

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 36

DAWSON, Y. T., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

...TRY...
MILNE
 FOR YOUR
COFFEE
 Whole or Ground.
TEA....
 Indian, Ceylon, Japan
 Full line of Groceries
 111 First Avenue

Gold Seal Rubber.. Shoes
AT....
SARGENT & PINSKA,
 Cor. First Ave. and Second St.
RUDY The Drug Man "YOU KNOW ME."
 A POINTED JOKE
 A Smart Allok came in the other day and said he escaped the smallpox by a scratch. As we admired our new stock we had to let him go.

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

Fresh Stall Fed BEEF
 All Kinds of Meats
 Game in Season
Bay City Market
 Chas. Rossy & Co.
 THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.
WHOLESALE MEATS
N. P. SHAW & CO.,
 ...BUTCHERS...
 Second Street, Near Bank of B. N. A.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE
Orr & Tukey's Stage Line
 ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 22, 1900,
 ...WILL RUN A...
DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES TO AND 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 Opp. Gold Hill Hotel.....9:00 a. m.
 Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co's. Bldg.3:00 p. m.
ROYAL MAIL

IT IS THE RIGHT TIME NOW TO GET A BICYCLE
 And when you are getting one see that you get a Cleveland Bicycle and get it with a Brake. By using a brake you can coast safely down the steepest hills on the Ridge Road or Government Cut Off. Come in and see them.
McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO. Ltd.

GROSS FRAUDS

Have Been Unearthed By Superintendent John McCullach

OF NEW YORK STATE ELECTIONS

Who Finds Attempts Made To Colonize Illegal Voters.

CLERK'S WIFE IN BIG LUCK

An Old Flame Leaves Her Honduras Mining Property Worth \$200,000.

From Saturday's Daily
 New York, Oct. 7.—John McCullach, state superintendent of elections for the metropolitan district, today sent out letters to the authorities of his city touching on the coming elections. In a letter to Chief of Police Devery, McCullach calls attention to the dates of registration, and says: "The past experience of this department demonstrates very clearly that the sources of the debauchment of the franchise in the city of New York are chiefly found in the poolrooms, gambling houses, disorderly houses, houses of prostitution, saloons run under the guise of hotels in order to evade the provisions of the excise law and dives of even baser sort."
 Mr. McCullach details the successful prosecution of illegal voters and their sponsors after the elections of November, 1899, and calls attention to the fact that the evidence in these cases showed that they were engineered by persons having official connection with the city government, and that the illegal voters were drawn from the sources quoted in the abstract of the letter given above.
 He says that he has lately caused the investigation of such resorts in the city of New York, and has in his possession sworn affidavits establishing violations of almost every provision of the laws and ordinances relating to such places. From the evidence that has come into his possession he is convinced that an organized attempt is being made to colonize illegal voters for the next general election in and from these places.
 Mr. McCullach submits the addresses of over 200 saloons or other resorts alleged to be of the character mentioned, and says that if prompt action is not taken by Chief Devery in suppressing these resorts he will invoke the aid of the state authorities. His letter closes with a demand that the chief and the members of his command shall give to

the superintendent of elections all the aid in his power.

This communication to the chief is followed by another to each police captain in the territory named, which practically covers the same ground, and also a similar letter to Mayor Van Wyck.

Comes Into Fortune

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 7.—Through the publication of a dispatch in today's Pioneer Press, Mrs. H. E. Butterfield, of this city, has discovered that she is \$200,000 wealthier than she had imagined. In 1890, while on an excursion to the Pacific coast, she became acquainted with Thomas P. Harkin, of Boston, also a member of the party. They became engaged and the wedding date was fixed. Shortly afterward Harkin took sick and died. Before his death he executed to his affianced bride a quit claim deed to a mining property in Honduras.

Communication with the Honduras government officials led to the belief that the property was not worth the trouble of filing formal transfer. Last winter, however, the property gradually increased in value and the syndicate that had it in charge offered Harkin's attorney \$200,000 for a quit claim deed from Miss Griffin. In some manner, however, all trace of that young lady had been lost and not even the names of her parents could be found.

Mrs. Butterfield, on reading the dispatch today, at once took steps to identify herself and will shortly receive the snug sum, which comes to her in so romantic a manner. Her husband is a clerk in the Great Northern railway freight office.

The Nugget's Election.

In order that every American may be given an opportunity for voting for his choice for president of the United States in the Nugget's election, arrangements have been completed whereby polling stations will be established at various places in the district and where free ballots will be supplied. One of these ballot boxes will be located at the Forks, another at Caribou on Dominion, and a number will be put around in various places in the city. No unsigned ballot will be counted. The object of having the name affixed is to prevent any repeating and to assure the judges that the voter is duly qualified to cast a ballot. All ballots must be folded and may be voted without being enclosed in envelopes.

Much more interest than was at first anticipated is being taken in the good-natured contest, and this interest is daily increasing. Help the candidate of your choice to secure the Klondike souvenir, which Jeweler Sale is preparing for the winner.

Winter Mail Service.

There will not be another mail go up river until the shore ice forms unless the Clara, which is now on her way down stream should make an attempt to return to Whitehorse. This, however, is almost prohibitory as the ice is now flowing so heavily that the attempt would be foolhardy. Mail will be sent regularly from Whitehorse until the close of the river by canoe every week.

It is not expected that much first-class mail will be brought in by the Clara, as she is carrying principally second-class matter. As soon as the trail is well packed horses will be put on the mail route, both ways, and it is expected that the run from Dawson to Whitehorse with C. D. Co. relays, will be accomplished in 72 hours.

This will give an even better mail service to Dawson during the winter months than was enjoyed during the season of open navigation. The distance has been materially diminished between the two terminals by the numerous cut-offs along the river.

Bets Concerning the River.

The Yukon river at two periods of the year is a prolific source for much betting. Hundreds of bets were laid last spring as to the date on which the ice would move out, and now fully as many are being laid as to the date on which it will become stationary.

The river will be later in closing this year than last when it was hermetically sealed, so to speak, on the forenoon of the 23d of October. It is hardly possible for it to be closed on that date this year, as it is the rule that fully a week or ten days of below zero weather is required to stop the flow of ice. In the meantime, choose a date on which you are willing to risk your money and give the same a chance to get into circulation.

Another Court Room.

When the territorial court opens November 1st, there will be two court

rooms ready for use in the building at present occupied.

The press of business has made it imperative that another room should be provided without delay, and the season having advanced so far before the foundations were commenced for the new courthouse as to render its occupation impracticable for a long time to come, Justice Dugas has decided to vacate at once, the apartments over the present courtroom and the upper story will be immediately prepared for use as a courtroom.

Court will adjourn, as usual, on the 25th inst., and during the time between that and the reopening of court on the 1st of November, the necessary changes will be made.

Winter Sports.

Lovers of the various kinds of outdoor sports possible in this winter climate, are banding themselves together for the purpose of furthering their different fancies in this respect during the fast approaching winter.

The rink of the curling club is now nearly complete, and as soon as the roof is on and the snow swept from the ice, the place will present temptations as a skating rink as well as a place to curl.

The hockey club will meet in the Board of Trade rooms this evening, where further preparations will be discussed for this winter's tournaments. The lovers of this game are now busy recalling the pleasant times they had as boys, when they used to do battle on the ice, and pound each other with stones and sticks till one side or the other was compelled to seek safety in flight. It remains to be seen whether a blow on the shins with a stout stick will produce the same amount of pleasure as an incident of real life, as it seems to produce as a reminiscence. At all events the admirers of the game are going to play it this winter and they are getting ready now.

COMING AND GOING.

Curses not long but deep are now heard in the vicinity of the man who has forgotten that there is snow on the ground and attempted to make a short turn on a bicycle.

As was predicted not long since by the Nugget, a large amount of the water being at present consumed, is being drawn from the river. This morning there were many teams at the Klondike after water.

Mr. E. G. Tenant, who arrived here some time since after an interesting scow trip from above, has not yet had sufficient adventure. He proposes making an excursion to Jack Wade creek by dog team as soon as the river trail will permit.

Dog teams drawing sleighs are becoming numerous on the streets, and this morning Tom Chisholm was seen getting his work dogs together and issuing invitations to see the harnessing of the only dog team in the Yukon which will fight to get into the harness.

Mr. Arthur Richards, formerly of Dyea, and his sister Miss Clara Richards, at one time postmistress of that now defunct city by the sea, were among those fortunate enough to escape the sand bars and blind sloughs which catch and hold so many scows at this time of the year, and arrived here safely a day or two since, where they will winter, going on to Eagle City in the spring.

Old Timer's Prediction.

"This is the seventh fall I have seen the Yukon fill with ice and eventually close up for the winter!" remarked a man on First avenue yesterday, "and there is little variation in the mode and manner of its doing so. One year is about the same as another, except as to time, and that, in my experience has varied as much as four weeks. This year the ice will stop for good, or until spring, between the 26 and 30th, and if I was pinned down to a date I would say that the ice will become stationary during the forenoon of the 28th. I have an infallible sign which has never yet failed me, but I won't give it away, for if I did, everybody would know as much as me and I would lose my prestige."

If we haven't got what you want we'll send for it. Hammell's, the Forks.

Short orders served right. The Horn.

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

RUMORED STRIKE

On The East Side of Lake LeBarge Nine Miles Above Thirtymile.

ENTIRE COUNTRY ALREADY STAKED.

Fully Two Hundred People On The Grounds.

RECORDS MADE AT TAGISH.

News Brought by Scow Men—No Stampede Possible From Dawson for Some Weeks.

There is a rumor afloat in town this morning to the effect that there has been quite an extensive strike made on the east side of Lake LeBarge, about nine miles above where the Thirtymile river leaves the lake.

Anyone who knows what the country looks like from the lake at that point, will remember that there are some low, round-topped hills near the lake, and that beyond them there appears to be a valley. It is said now that such is the case, and that a stream runs through it for a distance of some 20 miles, and it is on this creek that the strike has been made.

Only 14 claims are said to have been thus far recorded at Tagish, the nearest recording office, but that the whole country, where a color can be found, or its presence suspected, has been staked.

Fully 200 people are said to be camped at the scene of the strike, and that there is rather more excitement over it than its reported richness and extent seem to warrant. About 10 cents to the pan is as good as has thus far been found, though the ground is said to be very easily worked, and being shallow, will be inexpensive to develop.

Whether or not the rumor is well founded cannot be ascertained, owing to the fact that no one in town can give the story as having been on the ground. As near as can be learned the story was brought to Dawson by some men who recently arrived on scows from Whitehorse, and they credit the story to Mr. Racine, proprietor of the Windsor hotel there.

True or false there is little danger of a stampede being started just now, even if a second Klondike was sworn to have been discovered, and by the time the river finally closes up, if there is anything in the report, something definite will probably be known concerning it.

Additional Election Returns.

The following additional returns of the late election received today are not such as to inspire joy in the hearts of candidates who might have been awaiting news of a "landslide" in their favor:

Little Salmon—O'Brien 1, Neill 1, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 6.
 Tantalus—O'Brien 2, Neill 1, Wilson 2, Prudhomme 1.

Imported cigars at The Pioneer, Euadors, Henry Clay, and El Triunfo. crt

M. A. Hammell has opened a men's furnishing goods house at the Forks.

Usher & Dewar Scotch whiskies at The Pioneer saloon. Just got in. crt

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

WHOLESALE A. M. CO. RETAIL
Ten Complete Stores Under One Roof
 Ten as Complete Stocks as can be found in any country. Only strictly 1st-Class Merchandise Sold. Your Money Back if not satisfied. With the Same Grace We Accept Your Money. When you see it in "our ad" it's so.
 THE WHOLE STORY OF THIS STORE
...AMES MERCANTILE CO...

YUKON PARTY TICKET

Polled Heavy Majority of Votes Cast at Yesterday's Election.

ARTHUR WILSON AND A. J. PRUDHOMME PEOPLES' CHOICE

Wilson Leads The Ticket With His Colleague A Close Second in the Race.

Noel, Like Victoria Woodhull, Brings Up the Rear More Than 500 Votes Behind Wilson—Remarkable and Efficient Telegraphic and Telephone Service—Victors Hold High Carnival in Boisterous but Good Natured Manner—Banner of Victory Gracefully Borne—Inevitable Defeat Accepted.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
The first election in the history of the Yukon district has come and gone and, like all other elections, has left in its wake joy and sorrow; joy over victories achieved, sorrow over anticipations shattered and idols broken. 'Tis ever thus, ever has been thus and ever will be thus. Popular election is a God-given institution. The immortal words of Abraham Lincoln, "Of the people, by the people and for the people," will be in force and effect as long as civilization dominates the footstool. The object of the popular election is that the man satisfactory to the greatest number may be chosen, and by this principle few mistakes are ever made, although the old Latin saying, "Vox populi, vox Dei," is not always infallible.

The election yesterday was no exception to the general rule. The electors exercised their rights and voted their convictions with the result that two new members were chosen directly from the ranks of the people for seats on the Yukon council, and two would-be representatives of the people on the same body of local lawmakers were turned down—repudiated by popular sentiment and popular voice.

For an election day it was a quiet one, no shrewd election day methods so frequently employed elsewhere being used. Of course, an occasional enthusiast in a wide open way would raise his voice at some feature not wholly in accord with his way of thinking, but not over two or three arrests were made during the entire day, and these were for ordinary assault. At 5 o'clock the polls closed and at two minutes thereafter the result of the greatest achievement the world has ever known, the drawing of electricity from the clouds by Benjamin Franklin, and the bottling of it for future use by Prof. Morse, were apparent, for just two minutes after 5 o'clock by government telegraph time, the result of the election at Tagish post was received in the Dawson telegraph office and by twelve minutes past five reports from every up river polling station accessible to telegraph offices had been received and, thanks to the efficient work of Manager Clegg and his assistants, were on their way by messenger to the Nugget office and other places that had arranged to receive them, and before 20 minutes had elapsed after the closing of the polls, the result of the election from six different points up the river, the most distant in the district, were generally known all over Dawson. Half an hour later the telephone system demonstrated its superiority over old methods of transmitting communications and by a few minutes past six o'clock it was known how every polling place reached by telephone had reported itself during the day. It was not until 7:30 o'clock that the various stations of Dawson were ready to submit the results of their respective counts, not but that the returning officers in the city were as rapid and efficient as those up the river and on the creeks, but for the reason that they had many times greater number of ballots to handle and count.

By 8 o'clock the Daily Nugget was out with an "extra" giving the full returns, since which time nothing more has been received, those from Hunker and other isolated points on the creeks not reached by telephone, and a few small stations not reached by telegraph up the river, not having reported up to 3 o'clock this afternoon. The returns from these isolated stations, however, will not materially change the general result which, as published last night in the Nugget "extra," is here with reproduced:

The total vote thus far reported for each candidate is as follows:
Wilson 1190, Prudhomme 976, O'Brien 773, Noel 641.

The vote in the different precincts is appended below:

TAGISH.

Wilson 5, Prudhomme 0, O'Brien 10, Noel 1.

OCHLIVIE—Sixty Mile.

Wilson 4, Prudhomme 1, O'Brien 3, Noel 0.

SELWYN.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2, O'Brien 4, Noel 3.

BIG SALMON.

No votes polled.

HOOTALINQUA.

Wilson 11, Prudhomme 7, O'Brien 1, Noel 4.

LOWER LEBARGE.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 1, O'Brien 4, Noel 2.

FIVE FINGERS.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2, O'Brien 3, Noel 1.

CARIBOU CROSSING.

Wilson 5, Prudhomme 4, O'Brien 38, Noel 33.

SELKIRK.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 0, O'Brien 5, Noel 2.

WHITE HORSE.

Wilson 15, Prudhomme 13, O'Brien 78, Noel 68.

FORTY MILE.

Wilson 5, Prudhomme 6, O'Brien 5, Noel 4.

34 LOWER BONANZA.

Wilson 26, Prudhomme 17, O'Brien 10, Noel 7.

60 LOWER BONANZA.

Wilson 79, Prudhomme 67, O'Brien 23, Noel 10.

GRAND FORKS.

Wilson 162, Prudhomme 138, O'Brien 28, Noel 10.

DOMINION.

Wilson 48, Prudhomme 35, O'Brien 28, Noel 18.

GOLD RUN.

Wilson 51, Prudhomme 47, O'Brien 9, Noel 3.

36 SULPHUR.

Wilson 13, Prudhomme 14, O'Brien 14, Noel 16.

DAWSON.

1st Polling Place.
Wilson 94, Prudhomme 82, O'Brien 91, Noel 71.

2nd Polling Place.
Wilson 157, Prudhomme 144, O'Brien 117, Noel 88.

3rd Polling Place.
Wilson 107, Prudhomme 96, O'Brien 40, Noel 27.

4th Polling Place.
Wilson 81, Prudhomme 80, O'Brien 15, Noel 9.

5th Polling Place.
Wilson 205, Prudhomme 127, O'Brien 117, Noel 71.

As soon as it became generally known that Wilson and Prudhomme had carried the day beyond all doubt, there was rejoicing such as was never before witnessed so near the Arctic circle. One minute after 5 o'clock the saloons, which had been tightly closed all the day, threw wide open their doors and from that time on the bartenders were too busy to put out "chasers," and when the election results became generally known, hundreds of enthusiasts were in condition to celebrate the victory in "due and ancient style." Tin horns, tin pans, tin cans and other implements of noise and ear torture were employed and with cheers and victorious yells the enthusiastic crowds paraded the streets until everybody knew there

had been a victory achieved. Although the crowd was a big one, it was good natured and to the credit of its members it can be said that not an arrest was made last night. The victorious candidates bear the banner of victory modestly and as is becoming in the representatives chosen by the voice of the people of the Yukon. The defeated candidates have not been interviewed, but it is to be supposed they are accepting the inevitable with that grace which accompanies defeat and of which the component parts are "grin and bear it."

The first election in the Yukon is now a matter of history, although the official canvass of the returns will not take place until the 31st instant. No consolation meetings have as yet been announced.

Smith-Davis.
Mr. Bailey B. Smith and Miss Mabel Davis were married Monday evening by Rev. E. A. Hetherington at the M. E. parsonage. A few intimate friends were present to witness the happy ceremony and bid the contracting parties bon voyage across the matrimonial sea. The groom has been a resident of the Klondike since '98 and is a well known and successful miner, owning valuable property on King Solomon's hill. The bride is a late arrival, having come from Cosmopolis, Wash., to cheer the heart and cabin of her miner betrothed during his efforts to make a competency for their future. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will make their home on Last Chance during the winter.

Didn't Like the Smell.
A very "bra mon" is "Scotty" Patterson, and he has been away from the "Heelands" but 14 months. This in part accounts for his thoughtless act of Saturday night. Scotty works in the Scotten stables, and takes his meals in Kurth's hotel.

On Saturday night—the Kurth's man of-all-work, who also, comes from the land of golf and the "Bonny Briar Bush," gathered in Scotty, and the two sat quite late over reminiscences and Scotch whisky. When it came time for Scotty to return to his room over the stables they found that the Scotch whisky had quite paralyzed his power of locomotion, as well as his sense of direction. Scotty suggested that vacant room in Kurth's hotel might simplify matters, and as the hotel was just across the street, "Jaimie," the chore man, fell in with the suggestion. He pulled Scotty up the back stairs and locked him in. Then Scotty blew out the gas at the third lunge and jumped at the bed.

This morning Mrs. Kurth found Scotty's door locked, in fact she didn't know that Scotty was there at all. They looked over the transom and saw a pair of feet protruding from the foot of the bed, for Scotty had crawled under it. The smell of escaping gas was suffocating, but they kicked in the door and pulled Scotty out. His chaperon had quite forgotten his good Samaritan work. The dazed man was set down in the yard, where he soon recovered.

He had been in the room for over 30 hours, inhaling the poisonous fumes, and his "bra" constitution and the two inches of opened transom are all that saved his life.

Scotty said few things when they pulled him out at 10 o'clock this morning. One of his remarks was: "Hoot, mon, but I dinna like the smeel over weel."—Detroit Journal.

Queer Cards of Lawyers.
Not all men of the legal profession are content with the severe inscription on their cards to which etiquette and custom usually confine them. An Ohio lawyer who makes a specialty of collections calls attention to this fact by a novel device printed on his cards and letterheads. On a great red splotch intended to represent a drop of blood are the words: "Claims collected in cold blood," the capital "C" for the three first letters of those words being of sufficient size to encircle the other words.

In Maryville, Mo., a lawyer represents his portrait on his card, with the suggestive motto: "He that is not with you is against you. See me early."

Joe Has the Poke.
The election is over and, while it is not strange that Joe Clarke got off with the Yukon party sack, it is strange that there is anything in it. It is loaded, however, and Joseph requests all persons having bills against the Yukon party to present the same for payment at once.

A Scotch Scheme.
The following appears in a Glasgow paper. It would be interesting to know whether it has led to business. If so, the supply of grand pianos in Scotland must be considerably in excess of the demand:
"Lady having large drawingroom would gladly store grand piano in return for use; references given."—London Truth.

RIVER BOATS

The Last Steamers Up River Depart For Whitehorse Yesterday.

ORA CARRIED A LARGE LIST.

Bailey Coming Down Helping Scows Off the Bars.

ANGLIAN WENT TO SELKIRK.

Scows Are Continuously Arriving But It is Feared Many Will Stuck for the Winter.

"Positively the last boat for Whitehorse" has went. Aint it?" is the sign which greets the eye on the C.N. dock. The last boat out was the steamer Ora of the Klondike Corporation. She carried an usually large passenger list, every available berth being occupied. The company operating the Ora, Flora and Nora has enjoyed a very prosperous season and that the traveling public thinks well of the safety of these small crafts is evidenced by the large number of people who are carried on each trip. The following passengers went out on the Ora.

T. Macquire, R. Courie, W. Perden, C. T. Welsh, C. B. Welsh, W. B. Welsh, Florence White, J. F. Helcher, W. F. Hempel, P. H. Greenfield, E. O. Cronss, J. Woode, Capt. Greene, H. V. V. Bean, P. Henning, J. H. Russell, R. MacIntosh, Mrs. Inga Kollen, Mrs. Dr. Merriman, Dr. Merriman, Ben Osterstadt, Mrs. Branner, L. Eckman, C. Heineck, E. Brown, G. Bovard, Chas. Kiser, Chas. Martin, W. O. Johnson, E. Qardee, B. B. Price, E. P. Condon, H. N. Atkinson, E. Bergreen, J. E. Hartley, E. Shannon, Fred Crouch, R. J. Bell, F. McKenzie, E. E. Wilson, Thos. Gates, E. E. Valentine, Chas. Hickery, Geo. Muir.

Steamer Anglian, which was to leave for Whitehorse has been dispatched up the river to help the fleet of scows which are coming down river with W. P. & Y. R. goods. She does not go any farther up than Selkirk, where she will in all probability winter. She carried a few passengers for way points.

The Eldorado got away from the bar where she was stranded and was reported at Tantalus, 10 miles above Fivefingers, last night.

Steamer Canadian, which boat was reported hard and fast in Hellsigate, also pulled away from her resting place and was reported last night to have arrived at Big Salmon.

The Zealandian got as far as Fivefingers last night where she laid to until 9:45 this morning. She is now making good time up river.

A general storm is reported all along the line and serious apprehension is felt by owners of down coming scows, as the wind is blowing directly up stream with a blinding snow storm raging.

The steamer Quick has been dispatched to the line for the purpose of carrying up the force of men which were employed in constructing the Dominion telegraph to the boundary. She is expected in today.

The prevailing opinion among steamer boat men is that the river will close from the 1st to the 5th of next month.

Billy Copping got in yesterday with five scows in a bunch. This is the sixth trip of that navigator this season and every trip has been accomplished without an accident. Coming across the lakes the scows were lashed side by side, each one with a sail up, making a picture to be long remembered by those who saw it. On the river two scows were placed ahead and three behind all lashed strongly together and in this order the fleet arrived in Dawson. Mr. Jones, of the Dawson Hardware Company, speaks in the highest terms of the ability of Billy Copping. One of the scows was consigned to that enterprising firm.

Steamer Bailey is due to arrive at any hour, she left Whitehorse last Sunday, but as she is helping along the C. D. scows the hour of her arrival here is a matter of doubt.
Considerable speculation is rife among

the employes of the W. P. & Y. R. at this point as to the reason of Revising Clerk Scott having his luxurious locks sacrificed; he appearing this morning with his hair clipped in the most approved style. Upon investigation it was learned that he had vowed never to cut his hair until a member had been elected to the Yukon council by a vote of the people. Overjoyed at the success of the citizens' party he has kept his vow and will now appear as other men.

Peace Offering Preceded Him.
She received a large box full of American beauty roses by messenger from her husband along toward 10 o'clock the other afternoon.

"James is absorbing Martigny cock tails again," she mused shrewdly.
Half an hour later another messenger brought her five pounds of expensive candy from her husband.

"James has ordered that \$80 overcoat he was talking about, but said he couldn't afford," she mused again.

Half an hour later a wagon drew up, with a florist's name painted on the sides thereof, and two handsome, full-grown palms were delivered at her door, marked as coming from her husband.
"Olive branches preceding him," she mused some more. "He'll be home by dark."

He was home by dark. He had been absorbing Martignys. He had ordered the \$80 overcoat. The presence of the modern married woman is sufficiently awe-inspiring to persuade a man to raise his bonnet thereto.—Washington Post.

Facts and Fiction.

In the southern end of Columbia, near the river, is a rolling mill office, which to those who know it recalls a romantic story closely identified with the writings of several English novelists. That office was once the home of Robert Barber, high sheriff of Lancaster county, about 1740, and in a log jail which Robert built near his house was confined for a time James Annesley, subsequently a prominent character in England as claimant of the earldom of Anglesey.

The story of James Annesley's adventures and persecutions forms the groundwork of Charles Reade's well-known novel, "The Wandering Heir," and is also incorporated into portions of Scott's "Guy Mannering," Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" and a once popular novel, "Florence Macarthy."

Annesley was a son of Lord Altham, a grandson of the first Earl of Anglesey. After his father's death in 1727, his father's brother kidnapped the nephew and had him sold as an indentured servant in Philadelphia, through which action the uncle afterward was enabled to become the Earl of Anglesey. The lad's service was bought by a Lancaster county farmer, whose daughter fell in love with the servant, as did also a young Indian girl. These embarrassments caused Annesley to run away, but he was caught and kept in jail at Columbia until returned to his master.

He was recognized as the heir to the Anglesey title by two Irishmen, who happened to visit his master's farm, and they became so much interested in his story that they offered to go back with him to help prove his rightful inheritance. There was a big sensation in London on his return. His uncle contested the charges against him by assertions that Annesley was not really the son of his brother, but Annesley's cause was justified by the courts, though he never had money enough to prosecute it to the end and gain the title and estates. His uncle remained in possession, and there were several bloody quarrels between them and their followers.—Baltimore Sun.

Endurance of the Moose.

While the peculiar pacing gait of moose will not carry him over the ground as rapidly as the deer or caribou, his endurance far surpasses that of either of these animals. For a short spurt or in very deep snow the caribou can easily discount the moose, but in an all day's jaunt, where the course is fairly open, the moose has no rival. Many years ago when Sir Edward Howard was governor of the province he owned a tame moose that performed remarkable feats of speed and endurance. On one occasion the governor wagered £500 that his moose could travel from Fredericton to St. John over the ice, a distance of 84 miles, in faster time than any team of horses in the stip of Lord Hill, of the Fifty-second regiment. A sledge was attached to the moose and another to the horses. The river was covered with about eight inches of snow. The start was made opposite the government house at 8 o'clock in the morning. In seven hours the moose and his driver were in Market square, St. John. Lord Hill's team was distanced, one of the horses expiring at Gagetown and the other reaching St. John three hours behind the moose.
Journal.

The Klondike
TELEPHONE
DAWSON'S
ISSUED DAILY
ALLEN BROS.
From Thursday
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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 18
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALAN BROS., Publishers

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. ELECTION AND ITS LESSONS.

The first regular election ever called in the Yukon territory is a thing of the past. The people have been given an opportunity to speak their minds as to the men whom they desire to represent them on the Yukon council, and the lot has fallen to Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme, the nominees of the late citizens' convention.

In the selection of these gentlemen there is a lesson which even he who cannot read. Rightly or wrongly, the candidacy of Messrs. O'Brien and Noel, the opposition candidates, was generally regarded as having been brought about through the agency of the government or its representatives. Such was the position assigned them by all the advocates of Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson and generally accepted by the people and voters at large. The defeat of O'Brien and Noel may, therefore, be considered as a distinct condemnation of the past methods of administration which have prevailed in this territory. The people of the Yukon having suffered from the effects of bad laws for a period of three years have seized the first opportunity to express themselves and they have done so in no uncertain voice.

At the same time there are features about the vote of yesterday which indicate very plainly that the judgment pronounced against the administration for its past acts and not by reason of its attitude at the present time. Had Mr. Thomas O'Brien stood as a candidate for the same office six months ago the Nugget is of the opinion that he would not have polled one half the votes which were cast for him yesterday.

In fact, had the election occurred that length of time ago, no serious whatsoever would have been attached to the candidacy of any man whose name, by any hook or crook, could have been connected with the government. In the last few months, however, a gradual change has been brought about. The government has begun to redeem its promises and with each change for the better in the laws there has been made manifest a little more widely spread feeling of confidence in the sincerity of the government's intentions. A good word may be spoken for the administration now without the imputation being cast upon its author that he is a recipient of governmental favors. It is a more pleasant task to speak good than evil at any time, and it is with satisfaction that the Nugget realizes the fact that laws are now being placed in effect in this territory which can conscientiously be approved.

The vote of yesterday indicates that the people of the Yukon condemn the government for the evils which in the past it has placed upon this territory, but that they are also willing to acknowledge every real benefit which is granted us and are prepared to meet the government half way. If the present attitude of the federal administration toward this territory is continued, a radical change in public sentiment will take place at no distant date.

INCORPORATION NEXT.

Representative government for the Yukon territory is now an assured fact. It is true the entering wedge only has thus far been placed. The two members elected by popular ballot to seats on the Yukon council will not exercise a great influence in that body, unless they are able to draw a portion of the old members to their support. Their chief function for some time to come will in all probability be to go on record. They will, however, be the pioneers who will pave the way for the ultimate election of a full representative council.

This election having been accomplished, the opportunity is presented for the consideration of other matters of equal if not greater importance. Chief among the questions which, in the judgment of this paper, should be

taken up by the council is the incorporation of Dawson as a self-governing municipality. The arguments which have been advanced in opposition to the idea of incorporation do not commend themselves to us as carrying much weight, provided of course, that a charter is granted upon sufficiently broad and liberal lines. Certainly, the town, if it assumes the duties and responsibilities of self-government, must have its fair proportion of revenues or the purposes of incorporation are frustrated in the beginning. We think there should be no difficulty in reaching an equitable agreement as to the apportionment of revenues between the town and the territorial authorities. So far as concerns the matter of local taxation, it has already been decided that postponement of incorporation will not serve to delay the arrival of the assessor. In fact he has already been around. Property holders in Dawson must expect to pay a certain amount of taxes whether they have any direct voice in the selection of taxing power or not. It seems to us, therefore, that this objection to a town government has lost entirely any weight it might once have possessed. The principal difficulty involved is to determine upon a charter which will meet the peculiar requirements of the situation. The opinion has been expressed before in these columns and we repeat it now, that a commission composed of representative citizens and members of the council would be able in the natural order of things to prepare a charter which should in every way be suited to circumstances. Such a commission would have the confidence of the people and would serve as a guarantee of protection to all interests concerned. Early action in this matter should be taken.

LET US GROW.
The new era which the Nugget long ago predicted would set in for the Yukon immediately upon the enactment of needed legislative reforms by the federal government is at hand. The new laws have only been in effect a very short time, but their salutary influence upon the material welfare of the territory is already visible. The prospector who, until recently, was debarred from exploring new fields of possible wealth is now permitted to go when and where he pleases in search of fresh discoveries, and indications already point to the fact that large additions to the gold producing area of the territory will be made in a very short time.

Trails are being constructed to lighten the cost of transportation of freight up the creeks while the positive assurance announced by the government that the royalty is to be cut in two, materially increases the margin upon which the big claim operator may figure on opening up his ground.

In a word, the season of repining for the Yukon is in the past. We have fought a good, strong fight and have won the greatest victory in the shortest time that any new country ever achieved. We have forced from the government nearly every concession which we have asked, and it rests now with us as a people to place our shoulders to the wheel and take every advantage of the splendid opportunities which the new conditions afford.

There are some people so constituted that condemnation of everybody and everything appertaining to governmental authority comes from them as a matter of second nature. They are "kickers" and "calamity howlers" by nature and would prefer going blind rather than be forced to see something worthy of approval, emanating from legally constituted authority.

The great mass of people in the Yukon are not of this order.

They are ready to fight for their rights to the very last ditch and have strikingly demonstrated this fact during the past three years. But they are practical men who, when a battle is won, prefer setting themselves to the work of improving the fruits of their victory rather than spending their time fashioning thunder bolts to hurl at a vanquished enemy.

This is the spirit, which the Nugget believes animates the men of the Yukon today and with this spirit we declare ourselves in hearty sympathy and accord. The chronic grumbler we will always have with us. He is a necessary evil and, as in the case of other evils, good will sometimes come out of him. But he does not represent the true spirit of the times. What we want in the Yukon territory today is a long, strong and unanimous pull for the development of our magnificent resources. The opportunity is before us which we have made for ourselves. Let us take advantage of it to the utmost. Let us grow.

Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme, the two gentlemen who have been elected as members of the Yukon council, have before them a term in office which in all probability will prove anything but pleasurable. They have been elected upon a platform which calls for a great many things which they will be unable to secure both for the reason that they constitute but a very small minority of the council and for the further reason that many of the demands concern matters over which the federal government has exclusive jurisdiction. It will be expected of the two elected members that they shall serve as a sort of information bureau to the Ottawa government and be ready at any and all times to furnish the federal authorities with an actual knowledge of what the Yukon requires. If the new members meet all the expectations of their admirers they certainly have before them a herculean task.

Faith in the Camp.

Shortly after the departure of Mr. C. D. Lane for San Francisco rumors were set afloat in Nome to the effect that he had been attacked with a severe spell of "cold feet" and also that he had gotten to the end of his financial rope, and that by reason of the failure of some of his mines to pay he would be forced to entirely suspend operations in Northwestern Alaska unless some capitalist could be induced to come to his rescue. It was said he intended to apply to his old time partner, Alvin Hayward, for the necessary assistance financially to prosecute operations in this district.

At the time these rumors were characterized as silly rot by those at all familiar with Mr. Lane's operations and resources. The temporary suspension of work on some of his mines was caused by vexatious litigation and in others through the lack of proper machinery for their development economically.

The arrival of the C. D. Lane with a full cargo of supplies and machinery for his mines disproves the story of "cold feet." This shipment of machinery is the largest ever brought to Alaska in one consignment. It occupied a cubic measurement of 1500 tons. Comprised in this is one of the most complete and largest modern pumping plants that could be purchased in the coast market. The renewed energy with which Mr. Lane is pushing operations and the vast outlay of capital in the work of developing mining properties demonstrates that he has not lost faith in the camp.—Nome Gold Digger.

Sleds in Demand.

The snow of yesterday and today has had the effect of laying up for the winter the wheeled vehicles of the city, sleds being used instead. The streets are in good condition and will be, in a short time, as smooth as a skating rink.

One thing, however, should be prohibited and that is the practice indulged in by some dog drivers of using the sidewalks instead of the streets. It is not only unpleasant, but also dangerous for pedestrians to be constantly jumping sideways to prevent being tripped up by dogs and sleds and the sooner the practice of utilizing the sidewalk for purposes of freight traffic, the safer it will be for limb and life. The habit of stopping a string of dogs on street crossings for several minutes at a time should also be summarily stopped.

Dogs Poisoned.

Some miscreant at large who should be on the woodpile, has been at work feeding strychnine to dogs with the result that several fine dogs have been killed within the past week. Speculation as to the probable motive for the crime fails to develop more than one reasonable theory. Some one has had his cabin or cache robbed by dogs and has resorted to this means out of revenge.

School tablets 25c; Nugget office.

THE MEDIAEVAL MILITIAMAN

Barracks Life In The Past And Gone Period.

It Had Advantages and Disadvantages —"Junior Sub's" Spicy Letter In Canadian Military Gazette.

It has always seemed to me that our knowledge of how the soldier of the Middle ages lived during those periods when he was not engaged in breaking the Ten Commandments amidst the applause of the historians is as sketchy as a Beardsley poster. He could not have been always engaged in raising lumps upon the heads of his opponents. He must have put in some of his time in making barrack damages and traveling in and out of the guardroom. There must have been times when he mislaid his can-opener and could not get into his galvanized iron regimentals in time for parade. There must have been mornings when he came before the adjutant with a black eye in the green stage of recovery and a nose the size and color of a railway danger signal. Yet we never hear of them. Apparently, when the militiamen of the Middle ages was not biffing his enemies with a battle axe, he was leading the life of Marys' little lamb. For not one atom of his criminal record, not one page of his defaulter sheet, has ever come down to us.

Yet, we know that barrack life in the Middle ages was very much like what it is now—more especially in the married lines. We know that it was as much as the mediaeval warrior's life was worth to fall into the kitchen when his wife was doing the colonel's wife's washing. We know that the Moyer age consort could hurl a 7-pound flat-iron with a force that even a brass undershirt would fail to withstand. And we feel by intuition that, whether the soldier wore chain mail or relied upon a black jack studded with brass-headed nails like a cheap coffin, the moment he referred to the pies his mother made she landed him with the washboard.

For the mediaeval heroine was cyclonic in her moods. Apparently when she was not engaged in casting herself upon the bosom of the right individual and bursting into a passion of tears she was engaged in scorching the wrong one with epithets warm enough to keep the house plants from freezing. How the "garrison hack" of the Middle ages ever found time to fall in love at all, at a period when everybody was apparently hitting everybody else with anything that came handy, and all well regulated castles laid in their camphor liniment by the barrel, is a feminine mystery that no male writer has dared to penetrate. Yet, at the intervals of restoring her male acquaintances to consciousness she was quite able to "mash" any interesting stranger that came along. When not scraping lint she was scraping acquaintances. Arnica and affection swayed her alternately. When she was not defying her enemies she was pouring soft nothings to the latest joined officers and endeavoring to find out the size of their wads and whether they were really bachelors or had a wife and seven children in the next township. For woman has never changed since Eve first bit cautiously into the apple and set all Eden gossiping over the cut of her fig leaf polonaise. And the mediaeval damsel was just as skillful a handler of her hermetically sealed adorners as the damsel of today who works us for ice cream and matinee tickets. Sometimes she stuck closer to her hero than porous plaster to a fat man. Sometimes she witnessed his being driven into the ground with a mallet with perfect composure so long as his assassin did not wake up the baby. For times may change, but woman does not. Immutability is the sphynx she has persevered in her self-imposed task of the subjugation of man through the limitless ages of this wonderful world of ours. Whether he wore the rabbit skin of the primeval savage, the brass mounted armour plate of the Middle ages, or the scarlet jacket and blue baize trousers of our modern heroes, woman has dragged him at her chariot wheels just the same. It is as true today, as it was in the days when Pharaoh's daughter found Moses reading "Sapho" in the bulrushes that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. And when that hand grasps a rolling pin it becomes the satrap of the domestic circle also.

No doubt, the mediaeval soldier was a hard man to manage. To an individual accustomed to chain mail underclothing, and a mess vest of boiler iron, the hurling of the carving knife across the dinner table when his comments upon the cookery had reached the point where her feminine endurance gives way must have seemed a mere plesantry. Even a 7-pound flat-iron would hardly have ranked higher than a gentle hint. And it is hardly likely that even a mediaeval heroine could have sufficed her household with a steam-hammer. How, then, could she convey her misapprobation to a man who dined in a cast-iron tuxedo, with nickel collar and cuffs, and who could walk down afterwards to the club with a peaceful smile under a shower of household utensils that would have made Cronje suffer? This is a point on which the historians do not enlighten us. Yet, she must have got square with him some way. And when he came-home sideways at 2 o'clock in the morning and tried to open the postern of the castle with the handle of his battle-axe, what did she do then? He could not take off his knees as we can. He must have made as much noise as the riveting shop in a boiler factory before he could even shed his tin overcoat. So, she evidently had ample warning of his approach. Yet, we are without one single word as to what tactics she adopted for his discomfiture. That she did discomfort him, that she made him feel as small as a homoeopathic globule and as mean as a plugged nickel we can readily believe. For there never was a man yet in the history of this world, from the time when Noah first predicted a wet spell, and Mrs. Lot gave us a dreadful example of the reward of "rubber-necking," that was able to cope with the wife of his bosom under such circumstances. But whatever his punishment was, it did not compare with that we encounter in these days of rapid transit. The mediaeval militiaman had many points in his favor. His uniform was an advantage that must have compensated for many shortcomings in the domestic circle, even if he was occasionally mistaken for the hall stove by some of the country visitors.—The Junior Sub in Canadian Military Gazette.

Send it to McKinley.

Editor Nugget:
I read in your yesterday's issue a plea from "Oregon Democrat" in behalf of Bryan, but I think if he had signed himself "Oregon Populist," he would have told the truth, for his article read to me very much as though it had been written by a man who in times past, had boosted for Penoyer. The cry of autocracy and imperialism is a Populist howl, and a writer who once analysed the Populist party pronounced it to be led and dominated by preachers without pulpits, lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, newspaper editors without readers, broken-down politicians who want jobs and the class of men who never think for themselves and who are led around by the nose by such fellows as are mentioned above.

I do not say that all supporters of Bryan belong to one of the above mentioned classes, but I do say that all the above mentioned classes are supporters of Bryan. The statement that the four years of McKinley's administration have not formed a period of unprecedented prosperity is not borne out by facts. On the contrary, the United States has at no time since the war of the rebellion made such rapid strides in the way of advancement and prosperity as during the past four years, notwithstanding the fact that she stepped out of her path sufficiently long to give Spain such a drubbing as that nation will never forget.

But to come down to the question locally! Why should the Nugget arrange for sending a Klondike souvenir to Bryan in case he proves to be the winner in its contest? Bryan has no use for gold; a silver, aluminum or even leather medal would suit him just as well or better, for he says the government stamp is all that is needed to make any old thing as valuable as gold. This being the case I appeal to my fellow Republicans to rally to the support of McKinley, as by him a golden souvenir from the Klondike will be duly appreciated. M'KINLEYITE.

Latest Election Returns.

The latest returns from various polling places are as follows:
Upper Lebarge—O'Brien 4, Noel 3, Wilson 1, Prudhomme 1.
Quartz creek—O'Brien 4, Noel 2, Wilson 9, Prudhomme 7.
Bear creek—O'Brien 5, Noel 3, Wilson 12, Prudhomme 11.
Lambard gulch—O'Brien 4, Noel 3, Wilson 21, Prudhomme 20.
Gold Bottom—O'Brien 38, Noel 20, Wilson 46, Prudhomme 30.
Thirty Eldorado—O'Brien 20, Noel 17, Wilson 36, Prudhomme 31.
Stewart—O'Brien 6, Noel 1, Wilson 6, Prudhomme 1.
Minto—O'Brien 4, Noel 0, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2.
The vote of Hutchiku is expressed eloquently by an 0.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 18
(LAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

NOTICE.

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

LETTERS

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

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1900.

From Saturday's Daily.
WINTER MAIL.

As will be noted elsewhere in these columns, Postmaster Hartman states that mail will go from Dawson to Whitehorse in seventy-two hours, after the ice trail is established. This bears out the opinion expressed some time ago in these columns that steamboat time will be discounted in traveling over the ice. If the postmaster's plans are realized mail for Vancouver and Seattle will reach its destination in seven or eight days after leaving Dawson. No better service, in point of time, could be desired or asked under the circumstances. The postal authorities have certainly acquitted themselves admirably in perfecting arrangements for handling the mail and are entitled to every acknowledgment thereof.

To complete the efficiency of the service it remains only to secure the delivery of second-class matter. There would be no objection from the public to the payment of first-class postage if by so doing newspapers and magazines might be brought in. The extension of the railroad cuts down the distance which must be covered by dog team so materially, that comparatively little addition to the contemplated facilities will permit of handling a very considerable amount of second-class matter. The government can scarcely give a greater boon to the Klondike than to provide means whereby our long winter's seige may be relieved by the regular delivery of outside newspapers and magazines.

The Klondike winter season may fairly be said to have begun. There is little danger of the present snow disappearing until sometime in May next, when the balmy spring sunshine will return again to remind us that winter is not eternally king in the Klondike. For six months to come, however, we will come pretty near knowing that cold weather is with us.

Some humorist has started a rumor to the effect that the election of Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme will be contested on the ground that whisky was used during the election. If an election in the Yukon were to be invalidated on such grounds, we rather think that representative government in this territory would be deferred until the arrival of the millenium.

The efforts being put forward to encourage winter sports should be assisted in every manner possible. The tedium of the long period of cold weather will be largely relieved by the social pleasure which will follow from the organization of the various clubs and societies now in contemplation.

Dawson's transportation men are a splendid lot of fellows, up to date in their business, and thoroughly versed in the best methods of securing business. The season of their active operations is practically at a close for the present year, and the Nugget wishes them all a winter as pleasant as the summer has been profitable.

The Nugget's presidential election is bringing in votes by the score. Voters on the creeks may send in their ballots

by Nugget carriers without charge. The contest will not close until November 6, the date upon which the election takes place in the States. Vote early, but don't vote more than once.

There are some people who have yet to learn the distinction between streets and sidewalks. An ordinance respecting the use of the latter as thoroughfares for dog teams is quite in order.

We wonder what "Old Dick" will say when he learns.

"My Country."

"My country, right or wrong," is a toast which had a meaning once for those who were able to read anything below the surface, and for such people has one still. No time need be wasted in pointing out the foolish things it does not mean. But this it always means, that no man can find the faintest excuse, in any sincerity or eccentricity of individual belief for giving aid and comfort to armed enemies of his country, whether by speech or printed words or votes. The crime of treason is one for which a man can never find justification, no matter what his individual belief, because the blessing of personal freedom comes only with the condition, accepted with the solemn oath of allegiance, that it shall be never so exercised as to aid the armed foes of the nation.

The necessary condition of civilization is that hearty allegiance and support shall be given to the government whenever its decision is duly declared in accordance with its constitutional forms and limitations. Whatever has been up to that time the private opinion of certain individuals, for which they have striven by legal means with all manly earnestness, becomes on the instant the law, sacred to every loyal man, against which no voice or hand can be raised as long as a vestige of armed resistance to the sovereign authority remains. The necessary condition of freedom in private judgment, thought and speech is that every man shall submit to the will of the majority, expressed by constitutional methods; and not merely submit, but hold ready his fortune and his life to uphold that will if treacherously assailed. All know and frequently say that persons who are not capable of such sincere and unshrinking loyalty are not fit for any part in self-government or free institutions. Yet even in stating the fact few come near realizing how wide and impassable is the gulf which separates such persons from all possibility of being loyal citizens of a free and self-governing country. The temper which will submit to no rule save that of one's own inflated vanity is further removed from civilized life than that of nine-tenths of the savages, who can uphold a ruler for the sake of the tribe.

Opposition to law after its enactment, patient and earnest effort to change public opinion about it and get it repealed, is consistent with perfect loyalty provided there is not armed resistance to be encouraged by such efforts. But the instant that condition arises it becomes the first and most sacred duty of every citizen to refrain from any word or act which can give aid and comfort to the rebellion. Men who sincerely mean to be honorable and faithful to their oaths of citizenship cannot find it hard to the line. The question is always one of fact. If there is in fact an armed resistance to national authority, and if any word or act does in fact give encouragement and support to that resistance, it cannot be called anything except treason. If any vote that may be cast this fall is one which must in fact give aid and comfort to enemies of the United States, it is the vote of a traitor, and the first duty of every citizen is to realize that he cannot cast any such vote.

Mr. Bryan is confronted on Nebraska prairies by thousands of his former supporters who now declare their hostility by wearing badges of loyalty. What was a pride and pleasure to them in 1896 they cannot do now, with armed rebellion resisting the government. Sound money Democrats in Kentucky, Ohio or Maryland took credit to themselves four years ago because they rose above party in order to defend the honor of their country. But do any of the same men find it possible now to give aid and comfort to armed enemies of the country. Strange distortion of mental perceptions must surely exist where a man can expose himself to the hatred of his former associates because he will not cast a vote tending toward national bankruptcy, and yet is capable of casting a vote which tends toward the dishonor of the flag by the success of rebels in arms.—New York Tribune.

Notice.

Will James York and Benjamin A. Seitz please call at the offices of Messrs. Tabor & Hulme, barristers, Orpheum building, Dawson, at once. c20

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

American whiskies Jesse Moore AA, Old Crow and Hermitage. The Pioneer.

Domestic cigars at The Pioneer. Tommy Atkins and Flor de Manor. crt

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.



Copyright 1900.
THE STEIN-BOLOCH CO.

It Pays to be Honest....

When Poor Richard said "Honesty is the best policy" he expressed an axiom which is recognized to-day the world over as TRUTH, pure and simple. HONESTY PAYS, not only in our private life but in all our affairs. So with clothing for instance. It pays to buy honest clothes, put together honestly and sold for honest prices.

No shoddy is allowed in our store and none of those small and dishonest methods are employed to deceive a customer. We have but one price. When you buy one of our tailor made suits or overcoats you can rest assured that you are getting full value for your money.

We have the latest and best assorted lines of clothing in this city. That is an honest expression. We KNOW it. Drop around and see the variety of our stock. Back of that we have a warehouse full.

HERSHBERG THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS
Opposite C. D. Co's. Dock

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

If the report is true that the late election is to be contested and contested on the grounds that illegal means, such as the use of hooch, were used to bring about the result, the Stroller believes he is in position to appear as a valuable witness for the defence. The Stroller does not believe intoxicants were used and the result of the vote bears out his convictions. The Stroller took one drink of campaign whisky; one more from the same bottle would have killed him. It does not, therefore, look reasonable that any party would knowingly kill off its supporters by supplying them with the kind of liquid refreshment which is so plentiful in this country.

The Stroller also has a campaign cigar which he has assigned to an honored position in his museum. He looks upon it as supernatural, for the reason that there is nothing like unto it in heaven above, earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. No man who ever smoked a cigar of its brand would vote for the donor.

In view, therefore, of the deadly "campaign arguments" at its disposal and which it could have used had it been so disposed, the Stroller is certain the successful party did not use them. The result clearly shows they were not used. Had they been used, no such mild proceedings, as election contests would now have demanded attention. Charges of wholesale murder would have been preferred instead.

During the past two weeks a number of hunting parties from Dawson have sallied forth into the wilds of the surrounding country, only to sally home again in the evening without killing aught save time and impregnating the ozone with the aroma of burned powder.

It is discouraging to the man who, after expending large sums of money to equip himself for hunting, overtakes on his way home from a long tramp which has made him both hungry and weary, the old professional hunter who probably is wearing one boot and one shoe, but who has all the game he can carry and which he has killed with his old muzzle-loading shot gun. It is overtaking the old, game-laden, professional hunter that causes the city man who took a day off, to look with disgust on his own \$150 hammerless gun, his \$20 shooting coat and \$8 shooting leggings.

To the Stroller's knowledge four men were hunting last Sunday, and of the four, one was the old "rag-time" professional who hunts as a means of subsistence. He carried home 36 grouse in the evening and the three well-equipped business men managed to get two sickly grouse, one of which had previously been crippled by the old Nimrod.

"Prices are bound to go up in Dawson within the next two weeks," said a prominent merchant one day this week.

Continuing he said: "There is, of course, no reason why prices should rise, except that it is always the rule just after the river closes. I know and everybody else knows that not over two-thirds of the supplies in the city can or will be consumed before navigation is again fully open, and there is no possible excuse for a rise in the price of any article. But I am one merchant who will not do any marking up. I got an overdose of marking up last year. I burned 40 cords of wood at \$16 per cord to keep potatoes warm which I held at \$1 per pound when I could have made a profit by selling them at 40 cents. Well, spring came and I paid a teamster \$5 per ton to haul my sprouted and wilted potatoes down and dump them in the river. My sense of greed cost me several thousand dollars and I am not so dumb but that I can learn by experience. My prices will remain as they are for awhile, and when they are changed it will be in a way that will cause my customers to smile. There is no excuse for any price raising in Dawson this winter."

See Hammell's new store at the Forks. Everything to wear for sale.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Clothing, mitts, felt shoes, underwear at Hammell's, Grand Forks. crt

SAVOY - THEATRE

Grand Sacred Concert, Sunday, Oct. 21, 1900.

Misses Walters & Forest; Winchell Sisters; Madge Melville; Prof. Freimuth, violin soloist; Chas. Rennie, assisted by Mr. Evans, cornet solo; Larry Bryant; Ire and Clare Wilson, the popular child artists; Cecil Marton and THE SAVOY ORCHESTRA

THE KLONDIKE CORPORATION, LTD.

Strs. ORA, NORA, FLORA

The only independent line of steamers between Dawson and White Horse. Light Draft and Swift. No loss of valuable time on account of sandbars and low water. Best dining room service on the river.

SMALL BOATS

Make the Best Time!

Save Time and Money by traveling on steamers which are always reliable at any stage of water.

Office at L. & C. Dock.

R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent



DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

He'll get through all right.
He bought his outfit at

...RYAN'S

Front Street, Opp. S-Y. T. Co. Dock

PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT.

I hereby certify that I am a citizen of the United States and fully qualified to vote in the approaching presidential election. My choice for the offices of president and vice-president is as indicated below:

REPUBLICAN TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WILLIAM MCKINLEY	
VICE-PRESIDENT.	
THEODORE ROOSEVELT	
DEMOCRATIC TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WM. JENNINGS BRYAN	
VICE-PRESIDENT.	
ADLAI E. STEVENSON	

SIGNED

Instructions: Mark your ticket thus, X in the space opposite the names of the candidates for whom you wish to vote. Each voter is entitled to one vote only. Place ballot in sealed envelope marked "Vote" and mail or send to Nugget office.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL

IN ANY QUANTITY

THE DAWSON HARDWARE COMPANY

SECOND AVENUE

PHONE 30

Canadian rye at The Pioneer. Jos. E. Seagram, '83, Walker's Canadian Club, Walker's Imperial rye. crt
Brandies now in stock at The Pioneer. Fromy & Rogee, Heimes, Hanesey's three star, Martell three star. crt
See the display of furs. Ladue Co. Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

ICE RAPID...
Klondike River...
Later...
Steamers Still...
Eldorado...
Fivefingers...
Now is the t...
the woodsaw is...
storm-doors at...
winter's advent...
therefore in ord...
genius, upon...
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at Whitehorse...
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Eldorado is rep...
early this morn...
way down...
sown, at 4...
Flora passed Se...
and the Anglia...
yesterday.

Not a...
Editor Nugget...
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ICE RAPIDLY ACCUMULATING

Klondike River Expected To Close Not Later Than Monday.

Steamers Still Moving Up the River Eldorado Lingers in Vicinity of Fivefingers.

From Saturday's Daily
Now is the time when the sound of the woodsaw is heard in the land, and storm-doors and other evidences of winter's advent are apparent, and it is therefore in order that some enterprising genius, upon whose hands time is a dead weight, should drag forth into the light of day the oldest white inhabitant and the most aged Indian, and have them tell the public precisely when the Yukon will close, how soon teams will be able to cross the Klondike on the ice.

The ice in the Yukon is thickening fast and the Klondike is given till tomorrow to cease running.
The steamer Clossett arrived from up stream last evening where she has been bustling or trying to hustle scows off bars. To how great an extent she was successful is not known, but so far as known, the evidence of her success to date, has consisted in the arrival of three scows. There are said to be fully 20 wrecked scows between here and the foot of LeBarge, and a great many more hopelessly stuck.

This morning's telegraphic report from above, says the Canadian arrived at Whitehorse last night and the Zealandian and Sifton this morning. The Eldorado is reported from Five Fingers early this morning when she passed on her way down, and the Clara passed Selwyn at 4 p. m. yesterday. The Flora passed Selkirk at 10:40 yesterday, and the Anglian passed Ogilvie at 11:20 yesterday.

Not an Imperialist.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—I have noticed with increasing interest from day to day the expressions of political feeling as set forth by correspondents in the columns of your paper, and am too thorough an American; too much imbued with the spirit of democracy to find it possible to remain firm in my original intention to remain silent on a subject which, after all can have no bearing on the great battle at home. I noticed two letters in yesterday's paper, both in favor of the Republican candidate, and it seems to me that both contained statements not strictly in accordance with facts. Both, however, contain the arguments which I have heard—which I may say I have used—before, for I once called myself a Republican.

The first letter states that one need not put the stamp of approval upon the utterances of Mark Hanna by voting for McKinley.
That statement is rank nonsense. First, because everyone who knows anything whatever of the last campaign knows that Mark Hanna put a large amount of money into the McKinley fight. Now, why, in the name of sacred reason did he do this? Will the writer of that letter go on record as being snicker enough to believe that Mark Hanna would part with his heart's blood for the pure love of Republican principles? I trow not. If it is conceded that there was some other consideration, then what was it? Every thinking American understands that when money is put into a campaign, the man furnishing the money is really the man making the fight; he is the power behind the throne; the man who presses the button after the election. Then how, I ask, can one vote for Wm. McKinley and not endorse the means by which he was first elected, i. e., Mark Hanna's sack.

The question of expansion is also touched upon. Let me ask your correspondent to think, if he can, what was the cause of the downfall of the greatest empire the world has any history of. Why did Napoleon fail? Too much territory in the first instance; too much ambition in the second.

Many Republicans say, as does the writer of one of yesterday's letters, McKinley is a good American because he fought and whipped Spain and because America is prosperous. There is about as much gray matter displayed in the formulation of these two arguments as one would expect to find in the cranium of a jack rabbit. Every schoolboy in the land knows that McKinley had absolutely nothing to do with bringing on the war with Spain that the war in Cuba was the direct result of Spain's action in destroying the battleship Maine, and that McKinley could not have prevented the war had he tried.

Prices are high and wages good under McKinley, are they? Yes, prices are high because European nations are at war, and America feeds Europe. If wages are good why are we receiving telegraphic dispatches daily about the

greatest and most dangerous strike on record?

Imperialism? The future, I might almost say the present, emperor of the United States spells his name with a single character; read it—\$. I don't like him, myself, and I am in favor of advising every American who don't, to vote for William Jennings Bryan.

INDEPENDENT VOTER.

Utilizing the Gout.

"Every now and then," said a man of moderate means, "something happens to remind me that I am only a novice in the art of life. For instance, my shoes were wearing out, and in one of them there was an ugly crack in the top. If there is one thing more disturbing to me than another, it is the sight of a shoe on one of my feet with a hole in the top. But I had not the money wherewith to buy another pair, and, though it may seem ridiculous, I couldn't very well spare the quarter that it cost for a patch, to say nothing of the fact that a patched shoe is little less unsightly in my eyes than one with a hole in it.

"Walking, in this predicament, one day, I met a friend, whose means, so far as I knew, were little, if any, greater than my own. He now had in the top of one of his trimly blacked shoes a carefully cut round hole. Since I had last seen him he had apparently prospered enough to have got the gout, a fact on which I ventured to comment.

"Why," he said, "you can get precisely the same kind of gout with a pair of shears." And then he smiled. He always was blithe and gay, no matter what betided.

"Well, when I got home I enlarged that hole in the top of my shoe to the size and respectability of a gout opening, and now, when I go down in the morning on the elevated, I don't hold that foot with the broken shoe curled under the seat, back of the other ankle, as though I had a curious habit that way, but I place it boldly out in front, and I read the paper with the air of a man who is going down with his surplus interest money to take a little flyer in stocks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Awed by the Authors.

Some day perhaps Jesse Lynch Williams may follow his book of newspaper stories with some sketches of magazine office life. He has had experiences, and he can write them. Here is one of them:

"When I first went to Scribner's Magazine," he said, "I was a walking interrogation point." The editor would toss a letter across the table just like a common piece of paper, saying: "Here's a letter from Kipling. It's all right." It might as well have been a note from his tailor.

"I stood by and shivered at the sacrifice. And the typewriters! They would pound letters to Meredith, Stockton, James, Howells and Kipling just as they might have done to me, without changing a feature or missing a punctuation mark, and I marveled at their nerve. One day a stout, middle-aged man brushed by me in the office. We begged each other's pardon.

"Hold on a minute," called the editor. "I want to speak to you, Howells."

"Is that Howells?" I asked the office boy.

"Sure."

"Yes."

"Mr. W. D. Howells?"

"Cert."

"Mr. William Dean Howells?"

"The same."

"And I softly caressed the sleeve that the novelists had brushed against as if it had been touched by a saint. But after awhile the feeling of awe wore off. We deal in authors. That's our business."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Great Wrestler.

One of the stories of Peter the Great which are current at the court of St. Petersburg is of the great czar's wrestling match with a young dragoon. Once in the imperial palace—the story goes—Peter was at table with a great many princes and noblemen, and soldiers were posted within the hall. The czar was in a joyous mood, and, rising, called out to the company: "Listen, princes and boyars! Is there among you one who will wrestle with the czar?" There was no reply, and the czar repeated the challenge.

No prince or nobleman dared to wrestle with his sovereign. But all at once a young dragoon stepped out from the ranks of the soldiers on guard. "Listen, Orthodox czar," he said, "I will wrestle with thee!" "Well, young dragoon," said Peter, "I will wrestle with thee, but on these conditions: If thou throwest me, I will pardon thee; but, if thou art thrown, thou shalt be beheaded. Wilt thou wrestle on those conditions?"

"I will, great czar," said the soldier. They closed, and presently the soldier with his left arm threw the czar

and with his right he prevented him from falling to the ground. The sovereign was clearly beaten. The czar offered the soldier whatever reward he should claim, and he ignobly claimed the privilege of drinking free, as long as he lived, in all the inns belonging to the crown. What became of him history does not say.—Ex.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Stunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

THE RECEPTION

"A Monument to the handicraft of Dawson's artisans."
All the interior finishings were made from Native Wood.

Finest Beverages to be Obtained for Money
BARON VON SPITZEL HARRY JONES
BILLY THOMAS AT THE BAR ORPHEUM BUILDING

The Standard

WEEK OF OCTOBER 15-20, 1900

The Eminent Actor,
EDWARD R. LANG
Assisted by the Standard Stock Company, will produce

Rip Van Winkle

A Four-Act Drama as dramatized by the late playwright, Dion Boucicault
New Scenery by Artist Thorn.
New Mechanical Effects by Casey Moran.

Also...
**BEATRICE LORNE,
DOLLIE MITCHELL,
LILLY HAYNES**
And the Inimitable
ED DOLAN.

The Orpheum

ALEC PANTAGES, MANAGER

GRAND Sunday, Oct. 21

Special Sacred Concert

Mrs. Leroy Tozier; Miss Marion Tracie; Miss Celia DeLacy; Miss Lila Sylvester, solo violinist, just arrived; Mr. Arthur Boyle, tenor; Prof. Parkes in new views including special pictures of Earl and Lady Minto, and other specialties. Albert Bell, Mottio Singer.

GENERAL ADMISSION, 50c.
Box Seats, \$2.00 - RESERVED SEATS, \$1.00
Monday, October 22, Regular Show including FLYNN'S GAITY GIRLS

An Eye To

Your Welfare

DAY AND NIGHT

Don't hesitate to call at our store should the hour be late—Someone is always here to wait on you. Prescriptions requiring absolute accuracy in compounding is our strong suit.

W. R. Dockrill & Co.

Near Electric Light Plant.

The O'Brien Club

FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort.

Spacious and Elegant

Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

Bartlett Bros.,

PACKERS AND FREIGHTERS.

Office in Their New Building, Third St., Bet. 1st and 2nd Aves.

A First Class Livery Stable in Connection.

Hay, Grain and Feed For Sale.

TEL. 18. Ed & Mike Bartlett.

New Goods • New Prices

We have just received a new and most complete line of
LADIES' AND GENT'S WINTER GARMENTS
Our goods are the best and our prices are low. We would be pleased to have you call and examine our stock.

THE WHITE HOUSE FRONT ST., Opp. Yukon Dock
Ben F. Davis, Proprietor

Alaska Commercial Co.

Finest Stock of New Goods
In Dawson.

The Approach of the Holiday
Whettens the Appetite
...For...

Thanksgiving ..Dainties..

WE HAVE THEM FRESH
Cranberries, Puddings, Mince Meats, Pates, Imported Cheese, and everything the most fastidious epicure would demand.

We Can Outfit UNDER OUR ROOF FOR ANYTHING YOU MAY REQUIRE For the Claim

"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., 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 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

More New Goods

BLOUSE WAISTS

In Velvet, Velveteen, Silk, Satin, Sateen and Wool. Black or Colored.

WRAPPERS

In Flannel, Sateen, Silk, Cotton and Elderdown.

DRESSING JACKETS

In Elderdown, Silk and Satin.

NIGHT GOWNS

Flannelette—All Colors and Prices.

J. P. McLENNAN

FRONT STREET, Dawson
Next to Holborn Cafe.
Ladies, \$100 less on the same seal-skin jacket at the Ladue Co. c20
Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

Quick Action By Phone

Use the Phone and Get an Immediate Answer. You Can Afford It Now.

Rates to Subscribers, \$10 per Month. Rates to Non-Subscribers: Magnet Guleb \$1.00 per message; Forks, \$1.50; Dome, \$2.00; Dominion, \$3. One-Half rate to Subscribers.

Office Telephone Exchange Next to A. C. Office Building.
Donald B. Olson, General Manager

REMOVED.

BILLY GORHAM, The Jeweler, has removed from the Orpheum Building to a new location on...
THIRD ST., NEXT TO GANDOLFO'S
A Full Line of Souvenir Jewelry in Stock. Special designs made to order.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

RESULT THE SAME

Losses And Gains In The Recent Election In England Are Equal.

COAL STRIKE REMAINS UNCHANGED.

Brooklyn Wins In The National Base Ball League.

HARVARD DEFEATS COLUMBIA

Ex-Mounted Policeman Murdered At Golden, B. C.—Few Passengers and Little Freight Coming.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. London, Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 19.—All the political constituencies have been heard from in the matter of election returns except 13. The ministerialists elected 398 members, the opposition 258. The gains and losses are exactly even, leaving the parties numerically unchanged as to representation. It is not possible that the general result will be materially changed by the returns from the as yet unreported constituencies.

Strike Unabated.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 19.—The strike continues with no apparent indications of cessation. The miners have agreed to accept the 10 per cent advance and go to work, but ask for accompanying conditions which the operators refuse to grant. Both sides are firm and the prospects for settlement of the differences now appear to be very few and distant.

A Politician Dead.

Houghton, Mich., Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 19.—Jay A. Hubbel, who achieved for himself a national reputation during the Garfield campaign of 1880, is dead at the age of 71 years.

Brooklyn Wins.

Chicago, Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 19.—The season of the National Baseball League closed yesterday. Brooklyn wins the pennant, her score being 603 per cent. Pittsburgh is second, with 568 per cent. New York is at the bottom of the list with 435 per cent.

Harvard's Big Score.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 19.—Harvard defeated Columbia yesterday at football by a score of 24 to 0. It is the biggest score Harvard has made this year.

Ex-Policeman Murdered.

Golden, B. C., Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 19.—A Dando, formerly a member of the Northwest Mounted Police force, was murdered here last night by a painter named F. Collins, as the result of a drunken quarrel. After having trouble Collins tried to have Dando arrested but failed. Enraged at his failure to secure revenge in that way, he went for a gun and shot Dando dead.

Yale Defeats Dartmouth.

Newton, Oct. 13, via Skagway, Oct. 19.—In the football game today Yale defeated Dartmouth by a score of 17 to 0. An immense crowd witnessed the game.

Travel Very Slow.

Skagway, Oct. 19.—The steamers Cottage City, City of Seattle and Danube were in port yesterday. They brought but few passengers for Dawson and very little freight. Travel to the interior is practically ended until the season for going over the ice opens.

Water Front News.

This morning's telegram from up river regarding the movements of

steamers, states that the Clara passed Five Fingers at 8 this morning on her way down, and that the Crimmin passed the same point 20 minutes later on her way up.

Scows are coming in a few each day, but from the looks of the river this morning it is probable they will cease to arrive very soon.

The only work being done on the water front this morning is the discharging of cargoes brought by scows, and before these can be moved the ice has to be broken away from around them.

In the shipping offices it is easy to see that transportation business has about ceased for the season. Funny stories are now being told leisurely by men who were too busy to eat their meals a couple of weeks ago.

Those Boer Ladies.

The Boer woman is very little like the trim, handsome Dutch woman of her ancestral Holland. She is seldom pretty. Her complexion is her principal charm, and she guards this carefully whenever she goes out. She is never seen out doors without a great peaked bonnet on her head, her visits to church being made behind an almost oriental seclusion of veils. This is necessary to preserve the pink and white of her skin, for the climate would otherwise soon tan it to the color of sole leather. Her eyes are small and set close together, and her features are irregular. Her cheeks are broad and flat, and her hair is naturally light in color, although time and weather soon bleach it from its early straw color. At a very early age she loses all her teeth, for she is constantly chewing sweet cakes and confectionery.

A European woman would replace the molars that nature has deprived her of with well mounted works of art, but the Boer woman does not do this. She thinks it would be impious thus to try to duplicate the work of the Creator. Her figure is thick and almost waistless. While still a young woman she begins to grow fat, and by the time middle life is reached she is often so unwieldy that the only exercise she is able to take is to waddle cumbrously from one armchair to another. She is clad in a loose, scantily made gown, devoid of trimming and apparently waistless. The day garments of the Boers are also their night-clothes, so the gown is generally wrinkled.—Charleston News and Courier.

Standpoint of Two Ages.

"Did you ever notice," asked the older member of the group, looking into the gas log at the club, "or, rather, have you not always noticed, the markedly different effect upon the mind exerted by the coming of the September equinox and that of March?" "The arrival of the fall equinox seems to fill the whole human tribe with gloom; that of the spring with impatient joy. I contend that these effects are universal and that their causes are peculiarly simple. Of course, I am talking about latitudes approximating our own.

"In the decline of the year, as the sun is rushing south, as the leaves are growing gray and wrinkled, as the days wane and the nights wax, when no longer one can comfortably sit out of doors, the arrival of the raw September days which are chilled and dampened, fills the sensitive soul with anticipatory dread. These heralds of the stiffening year, about to be laid on its slab, like a corpse in a morgue, give warning not only that the melancholy days are come, but that the long northern winter, chill, desolate and forbidding, will soon begin.

"It is different in middle March. Then the patter of the dropping rain holds out a promise. The song birds are seeking summer homes again. The reviving grass and the tender mounds which burgeon upon the sap-thrilled branches of the awakening trees speak the incensed language of life and love. The restored brooks babble that they have thrown off their shackles. Daily the sun burns more ardently upon all the pulses of the stirring earth. The airs are full of promise. Man feels hope again, and divine thrills, born he knows not why, move the deeper fountains of his heart."

The talker paused and those who listened looked duly impressed by the depth and poetic beauty of his sentiment. That is, they did until an idol breaking youth of 20, who hopes to captain his eleven this year, a rude thing of brawn and blood, broke in with a characteristically phrased objection:

"Say, major," said he, "that's all guff, don't you know. Winter's the time of all the year. Then's when a real man really has real joy. Didn't you ever skate ten miles on crinkly ice, with your best girl, hand in hand, or drive her behind tinkling sleighbells to the time-beating fact of a fast trot-

ter, and drive with one hand at that? What's the matter with old Thanksgiving day, and the game on, the gridiron it brings, or with merry Christmas or glad New Year's? Look at the balls and the operas and the dinners and the dear little dances. Say, major, you're dead wrong. All these September heralds on melancholy you've talked about are heralds of fun. How about it, fellows?"

The major looked long and longingly upon the young man's glowing face. His voice shook a little as he put his wrinkled hand upon the junior's shoulder.

"It's all in the point of view, my son," he said. "Once I was young, and now am I old," said the Hebrew of wisdom.—Chicago Chronicle.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

This morning in the police court Joseph A. Clarke who was charged with having raised a disturbance on election day, was up for hearing before Magistrate McDonell, who, after hearing the evidence, read the accused a severe lecture and dismissed the case.

John M. Connell, charged with cruelty to animals, inasmuch as he had beaten and kicked a horse in an unmerciful way yesterday, came before the magistrate for hearing and plead not guilty. John A. Clark, the informant in the case said that he had been sawing wood for the fire hall near the end of the bridge over the slough, when the defendant got stuck. He was trying to pull a heavy load up the steep approach to the bridge and one of the horses slipped and fell repeatedly. Connell beat him over the head with his whip, and also kicked him in the head while down, and kicked him in the belly four or five times after he got up. This evidence was corroborated by G. W. Elderkin and Mr. Hatch. Joseph Ham, called on behalf of the accused, had seen none of the occurrences. The accused denied the cruelty charge, but the court found him guilty and imposed a fine of \$50 and costs, or two months in jail. He paid the fine.

Big Times This Winter.

Irrepressible Billy Thomas is at it again and his latest outbreak is the reopening of the Villa in West Dawson, where this coming winter high jinks will be held, with the Genial Billy as the manager of the enterprise. A hockey and skating rink will be built immediately in front of the Villa and a boulevard will be constructed on the ice for racing and driving purposes.

Roads are to be built connecting with the main boulevard on the opposite side of the river at different points. They will start from the foot of Third and Second streets, and from the barracks and the mouth of the Klondike. Work is now going on filling up the Villa.

Six Months Labor.

After several postponements the sentence of Van Buskirk was rendered this afternoon. The prisoner was sentenced to six months at hard labor. In giving the sentence Justice Dugas told the prisoner that his allegations concerning some features of the case had not been proven, and that he might have been sentenced under the law to seven years in the penitentiary, but considering all phases of the case, including the fact that restitution had been made, he believed he was acting justly when he sent him to jail for six months.

Church Notice.

The First Presbyterian church of Bonanza has been closed during the past three weeks, during which time it has been enlarged and renovated. It now has a public reading room and school room for daily use, and the regular Sunday services will be held there next Sunday. All are invited to attend.

Might Die Waiting.

"Dawson has one peculiarity in common with the veriest little country village in existence," said a man who had troubles of his own yesterday, "and it seems to have been entirely overlooked so far.

"A member of my family was very ill—had been growing steadily worse throughout the night—and a physician was called early in the morning. He diagnosed the case and gave me some prescriptions to have filled, and as the patient was in great pain, I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store to get the medicine required. At the nearest drug store no one was up, and all the pounding and shaking I was able to inflict upon the front door failed to produce a response. Mentally cursing anyone gifted with such sleeping qualities I went to the next place where a sign denoted that drugs were sold and prescriptions filled. Here my heart was gladdened by the sight of an electric button beside the door, and the sign 'night bell' beside it.

"I punched that button half way through the door casing and wore my thumb nail to the quick in a vain endeavor to waken some one. I had to give it up in the end and try elsewhere, and it was just two hours from

the time I started to get medicine before I got it. I went to every drug store in town, some of them two or three times before I got in.

"Luckily, I found the patient still alive when I got home, although one might easily have died while waiting to get a prescription filled."

BREVITIES

PERSONALITIES.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to this country, has become an accomplished golf player.

The Earl of Arlie, who was killed in action near Pretoria recently, boasted of a title 250 years old.

Stephen Crane used to do nearly all his writing very late at night, frequently working until 8 or 9 o'clock and then sleeping for six or eight hours.

General Chaffee, who has been ordered to China, was to have delivered a course of lectures on the lessons of the Spanish-American war at the Newport Naval War college this summer.

Edwin G. Cooley, who succeeds Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews as head of the Chicago public schools, is not a college graduate and, though a learned man, began his education late in life.

Rear Admiral Louis Kempff, who landed the United States marines at Peking, graduated from Annapolis in 1861 and went immediately to the steam frigate Wabash, assisting in the blockade of the southern coast.

William G. Nash of Weymouth, Mass., is thought to be the oldest grocer in the United States, he having entered the business as an employee in 1831 and having conducted a store of his own for the last 67 years.

Julian Ralph, the war correspondent of the London Daily Mail, who was invalided home, writes that his injuries are not at all likely to be permanent. He will return to America early in the fall to deliver a course of lectures.

Simon Newcomb, America's great astronomer, has had an honorary degree conferred on him by the University of Cracow, Austria, something extraordinary for an American to receive. He lives in Washington and is 65 years old.

General Marcus P. Miller drove into a barn near Great Barrington, Mass., during a thunderstorm a few days ago. While he was there lightning struck the barn, killing two cows and stunning a farmhand with whom he was talking, but passing over the veteran soldier.

Among those honored by mention in the dispatches of Generals Methuen and Buller is an American lad of 17, Midshipman W. W. Sillern of San Francisco, whose mother is now wife of the English vice admiral, R. G. Kinahan, and who is a nephew of Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin. He is mentioned for conspicuous bravery.

The Gaunt family of Australia is versatile. The father is a Melbourne judge; a daughter, Mary, is a colonial novelist who has made a considerable reputation in England; a son in the navy, Lieutenant Gaunt, distinguished himself during the fighting in Samoa, and Captain Ceall Gaunt, another son, was among the defenders of Lady-smith.

STAGE GLINTS.

Teresa Carreno is to return next season to this country.

Lewis Morrison, after next season, will have a new play on the order of "Faust."

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are giving a revival of "Olivina" at the London Lyceum.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley's latest play is called "My Lady Dainty." It will be produced in London.

John Coleman's adaptation of "Pericles," which has not been seen for years in London, is soon to be acted there.

Miss Maude Adams has returned from her trip to London and Paris and has gone to the Catskill mountains for a summer rest.

Marie Huntly McCarthy to write for her one act comedy which she will next season exploit in the vaudeville.

Marie Halton, the American sourette of "Geisha" fame, made a great hit at the Berlin Theater des Westens in a new comic opera called "Rhodope."

James A. Herne has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., in the hope of removing from his system by a course of medicinal baths the last traces of rheumatic gout.

The Gerry society is more active in New York than ever and has just stopped the performance of two Japanese acrobats, arresting them on the charge of teaching young children their acrobatic tricks.

James Young is negotiating with Mary Johnston for the right to produce "Prisoners of Hope." If the arrangements are consummated, he intends making a big spectacular production of the piece next season.

Our Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

LADIES WILL ACT

In Assisting to Organize a Humane Society in Dawson.

MUCH INTEREST WAS MANIFESTED

At a Meeting in Board of Trade Rooms Last Night.

WILL MEET AGAIN TUESDAY.

Occasions When "Bud" Is Necessary in Handling Dogs—No Radical Legislation Sought.

A large and enthusiastic meeting in the Board of Trade rooms last evening was the result of the Nugget's agitation of the cruelty to animals question, and a committee was appointed to arrange for another meeting next Tuesday evening when permanent organization will be effected.

It was said by many apropos to what the Nugget has been saying on the subject that the time was not yet ripe for such societies in Dawson—that the town was not yet far enough advanced to maintain such things. Last night's meeting repudiates this idea completely and shows that there are men and women in every community always ready to take up and work for the cause of right, once the matter is brought to their notice.

This, the first winter of the society's existence, promises to be a busy one, as much work lays before it, not only in preventing cruelty to animals, and minimizing the causes which lead to it, and in working for more complete legislation on the subject, but some time during the winter a bench show will probably be given under the auspices of the society, which will be to show what really fine animals may be raised here with proper care and humane treatment. There are native to the country no fewer than 12 distinct breeds of dogs, a fact not generally known by the way, and besides this there are a great many very well bred dogs here, of breeds found in the stud books of the old established kennel clubs of the outside, and altogether a very respectable showing of blue ribbon wearers should be seen after the bench show.

There need be little cause for the apprehension expressed by some that the society will do as did the one in Skagway, which made it unsafe for dog drivers to carry a whip at all. The people of Dawson who will form the society are two well acquainted with practical dog driving not to know that there are times when a thrashing is absolutely necessary to a dog's obedience and general good behavior, and to this there can be no objection, but in cases like the one witnessed yesterday on the bridge near the fire hall, when a driver maltreated his horse till humane bystanders interfered and called a policeman, the society will certainly take a very decided stand and see that cases are prosecuted to the fullest extent.

The meeting arranged for, when permanent organization will take place, will be held in the Board of Trade rooms at 8:30 next Tuesday evening. Everyone interested in the cause is cordially invited to attend.

Local Presidential Election.

Interest is rapidly increasing in the Nugget's presidential election and votes are coming in at the rate of several dozen daily. At the rate votes are coming in and judging from the interest being manifested, it looks as though a larger "mock" vote will be polled than at the Yukon election being held today. Every man in the country who, if on the outside, would be entitled to cast a ballot, is asked to express a preference. No American is ashamed of his political creed, but on the contrary is ever ready to espouse it.

The Nugget's election is being conducted to the end as fairly and squarely as though the ballot box was guarded by sworn judges and clerks. It will be a free vote and fair count instead of the old Southern system, which is a fair vote and a free count. Bring or send in your ballots.

HOW ENGINE 1129 EXPLODED

Without Fire in Her Furnace Nor Water in Her Boiler

She Managed to Blow Up in the Most Approved Style—Story of the Rio Grande & Western.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
Mr. Henry Alquist, a prominent railroad man, relates the story of a curious wreck, the facts in which he will vouch for.

"It is such a remarkable thing," said Mr. Alquist to a reporter, "that I fear many will be inclined to brand it as 'pipe.' I have been railroading now for over 20 years, and never in all my varied experience have I seen such a unique and complete wreck as the one I speak of—that of engine 1129 of the Rio Grande Western. Railroad men will tell you that locomotives seldom explode nowadays, but 1129 did and in a very peculiar way.

"At the time this wreck occurred I was holding down the job of train dispatcher at Soldier Summit, Utah, and a tough old job it was. Never been there, I suppose? Well, Soldier Summit is a station on the top of one of the Wasatch divides, a bleak and lonely place, where the Rio Grande Western has a roundhouse and coal chute located. At the summit are long snowsheds covering the tracks. These sheds protect the line from the winter. And it is only due to this method that a train ever gets over the mountain.

"On both sides of the mountain the line winds down in a succession of winding curves to lessen the grade. Running off from the railway are switches, which, diverging from the grade, run up into the hills and gradually come to a dead level. These switchbacks, as they are called, are so constructed that they can be thrown from any point on the grade. And if a train breaks in two while ascending the steep grade the runaway cars can be switched on to one of these spurs, where the breakaway finally stops after it has run up the spur as far as the momentum attained in its descent will take it.

"All heavy trains have an extra locomotive before the grade is tackled. These are called helper engines and are kept in roundhouses at each side of the mountain with steam up.

"One night I got word from Clear Creek, a town in the western valley, that the 9:20 freight would be 30 minutes late on account of having to pull out a crippled engine, 1129. She had burned out her fuel and had to be hauled to Grand Junction for repairs.

"That night about 10 o'clock, after I had passed down the Salt Lake express, I heard the freight coughing up the long grade from Clear Creek. There was a snowstorm raging, and the wind howled around the station like the mischief. When the overdue 9:20 pulled into the shelter of the big snowsheds on the wind swept summit, the first thing I asked was, 'Where's the dead engine?'
"Behind the doghouse!" shouted the 'con.' But as I held my lamp above my head I failed to see it. I was just about to call his attention to it when, during a lull in the storm, we plainly heard the familiar rattle of the rails as the runaway engine flew at lightning speed down the mountain. No. 1129 had broken loose and was tearing down the grade to destruction.

"I jumped and pulled the lever which opened the spur switches. This I knew would prevent a smashup, as the engine would run up on the switchback and come to a stop. But I was too late. Almost at the same instant I threw the lever a terrific explosion was heard from far down the mountain. The runaway had exploded.

"I thought you said a moment ago, Mr. Alquist," interrupted the Scimitar man, "that the locomotive was a 'dead one'?"
"If she had no fire under her boiler, how could she explode?"

"That was the only thing I couldn't understand myself," the railroad man replied. "I could easily see how the dead engine could break loose on that grade, and I could understand not hearing its descent during such a howling blizzard, but the explosion floored me. The only theory which in any way solved the mystery was that the old kettle was blown up by compressed air.

"You see, when the engine broke loose from the freight and started down the mountain the pistons in the cylinders began to act as air compressors. During the rough trip up her throttle probably jarred open, and as the speed increased with every revolution of her drivers her boiler soon filled with compressed air. It was not long before

those flying pistons had worked up a pressure of nearly 500 pounds to the square inch, which came in faster than it could escape by the safety valve, and before the old machine reached Clear Creek her boiler let go.—Memphis Scimitar.

Distinction Without Difference

When Shakspeare said "There's nothing in a name," he probably knew more than he was given credit for by his neighbors. Had "Shake" survived the times and been in Dawson last night he would have seen occasion for reiterating the statement—"There's nothing in a name," that there was practically no distinction between jollification drunks and con olation drunks, and both were, to quote from Genesis, "As numerous as the souls that be by the sea shore," and both drunks were cultivated from the same black bottle. Jollifiers and consolars stood side by side and "intensified" their respective feelings and conditions, the one drinking to drown sorrow, the other drinking in the exuberance of unconfined joy. But on the whole and with but little exception, good feeling prevailed and not a single arrest was made; it is needless to say, however, that longer rope and more latitude was given by the police than is safe to presume will be extended at all times. The same remedy having been employed by the jollifiers and consolars, the same dark brown tastes were harbored this morning, and wet towels were wrapped around throbbing temples the same in both cases. It was a great night, and well it might be, for as it not the first time an election was ever held in the Yukon? It was therefore a time to make merry on the one hand, and a time for gnashing of teeth on the other.

Soggs Is Pardoned.

Nelson A. Soggs is once more a free man. He was released from jail yesterday by Sheriff Eilbeck, who received a telegram from Secretary Pope, which bade him, by order of the governor general, release the prisoner.

Mr. Soggs was overcome by the news when he was told what had happened, and could find no words for a time to express his feelings.

The action of the governor general in thus answering the petition forwarded soon after the conviction of Mr. Soggs, is a popular one, and meets with approval on all sides, as it was believed at the time that while he may have been guilty as charged, his guilt was the outcome of great provocation, and his action was, in the minds of many justifiable.

The charge of which Nelson A. Soggs was found guilty was attempted murder, and the action which culminated in the affair was the shooting of one J. R. Rogers early last summer.

The evidence introduced at the trial went to show that Soggs had been harried and bulldozed by Rogers and others for a long time in the hope of driving him off the claim. That Rogers had threatened him with violence often, and on one occasion he had been struck, were facts clearly proven at the trial. Rogers was a very much larger man than Soggs, who stood in great fear of him, and evidently believed himself justified in shooting.

In the eyes of the law, however, he was guilty and his conviction and two years' sentence were the results of the trial.

A petition on behalf of the prisoner was immediately forwarded to Ottawa, and accompanying it was the report of the trial as published in the Nugget at the time, and today Nelson A. Soggs is free in consequence of the steps which were taken in his behalf.

Seventeen Days From Whitehorse

S. P. McClellan arrived yesterday with a scow load of general merchandise, having consumed 17 days on the way down from Whitehorse. Mr. McClellan was more successful this year than last, when he was caught with a laden scow in the ice at Selkirk, where he sold his stock and continued on to Dawson on foot. At present he says there are fully 100 scows stranded between Whitehorse and Dawson, the majority of which will not be floated. Many wrecks are caused by attempts to travel at night which invariably results in disaster. Nearly all the scows stranded, as well as those yet afloat and on the way down are laden either with machinery or hay, being a class of freight which will not pay to sled in over the ice from any great distance up the river.

Many Election Bets.

Sam Ronnifield has placed a large amount of money on the coming presidential election. He thinks McKinley will get there easily. He is also stake holder for many betters who have put up considerable sums in his hands to await the result of the vote.

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

STRONG BRYAN SUPPORTER

"Oregon Democrat" Tells Why He Should Be Voted For.

Looks Upon the Apostle of Free Silver as the Acme of Political Perfection—Opposed to Mark Hanna.

Editor Nugget: I heartily indorse your plan for finding which of the two great party candidates for the presidency of the United States is most popular with the people of that nation now in the Klondike, and the plan you have adopted for bringing out this information meets with the hearty approval of all Americans with whom I have conversed on the subject.

I think the result of the election of yesterday's election may be taken as a favorable omen that Bryan will poll the big vote, as the result of yesterday's election is sufficient evidence to me that nothing that savors or smacks of autocracy is or will be popular among those on the creeks. I do not say that McKinley is an autocrat, but he is the candidate of autocrats, the candidate of Mark Hanna, who is on record as saying that 75 cents per day is enough for a common laborer. If the voters want to put the seal of approval on Hanna's statement, let them vote for his candidate. Hanna is like Andrew Carnegie who, owing to the American system which protects the manufacturer at the expense of the laborer, left his Scotch home and came to America where he amassed millions of dollars which he has now carried back to his native land, where he lives in all the pomp and splendor of a nabob. If the voters wish to encourage a continuation of this they will vote for Hanna's candidate.

On the other hand, if they want to place the stamp of condemnation on everything that tends toward autocracy and imperialism, if they want to support a man who is American from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes, the man who stands for everything that will alleviate conditions of hardship, suffering and impositions of capital on labor, they will support the champion of right, the advocate of justice, the disciple of civil liberty, William Jennings Bryan.

On Bonanza creek alone are fully 500 Americans and, while I do not assert that they are unanimous for Bryan, I am confident that two-thirds of them will support him through the Nugget's election system, and would vote directly for him if on the outside. As it is, a strong effort will be made to win for him the Klondike souvenir which will bear to him the information that, although in a foreign land, the hearts of the Americans in the Klondike are in the right place and beat warmly in sympathy with the spirit of American reform and in condemnation of continued Hannaism.

OREGON DEMOCRAT.

Another for McKinley.

Editor Nugget:
Dear Sir—While I have no desire to enter into a political controversy over the election of the president of the United States, yet I cannot pass unnoticed the letter in your paper signed "Oregon Democrat." The confidence displayed by the author of it is somewhat surprising in view of the fact that Mr. McKinley's election is already conceded by the majority of Americans in this place.

He states "that the result of yesterday's election might be considered as a favorable omen, that Mr. Bryan will poll the big vote," etc., etc.; "that nothing that savors of autocracy is, or will be popular among those on the creeks." Now, for the life of me I could not make out what relation the local election could have with the presidential election in the States, or how it could be taken as an index to the manner by which an entirely different people should cast their votes, when those votes represent the principles for which one or the other of the two great parties stand.

He adroitly turns the issues from great party principles, which must and shall be upheld, to purely personal motives and springs the old saw of Hanna, quoting him as saying 75 cents per day is enough wages for a common laborer, hoping by that method to switch votes from McKinley to Bryan. I ask him how can it effect McKinley if Hanna should say, "Laborers ought not to be paid more than five cents per day." Does it make Mr. McKinley or the principles for which he stands any the less worthy of the suffrages of the people? Certainly not. In voting for McKinley they are not "setting the seal of approval" on what

Mark Hanna says. They are approving the man and the party that has raised up the States from a fifth to a first-class power among the nations of the world today. The party that stands for progress and prosperity; that has made the United States to be respected and looked up by every country in the civilized world.

Then the reasoning, if reasoning it might be called, of the writer. Just note where he says, "Hanna is like Andrew Carnegie, who, owing to the American system which protects the manufacturer at the expense of the laborer, left his Scotch home and came to America, where he amassed millions of dollars which he has now carried back to his native land, where he lives in all the pomp and splendor of a nabob!" The veriest rot! Carnegie left his home in Scotland when a mere lad, began as an office boy or "laborer" if you will, himself. His thrift and industry, under the same laws as the laborer enjoyed, enabled him to build up a successful business; while the Bryan voters of that day were to be found hanging around the saloon or the street corners, smoking cigarettes and sneering at everybody that was a little more successful than they, themselves were. "Autocrats" if you will.

It is not so that Carnegie has carried back all his millions to his native land. He has done more for his adopted country than a great many of her free-born citizens have done; look at the library building he has erected and endowed, besides the various charitable donations he has made, and then see whether he has carried back his millions to his native land or not.

The writer goes on to say, "If the voters want to place the stamp of condemnation on everything that savors of autocracy and imperialism, they will vote for Bryan, who is an American from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes, the champion of civil rights, the advocate of justice," etc., etc.

If Mr. McKinley is not an American, then all I can say is we haven't any. If he is not the proved "champion of civil right," then we had not war in Cuba; if he is not the tested "advocate of justice," then American soldiers never placed the Stars and Stripes on the walls of Peking in the interest of justice and humanity. As to imperialism, the same policy that governs the Democratic party would have split up the States into a few warring factions. It would stand by now and see other nations step in and carry off the fruits of victory, and impose greater burdens on the people we have freed, while they in their narrow-minded policy would bicker over whether we should have a dollar that is worth 50 cents or one that is worth 100 cents.

Vote for the party that stands for the best of everything the country has ever had; for an enlarged and intensified Americanism; for the party that says with Webster:

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers; The whole, the boundless continent is ours."

If you do the Klondike souvenir will find it rightful place on the bosom of the first American of the day, W. McKinley.

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the birth of Mr. E. J. Fitzpatrick, his wife arranged a surprise for him and last night on returning from an errand down town, he found his home filled with friends who had assembled to congratulate him on having successfully reached another mile stone on life's rugged highway. Progressive whist was the feature of the evening, the first prizes being won by Miss Millicent Latimer and Mr. Geo. M. Allen. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had prepared an excellent and bounteous supper which was partaken of at midnight, after which, and until 2:30 o'clock this morning in music and song, the hours sped away. Mr. Fitzpatrick was the recipient of many pretty and useful presents. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fitzpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hemán, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. White, Mrs. C. Noble, Miss Latimer, Miss Marcia Latimer, Messrs. John Chisholm, Rudy Kalenborn, Dick Dillon, Geo. M. Allen and W. P. Allen.

Flight Have Been Serious.

This morning when Orr & Tukey's stage from the Forks had reached the southern limits of Dawson and shortly after leaving the Klondike river, the team became unmanageable and ran away. There were 11 passengers in the sled at the time and on the frightened team turning a short corner near the firm's stable the sled upset, throwing all the passengers out, but, strange to say, not one of them was injured to any extent, although the sled was almost completely demolished and one of the horses badly injured.

There were two other runaways today, both on First avenue, neither of which resulted in anything more serious than the breaking of harness.

MIZNER IN ROLE OF HOST

Manager of Alaska Commercial Co. "Sets 'Em Up" To Employees.

Fifty-Seven People Take Thanksgiving Dinner with the Head of the Big Company—A Happy Event.

Mr. Mizner, the genial manager of the A. C. Co. tendered a banquet to the employees and their wives Thanksgiving day.

Fifty-seven people participated in the event. A table, made especially for the occasion, in the shape of a horseshoe extended around the large dining hall, giving ample room to the corps of efficient waiters who served the various courses. The company's stock of the best viands and rare old liquors was levied upon for the grand feast.

A requisition for lettuce, cucumbers and fine crisp celery was made upon the green grocer. The turkeys used for the event were the finest procurable.

While Mr. Mizner, as host of the occasion, was carving the meats, Mr. Fairbanks made a very appropriate address in response to one presented by Mr. Thornton on behalf of the employees. Later on, after some of the good things were disposed of, Mr. Mizner distinguished himself in an address to his guests of the evening. After complimenting one and all upon their competency and faithfulness, he took the occasion to impress upon their minds that unanimity among themselves and uniform courtesy extended to all patrons of the immense establishment, whether their purchase was for two bits or \$10,000, was the keynote to success; also that concentrated individual effort and fraternal feelings exhibited to all who do business with the A. C. Co. were what made friends for it, and that a continuance of the same would see wonderful possibilities in the future, which would redound to the their credit.

Mr. Mizner himself a man of broad gauge business principles and rare executive ability, by his concise and pertinent remarks stamped himself as a speaker of no mean attainment. At the conclusion of his speech he was cheered to the echo.

Mention should be made of the recitations given by Mr. Thornton, who knows how to entertain.

Messrs. Glenson and Crowell enlivened the occasion with sentimental songs and negro melodies. A mandolin and guitar club discoursed sweet music during the evening.

Every body who attended voted the occasion a perfect success in every respect.

Before the departure of the guests Mine Host Mizner assured them that this was only a forerunner of similar occasions in the future, as he wishes to cement the social feeling between the employees, than whom there is not a more efficient body of men in their line of business in any country. He also kindly gave orders not to open the establishment till 9 o'clock this morning, which was highly appreciated by all. Everyone reported for duty at the appointed hour and each one is proud in his praises of the management for the kind interest taken in his welfare.

One Humane Driver.

Editor Nugget:
Dear Sir—I have noticed with much interest the movement inaugurated by your paper concerning the formation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and would like, if you can allow me the space, to make a few suggestions.

I believe the movement is a good one and am heartily in favor of it if it is carried out on the proper lines, but I also recognize that it has large elements of danger in it, and if it is to do any good must be carried out by people capable of looking at the matter in a wholly dispassionate and common sense manner, and of leaving the matter of sentiment wholly out of the question.

The first thing the society will have to look after when it is formed, will be the ordinances at present governing such offenses as will come within the scope of its duties. Then new legislation must be procured which will entirely cover the field and conditions.

To do this successfully the society must look to it that its original aim and objects are kept constantly in sight, and in electing its officers and appointing its committees business men who have had experience and who are not sentimentalists are chosen.

DOG DRIVER.

THE O'BRIEN MURDER CASE

And What is Possibly Being Done To Clear It Up.

A Lost Witness Who, It is Said, is Being Searched For All Over The World.

From Saturday's Daily
George O'Brien, formally accused of the murder of Lynn Relfe, and, in the mind of the public at least, with making away with Clynson and Oleson, has been in jail nearly a year now, and there is little reason to suppose that he is any nearer being brought to trial than on the day of his arrival here from Tagish early last spring. Possibly a great deal has been done towards bringing the affair to a close; such is alleged to be the case by those whose position in affairs of state entitle them to some knowledge of the inside facts, but of course the public cannot be supposed to know the extent of this progress, as certainly no sign of it appears on the surface of things.

Officials are discreetly silent on the subject, saying merely that there are no new developments in the case. Herbert E. A. Robertson, attorney for the defense, is as much in the dark as anyone, only knowing that his client is in jail, being held there while the prosecution is doing something elsewhere, or waiting for something to develop.

Detective McGuire, who claimed to be a Pinkerton man, and who was for some time engaged in working on the case on the trail, at the supposed scene of the murders, and in Dawson, left for some indefinite point down the river, supposedly Nome, early in the season, when rumor said he was in search of a very important witness in the case, and not a great while after this another detective who had been connected with the case also drifted away to parts equally as mysterious.

That there is still at large a witness whose evidence the prosecution greatly desires is certain, because it is not denied that almost every known corner of the earth is being searched for him.

To many folk at least this gives the case a peculiar and interesting aspect, and the question which presents itself to their minds is, how long can O'Brien be held in jail without being brought to final trial.

There seems to be no answer to this question aside from the unsatisfactory one furnished by the echoes. The question also which presents itself with

almost equal force and persistency, is what must be the final outcome of the case if it should chance that the missing witness refuses ever to be discovered by the agents of the government? Such a climax to the present search is quite within the limits of possibility, as it is not by any means unprecedented in history that persons sought for have never been found, even when wanted by governments.

Meantime O'Brien is in jail, and whatever else may seem uncertain there seems no doubt whatever that he will stay there till whatever it is that the prosecution is after is found.

Samoa's Talking Man.

Samoa's talking man, or "tolafali," is a character. All the affairs of state of the village in which he holds office are carried upon his shoulders. In ordinary he is the chief adviser, persuader, convincer and restrainer of the leading chiefs.

Having the gift of eloquence, he makes the most of it. He enjoys immunity from many things. He cannot be spoken of in ordinary terms. If it should be necessary to speak of his eyes or his mouth or his limbs, special honorable words must be used, words which attach to him alone and have never been applied to the personal parts of ordinary men.

As he stands to deliver his soft, persuasive, mellifluous oratory, with staff thrown over his shoulder, any one can see that he is a man of great importance, or if this is not apparent from his attitude it may be gathered from the attention paid to his utterances by gray haired chiefs and by youths and maidens. If the talking man is a clever fellow and understands his business, he is the chief ruling power in his tribe, although the nominal headship is always vested in a chief or patriarchal figurehead.—Ex.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

No. 13 ELDOBORADO.—Creek claim No. 13, situated on Eldorado creek, in the Trondike mining division of the Dawson mining district, Y. T., plans of which are deposited in the office of the Gold Commissioner, at Dawson, Y. T., surveyed by C. W. S. Barwell, Dominion Land Surveyor. First published July 14, 1900.

HILLSIDE CLAIM.—Lower one half left limit No. 27 Gold Run creek, in the Indian River mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T., under No. 15063 by C. W. S. Barwell, D. L. S. First published October 14th, 1900.

WANTED.

WANTED—Man and wife of experience would like position as cook and helper on the creeks. Address C. F., this office p. 19.
WANTED—First class lady cook wishes position in town or on the creeks; experienced cook Apply Smith's restaurant next electric power house. p. 22

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Shepherd Leader. Reward for his return to Goetzman, the photographer. c. 23.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DENTISTS.

DR. HALLVARD LEE—Crown and bridge work. Gold, aluminum or rubber plates. All work guaranteed. Room 7, Aurora No. 2 Building.

LAWYERS.

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

ALEX. HOWDEN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, etc. Criminal and Mining Law. Room 21 A. C. Co's Office Block.

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.

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

TABOR & HUME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries, Public, Conveyancers. Telephone No. 48. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orphenum Building.

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

ASSAYERS.

JOHN B. WARDEN, F. I. C.—Assayer for Bank of British-North America. Gold dust melted and assayed. Assays made of quartz and black sand. Analyses of ores and coal.

MINING ENGINEERS.

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

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.

T. D. GREEN, B. Sc., Dominion Land Surveyor. McLennan, McFeely & Co.'s Block, Dawson.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Whitney & Pedlar

THE BRICK BUILDING ON SECOND AVE.

Bennett Whitehorse Dawson
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Complete Outfitting for the Mines. An Exceptionally Fine Line of Goods' Furnish ing Goods.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

S-Y.T. Co. HIGH GRADE GOODS.
Grass Seed
Timothy and Alsike Clover
Why not raise hay? More money in it than mining. Now is the time to put out seed.
S-Y. T. CO., Second Avenue.

The Royal Grocery
Is synonymous for square dealing and good groceries.
Specialties....
S. and W. Fruits, M. & J. Coffee, E. B. Elgin Butter, Lipton Teas, Pioneer Cream and Cheese.
... J. L. Cimmins

CASTINGS...
WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO MAKE ALL KINDS OF BRASS AND IRON CASTINGS.
McDONALD IRON WORKS
J. E. DOUGHERTY, MANAGER
Works, 4th St. opp. Government Telegraph Office. Office, 2nd Ave., near McDonald Hotel.

Bonanza - Market KEPT JUMPING....
All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.
TELEPHONE 33
Third Street, Odoeste PavilionDAWSON
Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.
Clarets, Ports, Sherries at Pioneer. crt
SHINDLER THE HARDWARE MAN
Got Another Jump Left For You!
Irish whiskies at The Pioneer. John Jameson & Son celebrated brand. crt
Furs of all kinds at Ladue Co. crt

A. E. Co. Interesting News to Miners A. E. Co.

Months ago preparations were begun to improve on past conditions during the closed season. Special effort was directed in securing to the miners of the Yukon the Very Best Goods at the Right Prices. More warehouse and store room added, warm storage increased and several departments opened during the season. Evidences that the objects striven for have been attained greet you at every turn in this,

Dawson's Mammoth Departmental Store

Machinery
There are many different opinions among mining men and engineers regarding the kind of machinery most suitable for use on the creeks, but all are unanimous in saying that there is no better machinery made than that carried by the A. E. Co.

Worthington Pumps
From 60,000 gallons per hour down. Boiler Feeders, Hoists, Boilers, Engines and Engineers' Supplies generally, Phillip's Rock Drills, for steam or compressed air, and Centrifugal Pumps.

Blankets and Robes
Dont's shiver in bed. We quote you heavy Grey and Blue Hudson Bay Blankets at less than mill prices. Fur Robes \$35.00 Up

Tobacco, Pipes, Cigars, Stationery and a full line of Drugs.

A GUARANTEE
To all, That Should Prove Particularly Interesting to Miners
Who have to pay large sums of money for freighting. First, we guarantee all our goods A-1; second, in any case where goods are not as represented they can be returned at our expense and the money refunded.

Boots, Shoes and Furnishings
Gold Seal Rubber Boots, Goodyear Pacs, Dolge Felt Shoes, Hudson Bay Moccasins, German Socks, Mitts, Underwear and Sweaters, Levi Strauss Overalls and Jumpers. In passing we wish to call special attention to our line of Scotch Wool Undershirts and Drawers' extra heavy. Matchless value at
\$4.00 Suit
Extra Heavy All Wool Sox
50c Pair

Clothing
Heavy Cheviot and Chinchilla Pea Jackets and Vests, Heavy Kersey Overcoats, fine Cloth Overcoats, fur lined, and Storm King Fur Coats, all at prices that appeal to economical buyers.

Assay Office
Our assay office is now in full operation, gold dust melted and refined, quartz assays, coal tests and all classes of analytical work by thoroughly competent chemists.

Groceries and Provisions
Ogilvie Flour, the best in the world. Cereals of all kinds. Kingan's Hams and Bacon, Swift's Lard, Lamont's Crystallized Eggs, Elgin, Crescent and Victor Butter. The celebrated Simcoe and Belleville Canned Fruits and Vegetables, California Dried Fruit, best Tea, Coffees and Spices in the world only carried.

Genuine Cane Sugar
The A. E. Co.'s brand Granulated and German Sliced Potatoes, and there are none better. Genuine Swiss Cheese, Limburger, Rocquefort, McLaren's Full Cream and Young American Cheese. Exclusive dealers in Armour's Canned Meats and Australian Mutton, and a line of table delicacies unexcelled in any part of the world.

A Word About Wines and Liquors
Mellow with age, in wood and glass, that brings dreams of happy recollections and in fancy we are young again.

ALASKA EXPLORATION COMPANY

Stoves and Hardware of All Descriptions. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FURS