

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 2 No. 44

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

Slater's Felt Shoes

Sewed with Goodyear
...Welt...

Sargent & Pinsky
"The Corner Store"



Change of Time Table

Orr & Tukey's Stage Line

Telephone No. 8

On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a
DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES
TO & FROM GRAND FORKS

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

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

ROYAL MAIL

Cubular and Pipe Boilers

Portable Forges, Shovels,
Hydraulic Pipe, Steam
Hose, Etc. GET OUR PRICES.

Fulme, Miller & Co.

The O'Brien Club

Telephone No. 87

FOR MEMBERS

A Gentleman's Resort,

Socious and Elegant

Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY

Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

Hotel McDonald

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL
IN DAWSON.

J. F. MACDONALD, Manager

YOU CAN CRACK A JOKE
OR A BOTTLE AT

THE EXCHANGE

Without Being Taken In by
the House or the Authorities.

Formerly Aurora No. 2 J. H. CRAMER
HARRY EDWARDS

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, PROP.

A Steady
A Satisfactory
A Safe

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light &
Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager.

City Office Joelyn Building,
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1

Over the Ice

Heavy Team and Light
Buggy

... HARNESS ...

Cut Prices on Dog Harness and

... HORSE BLANKETS ...

All Kinds of Repairing
... at Lowest Prices

McLennan, McFeely & Co.



RECEIVED BY WIRE.

RIOTING IN SPAIN

Believed to Be on Verge of
Another and Serious
Revolution.

LONDON PROCLAIMS HER LOYALTY.

Opening of Parliament Most Brilliant in History.

EX-KING OF SERVA BURIED.

Quesnelle Telegraph Line to Be Finished by May 10—Many on Route to Dawson.

Madrid, Feb. 13, via Skagway, Feb. 20.—The civil marriage of the Princess of the Asturias to Prince Charles of Bourbon has been quietly carried out, but there is much rioting going on and the whole city is in revolt. Other towns are rioting and the present indications are that Spain is on the verge of another great revolution.

Everything in Readiness.

London, Feb. 13, via Skagway, Feb. 20.—Everything is in readiness for the opening of parliament tomorrow which opening exercises will be the most grand and impressive in British history. The king has sanctioned the program of the ceremony as arranged by the house of lords.

Yesterday the lord mayor, sheriffs and aldermen of London proceeded with much pomp to St. James palace and presented the king with a loyal address in behalf of the city which they represent.

The king and queen will leave early in March on a visit to Dowager Empress Fredrick who is now sick. They will spend the greater part of the Easter holidays in Copenhagen.

Roberts' title is now Viscount St. Pierre and Earl of Candahar and Pretoria.

Funeral of ex-King.

Vienna, Feb. 14, via Skagway, Feb. 20.—The funeral of ex-King Milan of Serbia, will take place tomorrow. Emperor Francis Joseph will supply cash to defray all the expenses of the funeral which he will attend in person.

May 10 the Date.

Skagway, Feb. 20.—Telegraph Superintendent Crean says that work will shortly be recommenced on the Quesnelle line, but will not be completed before the 10th of May.

A crowded train left here yesterday for Whitehorse. Among the Dawson bound passengers were: J. B. Peters, heading a party of geological surveyors sent out by the American government,

Lieut. S. E. Adair, T. C. Healy, Dick Case and Rene Lepreaux.

Ogilvie's Successor.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 14, via Skagway, Feb. 20.—An Ottawa special to the Victoria Times says the resignation of Wm. Ogilvie as commissioner of the Yukon has not been received but may now be on the way from Dawson, and in such event J. H. Ross is mentioned as his successor.

Fight Over Garbage Dumps.

Big dogs, little dogs, great Danes, malamutes and mongrels congregate in the early morning of each day at the dumps of garbage and refuse on the ice below the city. They are there every morning, drawn thither by the natural instincts of the canine, where they rumage over the piles of filth and fight unmolested. Many a dog comes home somewhat disfigured to raise consternation by the natural fear that he has been bitten by a mad dog.

Sometimes as many as from two to three hundred are to be seen there, but since the institution of the pound and the issuing of the order to tie them up, the number to be seen at the dumps is smaller.

If the dog catcher would visit the dumps bright and early each morning for a while they would reap a rich harvest by the operation, and greatly reduce the danger of the greater spread of madness among dogs at large.

May Be Shot

The plans for the new dog pound now in the hands of Major Wood who will lay them before the Yukon council tomorrow evening, seem to contemplate a rather sweeping reform in the conduct of the pound. The institution will be placed in the immediate charge of someone appointed for the purpose, who will have under him a sufficient number of dog catchers to meet the requirements of the situation, and the pound keeper will in turn be under the supervision and direct instruction of the member of the police force detailed for the purpose.

The plans show that the building arrangement contemplated will consist first of a high board fence enclosure inside of which will be built a number of dog houses, pens and sheds.

The whole to be thickly carpeted with saw dust if obtainable, and if not, with straw.

Separate compartments are to be built for the isolation of sick or vicious dogs. Major Wood yesterday sent to Capt. Starnes a memorandum which, if acted upon will be a long step in the right direction.

He suggests that inasmuch as the dog catchers report a large number of dogs, evidently strays, running about the streets which cannot be caught, it would be well to instruct policemen to shoot these animals whenever found, provided that they cannot be caught.

Before putting such an order in force, however, Crown Prosecutor Wade is to be consulted in order to get the legal status of the matter.

If this can be done the dog question bids fair to be solved at an early date. What will be the final result of the outbreak of rabies is something that can only be revealed by future developments.

Campbell and Shattock Arrive.

Among those who arrived from the outside yesterday were E. C. Campbell and a Mr. Shattock, both old time Dawsonites who have been spending a season in the east.

places in the trail, or where the trail should have been, where the snow had drifted till there was no trail left. The lake trail was in the same condition.

The gentlemen speak of the ride in an open stage, traveling day and night, in a way which would lead one to suppose that there were pleasanter things in life than a protracted sleigh ride under such conditions.

They had expected to be here on the 18th and only missed their calculations one day.

Incoming Mail.

The government telegraph operator at Selwyn reported 420 pounds of Canadian and 150 pounds of American mail as having passed that place at 2:30 yesterday afternoon. It is expected to arrive in Dawson tomorrow night.

Young Men's at Home.

The young men of the Methodist church gave an at home last evening to the ladies and their friends. The church was very prettily decorated and everyone present joined in making the evening a pleasant one. The following program was rendered:

Organ solo, Mr. A. Bolye; vocal solo, Mr. Miller; reading, Mr. Johnson; selection, flute and guitar, Messrs. Dynes and Bullock; vocal solo, Mr. Craig; banjo selection, Mr. Bradbury; reading, J. S. Cowan; instrumental selection, guitar and flute, Messrs. Dynes and Bullock.

After the program an excellent lunch was served and the ladies all voted the gentlemen capital entertainers.

Brick Building

Dawson is to be the scene of considerable building activity this spring. It is the general opinion among the contractors that the contracts already let and those under consideration will make building livelier this spring than at any previous time. Besides the buildings to be erected noted recently, namely, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Pacific Cold Storage warehouse, the Presbyterian church and others, T. G. Wilson the Second street merchant, has let a contract for the foundation and furnishing the brick for a two-story brick building 50x100 feet to be erected on Third avenue near Second street. Stone for the foundation is being hauled from a point opposite the barracks on the other side of the Yukon, and being placed so that work can be commenced as soon as the ground will permit, which is thought will be between the 1st and 15th of May. The building will be double walled with an airtight space between and besides a store in the front part will be used as a warm storage building. The upper story will be partitioned off into rooms and will be used as office rooms or hotel.

Mr. O. W. Hobbs, who has the contract for furnishing the brick has ordered two complete plants from the outside and will start a kiln about six miles up the river where a good bed of clay has been located. The building is expected to be completed in the latter part of the summer.

Still Growing.

The Dawson Hardware company has purchased the entire business of the Godfrey Hardware Company and will close the latter store in a couple of weeks. This concern has enjoyed a season of unusual activity and will branch out in big business enterprises this summer.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Round steak 50c at P. O. Market.

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

LENTEN SEASON

Begins With Today Which is Ash Wednesday and a Legal Holiday

THROUGHOUT CANADA'S DOMINION.

The Origin of the Day is Almost Lost in Antiquity.

SPECIAL SERVICES TONIGHT

Commemorative of the Custom of Wearing Sack Cloth and Ashes as a Sign of Penitence.

"I did eat ashes like bread and mingle my drink with weeping," said David centuries ago on this Ash Wednesday, and even before the time of David ashes have played a prominent part in religious services, as quoting from one of the books of ritual: "God himself commanded that the Israelites should sprinkle themselves with ashes in token of penance."—Jeremiah 25, 35.

In the early days of Christianity it was the custom that during divine services penitent sinners should stand without the portals of the house of worship, and that upon their heads should be sack cloth and ashes while they prayed for the remission of their sins.

Judith put ashes upon her head while she prayed for power to overcome the enemies of her people, and everywhere almost where penitence is mentioned ashes are also spoken of.

The origin of the day itself may be fairly said to be lost in antiquity, but the custom is so old, and has been adhered to with such religious constancy, that the phrase: "Sack cloth and ashes" has become synonymous with repentance.

This morning a special service was held in the Catholic church, and this evening there will be another, and in both of these ashes play a prominent part.

All good Catholics come forward to the railing where, after saying "Remember man, that dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return," Father Gendreau marks upon the forehead of the kneeling applicant for forgiveness the form of a cross with a finger dipped in ashes, previously blessed.

The ashes are blessed so that all who receive them devoutly may receive God's protection in health of body and mind and be kept always in a spirit of penitence.

In this manner and from an origin lost in time so remote as to be almost as far beyond the knowledge of man as the time which is yet to come, has the custom of keeping Ash Wednesday been preserved to the present day and generation, and while it is not difficult to see how, in the passing of time its origin may be wholly lost, it is almost incomprehensible that the custom should ever be discontinued as a church ceremony or custom. The origin of the Lenten season which begins with today is of far more recent date than the day itself.

Christ fasted and prayed in the desert

(Continued on Page 4.)

We Offer to the Ladies

Special Sale

Of Dawson and vicinity our entire stock of Dress Goods and Silks at exactly One-Half Price, among which will be found the following attractive values:

Colored Taffetas, per yard..... 1.25... was \$2.50
All Wool Tricot Cloth per yd..... 50... was 1.00
All Wool Ladies' Cloth per yd..... 75... was 1.50

...Ames Mercantile Co...

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'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
Six months	12 00
Three months	6 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	2 00
Single copies	25

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

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1901.

KITCHENER'S INNING.

Lord Kitchener has been given supreme military authority in South Africa with instructions to crush out what remains of the Boer rebellion by whatever measures may be required.

Kitchener's well-known boldness of action and tactical knowledge are sufficient guarantee that his instructions will be carried out with the utmost celerity possible.

Kruger's reception in Europe while satisfactory to him from a popular standpoint has not been such as to lend any encouragement to his hopes of European intervention. It was a part of the Boer plan to maintain a display of military force until after the ex-president's arrival in Europe with the expectation that by so doing their case would be greatly strengthened before the continental courts. Events have proven, however, that the hope was futile. Kruger has received the cold shoulder everywhere except in Holland, although it is apparent from the popular demonstrations that have greeted him on his journey that the Boer war has created a deep and lasting impression upon the masses of Europe.

That will not render the Boer forces now in the field any immediate assistance, although it must be said in all fairness that they have exhibited surprising capacity and resources when the circumstances are all considered.

There is work yet for Kitchener to do and that fact is realized nowhere more thoroughly than in the colonial office at London.

An appreciable increase in the amount of freight being moved to the creeks is noticeable. This fact suggests very strongly that the time is rapidly approaching when general activity will be resumed on all the creeks. It appears to be the consensus of opinion among those who are in a position to have accurate information, that the coming summer will be the banner season for actual mining operations in this district. The present early movement of freight to the creeks is corroborative of this opinion.

It is occasion for no little regret that the Board of Trade has not displayed more activity during the winter. There is every reason why such an organization should flourish in Dawson. During the time when the Board was holding regular meetings no little work of value was accomplished. There are matters now of a public nature to which the board might well give attention if it were in good running order. Certainly Dawson should sustain some organization of its business men.

We are pleased to give publication to every report of a new quartz find, but it would please us much more to be able to devote a few columns to describing a quartz mine in actual operation. There is fame to be won by the man or company who first undertakes the development of our quartz resources.

Poor old Spain is on the verge of another revolution. With unpaid bondholders clamoring from without, and civil insurrection liable to occur at any

moment, the country of the Dons is certainly in a bad way. It is hard to realize that Spain was once the dominant power of the earth, but such, nevertheless, is the fact. With Spain it has been a case of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

The Klondike has survived more adversity than comes to the lot of most new countries. We have been afflicted with typhoid fever, smallpox, and pneumonia epidemics, none of which, however, have served to discourage or dishearten us. Now we have the mad dog to contend with. The average Klondiker ought to be able to pass through all the plagues told of in Biblical story and still come out on top.

The man with the "corner" has not been very much in evidence during the present winter. Commodities of all classes have remained practically unchanged in prices, and shortages have been noticeable in very few lines.

His excellency the governor general, being unaccustomed to skating, fell on the ice at Ottawa recently and dislocated his shoulder. We suppose the "funny" writers will now have many things to say respecting skates.

Today is Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent.

Almost nine hours of daylight now.

Postoffice on Wheels.

In Washington county, Pennsylvania, the government is revolutionizing the postal service to put the free rural delivery to the furthest test. The postoffice—money order, registry and stamp, as well as distribution, departments—is put upon wheels and driven over the country roads. These traveling postoffices give the mail to free rural delivery carriers, who collect and deliver the letters, papers and parcels at or near the houses of the farmers. This experiment, as a precedent, is of great import. If it is found possible in that hilly and populous country to bring the postoffice within a few hundred yards of each farmer's door, the whole postal system of the United States may undergo a complete transformation.

It will be worth looking at, too—this postoffice on wheels. Picture a large modern department store delivery wagon, with a white roof, blue body and yellow running gear, and you have the exterior of the traveling postoffice.

Under the driver's seat and in the front part of the body of the wagon will be ample room for the mail bags to be delivered to the free rural delivery mail carriers at the distributing points on the wagon route.

Meanwhile, as the traveling postoffice hurries on its way it will stop or call whenever any person desires to transact any postal business with the government. The farmer may hail the postoffice wagon, buy a supply of postage stamps, register a package filled with Christmas things, send a special delivery order to his grocer in the nearest town or get a money order to pay for his daily paper. The traveling postoffice, too, will gather up mail that may be left in boxes on its route and will deliver mail to those same boxes just as is done by the free rural delivery carrier.

This outlines the new postal system that the government will put into effect in Washington county. Such a revolution cannot be accomplished in a day. Sixty of the free rural delivery carriers are now at work, and they cover more than half the area of the county. Orders to send out 16 more carriers have been received from Washington, D. C. It is estimated that it will require 90 of these carriers to reach all the farmers and cover all the country roads in the county.

Two of the new traveling postoffice wagons have been built after designs by Special Agent Edwin W. Shriver, and have been delivered. One is lettered "Wagon Route A" and the other "Wagon Route B."

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

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

Rex hams and soft wheat flour, job lots, at S. Archibald.

Fresh turkeys at the Denver Market.

Brewitt makes clothes fit.

Hay and oats 10 cents at Mcker's.

If you want a first-class spring suit place your order with Robinson from Vancouver. Prices reasonable. Room 10, Hotel McDonald.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Today, February 20th, is the second anniversary of the dedication of the White Pass & Yukon Route from Skagway to and across the international boundary line at the summit of White Pass. The 20th of February, 1899, was the most disagreeable of the many unpleasant days of that Skagway winter, but that fact did not deter fully 100 invited guests of the railroad company from braving the chilling blasts that swept down the pass, wrapping their robes around them and making the trip, notwithstanding the fact that when the train, the first passenger coaches to pass over that portion of the road, reached the summit the thermometer registered 40 below zero and the wind was blowing a hurricane. It was a very unpleasant trip but it had to be taken by the Stroller in order that he might have a distinction which no other United States citizen can boast. The distinction is that the Stroller is the only man of the United States who participated in the dedication of the extreme southern and northern railroads within the confines of the country. In February of 1884 he was a member of 100 or more invited guests of the late H. P. Plant on the initial trip over that gentleman's road, the South Florida, which had just been completed from Sanford, the head of navigation on the St. John's river, to Tampa, a distance of 120 miles and through the most delightfully tropical of all that sun-kissed, flower decked state. Fur coats were not worn at the dedication of the South Florida road, straw hats and boutonnieres being worn more prominently than any other features of attire.

It is probable that by February two years hence a railroad many miles further north than the W. P. & Y. R. will be ready to dedicate and if such is the case, the Stroller will either have to be on hand or lose his title of champion dedicator of extreme U. S. railroads.

Although rather late in the day in which to relate a happening of the spring of '99, it is nevertheless in order. It happened on the famous Bonanza King excursion from Dawson to Eagle City and on which nearly all of Dawson was represented. Among the many excursionists were two men in particular, one a prominent officer in the Y. F. F. who was last heard of in South Africa, the other a well-known tin-horn gambler who is still in Dawson. Some wag introduced the gambler to the military man as a wealthy mine owner and then it was the recently acquainted men began to commiserate each with himself thusly:

Gambler—Now, I am flat broke and he thinks I am rich. If I can beguile him into a game of poker I can win some money from him for, being a prominent army officer, he must have money and I will win it. If I lose I will just give him a tab which he will take because he thinks I am rich, but that is all the good it will ever do him.

Military Gent—Now, here is one of these superficial gusses who, by bull-headed luck, has fallen into cold turkey and found some rich claims but hasn't enough sense to keep his money, so I will just do him for a few. I will skin him like an oyster and the \$2000 or \$3000 I will lift from him will give my tab book a much needed rest and allow my lead pencil to cool off. I will show him that an officer in the army knows a good thing when he sees it and can pluck a duck when it comes his way. If, by chance, I should lose, I have my ever-ready tab book here—in fact, I can't lose and can make a great stake. Major, old boy, you are in luck to have come on this excursion.

When the newly acquainted excursionists had discussed the weather, the scenery and other current subjects, one of them invited the other to the steamer bar to have something, when each, desiring to favorably impress the other with his gentlemanly habits, took a very little whiskey with a large amount of seltzer. Later on they found themselves in a room where in order to relieve the monotony of the trip, a little game of casino was proposed and played, but as neither of them knew much about cards the game was uninteresting. By degrees they drifted into a little game of "draw," each declaring that he didn't understand the game but was willing to learn at small cost. Early in the game tabs began to be issued, "Just till I get to Dawson, you know," and each thought it was all right.

People who were on that excursion will remember that, with crippled steamers and lack of fuel, it was a long and tedious one. But in one of the staterooms there flourished a game which was not disturbed by outside annoyances. From penny ante the limit grew to "de ocilin" and chips were

worth \$20 per. Dame Fortune was fickle, smiling first on one then transferring her affections to the other. Tabs stacked up on the table like Egyptian pyramids. At one time the army officer had the supposed mining magnate in his debt to the amount of \$22,000 and the military breast heaved in exultation and joy as thoughts of owning the best claim on Eldorado flitted o'er his mind.

Again the tide of luck would turn and the miner would smile inwardly as he entertained thoughts of going far away to take possession of and occupy the ancestral estates of the army officer.

And thus the game went on. They ate not, neither did they sleep, neither having the price of a meal in his pocket and each knowing in his heart that tabs would not be taken on the boat. When Dawson was reached, strange to relate, the game was even and the friends shook hands on the deck of the steamer and separated. Then the man who had introduced them tipped the game off, the one to the other. Next day the erstwhile mine owner and the pompous military man met on the street, but they met as strangers.

Wanted—A good, respectable wood thief, one who will come in the dead of night and take things as he finds them, quietly and unostentatiously. The wood was contracted to be sawed 14 inches long, but as it is all the way from 8 to 30 inches, the most fastidious thief can be accommodated. The wood is warranted—not to burn—but it is full weight and is patiently waiting to be carried off. Call early and avoid the rush. Apply in rear of Stroller's Queen Anne cabin.

Lon Gould of the Bon Ton barber shop has in times past and before coming to Dawson "tonsorialized" the celebrated political flopper of Washington, the Hon. Patrick Henry Winston, many times. The multiplicity of years and the weight of political burdens rested so heavily on Patrick that all his hair was crowded down on the sides of his head, leaving the top as bare as a marble table.

One day Gould, after shaving the well-known statesman, asked that stereotyped barber shop question, "What would you like on your head?" "Hair!" yelled the attorney of state. "Do you suppose I want nigger wool on it?"

And Gould who was then standing in hair halfway up to his knees, picked up a handful of it and proceeded to cover the bald pate of his customer.

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

HALF PRICE

SILKS

Your choice of any piece of silk in the store at half the regular price.

TAFFETAS, SURAHs, LIBERTY, FANCY

ALL AT THE SAME REDUCTION

J. P. McLENNAN

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry

Fresh Meats

Bay City Market

Chas. Bessyell & Co.

THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people: in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper.

ANOTHER BOAT

IS ADDED TO OUR FLEET

THE MILWAUKEE

This, with the

Rock Island, S.-Y. T. Co. And... Campbell

Seattle No. 3

... Will Allow Us to Land in Dawson...

2,000 TONS OF MERCHANDISE

Early in the season on the first run of our boats. In the meantime we must make room for our coming shipments. Call on us for estimates. "HIGH GRADE GOODS."

S.-Y. T. Co. Second Avenue

TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE Week of FEB. 18

James F. Post's **Peck's Bad Boy**

Comedy.....

Assisted by Savoy Company

SPECIAL—Friday Evening, Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday—Masquerade Ball

ALL ARE INVITED

The Standard Theatre Week Commencing February 18

HOYT'S LAUGHABLE FARCE COMEDY

...A... **Texas Steer**

Thursday Night, Ladies Night

Fine Mechanical Effects Special Scenery

WAY FOR THE DANCE

FABLE OF MAZIE AND AGNES

The Former Was Popular and Courtied by a Syndicate

While Agnes Played Her Own Hand and Trumped the First Ace Her Young Man Led.

Once there was a girl, who was being courtied by a syndicate. She was the girl who took first prize at the Business Mens' Carnival. When the Sunday Paper ran a whole page of Springfield's Typical Belles she had the place of honor in the center.

If a stranger from some larger town was there on a visit and it became necessary to knock his eye out and prove to him that Springfield was strictly in it, they took him up to call on Mazie. Mazie never failed to bowl him over and get him all wrought up, for she was a dream of loveliness when she got into her glad raiment. Mazie had large mesmeric eyes and a complexion that was like chaste marble kissed by the rosy flush of dawn, and she carried plenty of brown hair that she built up by putting things under it. When she sat very straight on the edge of the chair, with the queenly tilt of the chin and the shoulders set back proudly and the skirt sort of whipped under so as to help the general outline, she was certainly a pleasant object to size up, and no matter where the spectator sat in the room he couldn't get a wrong angle on her, for she did not fall down at any point.

Mazie had such a rush of men callers that the S. R. O. sign was out almost every night, and when the weather permitted she had overflow meetings on the veranda.

Right across the street from beautiful Mazie there lived, a girl named Agnes, who was fair to middling, although she could not step it off, within twenty seconds of Mazie's regular gait. Sometimes when she happened to get the right combination of colors, and wore a veil as far down as the nose, and you did not get too close, she was not half bad, but as soon as she got into the same picture with Mazie, the man charmer, she was taded to a gray bleach.

All the plain, everyday XX Springfield girls used to wish that Mazie would go away somewhere and forget to come back. Mazie was the cause of the famine in callers.

The other girls had to admit that Mazie was a good deal of a tangerine, but they did not entuse the same as their brothers did. You cannot expect a lot of spirited girls to strike a chord in G and sing any anthems of praise to a friend who is trying to make wall flowers out of them. It riled them to hear Mazie tell how provoking it was to receive bouquets and books and all sorts of presents from men with whom she barely had speaking acquaintance. Ordinarily a girl sort of palpitates for an hour or two after the delivery boy comes with a five-pound box of candy or a long bunch of Jack roses, so Mazie did not make herself any too well liked by telling the other girls that she was tired of having expensive gifts piled up in front of her. And when some poor man who was far gone on matchless Mazie, the Sprite of Springfield, would start a rhapsody to some other girl, the other girl would say yes, that Mazie was a sweet and lovely girl, but when she said it she would look as if she had just tasted a lemon.

But Agnes, who lived across the street from the Pearl of Springfield, tried to be cheerful and keep her hammer hidden, although goodness knows she had reason to feel put out. It is hard lines for a sociable girl to sit around the house and play Solitaire and practice finger movements on the piano and read James Lane Allen, and see everything lighted up across the street and know that some one else has callers to burn.

Agnes felt sometimes as if she would just have to up and tell the boys what a deceitful, two-faced old thing this Mazie really was, and how she had said that most of the young men in Springfield gave her a pain and acted like farmers when they were in a ball room. But she knew better than to do it, for Mazie had all of them lunny about her, and they would have said that Agnes was miffed because of Mazie's popularity.

Agnes understood that men always show a strong preference for a feather headed girl, if she has the looks and a circus style, and particularly if all the sedate, well read, plain, intellectual girls are trying to close up

ahead of her, so as to throw her into a pocket and put her out of the running. So long as Mazie was the reigning Fad, and while Mazie's front room was the Mecca for Golf Players and Glee Club Undergraduates, Agnes sat back, a trifle forlorn, but not so rattled that she took any chance of queering her own game.

Sometimes when there was such a push at Mazie's home that the late comers could not get up to within rubbing distance of the celebrated Siren of Springfield, and it was too early to go home, one or two of the young men would drift over to pay a little attention to Agnes. Here was the chance for Agnes to make the mistake of her life. But she never asked them, oh, so bitterly, if they had been to see Mazie first, and she never made any of these unwelcome cracks about being second choice. She received them with the long hand clasp and the friendly smile, and threw herself to entertain them, wotting well that now and then a girl must pocket her pride and she laughs best who postpones her laughing until after the bans have been published. Instead of seeking to undermine the uncrowned Queen of Springfield and put the skids under her and call attention to her superficiality and bad spelling and all that, she lauded Mazie to the skies. She asked the boys if they did not think that Mazie was a dashing beauty and by far the swellest in town, and was it any wonder that the whole crowd was dotty about her. When she talked like that the beaux who had not been making much headway with Mazie, on account of the terrific competition, were inclined to demur and say that Mazie was unquestionably an artist on the make-up and a caption when it came to coquettish wiles, but there were others just as nice. Some of them said that the Mazie game was being worked too hard.

In this town of Springfield there was a steady young fellow who wrote Junior after his name, and was prospective heir to an iron foundry. He was English about Mazie for quite a spell, but when he went up to see her and try to make it worth her time to look him over the door bell kept ringing, and he found that instead of conducting a courtship he was simply getting in on a series of mass meetings. So he took to dropping over to see Agnes, and found that he was the whole thing. She treated him kindly and never disagreed with him except on one point. Whenever he would say that Mazie was getting the big head and put on too many frills to suit him, and had been spoiled by having so many on her staff at one time, Agnes would stick up for her friend, and say that she could hardly blame any man for giving in to the superlative charms of one who had Julia Marlowe and Cleopatra set back and worried.

She kept that talk going until he was good and tired of having Mazie dinged at him. One evening he stopped her right in the middle of an eulogium and suggested that they let up on the Mazie topic and talk about themselves for a while. And although she protested, he convinced her that she was worth a ten acre field full of Mazies.

So they were married and went to Niagara Falls and came home and still Mazie remained single. She was supposed to be several notches too high for any one man in Springfield. After getting such job lots of adulation and having at least six pulsating courtiers kneeling on her sofa pillows every evening it would have been a tame let down for her to splice up with one lone business man and settle down to a dull existence in some apartment house. So it came about that there was a general impression in Springfield that Mazie was the unattainable. She was a kind of public character to be idolized, but not removed from the pedestal. The discouraged suitors fell away one by one, and married the ordinary 18-carat girls who were willing to play fair and not keep the applicants dangling. Mazie took up with a new generation and seemed to believe that she could reign forever, the same as the Elfin Queen in the Fairy Story.

But the peach crops come and go. After a few years Mazie's door bell did not tingle with its whilom frequency, and right down the street there was a Seventeen-Year-Older who had shot up out of short dresses like a willow sprout, and it was her picture that went into the Special Illustrated Edition as Springfield's fairest daughter.

Mazie saw that the vernal season had passed and the harvest time was at hand, so she decided to chop the Philandering and pick out one for keeps. But when she began to encourage the eligibles they took it to mean that she was prolonging the same old string game. The men who knew that she had turned down at least fifty figured

that there was no possible chance for them so they were leery and would not be led into committing themselves. Besides, Mazie had been handed around by so many that she was beginning to be graded as second hand, and there was not the same keen anxiety to capture her that there had been along about the year of the world's fair.

At last accounts she was supposed to be guessing. Agnes is doing nicely, with a well broken husband. Moral—Cheer up, girls. Ex.

Too Much "Glad Hand."

I am a back number. I have not arrived at this conclusion hastily, or without thought or regret. It has been borne in upon me for several years. I might have known it sooner if I had been alert to the facts, says a contributor in the Atlantic. The evidence has been most pronounced, perhaps, in the matter of church-going. Whenever I attend church in a new place I find myself hesitating. I make wary inquiries before setting out. I ask carefully about a possible "committee of welcome." I approach cautiously. I have been known, at the very vestibule, to turn and flee. The sight of an especially friendly usher or committee of welcome terrifies me beyond approach. I have an old-fashioned way of regarding a church as the house of the Lord. I have a consequent sense of freedom in it. All this new machinery of welcome and handshaking and pleasant conversation appals me. That a man with a black beard, whom I have never seen before, and whom I am earnestly wishing never to see again, should feel at liberty to grasp my hand and hold his face very close while he welcomes me to the sanctuary is a source of embarrassment, even of annoyance, to a conservative person. It puts me in a state of mind that ill accords with the spirit of worship. Even if I escape the preliminary welcome I never feel thoroughly safe. There is the possibility that the preacher, from his watch tower, may spy out the newcomer, and, by some method of speed or circumvention, as yet unfathomed by me, may be waiting at the front door to give me an earnest social welcome. All this is painful to one accustomed by experience and tradition, to look up to the preacher, to drink in his words of wisdom with no carnal expectation or hope of later being grasped by the hand as a prospective church member.

I find that I miss something in the new method—a hush before the service, a sense of waiting upon the spirit, an atmosphere of prayer and paradise, the hush that followed "The Lord watch between thee and me," the quiet dispersing of the congregation; some gathering in groups to talk over the sermon, or the weather, or the crops, or rumors of war; but every one at liberty to walk quietly away, down the long street, under the shading trees, carrying the words of comfort and inspiration in his heart. My chief objection to the committee of welcome is that they have made all this impossible. Even if one escapes them without bodily contact there is an uncomfortable sense of a gauntlet run; of a strategic turn at the fatal moment, which barely brought one safely through. The spiritual mood, the sense of spiritual communion with one's fellows, is gone, never to return. It is old-fashioned to regret it. It is useless to evade it. But I find myself uneasy, with the great prophet, "I am not better than my fathers. I would that their ways might have been my ways until I died."

The Name Sioux.

The Indian name Sioux, as it appears in such town names as Sioux Falls, Sioux City and Sioux Rapids, is usually pronounced "Soo," but sometimes, in the east chiefly, that simple pronunciation is not known. A committeeman not long ago visited a school in New England, where he heard the pupils say "Si-ox" with complete assurance. At a favorable opportunity he quietly spoke to the teacher of the error, saying, "You know, it is 'Soo,' whereupon she asked the attention of the school and solemnly announced: "You have all been pronouncing this word wrong. It is not 'Si-ox,' but 'Soo ox.'" The committeeman lacked the courage to pursue the subject further. —Exchange.

A Measure of Success.

Friend—Oh, by the way, I have been curious to know whether you were successful with that strange patient you were treating last winter. Doctor—I was, partially. He has paid almost half of his bill.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Fresh cabbage at Denver Market.

Fresh candies made daily at Zaccarelli's Bank Corner.

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

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THE SOLDIER'S WAIL.

The nurse has hit the trail to camp and arrived in no very amiable mood; and there she sits and soursly sings. Witness the martial roudoux on abolition of the army canteen:

They make me sick, those women—Geet
They make me wait to kick!
Why can't they let us soldiers be?
They make me sick.

Those soldiers, too, I'd like to lick,
By way of reparation,
That whole darn webpage of Old Nick!
How can they stand the W. C.?
T. C.? God chase 'em quick!
Down some steep place into the wheel!
They make me sick.
—Ambrose Bierce.

SOWN BY GUNPOWDER.

A Curious Way of Covering a Rocky Crag With Plant Life.

In the grounds of the Duke of Athol and near Blair castle, England, stands a high, rocky crag named Craigiebarns. It looked grim and bare in the midst of beauty, and its owner thought how much prettier it would look if only trees, shrubs, etc., could be planted in its nooks and crannies. It was considered impossible for any one to scale its steep and dangerous inclivities, and no other way was thought of to get seed sown.

One day Alexander Nasmyth, father of the celebrated engineer, paid a visit to the duke's grounds. The crag was pointed out to him, and he was told of the desire of the duke regarding it. After some thought he conceived how it could be accomplished. In passing the castle he noticed two old cannons. He got a few small tin canisters made to fit the bore of the cannon and filled them with a variety of tree, shrub and grass seeds. The cannon was loaded in the usual way and fired at the rock from all sides.

The little canisters on striking the rock burst, scattering the seeds in all directions. Many seeds were lost, but many more fell into the ledges or cracks where there was a little moss or earth. These soon showed signs of life, and in a few years graceful trees and pretty climbing plants all sown by gunpowder were growing and flourishing in nearly every recess of the formerly bare, gray crag, clothing it with verdant beauty.

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

Barrett & Hull have just received a shipment of candles from Fortymile which they are now offering at very reasonable prices. c20

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. Y. F. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for appears open for relocation upon the records. The allowance of two weeks which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on and after March 1st. Holders of claims are warned, in order to avoid trouble with relocators, to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease. (Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, c28 Assistant Gold Commissioner.

For Rent.

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

Pine line of pipes at Zaccarelli's.

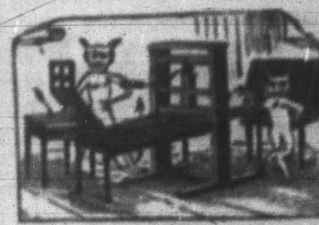
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