

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 49

DAWSON, Y. T., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Everything..
to Wear
Worth
Wearing
....at....

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

Gasoline
Plaster
of Paris
at.....
SHINDLER'S
The Hardware Man.

CLEARING
SALE
OF...
Ladies' Underwear
Flannelette,
Sateens and Silk
HUB
2nd
Ave.
BLouses
also Felt Lined
SHOES

Get the Best American 5 ply
Granite Steam Hose
Guaranteed
also Boilers and Hoists
Holme, Miller & Co.
Stoves, Ranges. Tin Shop in Connection. 107 Front St.

Change of Time Table
Orr & Tukey's Stage Line
Telephone No. 8
On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a

DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES
TO & FROM GRAND FORKS

Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s 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

HEALTHFUL,
TOOTHSOME
....MEATS

Game of All Kinds

.CITY MARKET..
KLENERT & GIESMAN PROPRIETORS

COMPETITIVE PRICES...
Second Ave.
Opp. S.Y.T. Co

SLAVIN-WHITE, GLOVE CONTEST

Savoy Theatre, December 21, 1900.

The heavy-weight gladiators to meet in a 10-round contest.
FRANK SLAVIN'S record is too well known to need repetition. He has defeated all comers.
VINCENT WHITE Champion of California, defeated Ed. Monroe at Salinas, Cal., in 17 rounds; Ned O'Malley in the Reliance Club of Oakland, and fought a 10-round draw with Pat Brennan at Vallejo Athletic Club.

PROCURE YOUR SEATS NOW

Admission \$2.00; Reserved Seats \$3 to \$5; Boxes \$20, \$30, \$40, According to Location

THE RIDGE CABLE CO.

Are installing a new plant and freighting up the hill will be stopped for a few days on account of repairs.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

THE KID STAYED

Before Rafael for Ten Rounds and Won the \$250.00 Purse.

MAS A HOT GO ALL THROUGH.

Referee Ed. O'Donnell's Solomon-like Decision.

STAGE SEATS COLLAPSED.

Both Men Badly Winded Early in the Contest—The Principals May Meet Again.

From Saturday's Daily

One of the best glove contests ever witnessed in Dawson was pulled off last night between the Colorado Kid and Frank Rafael at the Standard theater. The agreement between the principals was that Rafael would stop the Kid in 10 rounds or less or lose a side bet of \$250 and the large end of the gate receipts. As Rafael failed to put his man to sleep the Kid staying the full 10 rounds, he was awarded the money by the referee, but the decision was given to Rafael by O'Donnell, which Solomon-like decision almost excited a riot among the onlookers, and many fierce altercations ensued relative to the merits of the men.

As usual in affairs of this kind the people who purchased stage seats to witness the go were treated with scant courtesy by those in charge, and were packed up on the seats like sardines in such numbers that the inevitable happened and the staging, hastily and insecurely erected, came tumbling to the floor with a mass of bewildered men floundering among the ruins. Fortunately no one was injured, but in affairs of the kind in the future the police will examine the staging as a protection to the life and limbs of the onlookers. The game proceeded by allowing the dethroned plutocrats of the stage seats to hustle as best they could for position.

Ed O'Donnell was chosen referee and Billy Lyons official time keeper. Rafael was seconded by Krelling and White; the Colorado Kid (colored) by Smith and Coulter.

At call of time Rafael took the aggressive and rushed the Kid, leading lefts for the Kid's wind, both mixing it up, the colored boy swinging for Rafael's jaw and landing twice, followed by a clinch. Rafael swung a wicked left which was cleverly ducked by the Kid, eliciting hearty cheers from the spectators. At call of time

both men were strong, with Rafael doing the leading.

In the second round Rafael rushed again, giving the Kid the shoulder in the wind and clinching, the Kid retaliating with left on jaw and right on kidneys, Rafael coming back with left in wind, followed by a clinch. At break away Rafael fouled the Kid driving in right on wind while his left was clinched over the Kid's shoulder. O'Donnell warned him not to repeat the same. Rafael drove in left on stomach followed by left on jaw and right on kidneys. At the end of this round the Kid was winded and looked like a loser, while Rafael seemed strong, but was bleeding from the mouth.

In the third Rafael led again, getting in left swings and right, the left reaching for the Kid's wind and the right for the kidneys and jaw. He landed several, bringing the colored boy to the floor twice. At the end of the round after clinches, and a general mixup, it looked bad for the Kid, although the pace was telling on Rafael who was showing signs of distress. The Kid dropped to the floor almost at call of time to avoid punishment.

The fourth was almost a duplication of the first, Rafael again fouling the Kid, he landing a right while the left was clinched prior to which he got in a fierce swing with the left on the Kid's jaw, which, while rattling the Kid did not put him out as expected. At the end of the round both men were weak.

In the fifth and during all subsequent rounds the work of both men was about equal, save that the Kid took advantage of clinches to rest, and when rushed showed a desire to go down to avoid punishment. While both men were weak they did not seem to get more groggy. In a clinch in this round Rafael was hissed for a seeming foul, but the work was so rapid a positive foul could not be called.

At the end of the sixth round Rafael was bleeding profusely from nose and mouth, the Kid getting more steam and taking the initiative. The round ended with Rafael weak.

The seventh was Rafael's, he doing nearly all the work but too weak to punish.

The eighth and ninth rounds were divided evenly, both men weak, but working hard, with the Kid dropping to the floor to avoid punishment.

In the 10th, Rafael, after repeated yells from Krelling to finish his man rushed to do the work but was unable to do so as the Kid was as strong as in the fourth and the round ended with both men groggy and glad to quit. At any time in this round a stiff punch from either man would have decided the battle but the blow failed to materialize. The Kid swung some pretty upper cuts, which if landing at the right place would have done the work. Rafael got in heavy blows on the kidneys. The men will probably meet again in another go, and should they do so it will draw a packed house.

MONEY VALUE

Of the Melbourne Has Shrunk Since Building of Water Co.'s House

SAYS REAL ESTATE EXPERT O'BRIEN

And Expert Bruce Says It's a More Hazardous Risk.

NOW THAN IT USED TO BE

Because the Little House Around the Corner Makes It More Apt to Catch Fire.

"The half has not been told me," is what Justice Craig might say concerning the case now on trial before him in the territorial court, which is entitled Mrs. McConnell vs. the Dawson Water & Power Co.

The case opened Thursday when Mrs. McConnell's testimony was heard concerning the damage done her hotel property by the building erected by the company on Second avenue for the purpose of keeping open the outlet to the water pipe.

According to Mrs. McConnell's evidence and that of her husband which followed, the Melbourne hotel business has suffered greatly besides depreciating in value by reason of the proximity of the detested house, which was also a source of great danger from fire. Mud, black and dirty looking had been tracked through the house by reason of the shovelers in the employ of the water octopus throwing it out of a ditch where it could be walked in by the guests. The doors and windows of the house on that side had to be kept closed in order that the house might not become inflated with the smoke from the disagreeable stove pipe of the company's thawing fire, and once a fire had been started in the hotel by sparks from the same source.

Yesterday afternoon a number of witnesses were examined, among them Thomas O'Brien, Benjamin Levy and Wm. Bruce.

Mr. O'Brien was called to the witness stand to give expert testimony concerning real estate values, as Mr. McConnell had said that the property had suffered a shrinkage in value of about one third, as previous to the planting of the water company's house the property had been worth \$50,000, and that since all the things referred to as detrimental, the place was worth fully a third less.

Mr. O'Brien testified that the condition prevailing there would have a strong tendency to lessen the value of the property.

Mr. Bruce, as an authority on insurance was called and said that from an insurance standpoint, the property was more hazardous now that it was before the company's building had been placed in the street adjacent.

Mr. Levy gave it as his opinion that the property had decreased in value since the house complained of had been put there.

Today being Saturday the further hearing of witnesses was postponed till Monday.

Small Bots Are Cheap Gardner Peterson

The past two days have witnessed a sweeping reduction in the price of two local commodities which, while in no way connected, might both be classed as necessities, one to many, the other to but a few. The two articles referred to are wood and wine. The reduction of the price of the former is of interest to all, that of the latter to many who, in prosperous days, sluffed the habit of drinking water and find it hard to return to it. To this latter class news that Mumm's extra dry champagne, which at one time sold in Dawson at \$40 per bottle and has since come down the line to \$10 and yesterday to only \$3, thus enabling a man to have 13 1/3 times as much fun for the same money as he could have at the old price is cheering.

A few days ago one of the big companies announced its readiness to sell wine at \$75 per case and yesterday the Aurora No. 1 saw the ante and went so much better as to offer the same quality of wine at \$3 per bottle which would amount to but \$72 per case, retail.

When asked this morning the cause of the sweeping reduction in the price, Tom Chisholm was at first "mum," but soon replied that it is due to the fact that the local market is largely overstocked and the owners are desirous of getting their money out of their investments.

In the meantime a number of the "perishables" who possess champagne appetites and who are in luck when they get beer, are smiling in the blissful anticipation that the end of the cut in prices is not yet.

Joy Was Unconfined.

A party of Dawsonites, chaperoned by Andy McKenzie, attended a dance at the Aurora No. 3, Jack Crowley's roadhouse on Hunker, last night. It was a happy event and the party which returned to the city at an early hour this morning, has been busy all day describing the magnitude of the occasion. The Aurora No. 3 is enjoying a fine patronage.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pio neer Drug Store.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

To the Outside.

Mr. P. G. Wells, engineer for the A. E. Co., will leave for the outside about January 1st for a new stock of boilers, engines, pumps, etc. Special orders will receive prompt attention. Intending buyers should see him concerning their needs for the coming season.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

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

Table de hot dinner. The Holborn.

A good sign cheap; see Vogee. c19

Choice fresh potatoes at Meeker's.

Fine watch repairing by Soggs & Vesco.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

WHOLESALE

A. M. CO.

RETAIL

This Business Increases Constantly

Because we give people the best values, treat customers right and will refund their money if not satisfied. Full pages of advertising often say less.

AMES MERCANTILE CO.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.
**TOTAL
WRECK**

Pioneer Alaska Liner City of Topeka Sails Her Last Voyage.

TWENTY FOOT HOLE AMIDSHIPS.

Passengers All Taken Off and Safely Landed.

RAILROAD WILL PAY TAXES.

Captain Gage Dead—Sir Chas. Warren Commander of Canadian Troops—Prize Fights Licensed.

From Thursday's Daily.

Skagway, Dec. 13.—The steamer City of Topeka is a total wreck in Lynn canal four miles south of Eldred rock. The accident happened Saturday evening when during a blinding snow storm the ill-fated craft sought shelter behind Sullivan island in making which harbor she struck a rock tearing a 20-foot hole amidships. All the passengers were safely landed on the mainland, some of whom were taken to Juneau next day on the Alert, the others being taken today on the Flossie. There were no Dawsonites among the passengers.

Railroad Taxed.

Skagway, Dec. 13.—The city board of equalization has assessed the property of the W. P. & Y. R. within the city limits at \$900,000.

Captain Gage Dead.

Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 13.—Capt. Gage, the oldest of all Alaskan pilots, died at his home in this city today.

Sir Charles Warden.

London, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 13.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Warden, once commissioner of metropolitan police, has been nominated as commander of the British troops in Canada.

Licence Prize Fights.

Denver, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 13.—The board of aldermen of this city has passed a bill licensing prize fighting, the license fee for each contest being \$250.

Foolish Mercier.

Paris, Dec. 6, via Skagway, Dec. 13.—In the senate today Gen. Mercier made a red hot speech in which he urges that France go to war with England without delay. He outlines how it will be easy to invade England and shows how France is numerically the equal of England and her superior in instruments of destruction. Mercier refers to the South African war and says the landing of French troops in England is practical. He pays a high compliment to the ability of French naval officers and moved that complete preparations be immediately made for the mobilization of an army for the purpose of proceeding to war against England without delay. The motion was declared out of order.

England Aroused.

London, Dec. 6, via Skagway, Dec. 13.—English newspapers are very indignant over the motion of Mercier in the French senate with the result that he is being scored most unmercifully.

Anvil Creek Case.

Skagway, Dec. 14.—The case of the Anvil creek claims, the most valuable in the Nome country, for which Alexander McKenzie is receiver will be tried before the U. S. court here in a

few days. There is a large array of counsel on both sides and it will be a hard fought legal battle.

At Washington.

Washington, Dec. 6, via Skagway, Dec. 13.—The first measure of the ship subsidy bill passed the senate today. In the house the army organization bill was discussed.

Joe Young's Escapade.

Old Seattleites well remember the escapade of Joe Young and his female "pal," who attempted to work a blackmail scheme on Assistant United States Attorney Reife, father of the late Lynn Reife, one of the Minto murder victims, for which attempted blackmail Young was tried, convicted and served five years in the Walla Walla penitentiary.

Five years labor in Washington's jute mills marked an apparent change of heart in the person of Joseph, and when he was permitted to lay aside the convict garb he blossomed out into a most enthusiastic Salvation Army worker in the vineyard of the Lord. But he wearied of well doing, resigned from the army and came to the broad, white north to carve out a name and fortune for himself. While in Dawson, where he was last winter, he did not make much headway towards laying the foundation for a fortune, those who knew him saying that most of his time and attention were devoted to efforts to keep out of the royal fuel refinery.

Young left Dawson last spring for Nome. There the goddess of fortune did not smile any more benignly upon him than in Dawson and he became in very straitened circumstances. Having heard, probably while a member of the Salvation Army, the homely motto, "God helps those who help themselves," Joe put it into force and effect by stealing some money in a Nome gambling house. He was detected, tried, convicted, and letters received by the last mail from the outside contain newspaper clippings which state that Young was taken below on one of the last steamers to leave Nome last fall en route to San Quentin, where he will spend two years. Joe Young is past middle age and has always borne a bad reputation.

Looks Like McKinley.

George McMillan, mining engineer, and sometime actor, bears the distinction of looking like the chief executive of the United States.

The aforesaid George is much younger than President McKinley, and dresses somewhat differently, but add to his present age the score or more of years which go to make the difference in their ages, also the lines of care resultant from long and intimate acquaintance with the lamp which burns the midnight oil, and one will have a striking likeness of the first man in America.

"See here!" exclaimed Mr. McMillan, when, a day or two since the resemblance was noticed, "I have traveled several times around this mundane sphere, and because my name happens to begin with 'Mc,' people seem to think that the latter part of it don't matter much, and in consequence I have been called everything from the 'Bold McIntyre' of song fame to 'McGinty' who wore his best clothes when he committed suicide, and now they're calling me McKinley. Between the name and the face which fortune has dealt out to me I am wondering whether I am destined to have greatness thrust upon me or by myself thrust into jail or an insane asylum."

"Well, at all events I guess I have very little to do with it myself; it all depends on what the Mc's do, and they are a great family."

Dave Lockridge's Nerve.

An incident occurred yesterday on Dominion creek which proved the truth of the old saying that a drowning man will grasp at a straw.

Dave Lockridge was working in the shaft at 30 below lower discovery yesterday when he was overcome by gas, and being alone he could get no assistance. He found the crane rope dangling from above, and not having the strength to climb it he still knew that it was his only source of hope, so he tied it securely about his body under the arms, and then he lost consciousness.

After a time his brother returned to the mouth of the shaft, and getting no reply to his calls, pulled at the rope, which of course came hard, owing to the heavy weight of the body attached to the lower end. He persevered in his efforts and at last succeeded in bringing to the surface the apparently dead body of his brother.

Restoratives and fresh air finally resulted in bringing back the patient to consciousness, and at last accounts his recovery was regarded as certain.

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

Its Up
To Kelly

Jim Kelly, of 22 below upper Dominion and "Happy" Jack Felix, of 10 above lower on the same creek, are deadly rivals. That is to say neither of the two ever undertakes anything but what the other will see him and offer a raise if such a thing is possible. If Kelly discovers a big nugget hidden down on bedrock of 22, "Happy" is never happy until No. 10 has produced a bigger one even if he has to paste two small ones together to get the required weight.

Felix is known to have spent two entire weeks in inventing a yarn of horrors endured on the trail to score against one from the veracious Kelly, who is no small potatoe himself when it comes to a question of Yukon stories.

Some time ago there came to the cabin on 22 a small Kelly in the shape of a bouncing maiden, who tipped the scales at exactly 12 pounds avordupois. Since that time Kelly has been high man. He has looked upon his rival with scorn and contempt and the once "Happy" man of No. 10 has since worn an expression of deep despondency. But it is a long road that has no turn. The gods have turned a listening ear to "Happy" Jack's prayers for vengeance. Fourteen pounds of infantile masculinity arrived on No. 10 two days ago and the smile that since has broadened the Felix face has been good to look upon.

It is up to Kelly now, but he doesn't know what to do. He vows that Felix weighed the boy on the gold scales and figured only 12 ounces to the pound. Jack declines to argue the question and has politely told his neighbor to go and get a reputation. Thus it comes that there is a ring of blood around the Dominion moon.

Delayed Mail.

Harry Murray who reached here yesterday afternoon only nine days from Skagway, brought with him a large stock of late papers and magazines. Murray passed everybody along the trail and has thus far the best record of the season. He says that at Renton, about 40 miles above Selkirk, are 75 sacks of mail and a large amount of express, all of which was brought that far by horse team, but which, owing to the condition of the trail, could not be brought further by that means of transportation. This story probably accounts for the tardy mail service to which the people of Dawson have been subjected for the past two months.

Previous reports to the effect that the incoming mail had passed Ogilvie are incorrect, as, up to noon today, it had not even reached Stewart. As compared with the service of this time last year the present is a mere travesty. It is in order for somebody to stand up and explain.

Has Been Overlooked.

Companies for carrying on nearly all kinds of business and the importation of all classes of goods to the Klondike have been organized by the thousands within the past few years, yet one very important article has not been provided for. It is understood, however, that steps are being taken to remedy the oversight by the organization of what will be called the Yukon Christmas Tree Importing Association, and by next year it will be possible to order a Christmas tree from the wholesaler's just the same as it is now possible to order a Christmas turkey. A full report of the organization of the company will be given later.

Thought They Were Kettled.

Yesterday afternoon there was a runaway on Second avenue, which, if it endangered no lives, drew plenty of attention. The sleigh was small but its contents were such as to raise consternation in the minds of all pedestrians who heard the racket. It was a load of empty milk cans, and the team was made up of three spirited dogs, tired of waiting at the Melbourne corner. The dogs started for home, the cans began to rattle, which seemed to act as an incentive to greater speed on the part of the canines, who drew their tails close and only touched the high places till they reached home. The dogs had evidently had other and unpleasant experiences with tinware.

Tried Steamboating.

Tom Bruce, of the Holborn cafe, arrived in Dawson Monday after an extended trip to Nome and the States via the lower river route. While in Nome last summer he, together with Chas. Adams of Gold Hill, purchased the steamer Lavelle Young and dispatched her up the Yukon to Dawson with 300 tons of freight and 75 passengers. Unfortunately, through the carelessness of employees the flue sheet of the boiler cracked disabling the boat completely and necessitating her return to St. Michael. A new boiler is now being built for her in Seattle and the boat will be placed in commission next spring, probably going up the Koyukuk. This unfortunate accident cost Mr. Bruce something like \$10,000, but he is not daunted by his experience and will try it again next season, he still owning his interest in the craft.

Anniversary of Washington's Death.

Tomorrow, December 14, will be the one hundred and first anniversary of the death of George Washington, the first president of the United States—the man who earned the praise, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." George Washington died at his home, Mount Vernon, on the banks of the Potomac, not many miles from the city of Washington, the present capital of the United States. At the time of the death of Washington, December 14, 1799, the capital of the United States was at Philadelphia. The sixth congress had just assembled, and to that city the news of the death of Washington was brought on the evening of December 17, the traveler who brought the news having heard it when passing through Alexandria, which is near Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. This traveler had passed through Baltimore and announced the death of the first president there the preceding day. The Alexandria Times was the first newspaper to print the news, in its issue bearing date of December 15.

Washington was buried on December 18. At the time the funeral services were being held at Mount Vernon, John Marshall, a member of Virginia, and later chief justice of the United States, announced the death of the first president to congress, then in session. The greatest grief was manifested; an immediate adjournment was taken, and the members voted to wear morning and to drape the senate chamber. President Adams' wife postponed a levee one week, and notices were sent out requesting the ladies who attended to wear white dresses trimmed with black ribbon, and black kid gloves.

In Boston the tolling of the bells on Christmas morning announced the death of Washington to the people, just 11 days after it occurred. Funeral services were held in all the principal cities of the country. In New York, in St. Paul's church, on December 31; in Boston, in the Old South church, on February 8. Harvard college is said to have been the only college that held special funeral services. Two of the members of the senior class took part. The president of the college read an address in Latin.

We can realize how slowly people traveled in those days, when it took three days for the news of the death of the greatest citizen in America to reach the capital of the country—a distance traveled today by railroads in three hours, while a telegraphic message would pass between the two places in but a few minutes. This is but one of the many proofs of the wonderful changes in the conditions of life in this country in one hundred years.

With the news service of 101 years ago in vogue at the present time, upwards of a year would be required for the transmission of news from Mount Vernon, which is 14 miles down the Potomac river from Washington, to reach Dawson. "The world do move."

Leaders Foment Trouble.

Hong Kong, Nov. 19.—Because of the conduct of the customs house at Manila trade with the Philippines has been dislocated, and it is a standing remark on this coast that in this respect things are in a much worse condition than under the Spanish regime.

This is due in a large measure to the inexperience of the officials in the customs house. It can hardly be expected that officials drawn directly from the army can become at once customs house experts. Still after two years' occupation of Manila one would naturally expect some improvement.

Hardly a ship from Hong Kong now enters that port without being fined for some trifling clerical error in the manifest or without being delayed in the harbor for some fancied small infringement of the regulations. When it is remembered that these ships and these lines have been carrying on trade with Manila for 20 years no one can believe that these infringements are committed intentionally.

Still the same trouble occurs from week to week until matters are in such a state that if it were not for the large amount of money invested in the lines there is hardly any doubt that the steamers would be withdrawn.

Off for Whitehorse.

The four-horse stage of Robinson & Co., Fred R. Knight, driver, left for Whitehorse at 10:45 yesterday with seven passengers. The interior of the stage, with its cushioned seats, many robes and hay covered floor, presented a very cheerful and inviting appearance.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

**M'KINLEY'S
MESSAGE**

To Congress Speaks Hopefully of the Settlement of Chinese Matters.

IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RESTORED

The Real Culprits Must be properly Punished.

DEALS WITH THE BOER WAR

Relations With Great Britain are Very Friendly — Vexatious Questions Settled—Japan Complimented.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 13.—The president's message dealing with the terms of settlement resulting from the recent Boxer outbreak in China states that the proposition looking to the restoration of the Chinese imperial authority in Pekin has been accepted by the powers in full harmony with the desires of the United States government.

"We have held and do hold," states a clause dealing with the question, "that effective reparation and an enduring settlement, which will make a recurrence impossible, will best be accomplished under the authority which the Chinese nation reverences and obeys. For the real culprits full expiation becomes imperative within the rational limits of retributive justice."

Respecting the war between Great Britain and the Boers the message says that relations with the latter power continue to be of the most friendly nature. The war introduced certain vexatious questions, all of which were amicably adjusted. Vexations arose over Great Britain's action with respect to neutral cargoes but resulted in an agreement on the part of that nation to purchase all goods shown to be the property of Americans. Japan is highly complimented on the advancement shown by her in the past four years.

Great satisfaction is expressed over the results of The Hague peace convention.

The attention of the senate is directed to the proposed convention with Great Britain for the purpose of facilitating the construction of the Nicaragua canal. The convention is expected to remove any objection which might arise from the terms of the Clayton treaty.

A Groundless Rumor.

The report was current on the streets this morning that Miss Marion Tracy was dead. As it was known that she had been ill at the private hospital of Miss Hannan for several days the rumor was given credence.

A call at the hospital, however, developed the fact that Miss Tracy was somewhat improved in health since yesterday.

Queer Trees.

The musical, or whistling, tree is a native of the West Indies and the Soudan. It possesses a peculiar shaped leaf, and pods with a split or broken edge. The wind passing through these causes the sound which gives to the tree the name of "whistler." In Barbados there is a valley filled with trees of this character, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it.

The electric light tree, says Answers, gives a light so strong that a person can read or write by it at night.

The milk tree has a thick, tough skin that can be used for soles of shoes. To obtain the milk a hole is bored in the trunk; then it produces a sweet sap.

The bread tree has a solid fruit, which when cut into slices and cooked, can scarcely be distinguished from excellent bread.

The Klondike Nugget

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

ALLEN BROS. Publishers

(From Friday's Daily.)

A STATEMENT IN ORDER.

The query propounded to Councillor Wilson in yesterday's issue of this paper respecting that gentleman's relations with certain political mountebanks in Dawson, has evoked much interest. There is a well defined impression abroad that Mr. Wilson has been the victim of misplaced confidence. The sensational method which the News adopted of bringing Mr. Wilson's name into prominence in connection with the Slorah murder case indicated a lurking desire on the part of that paper to work some injury to the new councilman. That desire took form in an alleged defense of Mr. Wilson from a charge which had never been laid against him. This defense published with a ridiculous amount of detail must of necessity leave with the general reader the impression that in some way or other Mr. Wilson was concerned in the circumstances leading up to the Slorah tragedy.

It appeared evident at the time, as was pointed out in these columns, that the News was endeavoring to work out some smouldering grievance against Mr. Wilson, and subsequent developments have served to strengthen this opinion to a demonstration.

A short time ago, as was noted in yesterday's issue of the Nugget, a lengthy letter signed by Joseph A. Clarke as Mr. Wilson's representative, appeared in the News. This letter, we are informed on the very best of authority, was wholly unauthorized by Mr. Wilson, which fact must have been known to the News. Nevertheless the letter was published in full, and was accepted as Mr. Wilson's official views upon the various subjects with which it dealt.

Obviously, Mr. Wilson is entitled to have his real views placed before the public in a manner which will admit of no doubt as to their authenticity.

If the small clique who, according to their own claims, and in fact according, thus far, to Mr. Wilson's own tacit acknowledgment, is entitled to represent that gentleman before the public, really has such authority, it is due from Mr. Wilson that a statement to that effect be made.

On the other hand, if he has been misrepresented and placed in a false position, as undoubtedly appears to be the case, it is to the interest of all concerned that the matter be straightened out at the earliest possible moment.

LOOKS GOOD FOR THE CANAL.

The Nicaragua canal is given an important position in President McKinley's message to congress. The construction of this canal is not only a vast undertaking but its completion will be attended with results of vast importance. The day when ships are able to pass across the isthmus will certainly mark the beginning of a period of wonderful activity and progress for the cities of the Pacific coast.

The products of the coast will then have access to the eastern markets on terms which will admit of competition with any of the great central and western states. High railway tariffs which in by-gone years have always discriminated against California wheat and Washington lumber must be lowered in a very marked degree, or empty freight cars will be pulled across the continent or left idle on the tracks.

An influx of immigration to the coast on a larger scale than ever has been witnessed must of necessity ensue.

Great stretches of agricultural country now lying idle will be brought under cultivation and every line of industry will be stimulated in an effective manner. The result of this increased productive energy will be conveyed to the shipping centers of the coast which will be quick to realize and take advantage of every opportunity presented to add to their commercial supremacy.

Certainly the future holds out alluring prospects for the Pacific slope. The northern and eastern trade has already

worked a marvelous effect on the growing giants of the coast and their growth is now like that of a snowball which gathers new volume as it moves along.

The Nicaragua canal, which is certain to be completed within the next few years, will form but another element among the various influences which are now contributing toward the remarkable growth and prosperity so noticeable in all the coast cities.

A second New York somewhere on the coast will be the final outcome.

Lord Roberts is to have a dukedom conferred upon him, to which his remarkable services in South Africa fully entitle him. It is one of the glories of Great Britain that she rewards her men who faithfully serve her in a manner commensurate with the nature of the work they perform. Lord Roberts agreed to assume command in Africa upon one condition only, viz.: absolute authority with no interference from the war office in London. The results have amply demonstrated the wisdom of the government in acceding to his demands. He went and saw and conquered and as befits the conquering hero he is to be rewarded with the best his country has to offer.

Evidently someone is very desirous of working up a new political movement in France. Every time the fire-eating element of that volatile republic desires to get control of things, a great hurrah is made respecting the feasibility of crossing the channel and invading England. This talk doesn't lessen the distance between Dover and Calais one particle and if it helps to keep the French people from suffering from ennui, we don't suppose any particular objection should be entered.

An error in transcribing a telegram which was published in the Nugget of yesterday made it appear that President McKinley in his message to congress speaks of friendly relations still being maintained with the Boers. An inspection of the telegram reveals the fact that the reference which occurs in the president's comments on the Boer war is to Great Britain and not to the Boers.

Postmaster Hartman's splendid new building and the excellent facilities which he has at hand for the distribution of mail and for other accommodations to the public, will not avail very much if the mail contractors do not perform their part with a little more expedition. Thus far the winter delivery of mail in Dawson from the outside has been anything but satisfactory.

Next summer Dawson is to have a street railway system. At the present rate we are traveling we shall see roof gardens in our midst before long.

FORTUNES MADE IN A DAY.

Three mining men who are well known in Seattle have just returned from Cape Nome and the Bluestone district with stories of the marvelous richness of the latter camp. F. W. and Stephen Wilmans, who were pioneers of the Monte Cristo district, and Richard P. Burkman, all well known in this city, are among those who have good prospects in the north. F. W. Wilmans is a director in a bank at Nome, in which a number of local capitalists are interested. The Wilmans brothers own a half interest in No. 8 on Gold Run creek, in the Bluestone district.

Speaking of Cape Nome and the adjacent territory, F. W. Wilmans said yesterday:

"The miners who have prospected the country about Cape Nome have merely scratched the surface. Contrary to the men who have returned with hard luck stories from Cape Nome, I hold that there is no mining region in the United States more promising than Cape Nome and the country tributary. But before any real progress can be made we must get rid of the litigation that has hampered the camp, and take steps to forever prevent a recurrence of the troubles we have experienced during the last season."

From No. 8, Gold Run, over \$17,000 was taken out in 17 hours, according to Mr. Burkman. The latter says he stood by while the treasure was washed out. Mr. Burkman says that the cleanup would have been doubled but for the breaking of a dam, which carried away part of the sluice boxes.—P. L. Nov. 19.

MATTER OF SLORAH APPEAL

OF WHICH NOTICE OF ARGUMENT WAS GIVEN SOME TIME SINCE

SEEMS TO HANGING FIRE ON ACCOUNT OF FUNDS, WHICH IS SAID WILL BE FORTH COMING.

The friends of James Slorah, recently sentenced to be hanged on the second day of March next for the murder of Pearl Mitchell, are busy raising funds looking to the reopening of the case in a new trial or an appeal.

Attorney Bleeker gave notice after the passing of the sentence, that he would argue a motion for an appeal, but no time was set for the hearing of argument, and nothing has ever been heard regarding it. Mr. Bleeker is very reticent in the matter, but for all that it appears that the stumbling block is a matter of money.

Those who have in charge the raising of the funds, when asked what is being done, merely say that they are busy with the matter and that a sufficient amount will probably be forthcoming for necessary purposes when the time comes.

The time, however, seems to rest largely with the attorney, whose only incentive to undertake cases, in view of the fact that that is the source of his livelihood, is one of monetary consideration. For this reason the "proper time" is when the friends of the condemned man come forward with the money, and although March seems some distance away yet, it must be remembered that a great deal is necessary to be done, and that soon, if an appeal is to be taken.

In the meantime James Slorah, naturally the party most concerned in the matter, is taking life with his customary coolness. His health was very bad for a time after his incarceration, and his appetite was so nearly gone as to give rise to the rumor that he had attempted suicide by means of abstaining from taking any nourishment whatever.

He has recovered his appetite, however, and is in as good spirits as possible for a man who stands with the black shadow of death squarely across his path.

MAGELLAN'S "GIANTS" REDISCOVERED.

Myth and superstition are long lived. But they are distinct foes to human progress. Therefore we may hope that the voyage of the Belgic, as chronicled by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the only American aboard, may result in permanently exploding one especially vigorous myth. The Belgic did not succeed in discovering the South Pole, but it practically rediscovered the Straits of Magellan, which run between Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. Dr. Cook has given us a fund of needed information about these territories that border on the Straits. He has met the inhabitants face to face. He has told us positively that they are not giants, although they are, perhaps, the tallest races on earth. Their average height he places at six feet. A few fall below that. A few rise to six or even seven inches above. Now, the legend that these races were of an almost superhuman stature, though repeatedly denied by occasional travelers, has persistently survived in the minds of the vulgar ever since Magellan himself, the discoverer of the Straits, gave it birth.

Magellan, it will be remembered, describes the Patagonians as "so tall that the tallest of us came only to their waists." It is true that the Portuguese are not a tall race. Nevertheless, Magellan's words would indicate that the average height of the Patagonians must have been some nine feet. Later travelers of the middle ages improved upon Magellan. Sebald de Worf, who visited Patagonia in 1598, describes the inhabitants as being ten or eleven feet high, and so strong that they could easily tear up by the roots trees of a span in diameter.

Then came more moderate statisticians. Byron, in 1764, says that he saw a chief not less than seven feet high, and others nearly as tall. Byron was merely guessing. It was Capt. Wallis, in 1766, who first put the Patagonians to the test of actual measurement. He found a few who were six feet seven inches in height, but the average stature was only from five feet ten inches to six feet. Capt. Wallis and Dr. Cook are in substantial agreement.

The belief that giants formerly inhabited this globe and that they still survive in remote and inaccessible regions has been fostered in Christendom

by the statement in Genesis, "There were giants on the earth in those days." But many Biblical students are inclined to accept the interpretation of St. Chrysostom: "I think that those in Scripture called giants are not of any unusual kind of men for shape or feature, but such as were heroic, strong and warlike."

Deuteronomy describes the bedstead of Og, king of Bashan, as nine cubits in length and four in breadth. A cubit was about eighteen inches. Hence the bedstead was thirteen and a half feet long. But it is quite possible that Og used a bedstead not in proportion to his actual size, but in proportion to his fancied importance.

In which connection one may recall the story of Alexander the Great. In one of his Asian expeditions he caused to be made and left behind him a suit of armor of huge proportions, in order to induce a belief among the people he had conquered that he was of immense size.

An explanation of this sort would not, however, have suited the ancient rabbinical and Arabian writers. They tell delightful stories of how Og survived the Deluge by wading, the waters reaching no higher than his knees. The only inconvenience he experienced during the flood was that he was reduced to a fish diet, his staple food consisting of whales, which he roasted on the disc of the sun.

Legend aside, it is more than probable that the men of today are equal, and probably superior, in stature to the ancients.

The Greeks and Romans were undoubtedly of small size. The helmets and sword hilts that have come down to us from the heroic ages could not be used by the majority of soldiers of the present European nations. Ancient rings also are generally too small for modern fingers.

But the classic writers give testimony enough on this point. Caesar, speaking of the Gauls, says: "Our shortness of stature, in comparison with the great size of their bodies, is generally a subject of much contempt to the men of Gaul." Tacitus also describes the Germans as of robust form and of great stature, and Strabo says that he had seen Britons at Rome who were half a foot taller than the tallest Italians. Yet there is no proof that the men of these nations were any larger in ancient times than they are now. On the contrary, the graves and barrows tell a different story. The remains are usually under the average height of men of the present day. It is the same with the Egyptian mummies.—N. Y. Herald.

THE FORMIDABLE LEASE.

"I'm afraid we can't take this flat at all," said Mr. Weems, regretfully. And, being questioned by the wife of his bosom, he explained: "This lease the agent has just sent up to me to sign has this clause—'This lease is granted upon the express condition, however, that in case said landlord, his agents or assigns deem objectionable or improper any conduct on the part of said tenant or occupants, said landlord shall have full license and authority to enter and have full possession of said premises, either with or without legal process, on giving five days' notice of intention so to do and tendering repayment of the rent paid on account of the unexpired term.'"

"Do you know what that means?" asked Mr. Weems, and answered for himself: "It means this landlord or his assigns have a right to come snooping around my flat and call us down every time we have a Welsh rabbit party or a lobster à la Newburg session in the chafing dish. We can't put ourselves in the power of a puritanical person like this landlord."

"Let me see the lease," said Mrs. Weems. "Maybe there are mitigating clauses." She found one, reading aloud in horrified indignation:

"That the tenant shall not drive picture or other nails into the walls or woodwork of said premises, nor allow the same to be done. Aren't they tricky?" commented Mrs. Weems. "They think we would try to get around that clause by having Lottie do the driving." Then she read on: "And shall, at his own cost and expense, make and do all repairs required to walls, ceilings, paper, glass and

glass globes, plumbing work, ranges, pipes and fixtures belonging thereto, whenever damage or injury to the same shall have resulted from misuse or neglect, and shall repair and make good any damage occurring to the building or any tenant thereof by reason of any neglect, carelessness or injury to the dumbwaiters, gas or Crotone water pipes, meters or faucets and connections by the tenant himself or any of his family or household, or upon the premises leased to said tenant." What do you think of that? "Why it expressly forbids me to hang pictures on the walls, and as for putting my two old china plates around the sides of the room, that is impossible. We can't take this apartment."

"Look here," said the prospective tenant, "what do you think of this for high handed dictation: 'And the said tenant shall use only such shades in the front windows of the said apartment as are put up or approved by owner.' Did you ever hear of such asasance?"

"And here's something else," discovered Mrs. Weems. "It says: 'To be occupied as a strictly private dwelling apartment by himself and family, consisting of— and here you write your name and my name. And what am I to do when it gets time for Cousin Madge to come and visit me? Why, the landlord or his assigns might say: 'No, Cousin Madge's name is not in the lease. She can't come in.' Oh, it's certainly impossible for us to take this place."

"But will you please look at this," said Mr. Weems: "That the tenant shall consult and conform to the regulations governing said house and to any reasonable alterations." Do you know what that means? It means that we are to hold ourselves to the order of the janitor, and that whenever that janitor feels like changing the regulations we have nothing to say. And here's yet another clause giving people from outside permission to tramp through our apartment at all hours of the day and night three months in advance of the expiration of our lease, under the pretext of looking at the flat with a view to settling. I shall go to that beastly agent and tell him what I think of him."

But when he went and told, the beastly agent smiled a large, plump, indulgent smile and said: "Go ahead, my boy. Go as far as you like. Nail up as many pictures as you feel like. Have all the company you want. Give as many Welsh rabbit parties as your salary will stand. Swear at the janitor when you feel like it. Call on me for repairs whenever you need them. That contract's just for prevention of the abuse of the premises. If we didn't draw up something like that we'd be imposed upon."

And Weems signed and hasn't heard anything from the landlord or his assigns.—N. Y. Herald.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

In Magistrate McDonell's court this morning only one case was up for hearing and it had about it the aroma of soap suds, being a case in which G. W. Williscroft, who owns a laundry, was sued by John Sulies for \$12 due for labor performed. Williscroft had fired and refused to pay Sulies for the reason that the latter had boiled some white silk handkerchiefs with some red goods, with the result that the handkerchiefs came out with a color similar to that of a torchlight procession. Sulies said he was required to work in a cellar where the steam made it so dark he could not distinguish between red and white goods. The verdict was that Williscroft pay the amount involved.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

NO COUNCIL MEETING.

There was no meeting of the Yukon council last evening, although it was the regular meeting night. The reason for the failure to meet according to schedule is that Mr. Wilson did not put in an appearance, and with Major Wood sick and two members absent from the country, no quorum could be had.

Mr. Wilson's failure to materialize at the meeting was due to the illness of his mining partner, which was severe enough to prevent the absence of the councilman from his claim.

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The Klondike Nugget

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NOTICE.

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

LETTERS.

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

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1900.

**From Saturday's Daily.
OUR PRIZE STORY.**

As will be noted in another column of this issue the judges selected to pass upon the merits of the stories contributed to the Nugget's prize contest have rendered their decision. The winning story was written by Chester Whitman Tennant, of Dawson, who is therefore entitled to the cash prize of \$50 offered by this paper. The story will appear in the Nugget's special holiday issue which will be published in another week. Mr. Tennant's story is a vivid portrayal of Yukon life, with a pathetic little touch of romance which sustains the interest of the reader throughout. The Nugget congratulates the author upon the fact of his success, which is the more noteworthy by reason of the fact that it has been achieved under very close competition.

All the stories submitted are possessed of merit and in every way are worthy of publication as typical presentations of prevailing conditions of life in this country. Our only regret is that there was not a prize for all.

We desire at this time to acknowledge our thanks to the judges, Mr. Henry E. Ridle and Dr. J. N. E. Brown, upon whose judgment of the merits of the stories the prize is awarded. Both gentlemen are competent literary critics and their decision will be accepted as having been rendered with absolute fairness and impartiality.

The contest has been a most satisfactory undertaking and has demonstrated very thoroughly, as the Nugget intimated in the beginning would be the case, that the Klondike possesses literary talent of a very high order.

The News is somewhat alarmed for fear that Mr. Gilbeck will sometime come into possession of the Nugget. Well, thank heaven, there will be some satisfaction in knowing that when the genial sheriff takes hold of the Nugget it will still be owned by a man who has a country, and is not a renegade.

The drop in the price of "small boats" relieves our mind of a grave anxiety. We were afraid that supper would be a rather dry affair, but even the News ought to be able to draw a cork or two under the circumstances.

Stern old winter is the best road builder we have. An ordinary team will pull three times the weight over our icy boulevards that can be hauled in summer on the same road.

Mad dogs in Dawson in the middle of winter are a distinct innovation. This may be taken as one proof of the theory that extreme heat and extreme cold amount to about the same thing.

Every time the News finds itself beaten in an argument it begins to call names. No more certain indication of a weak cause could be suggested.

And still there are people who maintain that the twentieth century does not begin on January 1st next.

Marvels of Mechanism.

Some years ago a jeweler of Boulogne, France, constructed a wonderful automatic conjurer. This figure, correctly dressed in black, performed various sleight-of-hand tricks with re-

markable dexterity, and when it was applauded gracefully saluted the spectators to the right and left. One of its tricks was the following: It struck a table several times, and made an egg come out of it. It then blew upon the latter, when out of it came a bird that flapped its wings and sang and afterwards entered the egg again.

This, however, was nothing as compared with the automatic fly manufactured by John Miller and which flew around the table during a dinner and alighted upon the hand of its owner and manufacturer, to the great astonishment of the guests.

Another wonderful piece of mechanism was a minute coach, to which were harnessed several horses, and which rolled over the table. Upon starting the coachman cracked his whip and the horses began to prance, and then became quiet and started off on a trot. The coach stopped, and the lackey jumped from his seat, and, opening the door, handed out a handsomely dressed lady, who saluted and then re-entered the coach. The lackey closed the door and then jumped upon the box, the whip snapped and the horses galloped off.

The famous mechanical flute player was a life-long figure, standing by the side of a broken column, upon which it slightly leaned. It was capable of playing a dozen different airs with remarkable ease. To effect this result there was a system of weights that actuated a bellows placed in the interior of the automaton and through an invisible tube forced air into the flute, where it acted in the usual way upon the stopples of the opening. In order to obtain the modulations, and consequently a complete air, the fingers of the automaton were movable and closed the holes of the flute, hermetically when at rest. The fingers were moved by wires and cords that were taunted and released by the play of a toothed cylinder.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Origin of Zero.

Last evening while Commissioner Ogilvie was entertaining a few friends at dinner, the conversation turned on the weather, and naturally the thermometer came in for its share of discussion.

"Did you ever happen to hear how the present term zero came to be applied to the 32d degree of Fahrenheit?"

When a few had frankly admitted that they had never heard, and others had searched their memories for what had never been there, the host said:

"Well, the present thermometer in that respect, is based upon the discovery of a scientist who lived in the south of Germany a long time ago, and who, in searching for extreme cold, hit upon a mixture of salt and cracked ice, and, so far as he knew, this would produce extreme cold, which, as we see is the 32d degree, and has been marked zero upon all our thermometers. The old German never expected to record anything below that."

"What is extreme cold, anyway," asked some one.

"The extreme of cold reached by chemical experiments and mathematical calculations, is between 476 and 478. There has been much difficulty in arriving at the exact figure, and in fact I believe it has never yet been definitely decided upon.

"There has been considerable talk of late of changing the thermometers in such a way as to do away with the present somewhat confusing system of calculating the degrees of heat and cold as above and below zero, and making the point of extreme cold the standard."

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

The Criterion Hotel.

The Criterion hotel has been remodelled and is now to be run on the family hotel plan, where, with finely appointed rooms and an excellent dining room service the patrons of the house can be entertained. Manager J. H. Weiter has reduced the price of rooms, and will make every effort to have a first-class family hotel in every respect.

Xmas Goods

I have just opened a case of Quadruple Plate Silverware in

Jewel Powder Boxes**Smoker Sets****Biscuit Jars****Children's Mugs****Photo Frames****Ink Stands, Etc., etc.**

I have a large line of useful articles for Christmas Gifts

Ties, Fur Mitts**Slippers, Handkerchiefs****Smoking Jackets, Etc., etc.**

J. P. McLENNAN.

**Should Space Allow**

We could furnish you with some interesting reading relative to the store which this illustration portrays. For instance, we might tell you how many thousands of dollars worth of high class clothing has gone through those doors in the possession of satisfied purchasers. Or we might tell you that back of those plate glass windows can be found the only tailor cut clothing in the territory, giving you a description of the goods and the immense wholesale tailoring house that makes them for us. But space not permitting we can at least wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HERSHBERG

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

THE CAUSES OF TYPHOID**Physicians Believe It Is Due to a Change in Water.****People Are More Careless of Health Here Than Elsewhere, Is Why They Have Pneumonia.**

If the water company's mains had been kept open during the winter, and no water had been drawn from the Klondike or Yukon river, according to local medical opinion, typhoid, which is with us now almost an epidemic, would have been as rare as it was during the summer months. Physicians who have studied the situation say that the prevalence of typhoid now is due in their estimation to a change in the source of the water supply. It is not said that the water in use at the present time is bad, or unfit for use, but merely that it contains different properties from that used during the summer.

It is not denied by any means that there may not be other causes as well, but this is the main one.

Concerning the cases of pneumonia now so numerous, a physician of standing said last evening: "We have always had more or less pneumonia here during the winter months, and the climate is such that it is quite natural there should be more or less, but the

climate is sufficiently burdened already without being forced to bear the blame of any more of this than is really its share.

"Probably the most prolific cause of this disease lies in the people themselves. Remember that this is a very newly organized community and that a very heavy percentage of its make-up came from far more moderate climates, and naturally know nothing of the different effects produced upon the human system by precisely the same habits, practiced alike here and in a higher temperature.

"For instance. We are in a warm room at present, and supposing that the thermometer marked 50 below zero, and that you went out without first wrapping up your nose and mouth, you would notice, if you gave it a thought, that you experienced a shock when the bitingly cold air poured through your nostrils and bronchial tubes, and if you were susceptible to the disorder, you would have perhaps a time after this a chill, and most likely the mischief would be done.

"People take less care of themselves here than anywhere I have ever been, and the only wonder to me is that there is not more sickness than what there is."

Diamond mounting by Soggs & Vesco.

Outfitting at Meeker's.

Lindemann the jeweler has removed to Monte Carlo building.

For special designs in jewelry see Soggs & Vesco, Third st., opp. A. C. Office Building.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Glasses fitted by Soggs & Vesco.

Mail Is Quick
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YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE
SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN
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Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.

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Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.

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Miners Attention!

MEET THE BOYS AT HOME
When in town they stop at

Hotel Flannery

HADLEY'S STAGE LINE Leaves Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Gold Run, Dominion, Etc., reasonable rates from Hotel Office.

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SECOND ST. BET. 2ND & 3D AVES. G. Vernon, Prop.

WOOD!**CUT RATE!**

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WOOD!

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128 CUBIC FEET TO THE CORD GUARANTEED

THE DRYEST, CLEANEST, CLOSEST GRAIN FIRE WOOD IN THE CITY.

Order Now While Price Is Cut

Yukon Fuel Co.

L. L. JAMES, Manager.

First Avenue, Next to Fairview Hotel

PETRONIUS, THE INFAMOUS

Was One of the Most Depraved of all Men

He Invented Amusements Notorious for their Atrocity—Was a Learned Scholar.

From Saturday's Daily.
That the most morally depraved man in all human history should have been made the hero of romantic fiction and drama is a curious circumstance.

Ordinarily the hero of a romance is invested with high and noble characteristics; but there have been exceptions in those stories where pirates and highwaymen were set up for the admiration and applause of the reader. But in every such case it was sought to show that the robber heroes had more good traits than bad.

It was with the same sort of idea that, in his famous romance of "Quo Vadis," Sienkiewicz has chosen as his hero the most morally depraved man in all human history. That person was Titus Petronius, the man who invented amusements that catered to the beastly passions of the basest of human monsters, the Roman emperor, Nero, the fifth in the line of the bloody and cruel Caesars.

Petronius, who was a man of unusual accomplishments, learned, a consummate critic, a poet of note, cultured in all the fine arts, and enormously wealthy, had but one employment for all his manifold talents, and that was to design and create and lead in the infamous revels with which Nero was wont to vary his atrocious and inhuman crimes.

As the hero of Sienkiewicz's romance, Petronius is invested with all the culture and taste of an epicurean and the steadfast mien and untroubled composure, under all circumstances, of a stoic philosopher. But the real truth seems to have been that this man was worn out with indulgences in sensuality, and so hardened by familiarity with cruelty and bloodshed, that he was incapable of any healthful human emotion, and, in order to realize this, one has only to turn from the elegant and heroic patrician of Sienkiewicz's creation to the pages of Petronius' own book to see what he really was, for, although his literary works are excluded from the curricula of the colleges for youth, they must have been extremely voluminous, as the fragments of books XV. and XVI. of his "Satyricon," are all that survive.

Of all the Roman authors, Petronius was unique and remarkable for being the first novel or story writer known. His "Satyricon," written in the purest Latin, abounding in the most satirical wit, the broadest humor, the wisest philosophy and studded with poems of all sorts, from the most ambitious epic recitation, and garnished with the most erudite learning, is nothing more than an account of the escapades of a most incorrigible brace of rascals and the various persons in whose company they happen to fall.

One of these fellows was a professional person, traveling as a lecturer, pronouncing at one moment the most edifying discourse on taste and morals in literature, and at the next engaging in the vilest debauchery. His companion, also a scholar, is equally base. They fell in with a poet who declaimed his verses on the fall of Troy and the civil wars in Rome to whomsoever would listen, but was as often stoned from the Forum as rewarded with applause and money.

These three rascals were complete types of confidence men, at one time working their schemes on the wealthy and at others stealing from the common people, but never failing to preach the highest morality, while they practiced every vile abomination known to the most debased of the human race.

Nevertheless, this book, infamous as its morality, is a gem of literature, giving the most accurate pictures of the manners and modes of life among the most enlightened people in the world in Nero's time. It contains the celebrated story of the "Theban Matron," a chaste and most beautifully sentimental episode of human life, and the "Banquet of Trimalchio," the only complete description of an elaborate Roman dinner extant.

It was the author of such a nook, the pandancer to the jaded appetites and brutal passions of the most bestial creature that ever walked in human form, who is made the admired and admirable hero of Sienkiewicz's celebrated romance, and is set up with his lordly liberality and his pagan stoicism to match the constancy of the martyrs sustained by Christian faith and love.

But this contrast is merely a trick of art, not intended to detract from Christianity, in whose interest "Quo Vadis" was written. It is the province of the artist to create out of ignoble material the most admirable works, as it is of the miner to find jewels among rubbish, or of Christianity to transmute the basest of human beings into saints. Therefore it is that there is no sort of wonder expressed that the most depraved man in the ancient world can, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, be transformed into the most admirable personage in an alleged historical romance.—New Orleans Picayune.

ACCUSES FRENCH GOVERNOR

Paris, Nov. 12.—The flight of the Cambodian Prince Inkanthor to Brussels is furnishing the Parisians with much interesting reading and is giving the foreigners a glimpse of French colonial officialdom.

A newspaper publishes a letter containing the grievances which Inkanthor presented to the French government in behalf of his father. This appeal for justice is eloquently worded and is almost pathetic, although the defenders of the governor general of Cambodian, Doumer, assert that Inkanthor and his father, King Norodom, are strikingly faithful to the Oriental traditions of meadacity.

The document charges Doumer and those about him with robbing and browbeating the king. It declares that Doumer suppressed the king's right to farm out the Cambodian gaming saloons because the concessionists declined to pay the governor general an annual blackmail of \$25,000. The king was thereby deprived of a revenue of \$140,000 and 400 taels in gold.

Similar accusations are made against Doumer's predecessors, and Prince Inkanthor says he found among the leading personages in the colonial world of Paris a man who became rich by selling the King Norodom brass for gold and sorry Australian hacks for French thoroughbreds.

An inspired reply to the document, just published, admits that the colonial administration is not above reproach, but declares the documents not worthy of credence, as Inkanthor is an imposter, representing himself as an heir to the throne, when the French government alone decides this matter, and has designated the king's brother as his successor. It is further asserted on the gambling question that King Norodom violated the convention by authorizing traveling gaming halls, in order to exact a larger income. Moreover, the king is accused of conspiring to overthrow French domination by an insurrection.

It is now reported that the French government has asked that Inkanthor be expelled from Belgium, and the Parisians are awaiting to see what will happen to King Norodom, who is 67 years old. He is not likely to be disturbed, as today he telegraphed to the government, expressing regret at his son's action and saying that the latter was not authorized to make a claim against France. At the same time the king telephoned to Inkanthor, at Brussels, ordering him to return home at once, under penalty of serious punishment if he disobeys.

STARVED TO FORCE DIVORCE.

New York, Nov. 12.—In an affidavit filed in a suit she has brought against her husband for a separation Mrs. Abraham Shaplowitz charges that her husband tried to starve her into suing for a divorce. On one occasion, after she and her baby had been without food all day, she implored her husband to give her a few pennies to get something to eat. She asserts that he flew into a terrible passion, and after telling her to go out and beg he threw a knife at her. Mrs. Shaplowitz says her husband frequently returned home with food.

He would sit down at the table in her presence and eat, refusing to give her or the baby anything. When she asked for some of the food he would beat and kick her. Finally last November, Mrs. Shaplowitz says, her husband left her. A few days ago he returned and told her that he wanted her to get a divorce. He said that he would give her until Rosh Hoshana, the Hebrew New Year, in which to decide to take proceedings against him. If by that time she had not obtained a divorce he said he would leave the city and she would never see him again. Shaplowitz was locked up in default of \$300 bail.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1. Granulated fresh laid eggs at Meeker's. Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester. We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1. Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester. Fresh carrots and turnips at Meeker's.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

One figure familiar in Dawson society last winter is missing now. His rotund form is not seen nor is his jolly chuckle heard at local social gatherings. Who is referred to? Who could be referred to that answers the above description but Capt. J. J. Healy, the veteran merchant and founder in this far north land of that large business enterprise known as the N. A. T. & T. Co.

And speaking of Capt. Healy brings to the mind of the Stroller a remark he made one night about a year ago at a meeting of the trustees of the Board of Trade in President L. R. Fulda's private room in the A. E. Co.'s store. Mr. Fulda, as is his invariable custom, called the attention of his guests to the big demijohn filled with "A. E. best" on the table and, after a portion of its contents had been discussed by all save Capt. Healy, who declined with thanks, Fulda's ever present box of cigars were passed. These were also declined by Capt. Healy. "Do you not smoke, either, captain?" said Mr. Fulda.

"No, no, no!" said the old pioneer. "I made a promise a number of years ago that I would not smoke another cigar until I was worth a million dollars."

"W-a-l-l, C-a-p-t-a-i-n," drawled out Secretary Frank Clayton, "I s-h-o-u-l-d t-u-n-k y-o-u a-r-e a-b-o-u-t r-e-a-d-y t-o t-a-k-e a s-m-o-k-e!"

"Well," said the captain as he pulled his goatee, "not quite, not quite, but I am about ready to strike a match."

In these days of mad dogs and holdups at the points of pistols one does not know at what hour, or minute, even, he may be up against the real thing. When a man is assailed by a mad dog in his own yard, or stood up and forced to shell out in his own store he is apt to quietly arm himself for just such emergencies. Being caught unarmed and in perilous proximity to a grizzly bear once caused an old Rocky mountain trapper to utter the first supplication of his life. The story is a familiar one to all who have read Coin Harvey's book on finance, and is this:

The old trapper went from his cabin to a nearby spring for a bucket of water, thoughtlessly leaving his gun in the house and being armed with only his hunting knife. On his return trip he found the right of way disputed by a grizzly bear, the largest and most savage looking he had ever seen. It never occurred to the bear to turn and flee. It was not that kind of bear. The thought of turning and fleeing never crossed the mind of the man as he was not that sort of trapper. Bruin reared up on his hind legs, opened his mouth, put up his mitts and otherwise gave indications of being ready for the fray. Dropping on his knees and rolling his eyes heavenward the old hunter said;

"Oh, Lord! I am not like the Presbyterians and Methodists, forever bothering you with my little troubles, and I ain't going to bother you this time! All I've got to ask is this: If you can't be on my side, don't be on the bear's. Just remain neutral and you'll see the d—scrap on record!"

If the present cut in the price of wood is due to the belief that cold weather for this winter is a thing of the past, it is very apt to prove a case of misplaced confidence. "Old Bory" has only let go for a fresh hold; besides, winter is not supposed to begin until the 21st instant. The action of the wood dealers is commendable, however, and is one which should be emulated by the butchers and grocers.

Notice.
Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.
Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.
Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meeker's.

tificates according to schedules A or B of said ordinance before the end of the year shall be dealt with according to the provisions of said ordinance.

Dated at Dawson this 13th day of December, 1900.
J. H. MACARTHUR, M. C. H.
Dr. Macfarlane's hours in office daily, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

A new and large jewelry store now occupied by Lindeman; Monte Carlo building.

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

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

THE TACOMA BOYS YOU CAN HOLD US UP If we don't succeed in pleasing and satisfying you in every particular.	For the Best Bargains in Groceries and Provisions to be obtained in town.
OUR MONEY IS YOURS CLARKE & RYAN, GROCERS Corner 6th St. and 2nd Ave.	

Mumm's the Word!

In order that all should have an opportunity to greet their friends in a suitable manner during Christmas and New Years we will sell during the Holidays

Mumm's Extra Dry and Pommery Sec for \$75.00 Per Case...

...Alaska Exploration Company ...

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

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

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

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

You Fellows From the Creek

Want to drop in and see us when you come to town

You know you were always welcome to sit on the counter and whittle in '97 times, and it's just the same old place now.

You can sit on the steam pipes and shoot out the electric lights, and be perfectly at home as of yore.

Incidentally we can swap yarns about how much cheaper goods are, and possibly fit you out for the season for about what you used to pay for a sack of flour.

Don't forget the Old Trading Post

Alaska Commercial COMPANY

Telephone 23

WE HAVE

140 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN

also TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS

The DAWSON HARDWARE CO.

PHONE 36

BOLD, BAD ROBBER

Holds up Clark and Ryan's Grocery Store With an Empty Gun

AND TAKES AWAY THE WEALTH

While Mr. Prentice Stood Behind the Door Waiting

TO AVOID BEING MUTILATED

The Robber Had a Disagreeable Way of Talking About Brains Which he Was Prepared to Scatter.

(From Friday's Daily.)
"Seventy, seventy, seventy; I wonder what that fellow wants."

Mr. Clark, of the grocery firm of Clark & Ryan, at the corner of Sixth street and Second avenue, was footling up the day's receipts of his business about 10:30 o'clock last evening when a tall man, with his face muffled to the eyes, entered the store. Mr. Clark merely glanced at him and went on with his work. He was alone at the time and while his attention was divided between the footing of his first column of figures and the supposed wishes of the customer, something wearing a cold, hard glitter was pushed under his nose and a low stern voice said:

"If you say a word you're a dead man."

Mr. Clark was leaning over the counter at the time, and when he straightened up he was careful to avoid doing anything which the bold, bad man facing him could construe as "saying a word." He just looked at him feeling hot and cold by turns, and keeping the tail of one eye on the gun.

"I want \$100," said the robber, "and don't make any fuss about it or I'll blow your brains out."

Hundred dollar bills are not found wrapped about sardine boxes or pickle bottles, and the grocer was loth to part with his wealth, but then, on the other hand he reflected that brains are one of the necessities in carrying on a grocery business, and if his were to be spilled over the staples they would be of little value to him afterwards, so he began temporizing.

"I haven't got \$100 here," he said, "you'll have to go up stairs with me to get it."

"Don't speak so loud, or I'll blow your brains out," said the robber who seemed to take an unholy joy in thus referring to the gray matter of the man behind the counter as if it were so much merchandise. Mr. Clark also recalls the fact this morning that the man who held him up had a most unpleasant way of trifling with the gun trigger, while speaking about his brains.

The till was opened when the gentleman with the muffled face obligingly signified his intention to take what happened to be on hand and call it good without taking the trouble to go upstairs to make up the deficiency. The bills in the various compartments were passed out to him when he said:

"Now pass over that silver."

The silver tray was lifted out and politely laid before him, the grocer from force of habit, being just about to smile pleasantly and ask if there was "anything else today?" when the door opened and Teamster Prentice entered, but did not notice anything wrong or unusual in the attitude or actions of the man whose back was towards him, and did not see the gun till the man holding it turned and pointed it towards him, telling him to get behind the door and stay there during the next two and a half minutes. He also imparted the information that if he was so indiscreet as to stick his head out during the time mentioned, his brains would also be found somewhat scattered over the codfish and soap.

Mr. Prentice, being an obliging man, and of good sense withal, immediately lied him behind the door, to the frosty surface of which he so closely held his

head during the next ten minutes (being careful to give good measure), that his hair froze fast. The man with the gun then took his departure and the money.

Mr. Ryan the other partner, heard from the room above the fall of a pile of boxes, and thinking a scrap was in progress acted upon his old reportorial instincts and rushed down stairs and in at the back door, where Mr. Prentice assured him from behind the door that he had not moved.

Mr. Clark, from the front of the store, whether he had followed the robber to discover if possible which way he had gone, made known to him the facts of the case, and the police station was visited, with the result that a man was arrested who gave the name of Stanley.

Harry Spence, who was arrested as the suspect in the case, gave a very good account of his movements during the evening and was discharged from custody this morning.

The robber, who ever he may have been, left the way of his going pretty clearly marked, as the gun with which the holdup was most probably effected, was found this morning on Sixth street, near the store, and is at present in the Nugget office.

Mr. Clarke, on being shown the revolver said he believed it to be the same, but owing to the similarity of pocket pistols he could not say positively that it was the one pointed at him last night across his counter.

Mr. Clarke would like to believe that it was not the same gun because if it is, he was held up by a very harmless engine, as it was not loaded when found. The revolver is a .32-calibre imitation Smith & Wesson nickel plated and of cheap make. Beyond this no clew to the present whereabouts or identity of the robber exists.

So far as Clarke & Ryan are concerned, they have entered in their books, in order to make them balance, this entry:

"Paid under threats of death, \$108.50;" and this they consider closes the matter.

Looks Like Mad Dogs

All advocates to the contrary, it looks very much as though the disease known as rabies is prevalent in this vicinity.

On Wednesday as one of the Lew Cadden's teams was coming down the Klondike river and within an hour's drive of the city a white bulldog was met which made a dash at one of the horses, leaped up and fastened his fangs in its nose. The horse shook the dog loose when it made another spring, this time fastening on the horse's neck. Having an ax on the sled the driver took a hand in the trouble, killing the dog before its hold on the horse's neck could be broken.

An hour later and just on reaching the wood yard on First avenue the horse was taken with something like spasms. The suffering animal was taken out of the harness and stabled as soon as possible, but its condition has grown steadily worse and today the animal is kicking, biting and striking at everything within reach, and will probably have to be killed to end its suffering.

There is a gentleman in Dawson who is very anxious to secure alive any dog that manifests rabies as he is desirous of diagnosing the case. He promises to take good care of the animal while in his charge and cure it if possible. So far as known, no one has yet volunteered to lasso the dog.

The A. C. Hose Co.

Not long since when a Second avenue millinery store was burned out, and one of its lady proprietors nearly roared in her bed, the performance of the A. C. Co.'s hose company attracted considerable attention, and has since been the subject of more or less remark. The reason of this is, of course, due to the efficiency and alacrity with which the manner of the company's drilling.

The chemical engine of the city department got to the scene of the conflagration quickly enough after the alarm sounded, but the steamer was late. This was because one of the horses which is supposed to pull it to fire was down at the other end of town and had to be sent for before the company could turn out. How it happened that the horse was not there when wanted is not known, and it is possible that the idea occupying the public mind to the effect that horses should be kept around near the house where the engine is, may be wrong, but it is such an old theory that it will take many examples like the last one to convince it to the contrary.

IT WAS ANOTHER BIG SCOOP

In Bowling, Like Other Things, News Occupies Rear Seat.

Nugget Lambasts Its Opponent in Great Shape—Won by Forty-Seven Points.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

If the Daily News never before got a thorough lambasting it got it last night when its team of alleged bowlers essayed to go up against the Nugget team.

The score was kept by an honest man and no "News tricks," such as playing four balls, marking in the wrong column, etc., etc., were permitted. It was a straight out open contest in which the News team had to come out and depend on its merits, hence the result: A victory for the Nugget by 47 points.

The personnel of the two teams was as follows:

Nugget—Allen, Fitzpatrick, Hemen, Filbin and W. Allen.

News—Caskey, Peterson, Devers, Nesbitt and Southwick.

Five games were played, beginning at 7:30 and lasting for two hours, without a moment's intermission. The score by games was:

First game—Nugget, 148; News, 135.

Second game—Nugget, 130; News, 114.

Third game—Nugget, 112; News, 119.

Fourth game—Nugget, 108; News, 109.

Fifth game—Nugget, 131; News, 105.

Total score—Nugget, 629; News, 582; Nugget's majority, 47.

The highest individual averages were scored by G. M. Allen, of the Nugget, and J. B. Nesbitt, of the News, each averaging 27.3-5. The highest single game score was 39, made by Peterson, of the News, in the first game.

The game, which elicited great interest among outsiders and which was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, was the outcome of a challenge issued from the News office, the terms of which were that the losing team pay all expenses of the match, also for a supper to be eaten at some later date by the teams.

After stipulating that the supper was not to be the regulation Daily News meal, coffee and sinkers, the Nugget accepted the challenge with the result that in keeping with the well-known reputation of both papers, the Nugget carried off the honors, and added another to its long list of scoops, while the News, having to come out in the open where no covert measures could be employed, went down as usual.

The dinner which will consist of everything delicate, the market afford, including many "bots," will probably cost not less than \$30 per plate and will be given some time next week.

Unfortunate Herbert Moffat,

The body of Herbert Moffat, the man of whom mention was made in the Nugget of two days ago as having been frozen while hunting on Eureka creek, and who later died while being brought to this city by his friends, arrived last night by horse team from Cook's roadhouse and is now at Green's undertaking parlors. Robert Beard and Wm. Babbitt, partners of the dead man, and who were bringing him to Dawson in a handsled when death intervened, also arrived last night and before Magistrate McDowell made the following statement this morning:

"Herbert Moffat, Beard, Babbitt and a fourth man were working a lay on No. 8 Eureka. On the morning of Thursday, the 6th instant, Moffat started out on a hunt, telling his partners not to worry if he did not return that night as, if he struck a moose trail, he would follow it. He was absent two nights and when he returned to the cabin Saturday morning acted as though dazed. His partners quickly realized that he was frozen and set about to do what they could to help him when it was discovered that his nose and face were frozen; both feet were frozen to the ankles and both hands to the wrists. Not having any dogs of their own, the partner whose name was not learned was dispatched to Gold Run for dogs and to inform the police of the man's condition. It is not a compliment to Gold Run dog owners that the man was unable to secure a team, but such was the case. Corporal Caudle, however, left with a dog team next day, but when he reached Eureka the men Beard and Babbitt, realizing that Moffatt would

die if not given medical attention very soon, had started to Dawson with him on a handsled. Notwithstanding the long journey covered by the police officer, he rested his dogs a short time and started out to overtake them which he did the next day but not until death had claimed the unfortunate man, who died in the sled near the mouth of Quartz creek. On overtaking the men Corporal Caudle took the body on his dog sled and brought it as far as Cook's roadhouse from which place it was brought to Dawson by horse team. Beard and Babbitt say Moffat was conscious to the last and died with but little suffering. The dead man was a native of Ontario, but came to the Yukon two or three years ago from Oregon City, Oregon, where his brother Jack Moffat resides. He owned an interest in a sidehill claim of No. 5 below on Bonanza, also an interest in a claim on Gold Run.

Moffat's story to his companions relative to his freezing was that he trailed a moose until very cold and numb and when he tried to make a fire he exhausted all his stock of matches without succeeding. He had not been wet, but was frozen by the dry cold. His personal property consisted of a silver watch and a roll of blankets.

Bridegroom Skips.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 18.—Miss Hattie E. Norton, of Detroit, was married to Charles R. Holmes, of San Francisco, in Windsor, Ont., Saturday evening. Late this evening Mrs. Holmes raised an alarm in the Manning hotel and sent messengers looking for her husband. He could not be found. Then she examined the lining of her skirt, where she had secreted \$700. The money was missing.

Mrs. Holmes said she had known her husband but two weeks, having become acquainted with him through a matrimonial paper. A physician who called to attend her said she was under the influence of a drug. Mrs. Holmes says she drew the money from the bank at the suggestion of Holmes.

Will Build Three Battle Ships and Six Cruisers—DeWet Hemmed in—Kruger Received by Wilhelmina

Durban, Dec. 6, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Lord Roberts has left for Cape Town. He was given an enthusiastic send off.

Sir Arthur Sullivan Dead.

London, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, England's noted comic opera writer, is dead. He was 58 years of age. The funeral was largely attended by people in all classes of life.

Will Be a Duke.

London, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—It has been announced that the queen will confer a dukedom upon Lord Roberts in recognition of his services during the war in South Africa. Parliament will also be asked to vote him an appropriation of £100,000. The announcement has met with great popular enthusiasm.

To Build Cruisers.

Washington, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Bids have been opened by the naval department for the construction of five new battleships and six armored cruisers.

After DeWet.

Alvai North, Dec. 6, Skagway, Dec. 14.—DeWet has been hemmed in at this point for several days, but managed last night to double past the British right. The plans of the British were immediately changed and pursuit given. DeWet is now hard pressed on all sides and has been compelled to abandon 500 horses and carts. Surrender seems inevitable.

Kruger Received.

The Hague, Dec. 5, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Queen Wilhelmina has received Kruger in formal audience.

Roland Reed Dying.

New York, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Roland Reed is confined in a local hospital with but small chance of recovery.

Given Twelve Months.

Whitehorse, Dec. 13.—Robert Cleary was today sentenced to 12 months' hard labor for selling a team to the Canadian Development Co., which he had stolen from George Surgeon. The C. D. Co. prosecuted and recovered money paid for the team.

COMING AND GOING.

Photographer Cantwell leaves tomorrow on a hunting trip to the Rockies. He takes with him his camera as he is after large game.

The incoming mail left Stewart river at 7 a. m. this morning. Two horse teams and two dog teams are bringing the consignments which will be the largest yet received.

The case of Mrs. McConnell against the Water Co. proceeds slowly. Yesterday one witness, Mrs. McConnell, was examined, and this forenoon was taken up by the testimony of her husband.

The funeral of the late Billy Cullen will take place Sunday at 1:30 p. m. at which time the remains will be taken from Green's undertaking parlors to the Catholic church where services will be held.

Next week will be heard the case of Wilson's vs. the C. D. Co. in the territorial court, and it is expected that it will take several days to try it, as the case is of considerable monetary importance. The police believe that the diamonds were disposed of somewhere in the east.

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

RECEIVED BY WIRE.
ROBERTS LEAVES

For Cape Town and Is Given an Enthusiastic Send Off.

HE WILL BE MADE A DUKE

Sir Arthur Sullivan the Comic Opera Writer Is Dead.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW SHIPS

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VETERAN PRACTICAL JOKER

Whose Work Is Known the World Over, Turns Merchant.

He Keeps a Modest Little Store on First Avenue and Never Refers to His Inventions.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

In a modest First avenue store, well towards the South End, sits the author of more mirth-provoking contrivances than perhaps can be attributed to any other one man on earth. There have been more laughs, more ruptured friendships and more fights over his inventions than those of any other one man in the world ever contrived to put into use and make money out of.

His name is a queer one too—Hiney Ka Buglar—and he hails or did hail, in 1897, from Chicago, but when he heard the story of the gold finds of the Klondike the music of the siren voice caught his ear and refused to loose its hold upon his desires, till Hiney, like many others, mentally sang "I'll leave my happy home for you," packed his trunk and Chicago knew him no more, for he had departed out of the land and wandered in the wilderness. The peculiar line taken by his inventive genius soon made his contrivances known throughout the United States, where the practical joke is appreciated and much indulged in, and even in Dawson only a few weeks since one of the children of his brain was placed upon the stage of one of the local playhouses where it made much fun for a week. That he is not personally known as well as is his inventions must be set down to his modesty.

In this age of rapid progress it must needs be something out of the common which secures to itself the earmark of public approval in any marked degree, and Hiney's inventive genius certainly took an uncommon direction, inasmuch as he only contrived tools for the practical joker, technically known as fake saloon furniture.

The thing that was seen on the Savoy stage not long since of this nature, was a set of stairs, made in such a manner that by touching a spring they instantly became a perfectly smooth and slippery incline. Now, when this occurred it will be easy to see what happened to the luckless party who chanced to be upon the stairs at the time.

The general method of operating these is this, a party of friends having in tow the one to be dealt with by practical methods, drop into the saloon where the stairs are, and an excuse is made to get him up to a room above, and then things are so managed that he will have to come down alone. When he is upon the stairs the spring is touched and the victim slides smoothly and somewhat surprised into the middle of the bar-room floor, where, when he gets up he does one of two things. He either picks out some one to whip, or laughs with the rest and sets up the drinks.

Another scheme of this sort is the peep hole and the hidden tank, which is even more severe in its results than the other. A tank is sunk in the floor, and filled with water. A light, fake portion of the partition is inserted just where the tank comes, between it and the bar-room, and where the candidate is to stand, and in the partition at such a height that the average man will have to stand on his tip toes and put some slight pressure against the wall with his hands in order to look through it, a small round hole. Above it in attractive letters is a warning to patrons of the house not to look through it.

The victim heeds not the warning, but looks and is lost. When he places his hands against the wall, raises upon his toes and looks through the hole, the light section of wall flashes aside and thrown thus suddenly off his balance, he flings headlong into the tank of water.

In countries where it is customary for cheese, crackers and such lunch stuff to be placed upon the bar for the benefit of customers, there is sometimes to be seen a cheese under a nice fly cover. It is always well to be a little cautious about this cheese as Hiney once had an idea concerning it and since then men have sometimes discovered, too late, that the rich looking cheese they cut off and put in their mouths was not cheese but soap.

There are fake chairs made to collapse when sat upon, leaving the sitter in all sorts of undignified positions, and pretty much every kind and description of bar-room furniture made has been worked upon by this practical

joker, who has gone out of the business and is now a merchant.

French-Canadian Lore.

Less than 30 minutes below Quebec, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, is the American Lourdes. Famous as the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, and often it has been described, comparatively few people in the United States know much about it. Since my first visit there, four years ago, I have found that most of those to whom I described the place in conversation had the vaguest notions about it. Yet thousands of American pilgrims and tens of thousands of American tourists visit it every year. On the side of the one time wooden chapel has grown a magnificent edifice of stone, built by the contributions of the pilgrims, and around it cluster a dozen hotels for the accommodation of those whose pilgrimage is prolonged.

There has been a railroad to Beaupre for 11 years. This year a trolley line uses the same rails, and the accommodations for travel are somewhat improved. The railroad line has been blessed by the cardinal. This may not account for its prosperity, but it seems to be one of the best paying lines in America. Throughout the summer its trains are crowded, and the fare it exacts makes the pilgrimage a luxury to those to whom it is not a necessity.

An eminent authority vouches for the work of St. Anne at her favorite shrine at Beaupre. Bishop Laval is quoted as indorsing an account of the early miracles in 1680, saying: "We have made of these facts so careful an examination that they may be made known to the whole world."

And the founder of the Ursuline order in Quebec wrote in 1665 of St. Anne's church as one "in which our Lord vouchsafes to work great prodigies at the intercession of the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin."

There may be seen the paralytic made to walk, the blind receiving their sight, and the sick, no matter what their malady may be, regaining their health."

To the more recent miracles those in immediate charge of the church give testimony. Mute witnesses are the heaps of crutches said to have been left by the lame, who have walked away from the church without their aid after interceding with St. Anne to be restored to health. These crutches are arranged in two racks, one on each side of the main entrance to the church. They form tall pyramids, on which are hung braces and frames for deformed feet, elastic bandages and other evidences of the work of Divine intervention or of the work of lively imaginations on the human system.

There is another heap of crutches on the shrine—testimony of more recent date. With them are bottles of medicine, which sufferers have left here, as no longer needed after the intervention of the saint in their behalf.

It is a pathetic sight, this shrine, with the little groups of supplicants kneeling before it. The chief attraction for them is a relic of the saint which reposes in a small glass and metal box. This is described as "a notable fragment of finger bone of St. Anne." It has been here since 1670, and in that time, no doubt, has received the veneration of a million men and women. They kneel before it, praying, a few at a time, and then kiss the glass front of the box in which the bone reposes. Some wipe the glass before kissing it, but most of them omit this sanitary precaution. When they have kissed the glass they drop a coin into a contribution box, which is part of the shrine. These are the coins which have built the great Church of St. Anne.

Notable is the absence of open effort to make capital of the reputation of Beaupre. The great exception is a huge cyclorama of the Crucifixion, which stands between the wharf and the railroad track, and invites you with the announcement that admission is free to those who buy 25 cents' worth of souvenirs at a bazaar in the village. Very crude and commonplace are most of the souvenirs, and the woman who sells them shakes her head in despair when you address her in English. French is a quick road to her understanding, though the Canadian patois is very far removed from pure French and possesses many words in common use which could not be found in a French dictionary.

The bazaar is one-half of a long series of buildings on the single narrow street used almost without exception as hotels. One or two claim to be "American hotels," probably basing that claim on the fact that the proprietor speaks broken English. All are bare wooden structures, looking as though they offered few comforts. Here and there are shops, and one drug store supplies prescriptions, as well as patent nostrums, to those whose prayers have not been answered. Quite as interesting and even more pathetic

than the cures wrought by the good St. Anne are the tales of suffering and privation endured by those who have come here in hope and gone away in wretchedness and despair. To the afflicted among the French Canadian peasants, whose faith is strong, no sacrifice of comfort is too great if it makes possible a visit to the shrine. Families deny themselves food and necessary clothing that one among them may make the pilgrimage. Often he returns no better than when he started. All of this pilgrimage money and the money spent by the tourists goes to make prosperous the little town and the big church. Each year the place is made more attractive to the eye.

A beautiful garden lies in front of the church. A broad walk leads from the railroad platform to the church door. There is constant movement here, people entering at all hours. Most of the tourists make a quick circuit of the interior, perhaps stopping for a few minutes to pray. Those who have made the pilgrimage usually kneel before the shrine for a few minutes, kiss the relic and retire to one of the long seats to continue their prayers. Sometimes invalids are brought in wheeled chairs, in which they sit before the shrine, prayer book in hand. Others are supported on the arms of their friends. The lame come on crutches, the sick with their bottles of medicine in their hands. On the day I last visited the church a medicine bottle, apparently just contributed, lay on the steps of the shrine.

Tradition has it that St. Anne's church was founded by some sailors, who, being in great peril, vowed that if they were saved they would build a shrine to their patron saint at the spot where they landed. They came ashore at Petit Cap, and there they built a little chapel in fulfillment of their vow. Nothing remains of this chapel (if it ever existed), but the old wooden church, which was one of the first ten churches in this part of the world, has been preserved and stands not far from the great church, an object of interest to visitors. Another attraction is the Way of the Cross, on the hillside opposite the church, the stations being marked by small crosses and a large crucifix standing at the head of the steep hill.

The shrine at Beaupre has more than a local reputation. It is not infrequently visited by pilgrims from abroad, and eminent Catholics have presented to it some notable gifts. Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., presented to the church a splendid chasuble embroidered by her own hands, which is brought forth for the use of high dignitaries of the church when they visit Beaupre. D'Iberville gave to the church in 1706 a crucifix of solid silver. A reliquary of silver is the gift of M. de Laval.

The piece of St. Anne's finger bone is not the only relic at Beaupre. There is a fragment of her wrist, which was sent to Beaupre in 1892 by Pope Leo XIII., which has been exposed in New York and attracted great crowds to St. Anne's church in that city. Then there is what is described as "a precious fragment of rock extracted from the room of St. Anne in Jerusalem." The pilgrims also attribute miraculous efficacy to the water of the fountain which plays in front of the church.

As the numbers of visitors to Quebec increases year by year the pilgrimage to Beaupre grows in popularity and the prosperity of the little community increases. It still maintains all but its architectural simplicity and is worth a visit as one of the few remaining quaint and original features of French-Canadian life.—N. H. Herald.

Regarding Bresci.

Albert Guidelly, formerly an anarchist and an associate of Bresci, who assassinated King Humbert of Italy, has announced since his conversion in Newark prison that he will devote his life and possessions to saving his fellow men. He publicly declared on Friday night that he would sell his property and give the money to the Newark Rescue Home.

"The light that came to me in a prison cell has changed all. My soul buried in hate has been resurrected. I am convinced of my past error. The world in which I could see nothing good before is now different to me.

My purpose in life shall be to do good to my fellows instead of evil." Guidelly spoke thus in an address on Friday night at the Rescue Home, No. 15 Spring street, Newark. He then told of his intention to sell his house and grounds at Glen Ridge, N. J., pay all his debts and give the rest of the money and his services to the home.

"I want nothing about me to remind me of my former life," he said. "Besides, I must think of the safety of my family. The anarchists have threatened to kill me. I have been in their councils and know what these threats mean. They stop at nothing. Their

methods are so dark they have little fear of detection. The lot is cast; the deed is done."

Guidelly's home is in Bay avenue, the outskirts of Glen Ridge. He fears that in his absence the anarchists, who had frequently met under his roof, will visit the place. The property is worth about \$400.

Guidelly before his conversion spent his time preparing incendiary articles and rehearsing rabid speeches. He frequently brought a dozen companions home with him, and while they were locked in an upstairs room Mrs. Guidelly and the children were working for the neighbors. Suggestions from his wife that he find work brought torrents of abuse against corporations and men who employed labor. "Workingmen are having their lives ground out by relentless capitalists and the wealthy," Guidelly would declare. "My mission is too important to be interfered with by such a trifling matter. We must have a new order of things. Then you and I will be as well off as the man who is now a millionaire. You and the children must meanwhile get along the best way you can."

Guidelly's children were never permitted to go to Sunday school. The mention of religion put him in a passion. He declared there was neither God nor a hereafter. There were busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hobbes and other infidels in the house. When the children asked who God was Guidelly would point to these busts and say God was a myth, and these great men had proved he never existed.

The father on his return home from prison shattered these busts. He gathered his anarchistic papers and books and for half a day fed them to the kitchen stove.

Mrs. Guidelly was radiant yesterday while telling of the changes that had suddenly occurred in their household.

"This has been the happiest week in my life," she said. "For 13 years Mr. Guidelly has been my husband, but he would never agree to get married. 'What's the use?' he'd say, when I asked him to have a ceremony. 'It's all a farce.' The first thing he did after being converted was to ask me to marry him. We drove to the Rescue Home last Wednesday night with two of the children.

"I cannot tell you how happy I was when we stood before Dr. Osborne, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, of Newark, and he made us man and wife. The two older children were then baptized. The other will be baptized at the mission next Sunday night, when my husband is going to preach. Everything is different now. My husband is kind to the children, and has treated me as he never did before."

Mrs. Guidelly had frequently been compelled by her husband to send some of her belongings to fairs at Paterson, to be sold for the benefit of the anarchist circle to which he belonged. Money raised at these fairs helped to pay the expenses of Bresci when he went to Italy to kill King Humbert; but Guidelly says he was not at the meeting at which fairs were cast to select the assassin.

George A. Simmons, the founder of the mission, who converted Guidelly, is not inclined to accept the offer of his property. He believes that Guidelly, in the interest of his wife and four children, should keep the place.

"I am convinced the man is sincere," said Mr. Simmons. "The charge against him when he was put in prison was trifling. The fact that he professed Christianity did not hasten his release. I have come in contact with thousands of unfortunate men in my work, and I have never felt more certain that I have gained a convert. His fears of the anarchists are well grounded. We shall do our best to protect him and his family."

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Magistrate McDonnell held a short session of his court this morning, but will have more business on hand this afternoon.

John Warner, charged with vagrancy and now in jail, will be up this afternoon when a number of citizens will testify that he is a regular bum and loafer.

Some time ago a gray mare was taken from the stable of Andrew Lason on Gold Run. Later the animal was found in the possession of A. F. Brant on Hunker, who claimed to have purchased it for \$50, showing an unwitnessed bill of sale for that amount. Constable Purvis took possession of the mare and brought her to the government stable here. Brant is now an inmate of the Good Samaritan hospital and unable to appear in court. Lason was given possession of the nag this morning, witness stating that they knew him to be the lawful owner. When able to appear in court Brant will be asked to explain his possession of the mare.

Mrs. Edith Butler who resides on Third avenue near the town police station, had a search warrant issued this morning for the person and property of a young man whose name she does not know, but whom she has reason to believe stole money and diamonds from her to the value of about \$300.

THE EVENTFUL HISTORY

Of Mrs. Harper Recalled by Commissioner Ogilvie

Who Tells of Her First Husband, Who Was an American Army Officer.

Mrs. Harper, who died recently in San Francisco, was a woman whose memoirs, could they have been preserved, would have made a book intensely interesting, as her life was spent in the newest, wildest and, therefore, most interesting part of the known world—Alaska and the Yukon territory.

She was of two races, Russian and Indian, and received the advantages of a good education. She was known among her people when a girl as Irene, and at an early age married Lieutenant Conlan of the United States army, then in Alaska in the interests of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

This was away back in the sixties; the U. S. government was looking for a cable route to Europe, and before the laying of the great submarine cable had demonstrated the feasibility of that scheme, which is now in turn about to be superseded by the Marconi system.

By the marriage with Conlan a daughter was born, who is now the wife of Frank G. H. Bonker, manager of the Pacific coast branches of the British-American Corporation.

When word came to Alaska of the successful laying of the second Atlantic cable, of course the former plans of the government concerning the laying of a cable through this country were abandoned, and the explorers recalled, and whether this led to a divorce between Mrs. Conlan and the Lieutenant, or whether the latter died, Mr. Ogilvie, who kindly furnishes the other information, does not recall. But at all events, we find the subject of this sketch some time later the wife of Arthur Harper, who afterwards associated himself with Joseph Ladue in the Dawson townsite, upon a part of which the city stands, and which is still known as the Harper-Ladue townsite.

Arthur Harper died at Yuma, Arizona, some seven or eight years since, at which time Mrs. Harper was with him administering to his wants till the last. No children resulted from her marriage with Harper, and at his death she returned to her native land, where two years since she was again married. The disease which finally resulted in her death was of an hereditary source, her mother, who was a personage of considerable importance on the lower river, having died of the same complaint.

Dentists as Detectives.

According to Dr. Hans Gross, of Czernowitz, dentists are likely in the future to prove of great service toward the identification and discovery of criminals. He dwells on this subject at length in the second volume of his work, "Archives of Criminal Anthropology," which has just been published, and draws special attention to the fact that on the occasion of the great fire at the Charity bazaar in Paris, on May 4, 1897, many of the victims were identified by means of their teeth. He also relates the following curious story:

"A banker was murdered in St. Petersburg some time ago and near him was found a cigar holder with an amber mouthpiece. The holder was so shaped that it could only be held in one position in the mouth, and a close examination showed that it had two teeth of unequal length. The banker had no such irregular teeth, but his nephew had, and their suspicions aroused by this simple but important discovery, the authorities soon learned enough to warrant them in arresting him on the charge of murder."

Dr. Gross tells another story of a man who attempted to commit murder and whom the police succeeded in arresting and identifying through the gold filling in his front teeth, a clear description of which had been given to them by the would-be assassin's intended victim.

The evident conclusion is that most valuable information is to be obtained from dentists if detectives will only look for it.

Fresh Oysters.

Barrett & Hull received yesterday the first consignment of oysters to reach Dawson over the ice. As the market was almost exhausted they have met with ready sale. The oysters are of the finest quality.

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

Dawson Society

Dawson people are the liveliest on earth, the quickest to see, feel, and appreciate. If they were not, they would never have braved all the dangers and taken all the chances necessary to land them in Dawson. Once here they show their ability to keep up their reputation by remaining steadfastly in the front ranks mentally, socially and physically. Their over-abundance of good health, and good spirits must find vent in some way, and so the short winter days and long winter nights bear on their filmy ice wings notes of happy song and laughter and fairy pictures of dance and merry making to linger in the memory of the happy participants.

The Public Library's free socials are steadily growing in favor as is evidenced by the large number of people turned away from the doors of the hall, unable to find even standing room. The entertainment is first-class in every respect and it seems a pity that the hall is not large enough to accommodate a greater number of the music loving people of Dawson. The program for their last Monday evening's entertainment was as follows:

Chairman, Father Gendreau; piano solo, Miss Williams; song, "Calvary"; Mr. R. Gee; recitation, Mr. Macdonald; coon song, Mr. Ashe; Spanish dance, Irene Wilson; song, "My Dream of You," C. H. Godfrey; duet, the Misses Larson; song, Mrs. Trounce; selection, Northern Male Quartette; coon song Little Clara Wilson; song, Mr. MacPherson; banjo selection, Mr. Stuart; recitation (original), Mr. Batthurst; selection, "He Was a Prince," with guitar accompaniment, Rudy Kalenborn; duet, Clara and Irene Wilson.

The Bon Ami Club gave their fourth dance Thursday evening in McDonald hall. About 25 couples were present, the largest number in attendance since the organization of the club. The music was good, the floor management perfect and each and all guests declared themselves delighted with the management of affairs, and the genial sociability prevailing. The club is to have a ladies' auxiliary in the near future, which will be an additional assurance that their dances will continue to be all that could be desired by the most fastidious.

Mr. C. E. Taylor, the club's president, has the hearty co-operation of every member in making the club a social success, and may soon rest on his well earned laurels and enjoy the plaudits of his friends. Those present at the party were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fitzpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hume, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Crossan, Mesdames Bostrom, Drain, B. Dormer, O. Finstad, Guthrey, L. B. Metcalf, W. Dea, Orr, Young, Kline, Misses E. Beede, Millicent Latimer, Marcia Latimer, Edith McMillan, McLean, O'Brien, Richardson, Wake, Messrs. A. P. Anderson, Wm. Brown, W. F. Bovie, E. Cleary, G. E. Daniel, R. J. Dillon, A. Erickson, R. F. Engelbrecht, R. Grimes, W. A. Glunz, B. W. Gladwin, E. Harmon, J. E. Hawkins, J. H. Hedrick, A. H. Jones, J. P. Long, J. T. Mahoney, F. W. Payne, Burne Pollock, J. W. Patton, S. Spring, Al Smith, P. Steil, J. W. Scott, E. M. Whalley, C. E. Taylor.

The dance given by the Terpsichorean Club in Pioneer hall last evening was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. First-class music was in attendance, and the floor, which had been recently dressed was in the best possible condition. About 45 couples were present, just enough to comfortably fill the hall without overcrowding, and the sexes were so near evenly divided that no wall flowers were noticeable in either case.

Among the gentlemen the legal and medical professions were largely represented, and a man not dressed in a claw hammer coat felt like keeping in the back ground. Attorney H. E. Robertson was there, enjoying himself as usual. Mr. Tukey is one of the few men who can dance a highland schottische and look dignified while he is doing it. Dr. McArthur looked as interested and pleased as if he had just succeeded in muzzling the last microbe in the territory.

It was too close a thing in the matter of popularity between Rudy and Attorney Thorburn to make a decision possible. Attorney Smith carried a full program. It was remarked of Meteorological Observer Watson that he danced.

Dr. Brown said he had a good time, and Mr. Taggart was referred to as the

bell of the ball. Dr. Thompson didn't overlook any dances, and Chief Stuart said he couldn't enjoy himself more if he tried.

J. C. Lilly danced every time, and Mr. Lindsay followed in his footsteps. Commissioner Ogilvie came in with a party of friends for a little while but only danced theoretically.

Among the ladies, whom, as well dressed and graceful dancers, Dawson has every reason to be proud, were noticed Miss Long, Miss King, Miss McMillan, Miss Hughes, the Misses Williams, Miss Burt, Miss Barrett, Miss Taggart, Miss Carr, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Boyker, Mrs. Finstad, Mrs. Williams and a great many more ladies and gentlemen whose names were unknown to the Nugget representative, or are not now recalled.

The program contained 20 well selected dances, and was finished soon after 1 a. m., when the members and their guests departed, after spending a most delightful evening.

Last Tuesday evening at the home of her parents on Seventh avenue, Miss Helen Beede entertained a number of friends very pleasantly, proving herself an entertainer of rare ability.

Card playing and music, both instrumental and vocal were the features of the evening's entertainment which Miss Beede offered her guests, who vote her a most charming hostess.

Those present were Miss Edith McMillan, Miss Helen Beede, Mrs. Beede, F. A. Askem, Chas. E. Taylor and J. H. Patten.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McLennan extended the hospitality of their home to a number of friends, who passed a most enjoyable evening. Whist was played, three tables being engaged, and some very fine music was listened to, the vocal selections by Mr. MacPherson being especially pleasing, and in parenthesis it may be said that that gentleman is fast mounting towards the top of the ladder of local fame as a vocalist.

Towards midnight a dainty luncheon was served which, by the way, none know better how to prepare than the popular hostess.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Olson, Mr. and Mrs. MacPherson, Miss Eliza McLennan, Mrs. Green and Messrs. Peterson and Ritchie.

Mr. and Mrs. McLennan are general favorites, and have a large circle of friends who all know them as splendid entertainers.

Although it is winter, and winter is the Klondike is not commonly supposed to be a season for outdoor feathered songsters, still there is one about whose voice has been heard often of late making the sub rosa announcement of a rapidly approaching wedding of two well known Dawson society people.

The informant will not give a date or furnish expectant ones with names yet, but allows it to be inferred that it is to be very soon.

Now, who in the world can they be?

Nugget Prize Story.
After a careful reading of the several stories submitted as the "prize story" for the special Christmas edition of the Daily Nugget, and after carefully considering the merits of the various productions, the committee selected to pass judgment in the matter, Dr. J. N. E. Brown and Henry E. Ridley, esq., has reported, its report awarding to "Giant Powder Snub" the honor, consequently the prize of \$50, for writing the best and most appropriate story for the occasion. "Giant Powder Snub" is none other than Chester Whitman Tennant, who is in the employ of the Dawson branch of the Standard Oil Co.

The story, which will appear under the heading "Changed Partners," tells of the arrival in this country of the author and his partner, Jayson, at the time when but little of the history of the Klondike had been made and when Dawson was but a city of tents. It tells of snubbing their scow with a "thud and a jerk;" of camp life on the banks of the Yukon, and of the many strange sights seen in a stroll among the temporary homes of those who had preceded them.

Then appears "the woman in the case," Miss Bessie Holcomb, a beautiful young lady from away back in the States who had started in with her brother, who was drowned near Whitehorse. There are a number of women in the case, but many of them are of the cigarette variety; therefore, Bessie Holcomb is the heroine of the story, and

sisterly ways is very popular and naturally much loved by the many young men who had left homes far away to carve out for themselves fame and fortune in the Klondike. Her biscuits were "just like mother used to make."

The story goes on to describe the locating and operating of a Bonanza claim, in all of which the influence of the bewitching Bessie is apparent. Standing in line at the postoffice for three hours and not receiving any mail for himself, but a letter for Bessie that arouses envious feelings in his breast is also depicted by the author.

In the end, Bessie was happily, to her, claimed, but the reader must wait for the full story in order to determine whether or not there is any truth in the old saying "All's well that ends well."

CREEK NOTES.

Rain fell for half an hour at 49 Eldorado last Wednesday morning.

Mr. Chas. McKay, of 31 hillside, was in Dawson on business last Thursday.

Mr. P. Oksoig, of 17 above Bonanza, was in town on business last Wednesday.

Messrs. Harms and Floyd, of Chechako Hill are getting out a big dump this winter.

Mr. John King, of Kingsville hotel, was shaking hands with his numerous friends in Dawson yesterday.

Mr. B. Hall, of 35 Eldorado, was overcome by gas last Thursday. He is still suffering with his eyes.

Mrs. W. H. Tillman, of Adams gulch, has just recovered from a three weeks' illness, having been confined to her room with a slight attack of pneumonia.

Mr. J. A. Carpenter of Victoria gulch, has been laid up for the past three weeks with what was at first thought to be smallpox, but found to be a common rash.

The big dance of the creeks will occur at the Magnet roadhouse on Christmas eve. Four fine prizes will be distributed among the numerous guests. A number of ladies will be present from Dawson, and a general big time is expected.

Mr. Dan Donovan, of Poverty Bar, will leave for the outside today to undergo a surgical operation. Mr. Donovan is an old sour dough and his sudden departure will be a surprise to his many friends. It is hoped that he will return in the spring completely restored to health.

Sam M. Irwin Resigns.

General Manager E. C. Hawkins, of the White Pass road, yesterday confirmed the reported appointment of J. Francis Lee as traffic manager of the White Pass road in place of Sam M. Irwin, resigned, both resignation and appointment to go into effect January 1, 1901. No reason is given for the change other than that Mr. Irwin saw fit to resign his position. The fact that the White Pass railroad runs largely in Canadian territory; that the company is practically an English concern, all the capital for its construction coming from London, and the further fact that Mr. Lee is a Canadian and at present filling a responsible position on the Canadian Pacific in Chicago, is considered by railroad men to be significant of the policy of the company to put only Canadian or English officers in places of responsibility.

Mr. Francis Lee is reported as being a first-class railroad man, having graduated in the school of experience and at present filling the position of general agent for the Canadian Pacific in Chicago. He now has charge of about all the territory west and south of the Missouri river, has been connected with the Canadian Pacific for a number of years, with extensive experience in both passenger and freight traffic.

The position Mr. Lee has undertaken to fill is one of the most difficult in the line of all transportation business, owing to the peculiar conditions existing between Skagway and Dawson, involving complicated international and boundary questions as well as the difficulties of extreme climatic conditions and conflicting water competition. The White Pass has only been in practical operation to Bennett since July, 1899, but since that time three men have wrestled with the traffic problem and given it up.

Mr. Lee is expected to arrive in Seattle from Chicago about the middle of December, in order to familiarize himself with his duties before the end of the year.—P. I., Nov. 23.

Savoy Tomorrow Night.

The sacred entertainment to be given at the Savoy tomorrow (Sunday) night will be along the same line as was that of last Sunday night, when, it is conceded by all, as fine an entertainment as was ever presented to a Dawson audience was given. Great care in preparation has been given to the program which will be rendered and all who miss hearing it will miss a rare treat.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

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

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

For watch repairing see Lindemann.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

A Merry-making.

There will be a grand dance given at 6 o'clock, lower Bonanza, next Thursday night, December 20th. Good music, excellent supper. Everybody is invited and a good time is assured for all.

HIGH GRADE GOODS

Pumpkins, Squash,
Excellent for Pies.

Parsnips, Turnips,
Equal to the Fresh Vegetable.

Granulated & Sliced Potatoes
all kinds.

S-Y. T. CO.,

SECOND AVENUE.
TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16

Sunday Concert. Savoy Augmented Orchestra.

PART I

1. Overture... William Tell. Rossini
2. Concert Waltz Stolen Nights. Tobati
3. Characteristic The Curassier. Wagner
4. Scotch Medley... Bonnie Scotland
5. Polish National Dance... Schwarzenka
10. Descriptive... A Trip to Coney Island.

SYNOPSIS Rush to the Boat. All aboard! whistle. Ocean wave. Italian band playing on board the steamer. Appearance of Jubilee singers. All ashore! whistles. Cossacks. Playing a free-and-easy. Appearance of Street Band entering West Brighton Hotel. The greatest living Corsetist is heard. A heavy Thunderstorm comes on with Thunder and Lightning. The clouds are breaking and sunshine follows. Arrival at Brighton Beach where Seidl's famous Orchestra is heard, boarding the Marine Railroad, train arrives at Manhattan Beach just in time to hear Glimor's Band perform the Anvil Chorus. Playing the Anvil. Signal for Paine's Fireworks is heard followed by noon shot and imitation of skyrockets. After a grand rush for the home bound train. Home, Sweet Home.

Admission 50c.

Reserved Seats \$1.00 and \$1.50.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

The Standard Theatre

WEEK COMMENCING DECEMBER 10

Standard Theatre Stock Company producing J. B. Folk's 3-Act Farce Comedy, "MIXED PICKLES". Direction of Edwin R. Lang. Grand Olio of Special Artists. James Duncan, Aerial Artist. Edwin R. Lang in his original creation, THE PRINCE OF WALES. Vivian, Beatrice Lorne, Dolly Mitchell, Cad Wilson, Celia Defay. Billy Muilen in his own original curtain raiser, "DEAF AS A POST."

A REWARD FOR INDUSTRY

An Offer to the Man Who Held Us Up Thursday Night.

If the gentleman who, at the point of a revolver, obtained something over \$100 out of our till last Thursday night will return to our store to spend his "unearned increment" we will give him the biggest values for his money ever obtained.

We will give him a tin of canned fruits, the best the market affords, for 50 cents; 2 pounds of Christie crackers for six-bits.

French peas and French string beans, 3 cans for \$1.25.

3 tins clams for \$1.

3 tins salmon for \$1.

3 tins shrimp for \$1.

3 tins tamales for \$1.

1 pound baking powder—Schilling's Best—75 cents, and always "Your money back if you are not pleased."

CLARK & RYAN,
Sixth street and Second avenue.

N. B.—Anybody else can have the same chance.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Restaurant and Lodging House, splendidly located. Owner going outside. Apply at the Nugget Office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

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

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

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

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

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