left here last summer it will be remembered by his friends that the circumstances of his going led to a general downpour of rice. There is nothing about the gentleman's appearance since his return which would indicate that there was any real call for the rice.

Death Notice.

Died—Thomas Cavanaugh, aged 51 years. Funeral from St. Mary's church, Monday at 1 p. m. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend the services.

Exciting Adventure.

Tom Chisholm went to the Fork Thursday and when he returned to Dawson in the evening he was wearing his

pants at half mast. The cause of his dilapidation was that on passing 33 below on the homeward voyage he was assailed by a mad dog. Like Casablanca, of whom we read in Mr. McGuffey's electric fourth reader, Tom stood pat—for a second and until he had hastily drawn his trusty revolver and fired one shot at—the rapidly approaching dog which was foaming like a laundry. The bullet passed several feet above the dog and could be heard clipping twigs from tall trees as it sped away into space. And still the foaming, frothing brute advanced, and then it was that Tom weakened a la Pug Collier and set off down the trail at a 3:40 gait which caused his coat tails to assume a horizontal attitude and pop like whips when he turned a corner. Frost-covered trees sped by like teeth in a comb when a fiendish howl rent the air and—smash, rip, tear—the dog stopped as did also a large portion of the seat and legs of the Chisholm pants, whose owner stopped at the next roadhouse and tried to buy a barrel in which to complete his journey. Failing to find a barrel, he was forced to pay \$8 for an old parkie in which to continue his journey. It was fortunate for Chisholm that the weather was comparatively mild.

Railroad Rumor

A rumor is current on the street today that Capt. Healy formerly of the N. A. T. & T. Co. has been awarded a contract to build 80 miles of railroad between Valdes and Eagle City. Nelson Bennet, famous as the builder of the Stampede Tunnel on the Northern Pacific railroad, is said to have also received a contract for the building of 100 miles.

The news is said to have reached Dawson by a recent arrival. Capt. Healy and his son, T. C. Healy, are known to have gone to Valdes, but the impression in the minds of some is that M. J. Heney, formerly of the W. P. & Y.R. construction is the one referred to and not Capt. Healy. No authentic news of the reported enterprise has reached Dawson as yet.

Would Like to Enlist.

Dawson, Feb. 2, 1901.

Editor Nugget:
Dear Sir—I saw in your paper a few days ago, a letter from a correspondent asking for information about the regiment of Baden-Powell police now being raised in Canada for service in South Africa; the best way to be enlisted, etc. I know of several good men in this country who would willingly join such an outfit, or who would go to South Africa as a draft to the Strathcona Horse, but who are like myself unable to pay our own transportation to the outside where we could enlist. Now, sir, if the militia department would allow recruiting here by the N. W. M. P. officers, I feel sure they would get a number of first-class hardy men that could not be beat in Canada or for that matter in any part of the world. Yours, etc., CANADIAN.

For Daily News.

There was a closet under the stairs in the newspaper office which was chiefly used as a storage place for waste paper. The managing editor was haunted by the fear that some day this closet would set the building on fire. To relieve his mind the office boy, after much laborious thought, evolved the following sign and pasted it up on the door: "In case of fire, put it out."—New York Mail and Express.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.
We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

PERSONAL FEELING

And Professional Envy Enter Into Hospital Criticism.

DIRECTORS COURT AN INVESTIGATION

But Want Responsible Parties to do the Work.

CHAIRMAN TE ROLLER TALKS

And Expresses His Opinion of People Who Fight From Ambush—A Public Affliction.

The Good Samaritan hospital has of late been made the subject of rather object of considerable discussion. Some complaints have appeared from time to time respecting the care given at the hospital and the question has been raised as to the status of the hospital as a public institution. A considerable amount of this criticism has come through anonymous communications published in an unreliable local paper, and this fact has brought forward the information that a good deal of personal feeling is mixed up in the matter.

In fact those who are in a position to know do not hesitate to say that if the elements of professional jealousy and personal dislike were removed from the case, there would be very little case left.

However that may be, the directors of the hospital are prepared to meet any investigation which may be desired and invite inspection of their methods of conducting the affairs of the institution.

In speaking of the matter today Mr. H. Te Roller, chairman of the Board of directors of the hospital, made the following statement:

"The board has nothing to hide from the public in this matter. Let the question of hospital mismanagement be fully sifted and investigated by parties who are capable of doing so, and the sooner the better. We need no time nor notice to prepare for this investigation. We refuse, however, to pay any attention to the false statements of irresponsible parties who for selfish and personal reasons are endeavoring to cast reflections upon the management of the institution, and have not the courage to sign their names to the accusations which they make by insinuation."

"While it is not pleasant to be attacked in ambush, yet any individual or institution serving the public has to expect this. Every community is afflicted to a greater or less degree with an unscrupulous element, who are never connected with any good except insofar as it furthers their own personal ends. Dawson we have discovered is no exception to this rule. We count investigation of the affairs of the hospital and shall be pleased to aid in the same in every possible way."

Films of all kinds at Göttsman's.
Göttsman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

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 Building, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office, Op. Gold Hill Hotel, 3:00 p. m.
From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill Hotel, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building, 3:00 p. m.
ROYAL MAIL

Complete Pumping Plants
Suction hose and discharge pipe; Pipe and Tubular Boilers.

HOLME, MILLER & CO. Get Our Prices

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Quartz Assayed Free of Charge.

Hotel McDonald
Strictly First-Class
All Modern Improvements
Electric Lights, Call Bells and Elevators, Heated by Radiators
Elegantly Furnished J. F. McDonald
Unexcelled Cuisine Manager

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

PULSOMETER AND CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS
Also a full line of Boiler and Pipe Fittings, and if you should want a BICYCLE just drop in to
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

\$4 Men's Elastic Ribbed Underwear
Regular Price \$6—Special at \$4.
Men's Felt Shoes
Regular Price \$6—Special Price \$4.
Ames Mercantile Co.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.	
DAILY	
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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 by the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget is published an interview with Mr. H. Te Roller, chairman of the board of directors of the Good Samaritan hospital. Mr. Te Roller's statement is called forth by reason of certain reflections upon the management of the hospital which have recently been made in a more or less public manner. These reflections for the most part have been rather of an insinuating than a direct nature and tend to give strength to the opinion that they have originated in a desire on the part of certain individuals to work out private grievances against the hospital and its management.

Certainly any person who has just ground for complaint against the hospital should be willing to attach his signature to any statements he makes. Otherwise the public is quite justified in refusing to attach any importance thereto.

The Good Samaritan hospital is a public institution, inasmuch as it depends to a certain extent upon public subscriptions for its maintenance. This being the case it is quite right and proper that mismanagement, if it exists, should be brought to public notice. There is no one, however, so cowardly or whose statements are less worthy of credence than the man who hides behind a non deplume for the purpose of gratifying personal spite.

Mr. Te Roller's statement is a clear and succinct presentation of the position taken by the hospital management and should accomplish immediately one of two results. Either the parties interested must come forward with definite and specific charges over their own signatures or cease from making anonymous insinuations.

Meanwhile for the information of the public at large we suggest to the hospital board that a report of the business of the institution for the past year be prepared and published at as early a date as possible. A statement of sources of revenue, cost of operation, receipts and expenditures, number and classes of patients treated, cures effected, etc., would furnish the people of Dawson with an intelligible basis from which to judge the merits of the hospital as a public institution. We are of the opinion that such a course on the part of the board of directors of the hospital would meet with general approbation and probably settle all criticism.

The cadets at the West Point military academy have voluntarily agreed to give up hazing. The only real effect of this promise will be a change of name. Hazing called by any other name will be as great a terror to the first year men as ever. West Point would not be West Point without hazing or something akin thereto.

One year ago everyone in Dawson who could secure a dog team and a small grubstake was making preparations to leave for Nome. One year ago a large portion of the business district of the town was a mass of charred ruins. One year ago, the Yukon territory was the victim of all manner of bad mining laws. At the present time there is no stampede in progress threatening to

depopulate the country; there is no burned district to frighten investors and discourage business men, and the mining regulations will compare favorably with those of any other newly settled country. Still we have within our midst the man who is able to prove beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the whole country is rapidly going to the dogs.

The supreme court of the United States has under consideration the right of the United States government to collect duties at Puerto Rico. There is involved in the case an amount of money already collected which will aggregate several millions of dollars.

Commissioner Ogilvie has at last received official information respecting the death of Queen Victoria. Ottawa has always taken its own good time in looking after Yukon affairs and no exception has been made in this instance.

This is the late queen's burial day and that fact will be recognized by suitable observances throughout the civilized world. The death of no prince or potentate was ever more generally mourned.

Further information is coming to hand respecting the construction of the proposed Alaska railway line from Valdez to Eagle City. Apparently Uncle Sam means business.

Mr. Bryan's letter should be accepted as addressed personally to every man who voted for that gentleman in the Nugget's election.

Queen of the Viola.

To be only 20 years old, to be good looking, modest, unaffected and to be the leading American violinist of her sex—such is the happy fate of Leonora Jackson. This young American girl has won by her playing the applause of all the critics of America and what amounts to more in the musical world she has charmed the best judges of Europe with her playing. Since her first public appearance before one of the great European musical organizations, which was in October, 1896, her career has been one of continuous triumph.

Miss Jackson has played before many of Europe's sovereigns and has received gifts from many of them. The gift from Queen Victoria, which she prizes very highly, is a jeweled star of rubies and sapphires, bearing the queen's monogram, V. I. R. This she received in July, 1899. The king of Sweden publicly complimented the young violinist in Paris and told her it was a pleasure to find young America sending such accomplished artists to soothe and charm the old world. In October, 1897, Miss Jackson won by her playing the most important musical prize in Germany, the Mendelssohn state prize, of 1500 marks (\$375). But of all the honors and prizes and compliments she has won none is placed higher than a scrap of paper from her old master, Joachim the leading violinist of the world. After she had played a most difficult piece of music, Brahms' concerto, at the famous Gewandhaus, in Leipzig, and played it in masterly style, the old master wrote, "At last, Leonora, thou canst play it," and musical Europe agreed that only Joachim himself could have played it better.

Miss Jackson is about to make her second tour in her native country. Her first, in the spring of 1900, was eminently successful.—Ex.

For Lower Cable Rates.

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 2.—Sanford Fleming, one of the principal promoters of the Pacific cable, has written an open letter to Hon. William Mullock, postmaster general, in favor of a state-owned telegraph line, encircling the globe. This is said to be the beginning of a movement to nationalize the cable and telegraph service of the British empire. If this were done, Sir Sanford says, it would reduce the price of messages to one-eighth or one-tenth of what it now costs to distant British possessions.

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

Brewitt makes fine pants. Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the winter season will all be gone long before Easter.

Fresh candies made daily at Zaccarelli's Bank Corner.

A full outfit of photographic supplies and cameras for sale. Voge, First street, bet. Second and Third ave.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

The buying and selling of and trading and trafficking in provisions in the city of Dawson is an industry that sustains a large number of men, many of whom are honest and legitimate commission brokers, while others operate on a basis of misrepresentation and "skin." A number of these pretended brokers watch the big companies closely and when the latter have some old goods to almost give away in order that the warehouse room occupied by them may be saved, these fellows get in and buy the old stuff, ostensibly for dog feed, but the portion of it that the dogs get would, as a rule, scarcely pass muster as a soap fat.

Considerable venerable meat was disposed of in Dawson last fall and sold by the companies at such price as made the purchase of it as dog feed a good investment, but the new owners were not content with anything short of a big cleanup, with the result that old meat has been and is being offered for sale around town at prices that would yield big profits to the broker and still enable the retailer to almost double his money on his investment.

A few days ago a broker whose office is under his hat, carried a sample ham to a certain First avenue grocery store and, on entering the store asked for and was given a butcher knife with which he cut the ham in the center clear in to the bone and then inquired "Vere ish der brorietor?"

On being informed that the proprietor was out, the ham owner said "I will return in half an hour," and went away, leaving the ham.

Then it was that a couple of clerks in the store got in their deadly work. Taking some limburger cheese, they cut off a few very thin slices which they carefully placed in the cut in the ham. After a few minutes the proprietor returned and later the ham owner walked in. "I haf," said the latter, "a sample of der finest hams in Dawson vich I can sell you at a very low price; now just—schmell dot ham vere ish cut, unt see if it aind as fresh ash any ham vot you ever schmelt."

The merchant picked up the ham and held it to his nose. Then he dashed it on the floor and done a turn at artistic cussing such as is seldom heard off the bridge of deepwater sailing vessels. "Get out of this with your rotten—ham or I'll put you and it both in the stove!" yelled the thoroughly enraged merchant. The man with the rosette name sorrowfully picked up his ham and walked out. Just outside the door he carefully raised the article to his nose and took a long whiff. "Ugh!" he was heard to exclaim, "Dot is really vorse ash I tot it vas!" However, as he wished to investigate further, he carried his ham out upon the broad bosom of the Yukon for more careful dissecting. Then it was that the limburger in all its assertiveness and vigor was discovered and Ichabod tumbled to the fact that he was the victim of a foul, bad smelling joke. The blood of his fathers boiled within him and he danced a can-can on the ice until a hole melted beneath and he was in danger of dropping through.

"By the jumping Jehoiadah," he exclaimed, "I vas been bucced, unt dat store moost bay me fifty thousand tollar!" He rushed back to the store and began in an excited manner, frantically waving both hands and pawing the air. "Bay me ten, dwenty, tirty thousand tollar! You half ruined my beesiness."

"Here, porter!" said the proprietor of the store, "put that wild man in the stove. He brings a bad smell with him." And thinking that he was about to be cremated the ham dealer glided out the door and passed up the street wringing his hands and crying, "My beesiness is ruint, unt I am von lost man! It was hell, don'd it?"

"Goodby an' may God bless yer!" The speaker was the sourest dough between Whitehorse and St. Michael. The time was Wednesday morning of this week. The old man had two slabs of dried salmon and an old blanket for an outfit. "His three-legged dog was at his heels and he looked as though he was all ready for a trip, when the Stroller asked "Where are you off to at this season of the year?"

"Huntin' decent weather," said the old man. "Two weeks ago when the glass tubes said 'twas 68 degrees below zero I vas beginnin' to feel sort o' comfortable an' vas in hopes we vas goin' ter have a few weeks o' decent weather, although I wer'n't 'specting' no blue snow like I seed in '67; but I did 'spect it ter be at least comfortable, an' the prospects was good for a fair crop of ice worms. Fact is, I went out and ketch'd enough fer several messes, but they wren't mor'n six inches long an' tasted zif they'd been

raised under glass in'er hot house. Then, first thing I knowed, it gets warm er'nuf ter bile eggs in ther sun, an' every blessed ice worm died dead-er'n a door nail. So I'm off fer Point Barrows or some other place whar I won't perspire myself ter death while I'm still in the vigor of manhood. Goodby!"

"Don't go, Dad!" said the Stroller slipping a dollar into the old man's hand, "you are needed here and we will miss you. Please don't go."

The old man was touched and two glistening tears rolled through the wire grass on his face.

"Them's the fust kind words as has been said ter me since Limpin' Grouse died an' if you'll make it nuzzer dollar I'll stay."

The "nuzzer" dollar was forthcoming and an hour later the old man was on his favorite stool "pechewing" at the crack in the barroom stove.

The man that Tom Chisholm and a dozen or more others said in police court yesterday is like the lilies of the field in that he toils not, neither does he spin, is averse to "popularity." Yesterday after his narrow escape from a term at the end of a royal saw he called at the Nugget office with the modest request that his name be kept out of the paper. With look, demeanor and lingo that betokened that his early life was spent in Hogan's alley, he said: "Ise' one of doze yer modest fellers wot ain't lookin' fer no popularity. See?" And everybody "seed."

Dawsonites Arrive in Seattle.

Among the passengers from Dawson by the Victoria were Mr. and Mrs. William Minter, who in coming out from the Klondike metropolis, had an unique experience. A pucker named G. B. Scott offered to take them out for \$225, of which \$150 was to be paid down and the balance of \$75 paid at Whitehorse. They agreed and on the day of starting Scott showed up with a dilapidated horse and sled. He told them to get in and drive on and that he would soon overtake them. They did so, but Scott failed to put in an appearance. The horse and sled were both worth less than \$70. Scott cleared about \$80 out of the transaction.

Mr. Minter drove all the way out, his bill for horse feed amounting to \$100. Scott, it seems, is a notorious character in the North. His scheme is said to be quite the vogue along the trail at present.

J. H. Hughes, of Victoria, who is well known in Seattle, also came down on the Victorian. He was accompanied by his wife. Another passenger was D. Burns, a large cattle dealer of Whitehorse and Dawson.

Passengers on the Victorian report that Stephen Brown, one of Dawson's best known characters, had arrived in Skagway from the Klondike. Brown reports, it is stated, that wolves are very numerous near Tulare and they attacked a dog on the trail and killed him recently. A pony is said to have been killed and eaten by the ferocious animals near the same place after the driver had made his escape.—P. I.

An Iceboat's Speed.

To those who have never seen an iceboat dart away and shrink to a mere speck on the horizon in a few minutes, the speed, were it not well vouched for, would be wholly incredible. A gentleman residing at Foughkeepsie wished to speak to his brother, who had just started by train for New York. He therefore sprang upon his iceboat; soon passed the train, although it was an express, and was on the platform of the station at Newburg when the train drew up. At one point of his journey he had made two miles in one minute. Nevertheless, in spite of the various published records, it may confidently

be stated that the greatest speed never recorded.—Cassell's Magazine.

When in want of laundry work call up 'phone 52. Cascade Laundry.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Notice.
Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for appears open for relocation upon the records. The allowance of two weeks which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on and after March 1st. Holders of claims awarded, in order to avoid trouble with relocators, to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease.
(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—Finest office rooms in the city. Newly painted and papered. Enquire at C. Co.

FOR RENT—Room occupied by South End Drug Store in Watson Block, South Dawson. Fine location for notions, fruits, candies, tobacco, barber shop or business of any kind, etc.

LOST AND FOUND
FOUND—A Catholic Prayer Book, black paper cover. Call at this office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monticarlo 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. Telephone No. 60.

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

HENRY BLEEKER & FERNAND DE JOURNEE BLEEKER & DE JOURNEE
Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 60.

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

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

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

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

W. D. BRUCE, General Agent Manufacturer's Life; Phoenix Fire Insurance Association of London, England. Mines, Real Estate, etc. Orpheum Building.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m.
C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

GO AS YOU PLEASE RUNNING MATCH

COMMENCING FEB. 18 AT "The Orpheum"
—Entries—
LOUIS CARDINAL — GEORGE TAYLOR
NAPOLEON MARION — WM. YOUNG

Mail Is Quick
Telegraph Is Quicker
'Phone Is Instantaneous
YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE
SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN
And All Way Points.
Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.
Business Phones, \$25 Per Month
Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month
Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.
DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE Week of JAN. 28
Reappearance of the Great Knockabout Team BRYANT & ONSLOW
Laughable Comedy Entitled **MARRIED LIFE** AND SAVOY COMPANY
Admission 50 Cts. Reserved Seats \$1.00 & \$1.50
SPECIAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 1 10-ROUND BOXING CONTEST
CARIBOO SINCLAIR - vs. - ED. COLLIER
Champion of Northwest Jackson's Successor
Admission \$1. Reserved Seats \$2.00 & \$3.00

The Standard Theatre Week Commencing January 28
Time in Dawson of the Beautiful Four Act Emotional Play, with a record of First 180 nights at the Madison Square Theatre, N. Y., entitled
Thursday Night "ESMERELDA" Ladies Night
Vivian in title role New Scenery Stroug Cast

Was Chased by Apache Indians.

(By "Fits.")

In the summer of '84 it was my misfortune to be landed in Deming, New Mexico, friendless, lonely and comparatively broke, having but a few dollars in my pockets to show cause for not being taken in hand by the local constabulary as one of the great army of the genus hobo, which at that period infested the towns along the Santa Fe railroad system. I remember that the necessary amount of coin which proved a man's position in respectable society was recognized at that time in Deming to be \$15. Anyone not having that amount of money on their person was subject to arrest and conviction as a vagrant. This law applied, of course, to strangers who could not show a means of livelihood by some legitimate labor. As I was very near the \$15 mark I was worried considerably for the prospect of being arrested and confined in a New Mexico calaboose was anything but alluring to me, who had but a few months previous left the effete East and its attendant luxuries to take a chance in the wild and woolly West.

As I was mentally anathematizing my ill-luck in ever leaving the sheltering portals of my old home, my attention was attracted to the most fluent outbreak of profanity it has ever been my good fortune to listen to and I followed the speaker's abjurations with the closest attention, as the sentiments he expressed coincided at the time most harmoniously with my views of the people, the town and the world in general. After a particularly brilliant explosion of profane pyrotecnics he paused to breathe again, and I took a desperate chance by asking him what was his particular grievance, which started him again like a mountain torrent bursting from a dam.

However, I learned that he wanted to send out to a ranch across the neighboring divide a mule team and a new windmill, which was operated either by horse power or wind as the occasion might demand. That the stock, some roo head, were suffering from the want of water and that he had engaged three different men to drive the team, but that one after the other had withdrawn from the enterprise at the last moment; also that he was owner of the ranch and was willing to pay any one well for simply driving the team out one day and back the next. When questioned as to the price he was willing to pay, he answered \$15.

"I'll take the job," said I, "and drive those mules out."

"Done," said he, "are you ready to start at once?"

Upon my answering in the affirmative my employer directed me to a neighboring barn, with an order for the outfit, the stableman giving me full details as to the road I should pursue. For the first time in my life I took a pair of lines in my hands and, perched on top of the windmill started on a journey which was to prove of the most exciting nature. As I turned the corner, perilously close to a deep ditch, I was hailed by a long-haired cowboy, of the dime novel school, who clambered up the side of the wagon, informing me that he would accompany me on the trip as he was recently engaged by the foreman of the ranch as a "broncho buster." He was a most picturesque character and was dressed in a nobby suit of buckskin, cut in Mexican style, with little pieces of silver ornaments running down the legs and around the close fitting jacket. Instead of the customary long rowelled spurs he wore a strap of leather around the instep and heel of the right foot through which he had driven a wire nail, fixed to a needle point. As we drove along he regaled me with adventures in which he had played a prominent part and showed me scars on his head and body where he had been shot and cut in fights with Indians, Mexicans and bad men. Upon learning from me that I carried no fire arms (he had a Winchester rifle and a Colt's revolver as well as a large hunting knife strapped to his side) he looked at me with the most supreme contempt and commenced to tell me of possible danger which lay before us through being attacked by Apaches, which by the way was the first intimation I had that they were on the war path or in the neighborhood. When we reached the top of the divide he ordered me to stop, while he took a "look around." I did so and he disappeared in the chaps, returning in about 20 minutes. I naturally asked him if he had seen any signs of Indians, but to all my questions he did not deign an answer, but gruffly ordered me to go on.

Every half hour or so I would be com-

of rifle shots after me which started the mule to make even greater exertions as it was now as thoroughly frightened as its rider. Unfortunately for me the uncut trace fell to the ground and was now whipping the mule cruelly driving the beast frantic. I reached out to put it back in place just as the mule jumped on it and I went head-long into the mosquito bushes. I was not hurt fortunately and started to crawl through the prickly underbrush when looking up I saw—not an Indian, but my fellow traveler of the day before with smoky rifle in an ecstasy of joy. I was soon surrounded by six or eight of the cowboys of the night before, who learning that I was not injured indulged in the most extravagant hilarity, some actually falling off their horses and rolling on the ground. Then it dawned on me that another tenderfoot was properly initiated into the ways of the wild and woolly west and I walked in to Deming, and don't know what became of the mule, as I left town that night, I never got the \$15, but at a little station some 20 miles west an accommodating telegraph operator flashed a rush message to the old folks.

Changing Feminine Ideals.

Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar: It was not so very long ago that the ideal woman was believed to be the embodiment of unselfishness; strong, gentle, sweet, most lovable, most faithful—but always displaying these gracious qualities in devoted efforts to enhance the glory, or the goodness, or the general well-being of some other human creature; generally—some man, who, indeed, might himself be far from ideal! In fact, the further he was removed from perfection, the brighter shone the virtue of the woman's devotion. Unselfishness was and always will be the dominant characteristic of the ideal woman; but long before Cornelia's time, and for generations after her time, unselfishness took the form of selfishness—which is quite another thing, and not of necessity, either admirable or good.

Today no one can look intelligently at the condition of woman, especially in America, and not see that indifference to self as an end has almost ceased; and that the feminine ideal of selfishness, which Cornelia embodies, is subtly and surely changing.

The change is revealing itself at every turn; and as we look at it we see a new balance between hope and fear! The good and the bad, the promise and the threat, confront any thoughtful person. Take, for instance, the satisfaction and the anxiety that we feel in recognizing all that is involved in the change in the occupations of women. . . . The time was when it would have been thought unwomanly for a woman to engage in any business or pursuit which was followed by men. This was not because a woman was, in point of fact, less capable intellectually than men now, but because the bounds of convention were so narrow and rigid, that unless she was unsexed herself she could not pass their test. But now has come a finer sense of fitness, which says, "Better if a woman works as a man works than steal a man's strength to support a woman's useless idleness!" As a result of this nobler ideal the occupations of women have widened incredibly since those days when they had only three businesses open to them for self-support, besides domestic service—teaching, nursing and sewing.

Morning saw me tired and dead scared as I had to take the team back alone, and was the object of no little speculation from some of the men who would suggest that I should stay another day when some of the boys would be going in to Deming with stock. With the recklessness of ignorance, however, I started back, my mind having been made up to that effect by the suspicion that I was a subject of ridicule from the gang and that they were indulging in their favorite pastime of "joshing the tenderfoot." As I had no seat in the wagon I was compelled to ride standing up until I bethought me I would utilize one of the numerous Spanish spear grass plants which grew in profusion along the mesa. They resemble our Klondike "nigger heads," save that from the center of the mass of spiky grass a tall and slender shoot is thrown out some 15 feet in height. From this plant I learned that the natives made an intoxicating drink called pulque, which I was told had the same effect on a man as rattle weed had on a horse, both producing a form of paresis.

As the ranch disappeared in the distance and I mounted the first rise of the divide my attention was attracted by a cloud of dust in the distance, which gradually increased in volume until at last I could recognize a party of horsemen who were coming towards me at an angle which if continued would about intersect the road at the point on which I was traveling. "Indians," was the thought that rushed through my mind and when I heard that peculiar Indian cry, "yow, yow, yow," I became frantic with fright.

I have read many times of men in danger of their life who paused for an instant to make a resume of their earthly career. "Like a fish he saw his life laid before him like an open book," I believe is the orthodox way of expressing it, but those people were really not scared. I had no time for reminiscences, only a mad desire to escape. Jumping from the wagon I tore at the traces to unhitch the off mule, but in my haste my efforts were abortive, as the cursed mule became restless and would not give me the necessary slack to slip the trace. In desperation I drew my clasp knife, a souvenir from Big Springs, Texas, and slashed at the traces until nearly severing one of my fingers. I cut it through, I cut the inside line in the same way and unhitched the other trace as well as the breast strap and in a frenzy of haste mounted the mule and digging my heels in the animals side started on a dead jump up the road. I had not gone 20 yards before crack, crack, crack went a fusilade

Dawson Society

The great activity in society circles just preceding and during the holidays was followed by a period of dullness the more noticeable by reason of the contrast. Parties and amusements of a private nature seemed to come to an end, as if everyone had met and decided to bring the winter's social life to an early close.

Many things contributed to this, notably the cold weather and a general tired feeling which prevailed at the close of the holidays.

Recently, however, there seems to be a little more inclination to go and to receive.

A week ago tonight there was a merry sleighing party to 50 below on Bonanza creek, where a pleasant evening was spent in dancing and music, at the close of which a most acceptable supper was partaken of before the party returned to the city. The original party is said to have been 13, but as this was objected to by Rudy Kalenborn, who knew something unpleasant would happen if that unlucky number were to comprise the party, two more were added making 15, just a good load for Orr & Tukey's long sleigh. The names of those who made up the party were as follows:

Miss Margaret Thebo, Miss Amy Williams, Miss Barrett, Miss Alice Barrett, Miss Crowley, Miss May Hughes, Mrs. Clark, Chief Stewart, Rudy Kalenborn, M. Thorburn, Weldy Young, Al Watson, John Dougherty and Jack D nes.

The people of upper Dominion did not forget the anniversary of Bobby Burns' birth day, a week ago Friday evening, when there was a large gathering of canny Scots at Joe Graham's place at 2 above upper discovery. Piper Taylor was there with his pipes, and Messrs. Dunsuir and Chisholm aided in the entertainment of the evening with Scottish songs. Mr. Taylor danced

man or beast by the case, sack, bale or ton, at competing prices with the "big companies." E. MEEKER, Log Cabin Grocery, Third Ave., near postoffice.

Steel marten traps, just in—0, 1 and 1 1/2. Shindler's.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

in costume, and several others contributed largely to the entertainment of the evening by singing, dancing and the recital of appropriate anecdotes. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Yeager, Mr. and Mrs. Cabotwell, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Hering, Miss Zimmerman, Miss Scott, Miss Nelson, Miss Cornwell, Mrs. Wall, Miss Larson, Miss Cahill, Miss Stone and Mrs. Heatley. After the dancers had danced and the singers had sung, and the story tellers had told many interesting things concerning the poet in whose honor they had met, a most tempting repast was spread before them to which all did ample justice before going their several ways.

As a host Mr. Graham is hard to beat, and it is not at all likely that his guests of that night will wait till the return of the anniversary to pay him another visit.

Last Wednesday a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose assembled at their cozy Fifth avenue residence to celebrate the hostess' birthday.

The house was very tastefully decorated with the flags of nearly all nations, and artistically arranged draperies.

What formed the basis of entertainment and a very pleasant evening was the result of the gathering. The prizes, which were well selected and appropriate, were won by Mrs. Perry and Mr. Siegel, who carried off the two first prizes, and Mrs. Phillips and Mr. R. J. White who captured the booby prizes. Elegantly prepared refreshments were served.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Selgel, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Hemen, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Miss Maud McDonald, Miss Gelene, Mr. John Cameron, Mr. Hugh McDermott.

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

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for an act to amend the act respecting the Dawson City Electric Company, Ltd., and to extend the time limited for the commencement and completion of the electric railway and tramway by said last mentioned act authorized to be constructed.

BELECOURT & RITCHIE, Solicitors for the Applicants. Dated at Ottawa, this 10th day of December, 1900.

Fine line of pipes at Zaccarelli's.

Brewitt makes clothes fit.

All watch repairing guaranteed by C. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, opposite Bank B. N. A., Second street.

Notice of Revocation of Power of Attorney.

To all whom it may concern: Take notice that a certain power of attorney, granted to John Drever McGillivray, of this city, by this company, to carry on the affairs of the said company in this territory, bearing date the 22nd day of January, 1900, has been revoked.

Dated at Dawson, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1901.

Per. Pro. THE ANGLIO-KLONDIKE MINING CO., LTD. T. A. R. PURCHAS.

I will now offer our fresh vegetables kept all winter without artificial heat. Our potatoes are in particularly fine condition, solid, unwatered and as sound as the day they were harvested. Such are the most healthful food. A full line of family groceries by retail; likewise a full stock of food products for

German Bakery
Klondike Breads
3 LOAVES OF BREAD FOR 50c

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry
Fresh Meats
Bay City Market
Chas. Kessy & Co.
THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

Electric Light
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager
City Office Building
Power House and Klondike. Tel. No 1

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS
Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
THE CHISHOLM, PROP.

ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.
SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Office: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boston's Wharf. T. W. BOYLE

Here We Have
"the Drayman"
If you were engaged in the Freight Business this illustration would look well on your cards or letterheads. We make all kinds of engravings appropriate for all kinds of business.

We have the only engraving plant in the Territory.

THE NUGGET

WE HAVE
Steam Hose, Pumps, Ejectors, Injectors, Valves, Pipe, Fittings, Lubricating Oil and a Full Supply of
...MINER'S HARDWARE...
The DAWSON HARDWARE CO. PHONE 36 SECOND AVE.

A. C. BOYS ADOPT RULES

A Little out of the Common to Govern Hockey Match

This Evening - Ice Worms, Deadly Weapons and Armor Plate in Action.

This evening the A. C. Co. hockey teams will play a match on their rink just below the big freight shed on First avenue.

- Following is a copy of the rules: 1. The team shall consist of seven players on each side, and two ambulance corps. Each team shall also carry 14 substitutes.

January Weather Report.

The following report of the temperature observed here during the past month is furnished by Sergeant Major Tucker and will be found interesting for purposes of comparison and general information.

Table with 2 columns: JANUARY 1901 and JANUARY 1900. Rows show temperature readings for each day of the month.

Credit Where Due.

While, as a rule, all persons who commit indiscretions and run away are put in the same class, there are some cases in which less blame and stigma should attach than in others, and it seems that the case of Constable James Allmark is one of this class.

he showed by his actions that his error had been of the head rather than of the heart, for there he went to work at honest toil and kept at it until he had returned every cent of the shortage which had resulted from "a night out," and not until he had returned every cent and could come back with a clear conscience on that score did he return.

His superior officers in the service say that for nearly ten years Jimmy Allmark has been a most efficient and trustworthy policeman and they are further inclined to the belief that the little purifying to which he has been subjected as the result of his mistake will result in his being a more faithful and efficient member in the service than ever before.

It was due to the bloodhound instincts of Allmark that Sarga, the Greek who murdered his partner on Last Chance in June of '99, was brought to justice and is now serving his sentence.

CREEK NOTES.

Judge Barnes, of 26 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

J. J. Putrow, of 16 Eldorado, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willett, of 43 above Bonanza were in Dawson last Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seebohm visited Mr. and Mrs. Lamb on S Eldorado last Sunday.

Mr. Floding, foreman on 33 Eldorado is getting out a big dump this winter.

Mr. John King, of 60 above Bonanza, is putting an addition on his already large barn.

Business has increased very materially at Cormack's Forks since the tram hoist has been put in at 92 above Bonanza. Freighters say that where they formerly hauled 4500 pounds over the ridge road, they can take 6000 pounds up Bonanza.

Mr. Oksvig, of 17 above Bonanza, is getting out one of the largest dumps on that creek.

Mrs. W. A. Purdy, of Gold Hill, has been visiting with Mrs. Le Roller, of Dawson, for the past three weeks.

Mr. E. R. Allen's little boy on 7 below Bonanza was bitten by a mad dog last Monday.

Mr. King, of Gold Hill, made a business trip to Hunker creek last Tuesday.

Mr. Swan Swanson, of Gold Hill, while out riding last Wednesday in attempting to protect a lady from the attacks of a mad dog, was severely bitten in both hands. He was immediately taken to Dawson where the lacerated hands were thoroughly cauterized by Dr. Cassels.

When the sad news of the late national bereavement was telephoned to Magnet gulch, a number of the loyal subjects watched with great interest the movements of the Stars and Stripes that wave continually over the big Northrup plant on Magnet Hill. But they had not long to wait, for the instant the news reached the hill Mr. A. A. Northrup was seen to emerge from his cabin bareheaded and drop the great flag to half mast out of respect to the grandest woman who ever ruled over a nation.

Rev. Cook, of the Presbyterian church of Grand Forks, is preparing a concert for next Thursday evening at which the best talent of Dawson will participate. After the concert the ladies of the congregation will serve refreshments. Tickets to the concert including refreshments will be \$1.50. Everybody is cordially invited.

A 15-horse power motor is now sawing lumber at the rate of 5000 feet per day at the mouth of Boulder.

The Rival's Opinion.

"You say that everyone, even the most abandoned villain, has some good in him somewhere, do you? Well, I know a fellow who's an unmitigated scoundrel, without a single redeeming trait."

"Hello! I didn't know you had any rival for Miss Darlington's favor." Harper's Bazar.

Her Love Songs.

The "Sonnets of the Portuguese," which were written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, were never intended for publication, but when she showed them to Mr. Browning, whom she had married after they were written, he realized the fact that in them was sung the most perfect love song the world had ever heard, and he concluded such poems should not be hidden. Mrs. Browning was unwilling to publish them in her own name, and as he was fond of calling her his "Little Portuguese," it was decided to have them appear under this name. They are a trachian in form and among the most beautiful of the language.

THEY TOOK CHANCES.

ALL WERE WILLING TO RISK THE CIRCUS POSTERS AGAIN.

Fay Perkins, the Jericho Postmaster, Tells the Arguments That Were Used, the Plots That Were Made and How the Decision Came.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.]

It was Moses Harper who begun it. Some one told him that a circus advertisement wagon was slowly but surely approaching the town of Jericho, and he let it be known that he would show up at the postoffice in the evening and have sunthin to say to interest the hull United States. Nobody could guess whether Moses had found a new way of gittin a hired man up at 4 o'clock in the mornin or was goin to experiment on growin broomsticks, and the crowd was holdin its breath when he showed up. Moses didn't lose no valuable time tryin to find out whether Porto Rico belonged to the United States or to a tobacco trust, but put on his spectacles and said:

"Citizens of Jericho—The toecin has sounded, and we are here tonight to counsel together in the cause of morality. Last year, as most of you know,



"THE ALLURIN COLORS OF VICE AND DEGRADATION."

Jonas Teachout, whose barn faces the highway a mile outside of this town, allowed the circus wagon to paste up pictures on three sides of the buildin. How many tickets for the circus he got in exchange I do not know, and it has nuthin to do with the question. What I'm sayin is that them pictures, in my solemn belief, shocked the morals of this community fur worse than as if ten saloons had been opened in the town. The circus wagon is ag'in approachin. It is creepin along in its sly, insidious way, leavin the blight of destruction in its path, and if sunthin ain't done Jonas Teachout's barn will ag'in be enwrapped in the allurin colors of vice and degradation. I move that it is the sense of this meetin, and of the community in general, that Jonas be struggled with."

"It appears to me," says Deacon Spooner as Moses sat down, "that a p'int has bin made. When Moses talks of allurin colors of vice and degradation, I seem to see before me them pictures of wimen jumpin through paper hoops. However, I'd like to hear from Silas Lapham. I reckon he's interested in the moral welfare of this community."

"I ain't blamin Jonas 'tall," says Silas. "He got 12 deadhead tickets fur the use of his barn, and I don't believe anybody was the wickeder fur it. If a man can't gaze at circus pictures without goin away and stealin a bar'l of soft soap, then he ain't no man. Did any wife run away from her husband because of them pictures? Did any husband elope with the hired gal because of them?"

"That's a p'int, and I says it's a p'int!" exclaims the deacon as he hustles about. "Them circus pictures was on that barn fur two months, but what family was busted up through their influence? It's fur Moses to specify whar vice got its toehold."

"I ain't sayin that any families was busted up," continues Moses, "but I'm talkin 'bout the general influence on general morality. A circus picture is nuthin but a picture, but it suggests lemonade and peanuts and whiskey and poker and beln out late nights. They are like pizen ivy. You come across it in the woods, and it is fair to look upon, and it seems to be rooted in innocence and thrivin in morality. You handle it, and you begin to itch and scratch and find yourself pizened. Like a hydra headed sarpat, it lays in wait to work destruction to the unwary. I hope this meetin and this community air with me and that it will be decided to wrastle with Jonas Teachout."

"Moses didn't seem to make a p'int on the peanuts and lemonade," says the deacon as he scratches his ear, "but he was powerful strong on that pizen ivy beln rooted in innocence. I kin almost see whar circus pictures might influence me to go home and pound my old cow with a sled stake if she didn't keep her tail still while I was milkin, but I'm willin to hear more arguments. Enos Williams, you drive by that barn twice a day all summer. How did them pictures affect you?" "Not much different from a huskin bee," says Enos. "I didn't feel no feelin's of wickedness stealin o'er me, but I did sort of make a fool of myself."

I found a soft spot in the barnyard and tried to turn a handspring, and fur about two hours they thought my neck was busted. I'm thinkin that hard cider has more general influence on general morality in this community than circus pictures."

"It's a p'int!" shouts the deacon as he waves his cane on high; "it's a p'int nobody kin git over! It's hard cider that's backin vice all over this county and b'istin innocence over the fence whenever they meet. However, it may be that circus pictures also have their influence. Moses, have you got any more arguments?"

"Of what use?" says Moses as he heaves a sigh and turns away. "Wasn't Sodam warned? Did Sodam heed it? When vice stalks rampant through every household in Jericho and innocence is driv' to the fields—to sit under a blackberry bush and weep, then remember what I have said here tonight, I ain't denyin that hard cider is bluin in our morality, but when you add circus pictures to hard cider what do you do?"

"Yes, Sodam was warned, and Sodam fell," says the deacon as he shakes his head, "but I'd like to hear from Lish Billings on this matter."

"It's purty late," says Lish.

"How purty late?"

"Why, Jonas has rented his barn ag'in and got 21 deadhead tickets, and here's one he give me. How's that fur a p'int?"

The meetin stood appalled fur a minute, and then Deacon Spooner looks around and says:

"Jonas has got 20 tickets left, and that means he has 16 more to give away outside his family. Fellow countrymen, do you take it that this meetin has pledged herself?"

"No, no, no!" shouted the crowd.

"Is it the opinion of this meetin that Jonas Teachout ought to be wrassled with?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then I'm appealin directly to Moses Harper. Moses, will you withdraw them remarks about the blight of destruction, the allurin colors of vice and innocence weepin under a blackberry bush?"

"I might," says Moses after a little reflection, "but I want to be let down easy."

"It shall be done. I'm offerin the followin resolution to be voted on: 'Resolved, That circus pictures on a barn may or may not affect the moral standard of a community, but we are willin to chance it this year. All in favor or ag'in will manifest it in the usual way.'

The resolution was carried with a whoop, and the crowd piled over itself to get outdoors and look around for Jonas Teachout and beg fur deadhead tickets, and Moses Harper wasn't one of the last.

Looking for Trouble.

San Juan de Puerto Rico, Jan. 2.—Passengers who have arrived here on the Red "D" line steamer Sibilla, from Laguyara, December 30, say a serious revolution has broken out in the Maracaibo district of Venezuela. They add that the government troops have defeated the rebels and arrested 20 of the leaders. Another rising is reported to have occurred in the vicinity of the Orinoco.

The United States auxiliary cruiser Scorpion left here yesterday to join the Hartford at Laguyara.

Memorandum books, 1901 diaries, all kinds, at Zaccarelli's.

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street.

For Rent.

Office room in McLennan-McFeeley building. Heated with hot air. Apply McLennan-McFeeley store.

Mumm's, Pomerey or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.



S-Y-T. CO., ONE-HALF INCH CABLE

"HIGH GRADE GOODS"

CAR WHEELS

RAILROAD IRON

SECOND AVENUE.

TELEPHONE 39

"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 J. FRANCIS LEE, Traffic Manager J. H. ROGERS, Agent