

AN INJUNCTION IS SERVED THE "KIDS" HAVE LOST HOPE WORK WILL BE COMMENCED

Issued in Order to Prevent Control of N. P. Ry. Co. Passing From the Harriman Interests Before the Standing of the Northern Securities Company Is Settled.

Minneapolis, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—Judge Lochrew late this afternoon issued an order dissolving the injunction against the Northern Pacific Railroad. The injunction was given out yesterday by Judge Elliott. Under its provisions the officers of the company were restrained from...

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Find Ladies of Noble Birth Arrayed Against Him.

London, Dec. 29, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—Lady Dilke, Lady Somerset and the Countess of Warwick are among those who are arrayed against Sir Thos. Lipton in a contest that is brewing over the low wages paid by the latter to his army of employees.

OFFICIALS HOLD SESSION

Will Endeavor to Hinder Railroad Consolidation.

Helena, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—The governors and attorney-generals of four northwestern states met in the state supreme court rooms at Helena this afternoon. The purpose of the meeting is to discuss the possibility of agreeing on a plan to prevent the gigantic plan of consolidation now being outlined by the Northern Pacific and Burlington routes.

MAY DIE.

San Francisco, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—As a result of the riot at Presidio gate one soldier who was stabbed during the excitement will probably die. The trouble grew out of a street fight between a corporal and a private.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE

Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT

The Ladue Assay Office

Is 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 milling ledge. Call and talk it over with

The Ladue Co.

THE VERY BEST

Steam Thawing Point

ON THE MARKET Is for sale by us. Come in and allow us to show it to you.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

If the taxpayers, the solid citizens of Dawson, the clerks dependent upon their salary, the laboring man whose sole possessions may be his willing heart and honest hands of toil, are in any doubt as to the financial standing and responsibility of those comprising the personnel of the Kid Committee on one hand and the Taxpayers' Committee on the other, a mere glance at the object lesson published in today's Nugget will convince the most skeptical of the truth so often repeated in these columns in the last few weeks, that the Beardless Seaunties now moving heaven and earth to fix their tentacles on the people's money are at the best a miserably poor lot to pose as representatives of the city of Dawson. Over one-third of the bunch do not, combined, contribute one dollar toward the maintenance of the city, and taking away the three sterling business men who in some inexplicable manner have become entangled with the Kids, the total amount paid by all the others

Table with 2 columns: 'Kid' Committee and Tax Payers' Committee. Lists names and amounts.

as a sacrifice, such a howl having been made about the Kids' original candidate for mayor? 'If the Kids are not after an office where are their pie cards coming from during the next six months and if they haven't a slate all cut and dried why is it that the Pooh-Bah of the bunch offers to bet his clothes that he can name five out of the seven men to be elected in case of their success at the Thursday election?' Those are a few nutlets for the Kidlets to cracklets. In the campaign the Kids have been most assiduous in spreading all kinds of false reports, not the least of which is that in the event of the appointive commission winning such appointments will be made and sent in from Ottawa. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The commissioners will be selected from among Dawson's representative business men of responsibility against whom there can not be a shadow of suspicion, men who have shown the

E. C. Hawkins Goes to Ottawa to Complete Arrangements for Construction of His Railroad—As Now Planned the Line Will Extend as Far as the Stewart River.

Seattle, Dec. 28, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—E. C. Hawkins' railroad scheme, now involves constructing the road from Dawson to Stewart river, thus providing means for opening up the mines in the latter district. Mr. Hawkins leaves the city today en route to Ottawa. He will there meet the provisional board of trustees of the road with whom he has important matters to discuss. If the board accepts certain propositions which Mr. Hawkins will make, work on the road will begin early in the spring.

AMERICAN METHODS REQUIRES A NEW PIPE

Will Be Studied by a Party of Young Englishmen.

London, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—Alfred Moyley an Englishman who has made himself a millionaire in the South African diamond fields, has suggested a plan to send Englishmen to America to study commercial methods. The first consignment of students will leave in August for a four months stay. The commission which will be placed in charge will consist of three members of parliament and the heads of some of the largest business houses and four labor leaders. Also representatives of the leading universities. Alaska Dreamer Should Change His Brand. Skagway, Jan. 6.—This morning's Alaskan contains a sensational article in connection with the alleged Yukon conspiracy. The Alaskan claims that a certain Canadian official, with two other parties, concocted the story. The former is said to be using the story at Ottawa to show that the coast strip of land on which Skagway and Dyea are located ought really to be in the possession of Canada as the Yukon gateway. Nicely furnished rooms at the Coping House, 2th ave. and 3rd st.

BIG FIRE IN VICTORIA

Spencers Arcade Suffers Loss of \$25,000.

Victoria, Dec. 29, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—Spencer's Arcade, Victoria's big department store, was gutted by fire and flooded with water last night. The loss is estimated at \$25,000. Insurance to the amount of \$125,000 is carried on the premises.

The Charge of Dawson's Six Hundred.

Half a mile, half a mile, half a mile onward! Up to the court house, that list of six hundred. Borne by the "Kids" it went—O, Lord, the days they spent Making that precious list—Never a man they missed—Famous Six Hundred. "Forward that list," they said, "whether alive or dead, "Alien or native, we must have six hundred. "John Doe and Richard Roe "On that list, all shall go, "Don't let a man escape. "Dawson will pay the freight. "Valiant Six Hundred.

When the court of revision sat the Kids were in the seventh heaven of delight over the fact that the revising barrister, acting under instructions, refused to turn down the little list. Then came the decision of the Hon. Mr. Justice Dugas and the blow almost killed father. Again did that proud rebellious spirit break out and the hot air that was spouted in the committee rooms on Second avenue fairly singed the wall paper. It was perhaps fortunate for the existence of the committee that some of their heads contained brains, even though the shoulders which bore them were young and innocent. The Man with the Pipe said, "We're up against it and will have to take our medicine." Apropos of that little list, the famous 650, how fares it? All day yesterday the Kids were engaged in



THE BOY WILL DECIDE FOR EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMY.

equals but the paltry sum of \$251, no more, scarcely, than any single individual whose name graces the taxpayers' committee. Hark, ye! men of Dawson who have the future welfare of your city at heart, is not that a comparison that would make angels weep? Are you to allow the reins of government to fall into the hands of a band of leeches whose first impulse after being inducted into office will be the lining of their own pockets with the dollars you, yourselves, have paid and of which these precious servants of the people have not paid scarcely a penny? Is it any small wonder that the solid men of the city, they who pay the freight, should have within the last ten days combined in one mighty effort to down the mob of hungry office-seekers who are thus seeking the pollution of the infant Dawson almost before the mental audacity of the Kidlets with their little supplementary list of 650 names which they sought to have tacked on the voters' list and there was a great hue and cry by the ring-leaders of the highlanders about Mr. E. Ward Smith not having done his duty, as instructed. A few of the Kids went into consultations over the fact that hundreds of good citizens tried and true had been left off the list, and if one had given heed to the prattle of some of the most rabid it would have been easy to imagine a typical South American revolution was on the eve of breaking out. When the court of revision sat the Kids were in the seventh heaven of delight over the fact that the revising barrister, acting under instructions, refused to turn down the little list. Then came the decision of the Hon. Mr. Justice Dugas and the blow almost killed father. Again did that proud rebellious spirit break out and the hot air that was spouted in the committee rooms on Second avenue fairly singed the wall paper. It was perhaps fortunate for the existence of the committee that some of their heads contained brains, even though the shoulders which bore them were young and innocent. The Man with the Pipe said, "We're up against it and will have to take our medicine." Apropos of that little list, the famous 650, how fares it? All day yesterday the Kids were engaged in

rounding up a motley throng and rushing them down to the revising barrister for examination as to their qualifications. Of the less than 200 names added to the list it is but fair to assume that a portion of them, say even 25 per cent, were voters which the Kids can not claim as their own, which would leave but 135 (138 being the actual number added) belonging to the youths. Of this number, too, there are many who put in their personal application to the assessor and whose names are on no list whatever, so it can be safely said the Kids have not by their combined efforts added over 100 names to the voters' list. A special session of the court was held last night in order to facilitate matters and but very few appeared to take advantage of it. Today up to noon but 12 names had been added, and if no more appear this afternoon the probabilities are the court will adjourn tonight. Where are the balance of the famous 650, all of whom were said to be bona fide voters able to qualify? Again is the wisdom of the Hon. Mr. Justice Dugas to be commended by a community grateful to the extreme. Of the 100 or more persons rounded up for examination by the Kids fully 90 per cent. qualified under the income provision, and in many instances the swearing that was done by applicants in testifying to their income during the past six months was both fearful and wonderful. Longshoremen, day laborers who subsist by sawing a cord of wood now and then, and others of the same class declared under oath that they had earned \$900 or more within the last six months, and they never batted an eye when they said it. It would perhaps be impolite to say that perjury in more instances than one was committed, but the opinion might be ventured that the truth was often twisted out of all recognizable shape. It might be well to add, too, for the benefit of those whose consciousness is so elastic and whose memory as to the amount earned is so good, that their actions at the polls day after tomorrow will be closely watched and an attempt to exercise the right which is not rightfully theirs may be followed by some extremely interesting developments. A factor which the Kidlets have

counted as their own and which has lately fallen into line for the appointive commission, is the liquor men. They are all business men of keen perception, fully alive to their own best interests and they see the deplorable results which could be anticipated should the scheme of the Kids win out. Many are there who have a vivid recollection of the days of \$50 and costs which the gamblers ran up against with frequent regularity and they do not wish a recurrence of that portion of the days gone by. A trip down Front street today will show almost every bar mirror along the street decorated with "Vote for Economy and Efficiency. Appointive Commission will give it." At the Pioneer George Butler is exhibiting one of Buel's, the clever cartoonist, best efforts. The scene depicts a prize fight between Young Dawson and The Man with the Pipe, secretary of the Kid Committee. Dawson has just landed a stonewinder with the appointive commission gloves on and the secretary's seconds have thrown up the sponge, the defeated champion falling back into the arms of The Laird with the claret streaming from his proboscis. Said a prominent merchant on Front street today: "The different members of the Kid Committee are loudly protesting that they are not out for office and would not accept one as a gift. If such is the case why is it that Dr. Alfred Thompson attempted to qualify on gold dust and when informed by the assessor that such a commodity was not assessable, why did he say he kept the dust for trading purposes and insist upon it being assessed?" "Why did James McKinnon, the Boy Wonder from Athin, drag the assessor out when the thermometer was 50 below zero to have him examine a pile of lumber composed of broken-up snows, some old truck wagons and badly delapidated sleds, in all of which junk he claimed a half interest, in order to qualify as an alderman?" And if he has not got his mitt out for an office why did he say that he had been asked to qualify and state that he was going to qualify? "Why did A. D. Williams try to qualify on any old thing and only desisted when it became necessary to chuck Charlie Macdonald in the breach,

FOR AN Appointive Commission

The advocates of the above form of local government have opened headquarters in the Rear of the Bank Saloon. All who are in sympathy with the movement are requested to call and register their names.

All voters favorable to a commission whose names are not on the voters' list are requested to report at headquarters AT ONCE. A rig will be provided to take them to the office of the Revising Barrister, where they may be enrolled.

Economy and Efficiency ...Our Motto...

AMES MERCANTILE CO. A Snap Before Stock Taking 200 Suits Men's Fine Clothing, Choice \$10 to \$15 Former Price \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35.

GUST The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 142. (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

Subscription Rates: Yearly, in advance \$30.00; Per month, by carrier in city in advance \$3.00; Single copies 10c.

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, Sulphur, Quarters and Canyon.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 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.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre - "Woman Against Woman."

A PRACTICAL SITUATION.

As the voters of the community come to a more perfect understanding of the situation, they are rallying more and more strongly to the support of the advocates of an appointed commission. They begin to appreciate the fact that they are confronted by a practical situation which must be met with practical measures.

It placed in charge of the affairs of Dawson they will have no reason to observe economy, for in the broad sense of the expression they are not contributors to the public revenues.

It must be apparent, therefore, to the least observant, that these men are animated by a motive absolutely selfish. They are after the loaves and fishes, and as they are perfectly aware that under no circumstances can they expect to hold office beyond one year it may easily be imagined that they will make hay while the sun shines.

When we say that under no circumstances can they hold office beyond one year we speak advisedly. For the present election the franchise is practically universal, so far as British subjects are concerned. To participate in the election one year hence the voter must not only be a taxpayer in Dawson, but his taxes for the current year must be paid.

The fact that suffrage is practically universal has given them hope that they may succeed—and if they do, Dawson may expect to be given an exhibition of Tammanyism which will cause taxes to go skyward instantly.

The Nugget asks the voters of Dawson, irrespective of whether they are taxpayers, if they desire to turn their public business over to the tender mercies of such a crew. Every citizen who is mindful of the good name of the community in which he lives should interest himself in this question. With a commission in charge of the town, for whose acts the governor of the territory may be held responsible, there is absolute assurance of efficient and economical government. On the other hand, if an administration is chosen which will look to the "Kid" Committee for directions, where will the community place the responsibility for irregularities which may occur?

We ask the voters of Dawson to consider these matters carefully and dispassionately and to cast their ballots as their conscience and good judgment bid them do.

THE KIDS' ORGAN. The News, the Dawson organ of the Kid Committee, has at length leaped flat-footed into the arena and taken up the cudgel in their behalf. It required three weeks of squirming, back-

ing and filling before our contemporary succeeded in locating itself, and now within two days of the election it makes its first positive declaration. This declaration takes the form of an alleged outburst of indignation at the manner in which the assessor performed his duties in preparing the voters' lists. The News' burst of anger has come a little too late. Just as long as the "stuffed" lists of 600 names had a prospect of being placed bodily upon the regular list, our contemporary was perfectly satisfied to leave matters alone. The suspicion of irregularity which was attached to the assessor's method of preparing the original list was so completely overshadowed by the audacity of the Kid Committee's attempt to force several hundred non-voters onto the list, that the News of necessity was dumb.

Now that the Kids have been thwarted in their nefarious scheme, the News raises a plaintive cry in condemnation of corrupt methods. What a pitiful spectacle! The News had no words of condemnation for the cold-blooded effort of its favorites to steal the election body—but that effort having resulted in ignominious failure, our contemporary begins shouting "stop thief!" at the assessor, who is charged at the worst with having left off the list a number of names which should have been enrolled.

The situation is altogether too ridiculous for comment. A commission insures competent administration at a minimum of expense. With the Kid Committee in power there will be no limit to taxation. They have nothing to lose, everything to gain, and realize that they will go out of office at the end of the first year. Under such conditions it is easy to guess what the Kids would do.

Dawson could not suffer a greater calamity than to have the news spread abroad that its affairs have been turned over to the Kid Committee. The way to avert the possibility of such a disgrace is to vote for a commission.

The Kids are after the spoils of office. Under a commission there would be no spoils. Voters, which system do you prefer?

THE FORMER SPEAKER as well as all his companions turned suddenly and looked toward the source from whence the interruption had come, and there in a dark corner by a stack of wood behind the stove sat the sootiest of all doughs. He had been sleeping until awakened by the conversation at the

that afternoon. Next mornin' I gets up an' as the wind was still howlin' I decided to go down to Moosehide and come back with her. I was goin' round the bluff below town, plungin' through snow drifts from 2 to 12 feet deep, when all at once I heered a yellin' and when I stopped this is what I heered comin' from fully 100 yards off on the trail and way out on the river: "Ik-a-lu-goo-ku." It was Limpin' Grouse and what she was sayin' meant: "Come soon or you'll never kiss your honey anymore." Me and the dog flew to her assistance and that in a big snow drift she war stuck fast, only her head and feet protrudin'. She had started home arter dark and had been rattled by fallin' inter snow-drifts and havin' lost her hobble stick she had plum petered out. I picks her up like a quarter of moose and packed her home, and, gentlemen,

the winter months to rustle a dry leaf. Regarding the clear sky, I believe our informants deliberately lied, but as to the wind, I think they told the truth, for I do not think Yukon history has ever recorded an account of driving wind and drifting snow similar to that experienced here within the past 24 hours. I was just talking with an oldtimer an hour ago and he told me that in 16 years residence here he had never seen similar high winds at this season of the year. However—

"Shet up yer mouth, you durned ejot!"

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Stroller's Column.

The matter of the snow drifting to a depth of from one to three feet on the streets of Dawson Sunday night and yesterday forenoon was the subject of considerable wonder and not a little talk during the latter part of yesterday. While a party of gentlemen were waiting on a mixologist from a Tom and Jerry bowl, one of them said:

"Before we came to Dawson we were told that during the entire winter here the sky was invariably as clear as a bell and that it was a very unusual thing, in fact, a thing never known, to have sufficient wind during

'bout this country. These drifts you seed today is regular old baby affairs compared with what I have seed here time an' time again."

"A no' damnable standah was nevah perpetrated on a people, sah," replied Colonel Bourbon. "On the contrary, sah, we do everything to encourage the niggahs to vote. Why, sah, on the mornings of elections we white people get out, sah, and fish off cannon, guns and revolvers to let the niggahs know it is election day; but, sah, instead of taking our announcement as it is meant, the fool niggahs get scared and take to the woods, and, sah, they remain there until election is over! No, sah! No votahs are evah intimidated in my section of the south."

The old time expression, "a free vote and a fair count" is no longer recherche. Now it is "a fair vote and a free count."

After close observation the Stroller has concluded that even the most shrewd and astute wire-pulling politicians he ever knew either in the north or south could not impart any information to the politicians of the Yukon.

A certain female of plaster cast of countenance who occupies a room over the New Savoy has been taking lessons lately on the violin and, as was said of one of Slavin's recent combatants, considerable of her training and practice takes place before a mirror. All unbeknown to herself this female Olaf Bull played for the edification of a good-sized audience a few evenings since for while she was

mixing horse-hair and resin with Del Sarte movements and smiling approval in the mirror the roof of the White Pass warehouse across the street was crowded with "rubbers" from staid old business men down to the Shirtless Kid, all of whom enjoyed the performance very much, the only drawback being that both hands were required to hold on to the roof thus rendering applause difficult. Later on and when the weather somewhat moderates, should the howler continue her contortions and gyrations before the mirror, the roof of the White Pass warehouse will be quite a popular resort.

One of the main secrets to political success is to start out by claiming everything in sight and claiming with confidence. Success not only begets confidence, but confidence begets success.

There is a certain man in Dawson who has the sort of confidence the Stroller loves to inspect. It is the brand of confidence born of inspiration—a heaven-sent brand that the Stroller raises his hat to wherever he meets. A few days ago this confident-not confident-man entered a certain First Avenue store to buy a suit of clothes, not on eternity, but on time. When asked his prospects for having money to pay for the suit in a few weeks he said:

"Ze Kids say win ze election, I have ze promise of ze fat job, zen I pay for ze clothes."

As the merchant was somewhat shy on the same brand of confidence the other man wears his parley all day, but that is about all he does wear in addition to his air of confidence.

It is with sorrow that the Stroller observes that the progress of the present campaign is wholly without the accompaniment of music. There is nothing that does more to worry the opposite side than to have a brass band parade the street with appropriate banners. To have a band line up and play "Dixie" and other white whiskey tunes in front of party headquarters is very discomfiting to the other fellows. The scheme is to hire all the bands in town until after election and thus shut out the other side.

Another good campaign move is to leave an irrigation fund at the various saloons. This matter, like the

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"Colonel, is it true that down south you white people intimidate the colored people to such an extent that they are afraid to come out to the polls on election day and vote?"

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LIMPIN' GROUSE HAD LOST THE TRAIL.



SHE PRACTICES BEFORE THE MIRROR.

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A certain female of plaster cast of countenance who occupies a room over the New Savoy has been taking lessons lately on the violin and, as was said of one of Slavin's recent combatants, considerable of her training and practice takes place before a mirror. All unbeknown to herself this female Olaf Bull played for the edification of a good-sized audience a few evenings since for while she was

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER. Ralph E. Cummings and Auditorium Stage Company. Week Comm. Monday Jan. 6. Woman Against Woman. Monday and Thursday Ladies' Night. Admissions: 50c - \$1.00 - \$1.50 - \$2.00.

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Mayor and Council FOR THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE. In addition to the above sentiments we call the attention of our friends and fellow citizens, irrespective of opinion, to the established fact that we carry in stock and offer for sale at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. The most complete assortment of IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CHAIRS, Tobacco, Pipes and Smokers' Articles ever brought to the Yukon Territory. AT RIGHT PRICES.

ALL FOR HIM A Touching story Was Ready to Save His Drink.

A knock on the granddaddy's voice bade the welcome! tation, then a man, dressed with a contenance, spond to the and take an on the edge of door.

"I'm sorry face decently kerchief, "to to tidings, the welcome!" tation, then a man, dressed with a contenance, spond to the and take an on the edge of door.

"You're a spoken man, Maurice has a the old man, I pretty well, I "He was till the man, "but then, an' not do since."

"I suppose saved!" "Not a pe 'was the hard left the poor to the sickness "God help a "Give," said year to three their mother pierce a stone old world entire "Well, sure t an' bring the for 'em to hav the stranger thustain wron He knew that to hope this. ago had run against his fat less girl, there to struggle the ties which a would have cle gle had been a for Maurice an three days in the door, a tal beside the driv the wrapped-up spindling child ering in the hi grandfather a waiting to rec "The boxes a way, I suppose man, who had imposing axris "There isn't the kind," sai "Al, that I here," said he, who str and forlorn.

"An' sure lo said the grand Maurice. An' the lay for the stroyed with the "A comfortable woefully unfa for the small clapped their sight of the th me" of "hot table standing the.

"The old an heard bridy e of the eddion ed the action of "Cable" ne forgot, as she the other, cas head, and the the tea was children wry- "Just away n said the grand own home. "Of course, bris Three now, Maurice, you h no remem of w

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HELL FOR HER BROTHER'S SAKE

A Touching Tale of Sisterly Devotion and Effection

Was Ready to Make Any Sacrifice to Save Him From the Curse of Drink.

A knock sounded at the door, and the grandfather's quavering, peaceful voice bade the visitor "Come in, an' welcome!"

"I'm sorry," he said, wiping his face recently with a turkey red handkerchief, "to be the bearer of sorrowful tidings, but your son Maurice's wife has just departed out o' this life—may the Lord be merciful to her soul, amen. Terrible sudden it was. At 10 o'clock last night you'd take a lase of her life; at 6 this morning she was in eternity. The quency they call it."

The old man gazed at the fire, and shook his head. "I was sudden, sure enough," he said. "God rest her, poor woman! Is there any rest, after another slight pause, 'is there any news going? Any rumors of war, or shipwrecks, or such?"

The newcomer started at the old man, shocked at this stolid acceptance of such bad news, but the benignant old face had nothing in it but peace and mild inquiry.

"There's no other shipwreck that I know of but the one I'm after telling you about," he said severely, "an' that's a serious one enough to your son an' his children. I'm but a neighbor an' well-wisher of his, an' his misfortune lies heavy on my heart."

"You're a well-meaning an' well-spoken man, an' I'm proud that Maurice has a friend like you," said the old man heartily. "He's doing pretty well, I believe."

"He was till six months ago," said the man, "but he lost his employment then, an' not a stroke did he get to do since."

"I suppose he had a little money saved?"

"Not a penny, poor fellow, an' 'twas the hardships an' fretting that left the poor wife such an' aisy prey to the sickness."

"God help us! An' four children?"

"Five," said the man. "From eight year to three. I left 'em crying for their mother in a way that would pierce a stone. Eheu! 'tis a terrible old world entirely."

"Well, sure he'll have to come here an' bring the children. Isn't it well for 'em to have a home?"

The stranger got up and in his enthusiasm wrung the old man's hand. He knew that Maurice had not dared to hope this. Maurice, who ten years ago had run away, and married against his father's wish a portionless girl, thereby leaving the old man to struggle through a sea of difficulties which a moderate "fortune" would have cleared away. The struggle had been a successful one, happily for Maurice and his flock now.

Three days later a cart drove up to the door, a tall, ghastly pale man sat beside the driver, and behind him, on the heaped-up hay, five hollow-eyed, spindling children, ill-clad, and shivering in the bitter November air. The grandfather and Aunt Peggy were waiting to receive them.

"The boxes and furniture are on the way, I suppose?" said the old woman, who had been expecting a more imposing arrival than this.

"Here isn't a stick of anything of the kind," said Maurice, wretchedly. "Al, that I have in the world is here," said he, pointing to the children, who stood round him, chilled and forlorn.

"An' sure isn't that a good deal?" said the grandfather, "bring 'em in, Maurice. An', Peggy, hurry up with the hay for the creatures. They're destroyed with the cold."

A comfortable meal must have been wolfishly unfamilial to the children, for the smaller ones languished and clapped their hands in ecstasy at sight of the thick oatcakes, and "tinies" of "hot tay" ranged down the table standing before the blazing turf fire.

The old aunt placed them at the board kindly enough, but with none of the effusion that would have marked the action if these had been things of "value" accompanying them. She forgot, as she would not have done in the other case, to butter their oat-bread, and the allowance of milk in the tea was very slight, but the children were not particular.

"That away now like good children!" said the grandfather. "This is yer own house, an' don't be shy or ashamed. Where's the eggs, Peggy? Of course, bring 'em in, woman, dear. There now, that's right. An' so, Maurice, you have no news at all—no rumors of war, no losses at say?"

"The quency" did not pass away without its one victim. By degrees the unhealthy children were down, until they all lay dead in the great loft over the head of the grandfather. When the infection had broken out

spontaneously was not known, but the whole townland soon reeked of the illness, and nurses were not to be had for love nor money. The old aunt, unable and, truth to say, very unwilling to cope with so much sickness in the house, discovered that there was something wrong entirely with her "breast-bone," took to her bed, and spent her time loudly braying and lamenting over the cruel fate that had left her to die, "without a soul to hand her a drink of water."

Maurice and the grandfather were but sorry, although thoroughly well meaning and anxious—nurses, and they tried the temper of the overworked and irritable dispensary doctor sorely. Their whymaking was deplorable, and in administering the medicines they yielded too easily to the whimpering objections of the sick children. The pious complaints of the old aunt about their want of attention to herself and the daily increasing list of her bad symptoms had a stupefying effect on them, and between Maurice's own lassitude, the result of six months' worry and semi-starvation, and present anxiety and want of sleep, and the senile feebleness of his father, it was a hopeless household enough.

It was just at this time that, one wintry evening, he was standing, dispirited and gloomy, at the house door. Overhead he heard the delicious babbling of the younger children, and an occasional moan from the patient older ones; the old aunt was at her usual groans and complaints in an inner room, and the grandfather with many a sigh was trying to make up in his elbow-chair near the fire for his broken night's rest.

"I'm after killing the two poor old people," groaned Maurice miserably to himself. "An' what in the world will become o' the children? I'll lose 'em; there's no one to help me pull 'em through," and a pang of overpowering wretchedness went through him like a knife. In a dull way he watched two wind-blown figures—a boy and a girl—running up the road. They stopped hesitatingly and whispered together when they neared the door, and then the girl came timidly forward.

"Well," said Maurice kindly, seeing that she was at a loss for words, "did you want to speak to me?"

"We're the Colemans from the Coombe, sir," she said, with a queer little curtsy, "Norry and Lar."

"An' what in the world drove ye down from the Coombe on an evening like this?" he asked, for, unprotected by cloak or shawl, she was soaked with the mist, and the boy was in almost as bad a plight.

"Oh, what then, but to be seekin' our fortune?"

"Seeking your fortunes?" he asked with a smile at the queerness of the thought.

"Yes, looking for service. I'm a great hand at the work. Sweeping an' scouring is only child's play to me. I can milk an' churn with any o' an' boil pigs' pots an' feed calves an' do everything—wash, bleach an' iron—like a real indushterious woman. (I'll be fifteen year in harvest.) An' as for the chickens an' ducks, if I had seventeen clutches of 'em at a time, I wouldn't lose one of 'em."

She was young and slight, but there was something so tidy in her poor but perfectly neat frock and shoes and stockings, something so brave and capable in the look of her blue eyes, that a hope came into the tired man's mind—here might be the very help he needed.

"Are you any good at all to take care of sick people?" he asked.

"Is it me? Sure I'm the remains of sick-nursing! Barley-water, gruel, arryroot, whoy, cream-o'-tartar drinks—you couldn't puzzle me with anything of the kind. An' I'm like a clock in giving the doctor's physic. Oh, I'm a great sick nurse entirely."

"You wouldn't be afraid of ketching the quency?"

"Wisha, God help you, afraid? Why would I, that never took anything after all my experience? We had everything on the Coombe from typhus to the maistes."

"Well, what would you say to trying to take care of the five sick children an' the old aunt inside? You'll get good wages."

The girl looked as though she could not believe her ears. But a cloud came over her joy.

"But Lar?" she said, looking at her brother. "I promised the poor mother to have him under my eye till he came to an age of sense. He's a thrife childish an' unstuddy still, she confided in a half-whisper, "sure only for that he need never lave Cyprus Collins, the big farmer."

"An' why didn't he stay with Cyprus?"

"Oh, why?" said Lar angrily, "an' to be livin' on strirabout night and day?"

"And what better than strirabout had you in your mother's house?" questioned Norry indignantly.

"It was well biled, though," said Lar. "Twasn't fit for the pigs at Cyprus?"

"We spilled him," said Norry, shaking her head. "We were very foolish with Lar, but we had only him, you see, an' we were very well off. We had our little Kerry cow, and she seven speckled hens, and the five good poor ducks. But we made him over-particular, an' that's a ruination to them that have to make their living. He's a great boy at the spade an' shovel an' the sheep-minding, though; there's no doubt about that at all."

"Well, I'll see the grandfather, an' tell ye in a minute," said Maurice. With beating hearts the two outside heard the muffled sound of the collo-

quy within, when Maurice opened the door once more. "Come in, children," he said; "the grandfather thinks ye'll be a help to us an' I think so myself."

The few kind questions of the old man, who had known their mother, were easily answered, and when the generous wages were arranged Norry, her eyes full of grateful tears, said to the two men in broken tones: "Ye'll never, with God's help, be sorry for this good turn to two that hadn't a shelter under the wide an' empty night sky for this. Lar an' I will be faithful souls to ye, never fear."

III. Like magic a change was wrought in the Dorney household. Before daylight on the morning after her arrival Norry had a "bleach" out on the hedge, and that same night the children, refreshed by well-made drinks and the faithful administration of the doctor's medicine, slept restfully in the fresh sun-and-air-dried sheets. The old aunt, although she was loud in her condemnation of the "foolishness" of employing "a trifling slip of a colleen," was yet made more comfortable than she ever remembered to have been in her life. She submitted as willingly as the children to the active hand-maiden's remedial measures, and was even fain to admit that there was no further occasion for Burgundy-plaster plasters for the "breast-bone." Every wearable in the place was washed, all the corners which the old woman's dim eyes had been unable to explore were cleared of their gatherings, dust and cobwebs were swept down, whitewash lavishly applied, floors scoured and white curtains hung over the clean windows where Norry's own geraniums—her only salvage from the wreck of the good times of the Kerry cow and other stock—grew. She was even something of a dressmaker, too, and in the evening when the pigs' pots were boiled and the calf feeding and milking and all the numberless day's duties were over, she employed herself making warm winter clothes for the children. Comfort, cleanliness, order and the content and health that accompany them took the place of the general wretchedness which Norry had found there. In herself the girl was the very personification of cheerfulness. No amount of work—and of that she had plenty—nor of weariful grumbling from the old woman, who thought that time given to floor-scrubbing and window-cleaning and "too much bleaching" was an injustice to the cattle and pigs, had power to dim her sunny temper. The children, bright and rosy from her care and merry companionship, loved her dearly, and to the old man and Maurice she was as a right hand.

And yet she had her secret anxieties. Lar, though outwardly steady enough, began, when they had been about two years at the Dorneys, to form a comradeship with some lads in the town—a few miles away. This involved his sneaking off after supper and spending his time and well-earned money among a crew from whom he learnt nothing good. When Norry discovered this, which she did early, for her watch over the boy was keen and anxious, she pleaded with him to give it up, and remember their mother and this he promised with answering tears to do.

But there was some fatal weakness in the lad. The charm of the "bad boys" was too much for any resolution of his, and night after night, promise as he would, he made his way to the public house and their society. Driven desperate by his courses—he had of late been hinting that he would "go sojerin," and see "a bit of life"—she went one night to the drink-shop, and, after explaining Lar's circumstances and her own promise in his regard to her dying mother—she was dismayed at hearing the drink-woman's declaration that so long as a customer paid for his drink she would supply it to him and that there need be no more talk about it. The hard, merciless face of the woman, the reek of the place and the sodden, brutal faces of the people who sat there and sang their horrible songs and uttered their dreadful jests brought a blinding storm of tears to her eyes, and she was making her way through the streets and yielding to her sense of the hopelessness of destiny, for Lar's ruin—and there seemed to be nothing else before him—it meant lifelong misery for herself—when she felt a hand laid gently on her shoulder. Throwing back her cloak she saw a strange young man, with a rather bashful but eager look on his face.

"You're Lar's sister?" he said. "Yes, I overheard you talking to Mrs. Mullins; I saw that you were fretted. Well, look here, now; I'll promise you this: I won't let Lar drink any more—I'll break him off of it—for your sake!" and he was out of sight before she could thank him.

After that, instead of going into lamisodyle, Lar spent his evenings with the other country lads and his regular after work hours, in games of hurley and other harmless rustic diversions. To say that Norry was grateful to the friend who was at such pains to save the precious soul and body committed to her care is to speak but faintly of the feeling, that filled her warm heart. She could willingly go to the stake for Lar's friend.

IV. The children were the first to perceive a change in Norry. She had

been a marvellously vivid and faithful narrator of the performances of "joyants" and "faiges" in "the old, ancient times," but now somehow she began to lose her grip of these interesting and merry people; the stories would be interrupted by long pauses of abstraction, and sometimes she would forget the beginning and sometimes the end of them. She used to be seized with strange fits of passionate affection for the children, and once or twice Katie, the eldest, felt her face wet after Norry had been arranging her pillow for the night. They did not like Tom Hayne, the town lad, who came so often, meeting Norry, and walking with her in the dusk. Once, when she was out with him later than usual and Katie and her father were sitting on the bench in front of the house, the little girl was unusually silent. The April air had in it the breath of primroses and laurel blossoms, the fall of the glen water sounded musically soft in the distance, and overhead the exquisite blue with its million stars "was throbbing like Erin with sorrow and love." The night seemed to have laid its touch of tender, inexplicable pain upon Maurice, too.

"Father," said Katie, "do you know what life they were saying at school today? That Norry and Tom Hayne would be married as soon as ever Shrove began, and that they'd go away with Lar to America. Won't that be frightful entirely—to leave us and put all that wilderness of water between us?"

She did not see, in the dark, how her father started at her words and changed color.

"Who told you so, Katie?" he asked.

"Oh, they were all saying it. 'Tis true, father—Everyone knows it, an' isn't it terrible? Thousands and thousands of miles of water between us and Norry," and she began to cry desolately.

"Whist, Katie, she'll never do this!" "Oh, but she will, because he saved Lar from the drink. But if you'd marry her, father, not to be getting married, or going away, I don't think she'd refuse you. Won't you ask her, father, oh, won't you?"

"Well, maybe, I'll have a little talk with her," he was beginning, when Norry herself, candle in hand, came from the kitchen, calling Kate.

In her pretty cotton gown, with her face of wild rose-bloom, the candle light bringing out the shimmer of her brown-gold hair, she was a picture that pleased well the eyes of father and daughter. "Something in the questioning gaze of the former brought a momentary look of embarrassment over the girl's face."

"Norry," he said quietly, "I'd like to say a few words to you after the children are in bed."

When the house was quiet, she stole into the kitchen, knitting in hand, and seated herself humbly in the opposite corner of the chimney place.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" she said a little tremulously.

"Yes, I was going to ask you about these rumors we're hearing, Norry. Surely you wouldn't be going to take a step of the kind without telling the poor old grandfather or myself?"

"No, I was meaning to speak to you this very night."

"An' so 'tis all true, Norry, you're going to be married an' lave us?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, the children will miss you. We'll all be lonesome."

"I'll be lonesome myself," wept Norry.

"Ah, you won't. You'll be going to a strange an' a prosperous nation where there's nothing but hope and happiness. 'Tis we in the old place that will have time to think of—every thing. In the long summer days that's coming what'll we do at all without our little Norry?"

Norry, trying forlornly behind her apron, pictured it all with an aching heart.

"I'll stay with ye," she cried with sudden determination.

"An' give up the boy an' the life of your choice? Ah, Norry, why should we let you do such a thing? No, acushla, take the good way and prospect before you—we have no right to interfere in your lot."

In all her distress, for the tears that she so seldom gave way to had turned to a storm of sobbing, she glanced at him and saw, as she thought, only the concern that any kind master might feel at parting with a faithful servant.

"Very well, sir," she said, quieting by an effort the violence of her grief. "As 'tis your wish, I'll keep my promise to Lar. 'Twas for his sake, and by his desire, that I agreed to take this step." She was going, to say more, but she checked herself, and, rising, hurried out of the room.

Nothing more was said on the matter by Maurice, notwithstanding all Katie's entreaties to him to "stop the marrying," and so the wedding day came round.

Norry's wan looks were attributed by the old aunt and neighbors to her nervousness at having to appear in public in the conspicuous position of a bride, but something seemed to strike Lar that morning.

"Norry," he said, "do you know what's in my mind? Maybe you don't care for Tom Hayne at all? Maybe 'tis on account o' me entirely you're marrying him? Tell me the truth for my mother's sake."

"What's the good of telling it, Lar? 'Tis too late now to be drawing back."

"Too late? Look, Norry, sooner than have the weight of this on my

mind, I'd face anything. I promise you here on my bedded knees that I'll never talk of sojerin or emigrating again if you'll give up Tom Hayne, an' live here where I know you'd be happier than anywhere else in the world."

For a moment Norry's face shone with a look such as a reprieved criminal might bear, but as quickly clouded. She remembered how calmly her master had discussed her leaving, how unwilling he had been to "interfere" in the "good prospect" before her.

"Never mind, Lar, 'tis too late, as I said, to be thinking of making changes now."

Everyone agreed that Norry's wedding procession was one of the handsomest that had been seen in the parish for many a year, but all who knew her declared that the honor was no more than her due. Maurice and the grandfather on horseback headed the cavalcade, then came the car containing the bride and Aunt Peggy and the oldest little girls. Carts with feather beds covered with quilts of the gayest pattern contained the rest of the children and all the neighboring women folks, the procession winding up with a throng of mounted men and boys.

The bridegroom and Lar were waiting in the chapel and it was remarked by those who knew him that the former was looking very much "unsettled," but they had little time to comment on this, for his reverence was already on the altar, to which everybody hastily followed the wedding party.

The latter were on their knees for the priest's blessing, when a sound between a scream and a creak, a kind of gasping expression of intolerable agitation broke from the bridegroom.

"I believe, sir—I believe, your reverence," he at length managed to say, and he struggled to his feet. "I believe I won't marry this girl at all!"

The horrified people gazed at him and at each other with incredulous eyes. Then the women began shrill expostulations, and some of the men advanced threateningly towards him, but Maurice—Dorney, with a wave of his hand, bade them have peace. He came up and stood in Hayne's place.

"I'll marry her, your reverence," he said, "if she'll have me. Will you take me, Norry, for better or worse?"

The priest interpreted the eloquent confusion of blushes and silence and happy tears correctly.

"Let me ask the questions, and do the marrying, Maurice," he said, gently, proceeding with the service.

The children could hardly contain themselves until the ceremony was concluded.

"Now, you can't leave us, little second mother," they cried, hugging her to them as they never meant to let her go again.

The old grandfather held her hand in his own kind, tremulous one.

"'Tis this little hand, an' no other, will close my eyes at last, an' I'm content," he said.

The aunt was not so glib, for she had her own ideas about the fortune that Maurice's wife ought to bring, but then she remembered that Maurice wasn't a man for fortunes at all, some way, and that girls with money were mighty apt to take a high hand with the old people. Norry would be always good to them—there was nothing but kindness in the girl. She brought the best of good luck with her the day she came in to them etc.

Tom Hayne met them in the porch as they went out, and he wrung the hands of bride and groom.

"'Twas Lar opened my eyes to a part of the truth this morning," he said. "Thank God it wasn't too late. 'Tis a better folk to me, but I'm leaving for America, and I can forget there maybe. 'Good luck to ye, at any rate better luck than mine!"—Julia M. Crotte.

FOR SALE—Prisco Restaurant, opposite Standard Theatre. Also two good dogs. Owner leaving for outside. Good bargain.

WORD "ALASKA" INTERDICTED

According to Porcupine Miner Dr. Gibbons.

Seattle, Dec. 18.—Dr. C. H. Gibbons, who came down from Skagway on the Cottage City last Monday, fully confirms the story that the Dominion authorities have laid claim to Skagway as a part of Canadian territory. The fact that such action was a matter of common report and belief was published in the Post-Intelligencer several days ago.

Dr. Gibbons has been in Southeastern Alaska for the last two years, spending most of his time in the Porcupine district. His daughter was with him in Alaska and accompanies him on the present trip. They are now at the Hotel Northern, but will take the steamer City of Puebla for San Francisco next Friday. After spending the winter in California, the two will return to Alaska in the spring.

"The Canadians now claim two-thirds of the country lying between Skagway and Juneau," said Dr. Gibbons. "Their latest move has been to forbid expressions from marking packages 'Skagway, Alaska,' and demanding that they be simply marked 'Skagway.' The Canadian customs authorities have had all the labels destroyed on which the word 'Alaska' appeared and new ones printed without it. They claim that Skagway is about forty miles inside the line. 'All this trouble has been caused by the new line' it cut the Porcupine district in two and placed a large number of American miners in Canadian territory. The result is that they are taxed every time they make a turn. Small boats now run up the Chikita as far as Wells, a town built near the line since it was run, two years ago, and in many ways this offsets inconveniences under the new arrangement."

"My opinion is that the Porcupine is one of the coming districts. I have property there in which I place firm faith, and I wish neither to sell, it nor to secure a partner. It can be seen, for this reason, that I have no axe to grind. As a matter of fact, I have never had a man owning property there offer to sell me a claim or even a fraction of one, except on a single occasion, when a drunken miner did make a largain and went back on his word the next day, with the plea that he was intoxicated and did not know what he was doing at the time he agreed to dispose of his holdings."

Harry I. Clegg, who arrived from Whitehorse yesterday returns to Dawson as the agent for the Canada Life Assurance Co. The Canada Life is well known as one of the largest companies doing business in the Dominion and Mr. Clegg will do a nice business. He had an extended trip, visiting among other places San Francisco, Chicago, Buffalo, Toronto, Owen Sound, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Mr. Clegg reports a fine time during his vacation.

LOST—Long black pocket book on evening Jan. 2nd, near Pioneer barber shop. Finder will confer a favor to owner by mailing same to box 584 and may keep the money contained therein as a reward for his trouble.

Shoff, the Dawson dog doctor, Pioneer drug store.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

PATRONS OF THE Bay City Market

Are supplied with meats which for taste and nutrition are not equalled by any other market in this country. Try us and prove this assertion.

BOYSUET & CO., Props.

FOR SALE—Prisco Restaurant, opposite Standard Theatre. Also two good dogs. Owner leaving for outside. Good bargain.

Growing Like a Snowball Rolling Down Hill! That is the way the Nugget's circulation has increased since the subscription price was reduced to \$3.00 PER MONTH! The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper. Don't forget that the Nugget will be delivered at your door for the nominal sum of \$3.00 per month.

HICKS & THOMPSON. PROPRIETORS. FLANNERY HOTEL. First Class Accommodations. Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals. BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH. Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE. HUNKER AND DOMINION. Freight to All Creeks.

B. A. DODGE STAGE LINE. Last Chance, Hunker and Dominion. DAILY SERVICE. LEAVE DAWSON 9:00 A. M. LEAVE CARIBOU 8:30 A. M. OFFICE HOTEL McDONALD.

Aurora Chop House. Murray & Mills, Props. 50c. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Meals at All Hours. Open Day and Night.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Commissioners, etc. Offices, Bank Building, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. O'Brien Bldg. Box 802.

J. Langlois Bell, Notary Public, Solicitor and Notary Public. Rooms 9 and 10 N. C. Office, Day, Telephone 183.

SOCIETIES. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall, Bismarck street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m. C. H. WELLES, W. M. J. W. DONALD, Sec'y.

By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks. By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town. You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments. Yukon Telephone Syn., Ltd. GENERAL OFFICE: TOURS, NEAR A. S. STORE.

"Hurry-Up Jobs" Done In a Manner To Surprise The Rush-Job Fiend. Printing. CLEAN, ORIGINAL, ARTISTIC WORK. The Right Kind of Paper, Type, Design and Presswork. The Nugget Printery.

RIUM. Against Woman. Ladies' Night. PHONE 6. NE CHOICE BRANDS. Liquors & Cigars. SOLOM'S SALOON. Chicago And All Eastern Points. Pacific Coast Depot. Seattle, Wn. Northern. "Dirigo". Yukon Railway on points. Seattle, Wash. Burlington. SEATTLE, WN. Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. Bok's Inlet. SOMER.

Seattle, Wn. Pacific Coast Steamship Co. All Modern. "Dirigo". Yukon Railway on points. Seattle, Wash. Burlington. SEATTLE, WN. Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. Bok's Inlet. SOMER.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN

Admirably Cast

Miss Lovell Adds to Her Already Great Popularity With Dawson Theatre-Goers.

The play this week at the Auditorium, "Woman Against Woman," is not one that will appeal as strongly to the theatrical public as many of the other productions...

swears never to betray her. The first act shows Bessie returned to her village home and about to wed the lover of her youth, John Tressider. The marriage takes place, and on the wedding day Rachel, tired of city life, appears with the intention of doing likewise, her affections being set upon the same object...

EDWARDS NOT GUILTY

Was the Verdict in "Forbidden Hours" Whisky Case.

The hearing of the case in which Harry Edwards of the Exchange saloon was charged with having sold liquor during forbidden hours, was resumed yesterday afternoon before Magistrate Starnes when it was proven by several witnesses that the beer and wine bought by John Farnham and drunk by the Johnson girl to the value of about \$75 was not sold after closing hours...

Northern Commercial Co...

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY

SPECIAL SALE OF DRIED FRUITS NOW ON

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS

OVER THE DIVIDE

By ED. HERING.

Mr. John Ross of Lower Dominion creek has just returned to Gold Run after a sojourn to Bonanza, Hunker and Dawson, and while in the metropolis he had the pleasure at the invitation of Mr. Sinker, the contractor and builder of the Ladue sampling works, of being conducted through the works and viewing the machinery in an interview with the Nugget correspondent Mr. Ross, to use his own words, expressed himself as being agreeably surprised and astonished at the modern machinery for reducing ores...

THE KIDS HAVE LOST HOPE

(Continued from page 1.)

Ordinance No. 45 of the year 1901, and also a supplementary list, which latter list was published and posted on the 30th day of December, 1901, which we understand was posted under directions or instructions of the Commissioner of the Yukon Territory for the purpose that such supplementary list be adjudicated upon by you sitting as a Court of Revision as aforesaid, in a similar manner as the said original list under the terms of the said Ordinance and under a proclamation of the Commissioner of the Yukon Territory dated the 30th day of December, 1901.

And whereas it is contended that the regulation, order or directions of the Commissioner of the Yukon Territory under which it appears the said supplementary list was posted and presented to you sitting as aforesaid is ultra vires the Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and that the receiving of and adjudicating upon or otherwise dealing with such supplementary list is ultra vires of you the defendant, and whereas it is deemed advisable that it be determined by this Court prior to your dealing with or adjudicating upon the said supplementary list whether it was within the proper power of the Commissioner of the Yukon Territory to authorize the preparation or posting of the said supplementary list, and of your power to receive, deal with or in any manner adjudicate upon such supplementary list...

And the plaintiff asks that a writ of prohibition should issue from the Court prohibiting you from hearing, considering, passing or adjudicating upon or in any manner dealing with the said supplementary list or any names contained thereon. We therefore prohibit you, the said Charles D. Macaulay sitting as aforesaid, from further proceedings of any nature relating to the said supplementary list.

Issued at Dawson in the Yukon Territory, this 7th day of January, A.D. 1902. CHARLES D. MACAULAY, Plaintiff. PAUL R. RIDLEY, Solicitors for the above named plaintiff.

Notwithstanding the above writ, Mr. Macaulay continued in his work on the lines of a ruling previously made by him to the effect that all persons who can conclusively show that they are entitled to have their names on the roll, the names of such will be added thereto. In conversation with a Nugget representative during a lull of business the revising barrister said it is his aim to put the name of every man on the list who shows himself to be so entitled.

At 12 o'clock today there had been added to the original list of 630 names 196 additional names. The revising barrister is sitting this afternoon and will continue to do so as long as there is occasion for his official duties. Job Printing at Nugget office.

35 TONS OF QUARTZ

Yield More Than 25 Ounces of Fine Gold.

The existence of quartz carrying gold in paying quantities seems to be an indisputable fact. A number of mill runs have been made of ore from different districts and at least two may now be said to be good properties. A statement furnished this paper of a run just completed at the Mungee mill on 35 tons of ore from the Lone Star group of claims near Victoria Gulch makes the following showing: The Amalgam obtained from the run amounted to 6 lbs., 5 ozs., 2 dwt., 22 grs. On being retorted, the yield in gold was as follows: 25 oz., 3 dwt., 9 grs. This did not include the gold carried in concentrates which was not saved but which it is stated would add considerably to the amount.

SEATON TO DIE

Seattle, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—Seaton, the condemned murderer, is to die on Friday at 7 o'clock. A determined effort will be made to effect his release on the ground of temporary insanity.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH

Washington, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—The navy department has decided to establish wireless telegraphy plants at the Washington navy yards and at Annapolis.

DOPE FIEND

Seattle, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—John Corbett, a brother to Jim, the pugilist, is dead. He has long been a morphine fiend. Hot and cold lunch at the Bank Saloon.

MAY BE DOWN UNTIL SPRING

Believed That Through Wire is Cashed for Winter.

Word from the outside via Skagway is to the effect that the through telegraph line which went down 17 days ago will not probably be repaired before next spring, the snow in the country through which it runs being of such depth as to make trips out on it by linemen practically impossible. The line to Whitehorse and Skagway continues in operation regardless of the storm that has prevailed for the past two days. Up to three o'clock this afternoon the mail which passed Selwyn yesterday at noon had not reached Stewart and if the storm continues there is little hope of it reaching Dawson before Thursday.

KAISER HOSTILE

London, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—According to a despatch from Berlin it is believed that Germany will issue an ultimatum to Venezuela within three days and that an attack will follow immediately thereafter.

HEAVY SEAS

Skagway, Jan. 6.—The steamer Seattle arrived Saturday night with 20 passengers for Dawson. On the upward voyage heavy seas smashed in her port doors putting out the fires.

DOPE FIEND

Seattle, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—John Corbett, a brother to Jim, the pugilist, is dead. He has long been a morphine fiend. Hot and cold lunch at the Bank Saloon.

ANTI-PASS MOVEMENT

Threaten to Extend to Western Railroads.

Seattle, Dec. 18.—There is a possibility that the anti-pass movement recently entered into by the eastern railroad lines may be extended to the western roads by the first of the coming year of 1902. Already all chance that the eastern lines would recede from the position taken by them seems to have passed away and the representatives of those lines throughout the western territory freely express their intention of turning over a new leaf on the first day of January and thereafter paying their fare wherever they ride on railroads. Now comes a story from Portland that the Southern Pacific will join in the movement and do all in its power to make the movement unanimous. Should this rumor prove to be correct the action of the other western lines in the matter of the anti-pass movement would be the matter today said. General Agent E. F. Ellis, of the Southern Pacific, when asked about the matter today said: "I should not be at all surprised to see the Southern Pacific join in the movement. That road has all along been much more strict in the matter of issuing passes broadcast than have the other western lines and it would be a matter of course for it to do so. I would not be surprised to see all of the western roads issue instructions before the end of the year against the issuance of passes."

General Western Passenger Agent A. B. C. Dennison, of the Great Northern, does not anticipate the western extension of the anti-pass movement. In discussing the matter he said: "I have heard nothing that would lead me to expect such a development. The action of the Southern Pacific will probably be along the line of refusing to grant favors to the representatives of the eastern lines which refuse to interchange, but I do not anticipate that that road will continue the issuance of passes altogether."

THE WEATHER

The regular meeting of Dawson Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., will be held Wednesday, January 8th, at 8 p. m., in the Masonic hall. Installation of officers. All Oddfellows in good standing are cordially invited. J. A. GREENE, N. G. A. F. EDWARDS, Secy.

THE WEATHER

For nearly 18 hours a strong wind has blown steadily from the north and the snow is very badly drifted in many places. The lowest point registered by the official thermometer during the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning was 30 degrees below zero.

JOIN THE DAWSON CLUB

Join the Dawson Club. Dues \$7.50 per month. Billiards, pool and bowling—124¢ per person for each game. E. W. Payne, proprietor. c15

CHOICEST CUTS

Choicest cuts, beef, mutton and pork at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

CHIPPED DIAMONDS

Chipped diamonds, yellow diamonds or flawed diamonds can not be bought at J. L. Sale & Co.'s. They carry only the best.

C. R. WILKENS

Family Grocery Store. 313 Third Ave. and Fifth St. Fresh Goods, Low Prices, OUR SUCCESS.

J. J. O'NEIL

MINING EXPERT. Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited. Address, General Delivery, Dawson.

Of Interest to Miners!

Mr. G. P. Wells, who is in charge of the Machinery Department of the N. C. Co., leaves for the outside about January 8th for the purpose of ordering Boilers, Hoists, Engines, Pumps, and a full line of all necessary supplies for next season's shipment. We intend to bring in the largest and most complete stock ever carried in the Yukon district, our past experience making it possible for us to order just what is needed and what has proven most successful in working the mines of the Klondike.

Mr. Wells can be found at his office at our Hardware department, No. 215 Front st., and will be pleased to impart any information relative to the goods we expect to bring in for next season, or take any special orders to be executed while he is outside.

N. C. CO.

OLD PAPERS

IN BUNDLES, FOR SALE AT

THE NUGGET OFFICE

FIVE CENTS A POUND.

"Rejoice Ye Slumbering Mortals" the Era of Prosperity Is at Hand, DAWSON IS A QUARTZ CAMP!

THE LONE STAR MINES ARE RICH IN GOLD

Over 300,000 Shares Withdrawn Buy Now, Stock Will Rise

Lone Star Mining and Milling Co.

See Lew Craden, the Broker.