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I. A. AIKMAN
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C. O'Neil

TELEPHONE
COMMUNICATION
77, A. F. & R. S.
asonic hall,
Monrovia, B. C.
R. H. P. M.
W. H. DONALD, 1887.

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RECEIVED BY WIRE.
DOMESTIC TROUBLES

Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—The main door in the historic Trinity Protestant Episcopal church near this city was opened yesterday for the first time since the revolutionary war. In the church records it is stated that General George Washington when encamped near the church issued orders that it was not to be invaded on any pretext and since that time the main door has always remained closed.

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RECEIVED BY WIRE.
DOOR WAS LONG CLOSED

George Washington's Orders Were Obedied.

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Actor Bittner Now Has Charge of the Auditorium.

Murray Eads has given up his lease of the Auditorium and the theatre has been taken over by W. W. Bittner, who has secured it until June 1, the new lease taking possession today. Mr. Bittner announces that there will be no change in the policy of the house and that in the future as in the past only the best and most acceptable of the standard plays will be produced. His company will be strengthened by the addition of several capable artists and will be the strongest and best aggregation of theatrical talent ever gotten together in this city. This week is being presented, "The Great Diamond Mystery," a play which at one time created a big sensation and enjoyed a long run in New York.

MURDERED A JUDGE

San Francisco, Nov. 25.—It has been learned here that Leorus Ferro, judge at Alamo, Lower California, was murdered by Pedro Morales, water outlaw.

MASTROUS STORM

New York, Nov. 25.—A storm here tonight resulted in damage to the city of fully \$1,000,000.

WISH PATRIOT DYING

Chicago, Nov. 25.—Martin Hogan, Irish patriot who was rescued from Vasserman's Land in 1869, is lying at a hospital in this city.

POUNCE ARRESTED

London, Nov. 25.—Dick 'Burge' the pugilist is under arrest charged with connection with the Liverpool bank robbery.

Kaiser's Generosity

New York, Nov. 25.—The Kaiser is presenting the famous German musical collection of casts to Harvard.

PATRIOT IS DEAD

Dick Burge Arrested for Being Miss in the Liverpool Bank Frauds.

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RECEIVED BY WIRE.
IS AFTER THE RAILROAD

Minnesota's Governor Will Fight the Big Combine.

St. Paul, Nov. 25.—Governor Van Sant is determined to fight the great railroad combine known as the "Four Hundred Million Syndicate." He has called an extra session of the state legislature to vote funds for carrying on the legal battle and if the appropriation is not made he will provide funds out of his own purse.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.
DECISIVE BATTLE

Is Anticipated Between Colombia Revolutionists and the Loyalists

PANAMA BOMBARDMENT THREATENED

The Natives Seeking Refuge on U. S. Gunboats

GOVERNMENT TROOPS ACTIVE

Two War Vessels Guard United States Interests While the Revolution is on.

Washington, Nov. 25.—It is anticipated that the decisive battle of the Colombia revolution is now in progress at Culebra, where the government troops are attacking the Liberals to prevent the bombardment of Panama. The government gunboat General Pinzon is landing troops at the north end of Colon and the people of Panama are seeking refuge on the gunboats Machias and Mexiela and on the railroads and piers. There is a great deal of commotion and much fighting being done on the railroads. The bombardment of Colon is now on. Both the warships Machias and Ionia have put troops ashore to protect United States interests. The U. S. has taken charge of the Isthmian transit.

FARRALON DAMAGED

To the Extent of \$10,000 by Going Ashore on Alaska Run.

Victoria, Nov. 25.—It is reported here today that on her last trip down from Skagway the Farralon went ashore, sustaining damage to the amount of \$10,000.

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CURLERS ARE PLEASED

With Prospect of Having a First-Class Rink.

The curlers of the city are delighted with the prospect of a rink and consequently some good sport this winter. They have been tendered the use of the N. C. warehouse on the water front as the only condition imposed being that it be returned to the company in the spring in the same shape that it is now received. The floor of the building will be sprinkled and allowed to freeze, then packed with snow over which a couple of inches of water will be pumped. The wetted snow is said to make tougher ice than any other. The rink will be ready for play within a week.

THERE IS NO MEAT CORNER

Manager of Pacific Cold Storage Company Denys Rumor.

Manager of Pacific Cold Storage Company Denys Rumor.

COURT IN CHAMBERS

Justice Dug's Makes a Number of Rulings.

Mr. Justice Dugas sat in chambers today rendering several decisions and hearing a number of motions. Judgment was handed down on the motion argued last Monday for a continuance of the injunction in the case of Eads vs. Jackson. His lordship sustained the motion and the restraining order will continue in force until the trial of the cause. The controversy is over the possession of the Orpheum theater. So far Eads has won hands down.

HE TOOK A SHAVE

Jessup Removed His Mustache at Halfway House.

The attempt of both the morning and evening editions of our esteemed contemporary to cast a shadow of doubt over the identification of E. E. Jessup by the proprietor of the Sixteenmile road house and the Halfway roadhouse, by a slight juggling of the real truth, is simply in keeping with its former policy of attempting to discredit the evidence of his departure down the river as published exclusively in the Nugget.

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W. D. BRUCE

OR HEUM BLDG.

Fire and Life Insurance

Money to Loan.

IN SUMS FROM \$500 UPWARD.

DAWSON TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.

FREIGHTS

DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS

DOUBLE SERVICE

Stages Leave Dawson 7:30 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Stages Leave Grand Forks 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Office Phone 4 Stable 7 Grand Forks 24

Revolutionary Leaders

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Oct. 19.—Several Venezuelan revolutionary leaders including Generals Prinscuela and Pedro Bucarue have left Trinidad in a vessel to land in the State of Bermudez, Venezuela, and join a revolutionary force. The leaders were accompanied by eighty followers who were well provided with arms and ammunition. It is the plan of the revolutionists to march to Barcelona.

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Fight Was Stopped

St. Louis, Oct. 21.—The police stopped the 15-round go between Marty Duffy of Chicago, and Davey of Canada, at the West End Club tonight in the fourth round, when the Canadian was irrationally beaten. Barry was outlasted throughout.

Hide and Seek

Philadelphia, Oct. 19.—An association to be known as "The Free Hide League of the United States," embracing the shoe, harness and leather interests of the country, was organized here today at a meeting held in the house. It will advocate the placing of hides on the free list or reciprocity treaties that will admit hides from South American countries.

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The Ladue Assay Office

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

The Weather

The official record for the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning was: Minimum 1.5 below zero, maximum 5 above zero.

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The Ladue Co.

The Finest House in Dawson All Modern Improvements.

R. J. MORGAN J. F. MACDONALD

EMPIRE HOTEL

The Finest House in Dawson All Modern Improvements.

R. J. MORGAN J. F. MACDONALD

Your Choice for \$1.00.

We are exhibiting a nice lot of Useful and Ornamental Ware

In our window at cut prices consisting of Decanters, Oval Sets, Cups and Saucers, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, Tobacco Pots, Jardiniers, Lamps, China Salads, Bisque Figures, Bric-a-Brac, Etc., for a Few Days.

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED

Ames Mercantile Co.

Men's Fine Gloves...

For Street, Driving and Dress made by the best manufacturers, in Kid, Mocha, Reindeer, Castor and English Hosiery Unlined, Silk Lined and Lamb Lined. Regular Price \$5.00. SPECIAL SALE

Price Per Pair, \$3.00

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

The Klondike Nugget

Published for the Proprietors by **GEORGE M. ALLEN**, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily	
Yearly, in advance	\$10.00
For 6 months in advance	\$5.00
Single copies	25
Semi-Weekly	
Yearly, in advance	\$20.00
For 6 months in advance	\$12.00
Single copies	6.00
Per month, by carrier in city	
in advance	2.00
Single copies	50

NOTE.
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 Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Hoonah, Livak, Loomis, Gold, Idin, Sulphur, Quarta and Canyon.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

MUST YIELD.

Further details have arrived in connection with the government's attitude toward the White Pass Railway, making the situation even more favorable to the interests of the community than was at first supposed. Not only have the rates submitted to the government been summarily refused acceptance but the railroad company has been ordered to prepare a new schedule in which the rates must be cut down at least fifty per cent.

THE ANSWER.

The answer of the company to the demands of the government has not as yet been heard, but it is doubtless within the bounds of probability to conclude that the management of the road will exercise sufficient judgment to comply with the requirements of the government without any further urging. It is stated in the dispatches that suits for recovery of the extortionate rates charged by the company may be brought, with every prospect of success, and if there is long-continued delay on the part of the company in conforming to the demands of the government, it may be anticipated that test cases will be brought to determine the legality of the past policy of the railroad.

There can be no doubt as to the earnestness with which the government has applied itself to a settlement of the freight rate question. The manner in which the position of the minister of railways has been defined in the premises leaves no question as to his sincerity. The railroad's policy of extortion and exaction, little better than a career of veritable highway robbery, has brought the attention of the whole Dominion of Canada to the matter, and that having been accomplished the balance of the fight will be comparatively easy.

Public opinion has been raised to a high pitch of indignation against the manifold wrongs which have been heaped upon this community by the railroad company and public opinion will bring it to pass that the railroad must yield.

FALSE FIGURES.

Our contemporary, the News, which during the past five months has posed before the community as the defender and apologist of the White Pass Railway, has come forward with more mis-statements with which it is attempting to bolster up the case of its client.

In a recent issue the News came forward with the statement that the rate charged by the White Pass route from Skagway to Whitehorse ranged in the neighborhood of \$40 per ton.

The absurdity and falsity of this statement should be apparent on its face, without resort to actual figures.

As a matter of fact, however, we will inform our contemporary that the average rate charged by the railroad company for delivery of freight from Skagway to Whitehorse will run about \$75 per ton and in many classes of goods the rate runs over 4 cents per lb.

If the facts were as stated by the News, it would be possible under the present rates to land freight in Dawson for a fraction of its present cost. The opposition boats which ran all summer long between Whitehorse and Dawson, clamored for freight at \$30 and \$25 per ton and the rates they received during the summer would average around those figures.

Had the White Pass road made a

rate of \$40 to Whitehorse the problem would have been easy of solution, but the simple fact is the case is that no such rate has ever been made. What the News expects to accomplish by thus falsifying and misrepresenting the situation is beyond our power to see. Such statements do not deceive any one and moreover will not accomplish anything in behalf of the railroad which the News has so strenuously but unsuccessfully championed.

FULLY SUSTAINED.

The termination of the Jessup mystery as explained in the Saturday issue of the Nugget bears out in every particular the theory brought forward by this paper in explanation of the missing man's disappearance.

Every effort was made by evasive contemporaries to discredit the documents which the Nugget succeeded in discovering and which bore the signature of Jessup. The signatures the Nugget pronounced to be genuine in every particular and that position has been entirely borne out by the developments in the case.

The police have verified Jessup's appearance at the 16-mile road house, the fact that he gave the papers in question to the road house keeper has been entirely substantiated and the further truth brought out that he afterwards proceeded down the river in a small boat. All the information bearing on the case was published in this paper three days ahead of all contemporaries, and when they finally gave attention to the matter it was for the exclusive purpose of endeavoring to disprove the Nugget's exclusive reports of the case.

The facts have developed exactly as first set forth in this paper, which is extremely gratifying. The Nugget has a way of sustaining any position it may assume, and its success in connection with the Jessup case is no exception to the rule.

They're Still at It.

"Now, then," said the exchange editor, looking at him out of the corner of his eye, "What's the difference between an acrobat?"

"And a caricaturist? One's a gymnast and the other's a Tom Nast."

"Why is a dramatic criticism?"

"Roast Ham. What's the difference between a late winter vegetable and a cup of tea?"

"One is a parsnip and the other is ma's nip. When is a corn?"

"Like a harness? When it's on the cob."

"Why is a pedestrian in a muddy street?"

"Needs a brougham. Why was St. Patrick like Noah's ark? Settled down in higher land."

"Arrats! Why does a cake walk?"

"Tries to keep up when the icing runs. What does an elephant do to pass away the time?"

"Buck the tiger?"

"No; he reads the jungle book."

"He ought to be packing his ivory in his trunk. What's the difference between a building lot?"

"And a giant at a dinner party? One's legged and the other's a circus. Worst ever. Why is a big in a tornado?"

"Like calling a bluff? Show down. Hey, Rube? How does a dutch girl like her apples?"

"In Zuyder, Zee? Why is an order for steak?"

"Little girl holding a seance? Small medium. Who was the first person singular?"

"The original Odd Fellow. Why is a mattress?"

"Shucks! Why is a headman's block?"

"Oh chase yourself around it!"

Then the war editor interfered and succeeded, after a protracted effort, in restoring peace between the two. Chicago Tribune.

Sliding to Happiness.

Old Lady—And as you expect to get married when you grow up?

Little Girl—Of course. Every-body gets married. I won't say "no" like ANY LADY did and be an old maid.

Old Lady—Perhaps you won't like those who ask you?

"Oh, yes, I will. I feel sure that when a real nice little boy—I mean man—comes to ask me to get married I'll be so happy I won't wait to run down stairs to meet him. I'll just slide down the balusters."—Ex.

The Down-Trodden Male.

We busted in Ailin, to Dawson we mush. And heed not the cold, the ice or the slush; The "cops" are astir, our poke's dwindled low.

Through our torn ragged garments the zephyrs doth blow. Up, comrades, up, we must soon hit the trail.

For they're waiting at Tagish to put us in jail. Now we're off with a rush; our noses are blue.

And we all have thoughts of a Mulligan stew— Yet into the morning our gang hobbles fast.

While "cusses" and "side-gull" around us they cast, For over the ice we must go without fail.

Or they'll take us as vagrants to "Tagish Old Jail."

Colder and colder the frosty air grows; Firmer and firmer the zephyr it blows.

Mush on, my "hearties," we're making it fine— Get a move on my "dovie's," Oh why should we whine?

Fulfilling the Wishes of the Dead.

Old Lord Forgie, the Scotch judge, died in 1777. Clerk, who attended his lordship to the last, calling on his patient the day he died, was admitted by the judge's old servant and clerk, David Reid.

"How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor. "I hope he's well," responded the old man, whose voice and manner explained his meaning.

With tears streaming down his face he conducted Dr. Clerk into a room where there were two dozen bottles of wine underneath a table.

Other gentlemen presently arrived, and, having partaken of a glass or two of wine they listened to David's account of his master's last hours.

"No, no, gentlemen; not so," said the old factotum. "It was the expressed wish of the deceased that I should fill ye 't four, and I mean fulfill the will o' the dead."

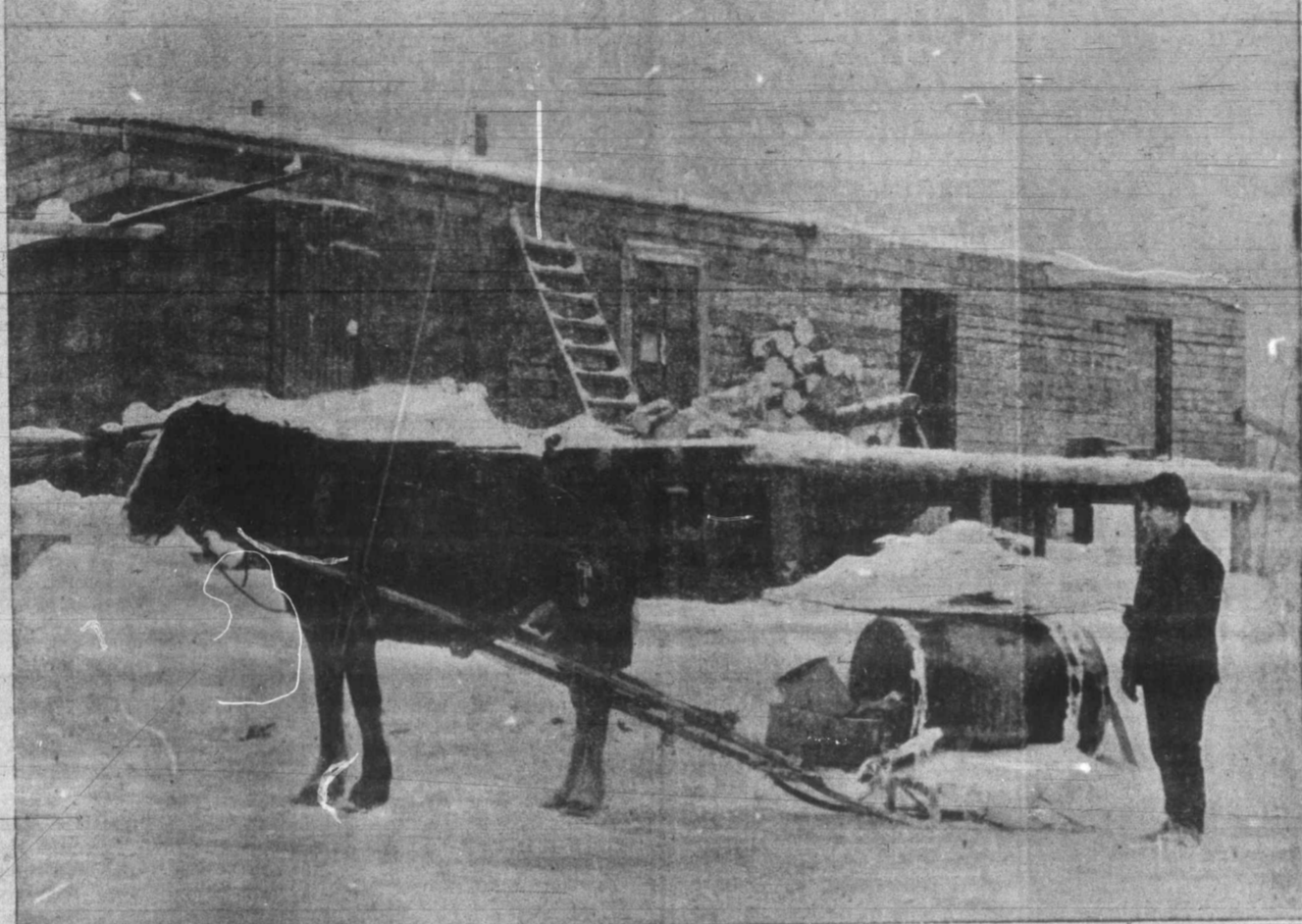
Dr. Clerk used to add when relating the story, "And indeed he did fulfill the will o' the dead, for before the end o' there was he ane of us able to bite his ain thumb!"—Ex.

Butter & Side Up.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clockmaker of Concord, N. H., delighted to tell re-

Girl Life in France.

"The programme of what a French girl may or may not do is drawn up very precisely," declares Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc) in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.' "Unless she is poor and has to earn her own living she never goes out alone. The company of a friend of her own age would not be sufficient to chaperon her. It is an established rule that novel reading is a rare exception. She is entirely subject to her parents' will in the mat-



DAWSON WATER SYSTEM, 1899.

With shoutings of joy Dawson City we'll hail. And leave far behind us "Post Tagish and Jail."

The gloomy dark night is closing around. But hark! on the stillness, what means that harsh sound?

"Tis a sled-runner's screech—now my "hearties" lie low."

"Tis a convoy of "cops" coming over the snow. A stiff upper lip, let your courage not fail.

They never shall haul us to "Tagish Post Jail."

They're dogs give a bark, now they spot us we know. And blindly we dash off the trail thro' the snow.

A leathery thigh cuts a chunk from my pants, And a "coop" on my shoulder his claw implants.

A wail warden turns—his disconsolate face.

"In the name of the King" let us take you to jail.

"Cop" passes "coop," and our breath grows short, "Oh, colley's on," we must not be caught!

Glad-hands are waiting to greet us inside. Dawson's charmed circle our boast and our pride.

Through trackless white snow we break a new trail— They'll soon have to quit, they've the up-river mail.

While after mile finds our feet, The God of the hobo's a hard one to beat.

For the trail is unbroken, the ice is rough packed,

ter of reading. And if she asks to see anything at the theatre except a classical masterpiece or an opera they will tell her that such a thing is not considered proper, feeling sure of her silent submission. After she is 15 years old she is generally allowed to be in the drawing room on her mother's reception days, but must keep to the modest and secondary place assigned her—pouring the tea and presenting it, courtesying to her elders, answering when spoken to in short, undergoing her apprenticeship. She has but few jewels and under no pretext any diamonds. Custom does not permit her to wear costly things, nor does it give her the right, in general, to have a money allowance worth speaking of for her personal use. She receives a trifling sum for charity, her books and gloves. A young girl never takes the lead in conversation, but always allows the married lady the precedence, and she finds it quite natural to occupy the background.

related to the youth of Daniel Webster. "One day," said the old man, "while I was taking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and curly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter.

"I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side of course was down. He looked at it a moment, then he picked it up and showed it to me, saying:

"'What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides, then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up.'"

an army of Arabs against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, six fowls and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tayet.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well vouched. Louis XIV could hardly boast of an appetite as ravenous as Soliman's, but he would eat at a sitting four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry and finish with fruit and sweetmeats.—Ex

Anglo-American Commercial Co.

Wholesale and Retail. King Street, Block Building. Opposite N. C. Co.

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Wholesale and Retail. King Street, Block Building. Opposite N. C. Co.

Happy Times Coming

We offer finely made up-to-date Dress Suits **\$32.50**

Other Dressy Clothes Proportionately Low.

A Celebrated Roman Eater.

Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and the historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief. Gibbon tells of Soliman, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of indigestion in his camp near Chalkis, in Syria, just as he was about to lead

AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM
O. D. SAVOY

W. W. Bittner
Standard Stock Company.
Curtain Rises Promptly at 8:00 O'Clock.

TONIGHT!
AND ALL WEEK.
ADMISSION
50c - \$1.00 - \$1.50
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THE GREAT DIAMOND MYSTERY
EVERY NIGHT IS FAMILY NIGHT

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Cnr King and 3rd Aves. DAWSON

Rock of Ages.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"
Thoughtfully the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue,
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June
Fell the words as light leaves down
On the current of the tune—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."
"Twas a woman sung them now,
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"
Lips grown old, sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and as grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Trembling through the voice and low
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have pressed—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid,
Underneath lay restfully
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Never more a storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billows' roll,
Wilt thou ever need to hide,
Could the slightest sunken eye
Closed beneath the soft white hair—
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, eye still, the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in thee."

"Which of Your Eyes Cries."
It seems a positively absurd question to ask, "Which of your eyes cries?"

In an everyday, common or garden cry it is well known that salt tears make their appearance and rush away down the face seemingly as fast as you can see them, whichever the "other" may be, but if careful note is made, more especially with emotional people, it will be found that of the eyes has a special emotional tendency and often opens the tear valve before its companion has decided upon the unhappy event.

Probably the best method of discovering the emotional eye is to attend a pathetic stage play and when the weeping period comes along look out for tear No. 1.

The writer attended such a piece recently and was somewhat astonished to find that all his grief came from the right eye.

Whether the solution to the problem is to be found in the fact that he was leaning on his right arm must and can only be decided by an expert.

Domestic Economy.
Madam—Poor Fido, he was such a nice dog! I am so sorry he died.

Bridget—So am I, mom. Many's the plate he saved me washing—Haltimort World.

"Shoff, the Dawson dog doctor, Pioneer drug store.

Jupiter and Ten

A very ignorant and wealthy woman who was fond of talking about her "art gallery" one day met at the house of an acquaintance a lady who had not called on her, although they lived in the same town.

"Come and see me, do," said Mrs. B., the patron of art, as the other lady was taking her leave.

"Thank you very much," was the noncommittal reply.

"We've got a new picture, too. That ought to tempt you to come, if I can't."

"I should be very glad indeed to see it."

"Such a lovely picture! Sometimes it seems to me I could look at it all day long."

"What is the subject of your picture, Mrs. B.?" inquired the hostess.

"Jupiter and Ten," was the reply.

"It was 'Jupiter and Ten'—Ex."

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But with a cigar smoker in D when you're smoking the quality of our CIGARS

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MANY OLD FAMILY

Regarding the Man of Good and W...

Have Been Transmitted From to Generation, E c...

Lambert of the Original...

only tucked his telegram...

...and he had come to...

...to a really "faith without..."

...company was not...

...more than poor, being...

...he did not dare to...

...and numbered...

...had almost...

...Although he had...

...the little strip of foot...

...company had never...

...willing to raise the...

...the first payment and the...

...works necessary for the...

...most, and he had come to...

...of a really "faith without..."

...This company was not...

...more than poor, being...

...he did not dare to...

...and numbered...

...had almost...

...Although he had...

...the little strip of foot...

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...Although he had...

...the little strip of foot...

...company had never...

...willing to raise the...

...the first payment and the...

OLD FAMILY SECRETS

Regarding the Manufacture of Good and Wares.

Have Been Transmitted From Generation to Generation, E. C. In Its Turn Blooming Rich.

Lambert of the Original Oil Oligarchy tucked his telegram into his pocket with a loving little pat. This was the moment he had been waiting and living for all these years. "Veterinary daffodil links," he said, and translated by his private code, it meant he was to go to the whole tract and draw the company for the first payment. The burning August sun beat relentlessly upon his unaccustomed head. He took on the hue of the road, and his eyes were blinded and his ears scorched by the heat, but so absorbed was he in the schemes that he forgot to fume because of his discomfort. He chuckled gleefully to himself notwithstanding the act in the breathing of a mouthful of county dust, for this was the day he had almost despaired of seeing. Although he had never for a moment lost faith in the richness of the strip of foothill country, money had never until now been willing to raise the money for the first payment and the erection of the works necessary for its development, and he had come to realize that a verity "faith without works is dead."

His company was not rich, Lambert, the least stockholder, was more than poor, being heels over head in debt. There were plenty of people he did not dare to meet because of overdue notes, several clubs could not go near on account of deepest dues and numberless underestimates who made his life a hell. But in the success of this day he saw the end of all his troubles. He leered around the little hotel he had curiously as he drove up the hill at his feet as he made his way into the office, for such a moment was not often seen in that part of the country. Lambert pushed his way through the crowd without giving them a drink champagne to his first fortunes as the uncoiled trunked down his dusty throat. The maze of Johnson of the Mammoth mineral monopoly on the register made him open his eyes a trifle.

Of course there was no reason Johnson should not be there if these were a coldness between the members of the two companies, especially between Johnson and himself. The county records showed the title had been vested in one Antonio Lopez, so early the next day Lambert started out to find the man who owned the county and the waste of brown stubble and the directions he had received the hotel became confused. No one seemed to know anything definite about the distance, and it had been usually at from "about 15 mile."

After following for several hours a road that seemed to have no one who might inquire the way, the first sign of life that came in the distance was the figure of a woman who Lambert near enough to address her, tucked her skirts into her boots and sealed the four rattled wheels, as neatly as a boy might have done. Then, looking over her shoulder toward the dust crowd down the hill, she slipped behind a boulder and waited for the wheels to pass.

She had enveloped her in a blinding white shawl that was thought of as the smart trap was thought of with a clanking of chains of her mountings. "Do you tell me whether or not the road to the Lopez place?" Lambert asked. "You mean the Lopez place?" "Yes, the Lopez place. Perhaps you will be so good as direct me to it," Lambert continued.

"Answered the girl. "It's over there." Lambert followed, while the man over the girl's head at the station of desolation epitomized prospect before him—the tumbledown fences, the unpainted, half-rotted house, the rickety outbuildings at the forlorn little figure behind the boulder. His eyes sought the further information, but the girl closed down over her features the shell of an oyster. "Perhaps you are Miss Lopez," he ventured, "the mistress to the Lopez place?"

"Returned the bonnet, "I'm Miss Lopez. My folks are dead, and I have no one left but me. Tell me, what's the name of that place? That's all." "Was evident, Lambert told him that she followed the girl to the fact that the purchase would be a matter, for she certainly had no right to the value of her scarred acres. "Her reputation was that she had been with women," whatever that meant, but certain it is that when she looked straight out and her eyes looked straight out of her eyes, Lambert looked straight out at her. "What's the name of that place?" Lambert asked.

And many a wiser girl than Tony might tell you so. Perhaps that was the reason she stammered and blushed slipping her chinela on and off at the heel in embarrassment, when he said, "Have you ever thought of selling your property, Miss Lopez?"

Miss Lopez, to his surprise, he found non-committal to the last degree. All his cross questioning elicited nothing more than a laconic "Nope." Then Lambert deliberately trained his gray eyes upon her and smiled down into her little freckled face, with the result that she told him the whole story.

"Ye gods!" he ejaculated inwardly as she explained that Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly had made her an offer at a figure that the Original Oil oligarchy could never touch, much less outbid. So this was not his own exclusive scheme, after all! The new debts he had incurred on the strength of his prospects arose before him as he stared blankly at the wall. Johnson's company was rich, backed by substantial business men, while his was worse than poor, its heaviest stockholder a miserably spendthrift up to his ears in debt, his one hope now shattered by Johnson's eagerness to get the land was only another proof of its value. He must have it, he simply had to have it, and he would have it, he was saying to himself, while Tony, her tongue once loosened, babbled on, telling him the terms of Johnson's proposition and ending by saying he had pledged her to secrecy as to his part in it.

Lambert smoked long and furiously that night over this new phase of his difficult and as the smoke wreaths grew denser they evolved the vision of a rosy girl, with laughing eyes, who had promised to share his fortunes, however great they might be; Tony's little freckled face, he remembered, always beamed with pleasure from the depth of her bonnet when she saw him, and Tony, with a rich oil well back of her, and foreign travel, private tutors, Paris gowns, might in time become like other people, but here the laughing blue eyes arose through the smoke wreaths to mock him. He drew the difference between this lovely creature, the finished product of care and cultivation, and the little Mexican what-her-name slipping her chinela on and off at the heel as she talked to him. Still, Tony was a good little thing, she was slim and straight, and if she could be induced not to tog herself out in such outlandish colors she might be almost pretty, he mused. Then he stopped short and laughed at himself decisively. What could it matter to him whether she were pretty or not?

Tony was waiting for him the next time his trap clattered down the dusty road. She had that confiding manner that is so flattering to a man who knows the weakness of his strength. Johnson, she told him, had raised his offer for the whole tract, several thousand rocks, unproductive acres, Lambert groaned. He had to have it; there was no choice, so, with the figure of Johnson's offer staring him in the face, the prospect of bankruptcy pursuing him from behind and the only means of obtaining the prospective millions walking close beside him, blue eyes were forgotten and he did it.

It was quickly said. Then he kissed her blushing cheeks, and the coveted land was his—and Tony. He had discreetly refrained from saying anything more about her property after hearing Johnson's offer, so she did not know he cared anything about it, and there was no doubt as to his sincerity in her simple little heart.

Johnson was the first man Lambert met when he went back to the hotel. He made a strained effort to be affable, and Lambert, who could afford now to be generous, pitied him for the disappointment in store for him and tried to outdo him in forced friendliness. They walked up to the bay like two old friends, and Lambert proposed a toast to "success." Each man drank deep to himself, eyeing the other commissarily for the shock he was about to receive.

Tony was evidently a good little thing, although Lambert regarded her merely as his means of escape from insolvency, and his only feeling for her was a vague sort of gratitude. She loved him by the absent devotion she lavished upon him. Once, however, it had really touched him, when she had said, "For you there is nothing in the world I would not gladly sacrifice."

But he had only said: "Yes, yes, that's a good girl; but you shouldn't wear bright pink. It is not becoming." Lambert's success went to his head and made him long to throw his arms around the neck of the world and treat. He spent money with a princely lavishness, and Johnson came in for all his share. And Tony too, was happy. She went about with a suppressed mirthfulness in her eyes, as if she had a secret source of happiness nobody but herself knew—and, indeed, was the case.

And so they were married. The little bride was decked out in shimmering white, but in all the gaudy colors her primitive soul loved—a gorgeous yellow gown with variegated turles and red ribbons. Lambert ordered if she would slip them on and on at the bed during the ceremony. But nothing could ruffle his serenity; he looked his animated rainbow over in good natured amusement—she would soon be wearing Paris gowns, her tawdry finery left behind. As soon as he could bring the sub-

ject up he said, as if he had not thought it all out weeks before: "If you would rather, deed this ranch over to me to save you the trouble of looking after it, I suppose I could attend to it. You know your are of age now and can do as you like!"

But Tony, the glow of pride still in her heart from the conscious success of her wedding gown, looked up and answered sweetly. "Did I not tell you there was no sacrifice I would not gladly make for you?" "What?" cried Lambert. "What are you saying?"

"I could not think of letting you go as ashamed of my clothes among your fine friends, so I have made a surprise for you." She glanced up archly, expecting the approbation her surprise deserved. "I know you don't care for the money, because you are so rich yourself!"

"What are you saying? Are you crazy? Say, quick, what have you done?" shrieked the "happy bridegroom."

"Why, I sold my ranch to Mr. Johnson," she explained, while her eyes widened in childlike wonder. "That cleared off the mortgage and bought all my beautiful wedding

clothes, and, oh, I have got trunks full of the sweetest things!"—Argonaut.

A Study in Poker. One journalist who is an expert in practical psychology walked a couple of squares with a member of the cabinet trying to elicit an expression of opinion on a certain matter of moment. The secretary's lips were firmly closed as low water so far as the desired "last word" was concerned or even a hint of the situation. He was not so completely self-contained, however, that his actions and manner were inscrutable. The reporter hazarded a guess founded on his impressions and wired the result to his paper. The next day the secretary met him and said: "How did you get that information Mr. —?" "From you, sir," said the reporter, smiling.

"From me, sir," said the secretary. "I never said a word." "That is so," replied the correspondent, "but you acted it." "Well, you were wrong in some things, anyhow. Still I think I had to take a course of congressional poker playing until I can disguise my thoughts."

"Such people are the easiest of all to read." "And how do you do it?" "Why, you read their hands by reversing their expression. The man who seems to bet on an ace will probably hold a bottai flush, and the disconsolate surveyor of a probability bottai flush is likely laying for you with the ace full, and there you are. There is always some way to figure it out."—Washington Star.

HE MARRIED HER FOR LAND

And Thought That by Doing It He Was Making a Stake.

Later He Hears She Had Sold Her Land to His Rival and Bought Him a Wedding Finery With the Money.

That silence is golden no one will deny, but they who will most readily admit the truth of this maxim are the members of those families whose silence, lasting in some cases for centuries, has brought them untold wealth. And the most curious part of it is that outsiders, try as they will, have been unable to discover the secrets these lucky families possess.

Few people know where the Bank of England note paper comes from, and fewer still how it is made, because its manufacture is a family secret, and has been so for nearly two centuries. In 1717 a man named Portal discovered how to make this paper, and the government thereupon contracted

with him to supply all that was required for bank notes. The contract still holds good, and once a week a quantity is sent from Laverstock in Hampshire, where the family still exists. The paper, being guarded by a journey. No one has yet succeeded in discovering how the Portals make the paper, and probably never will.

Minton was another family monopoly, though unprotected by the patents act. In 1793 Thomas Minton, a Staffordshire potter, discovered how to make a peculiar china with a green glaze unlike any other in vogue. He kept his secret to himself, made the ware by stealth, and in due time accumulated a fortune.

Sword forging is one of the most difficult branches of the mechanic's art, and only one family, residing in Birmingham, knows how to do it to perfection. There is a secret in sword forging which this family alone has conquered, and it has been in their possession for upwards of half a century and is still unknown to outsiders. A sword made by a workman belonging to this family is worth twice as much as one made by any other firm, and although enormous sums have been offered for the secret, yet the member remains true to his just.

One of the oldest family secrets is that connected with the manufacture of eau-de-cologne, for it has been used by the Farnas since 1685. In that year an Italian, Giovanni Farnas, invented the perfume, and only his eldest son was admitted into the secret. At the present moment the Farnas have 24 factories at Cologne. This silence on the part of the family through so many years has brought untold wealth, for nine out of every ten bottles of the perfume purchased all over the world is of Farnas make. It seems hard to believe that the English are indebted to one family for our supremacy on the seas, but such is the case. All the iron used in the navy is made by the family of Crawshaw, the descendants of a Yorkshire farmer, who discovered a method of making the metal harder than anyone else could do, and in consequence received a contract to supply the iron for the navy. The secret still remains with the family, and for good reason, for periodically offered millions for its possession, but without success.

In the wine trade there are endless secrets, some of them of great importance and owned by single families. Tokay, a rare and costly wine and the favorite drink of the emperor of Austria, is made only by the counts Zemplen from a secret recipe,

ward and uncomfortable. Whatever peculiarities of gait a woman has are accentuated when she is self-conscious. The funny little fat woman puffs fussy along with shorter steps than usual; the long girl strides with longer and quicker steps, and the pretty girl who is trying to look absolutely natural seems to be walking on peg legs. Some one should get out a receipt for walking—something on the order of how to be natural though self-conscious. The woman who can look natural when she is thinking of herself is an artist. Women who go on the stage study a proper walk, and it would be well for women in private life to do the same. It is quite important. AGGGGGGGGG It is quite as important an art as the painting or music a woman takes up as a part of her education. —New York Times.

Curious Vienna Law.

They have curious laws in Vienna and enforce them too. Recently Marie Friedl and Felix Kopsstein, aged 15 and 13 years respectively, were walking along a street in the Austrian capital when they came across an old woman staggering along under the weight of a heavy package. Moved by pity, they offered to carry it for the old woman, a proposition to which she readily acceded. The kind-hearted children had not gone far before they were arrested by a policeman for carrying parcels without a license. The children were taken to a police station, where the officer in charge lectured them upon the enormity of their offense. They were kept under arrest for six hours and then released with a warning.

It seems that there is a corps of "messengers" in Vienna to which a municipal statute grants the exclusive right of "carrying" inside the city. The boy and girl had violated the law by carrying the old woman's burden, and under such an interpretation of the statute a man who carries a package for a woman with whom he is walking may be run in by the best policeman who sees him.

When She Waiks. It is interesting to sit in a large window overlooking the street, watch the women who pass and notice their peculiarities of gait. It is a fact that men as a rule walk more easily than women, but every woman has more or less of an "I know every one is looking at me" gait in passing a window. A skirt is a hindrance to an easy walk. In the house a long skirt is the most satisfactory. If it angles well, it is a delight to the average woman. It gives her a feeling of dignity, and its comfortable weight dragging behind puts into her bearing a certain self reliance that she may not have at other times. Some women do not like to walk in short skirts, and they do so with more freedom if they are not self-conscious. To walk well any skirt must hang properly. If it is not well cut, the folds swing to one side or the other in walking in a way which makes the wearer awk-

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store

and the equally famous Lachrymae Christi cannot be procured except from the family of Adrienne, the owners of the vineyards on Vesuvius. Maraschino, too, is made in secret solely by a Dalmatian family called Nanis, who first discovered the recipe three centuries ago.

The Way the Boy Put It. Different sermons may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each of them. "Here is an account," said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, "of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed in after him and succeeded in pulling him out."

"There," said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her 10-year-old son, "that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water!"

"Why, mother," said the boy in sorrowful astonishment, "I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe it'd be wherever I went if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!"

Mr. Morse coughed and became disconcerted absorbed in the quotations of mining stocks.

Awful Affliction. Junior Partner—I received a note from our book-keeper this morning saying that he wouldn't be able to come to work for several days.

Senior Partner—What's the matter with the man? Junior Partner—His wife has been cutting his hair.

The Case. "Gentlemen of the jury," cried the counsel for the defendant, "if there ever was a case which in any case must be carefully compared with other cases this case is that case."

"Which case?" asked the puzzled judge.

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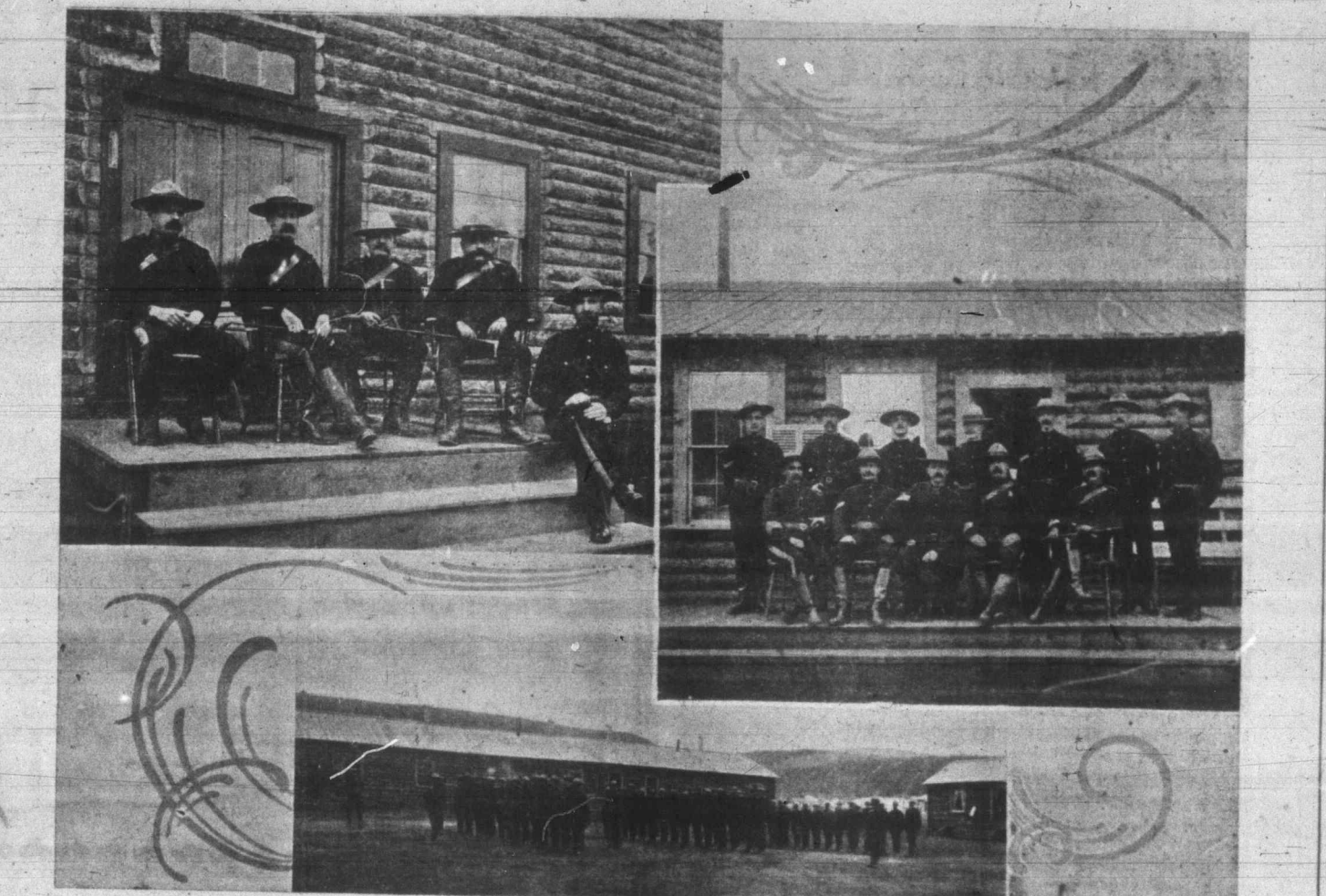
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BANQUET TO LOCAL SCRIBES

Newspaper Men Enjoy the Hospitality of Mine Host Wilson.

Splendid Menu Served to Which Ample Justice Was Done—A Press Club Formed.

Mine host Wilson of the Regina hotel tendered a banquet to the newspaper men of Dawson last evening, which event will linger long in the memory of those who attended.

The banquet began promptly at 7 o'clock, and it required just five hours to enable the guests to do justice to the entertainment.

Col. Donald McGregor, who is chairman of the public relations, presided over the feast and acquitted himself in a most acceptable manner.

It required three hours of steady attention to business before the quill manipulators were in a condition to do much talking, but at the end of that time the flow of soul along with the bubble of champagne began and continued uninterruptedly until the close of the proceedings.

Full care and the direction of national policies were alike laid aside for the time being and all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell.

At the conclusion of the supper it was unanimously resolved that a press club should be formed similar to the clubs which flourish in all metropolitan centers.

Officers for the club were elected as follows: President, E. J. Fitzpatrick; Vice President, W. A. Beddoe; Secretary, E. J. White; Treasurer, L. C. Branson.

Messrs. Wilson and Col. McGregor were elected as honorary members and Commissioner Ross was elected to the office of Honorary President.

Volume might be written of the wit and humor which sointillated around the festive board, but as newspaper men are traditionally opposed to anything approaching publicity such details will be withheld.

It is sufficient to say that the event was replete with pleasure and enjoyment to all who participated, and the vote of thanks to Mine Host Wilson, which brought the banquet to a termination, was given with a heartiness.

and vim which left no doubt of that gentleman's popularity with the newspaper fraternity.

The menu served was as follows:— "Eat, Drink and Be Merry."

- Fresh Oysters, Raw. Cold Slaw. Olives. Baked White Fish. Persian Brown Potatoes. Cresta Bianco Lanterne. Tenderloin of Beef, Mushrooms. Fresh Celery. French Peas. St. Julien Claret. Apple Salad a la Waldorf Astoria. Roast Turkey, Sage Dressing. Broiled Grouse on Toast. Mashed Potatoes. Asparagus. Native Radishes. Claret. French Pancake. Pineapple Ice Cream. Lady Fingers. Angel Cake. Champagne. Nuts. Cheese. Crackers. Coffee. Cigars.

The guests were—George M. Allen, E. J. Fitzpatrick, W. A. Beddoe, E. J. White, A. V. Buel, W. P. Allen, Weston Coyne, A. F. George, E. C. Stahl, J. Harmon Caskey, L. C. Branson, Col. Macgregor, Mine Host J. W. Wilson.

Strikes in Russia

The Russian method of dealing with strikes is illustrated by a proclamation issued at New Chang, Manchuria.

The Times correspondent at Shanghai reports the proclamation as an instance of Russian aggression in Manchuria, and states that he has been most careful to verify the translation. The proclamation deals with a strike for higher wages among employees of the oil factories, under the leadership of a certain Wu Wantze.

"Now, according to the laws of Imperial Russia, the leaders of any movement—such as causing a general strike, a stoppage of labor, or closing the markets and shops—are sentenced to the same punishment as those guilty of rebellion."

Whilst their followers are also punished very severely. I the Superintendent, therefore, have on one hand given orders for the arrest and punishment of the said Wu Wantze, the leader of the said strike, and those with him, and now issue the present proclamation calling upon all employees of oil manufacturing to resume work to-morrow morning at the latest.

Should anyone disobey my commands he will be instantly arrested and most severely punished. He will be finally banished from the precincts of this port and will not be allowed to linger a single moment in Yinkou. Let all, therefore, carefully obey this proclamation Do not transgress!"

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HOCKEY RINK ON RIVER

Will Be Constructed and Given to Civil Service Team.

The civic service hockey club is jubilant over the rink they are soon to have as their own. It is to be built on the waterfront opposite Boyle's wharf by an admirer who, upon its completion, will present it to the club with his best wishes.

As Shakespeare Is Read

There were a group of Thespians on a corner of the Rialto talking "shop" as usual—all save one, who evidently ranked himself as a dramatic critic, and he was the speaker of the moment.

A Splendid Affair.

The St. Andrew's hall committee are making the effort of their lives to have the function on Friday night eclipse all former events. They not only look to having those who dance enjoy themselves but for those who wish to look on two galleries are being constructed— one on each side of the hall, in addition to the large gallery at the end. The small dressing room down stairs is to be reserved for a smoking and card room for the gentlemen.

Where Americans Are Modest.

The American is shy of proclaiming to the world his deepest sentiments and superstitions, if he has any. He prefers to take himself either as a joke or as a matter of business. Hence when he has a town to name he calls it "Smithville" or "New Bristol" or, as actually happened in the case of one town, "O. K."

V by He Didn't Go to Church.

A Scottish minister who was indefatigable in looking up his folk one day called upon a parishoner. "Richard," he said, "I hae na seen ye at the kirk for some time and wad like to know the reason."

River Closes at Eagle.

The Yukon closed at Eagle city on Saturday, the 23rd, at 3 o'clock in the morning, 11 days later than the close at Dawson, and the latest known at any point north of Selkirk.

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

Out-Going Mail.

The mail which was dispatched from Dawson Friday morning passed Stewart yesterday evening at four o'clock, having made remarkably good time considering the fact that as yet the trail is unbroken.

Quaint Hannibal Hamlin.

To the day of his death Hannibal Hamlin was a figure that men would turn and look at a second time on the street. His tall form, which in old age was but slightly bent, was always clothed in the old-fashioned black swallowtail suit, and he always wore a tall silk hat, generally a "back number," tilted slightly back on his head.

Both Trained.

Little Edith had been very ill, but was convalescent. Waking up suddenly and finding a strange lady at her bedside, she asked, "Are you the doctor?" "No, dear," replied the lady, "I'm your trained nurse."

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Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Elegant Assortment of Bon-Bons, Candies and Glace Fruit IN GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Make Your Purchases While the Assortment Is Complete

Canadian-American TURKEYS

THIS THANKSGIVING DAY will be one of particular interest to the people of Dawson, for on that day both the Canadian and American people will have a holiday in common, the 28th of November, President Roosevelt and Governor-General Lord Minto having either by a coincidence or happy design proclaimed that day a holiday.

Cor. King St. and 2nd Ave. The Yukon Market A. R. Cameron, Prop.

Hearsay Evidence.

Judge (to witness)—Let me remind you that your evidence in this court is given upon oath, so that you will only be allowed to state what you know from observation and not what other people have told you.

"Kid" West Goes Out.

"Kid" West left for the outside the latter part of last week, and so quiet was his going that but few were aware of his departure. The trip was suggested by the police and "Kid" acted on the suggestion.

Evolution of the Apple.

Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known, and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and pucky.

Worthless Bills.

San Francisco, Oct. 24.—United States secret service officers today arrested Leo Abrams on the steamer City of Peoria, on which he had just arrived from Seattle.

A Terrible Talker.

A well known Milwaukee, Wisconsin, lawyer with a weakness for long stories was a visitor at Madison "once upon a time," as the story books put it.

Came Home Afoot.

Dr. Cook of the Ladue Company, took a gentleman friend out riding in a sleigh yesterday behind the ferry steers that are employed to yank the Ladue delivery cutter around town.

Information Desired.

The rural postoffice is the bureau of general information, no less so in Georgia than in Vermont, and the Atlanta-Constitution reports a conversation precipitated by an old dorky who approached the village postmaster and said:

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The Nugget Dawson Vol. 3 No. 382 POLITICAL Approach of In Discussion as Mayor and Will Pro Next

The political pot has been boiling in Dawson and before we have passed it will be a boiling point. The immediate cause for the excitement among the followers of statecraft is that an ordinance providing for the incorporation of Dawson was presented before the Yukon City Council at their last meeting.

The terms of the ordinance which was adopted by the Yukon City Council are to be presented to the people at a public meeting. The ordinance will be passed if a majority of the voters of Dawson are in favor of it.

B. A. DODGE STAGE LINE Last Chaco, Hunk and Dominion DAILY SERVICE LEAVE DAWSON 8:00 A.M. LEAVE CARIBOU 1:00 P.M. OFFICE HOTEL BARRAGE

FOUND FOUND—On Fifth Avenue, one key. Apply Nugget Office.

HICKS & THOMPSON, Props. HICKS & THOMPSON'S STAGE LINE HUNKER AND DOMINION TIME TABLE Leaves Dawson 9:00 a. m. Arrives Caribou 4:00 p. m. Leaves Caribou 8:30 a. m. Arrives Dawson 2:00 p. m. Freighting to All Creeks.

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OLD PAPERS IN BUNDLES, FOR SALE AT THE NUGGET OFFICE FIVE CENTS A POUND.

HOLME, MILLER & CO. 107 FRONT STREET DAWSON Get Our Prices Before Buying.

HARDWARE AND MINING MACHINERY. We have in stock a full line of Boile's, Engines, Pumps, (Steam Centrifugal) Hoists, Pipe, Valves and Steam Fittings, Bar and Sheet Iron, Roadhouse Ranges and Cook Stoves, Verona Picks, Granite Steam Hose and Mann Axes. 5,000 lbs. Clamps at 50 Cents Each. Also 400 Dozen Pittsburgh Silver Dollar Shovels.

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