

Tailoring... SPRING GOODS... 2nd AVE.

Liquors & Cigars... HOLM'S SALOON...

Books... \$4.50... \$225.00

WIDE... York St & 3rd Ave.

rybody... Raw Furs

Co. Assay Office... The Ladue Assay Office

SELL!... AT... p. m.

DINNER SETS... 100 Pieces \$30.00... Half Set \$15.00... EVERY PIECE NICELY DECORATED AND GILDED.

WOMAN LEADER... Of Eight Hundred Insurgents Has Been Captured at Laguna in Luzon

WHERE SHE HAS WARRED SIX YEARS... With Her Armed Forces Against Spanish and Americans... INSURGENTS WERE ROUTED

Washington, Jan. 24.—News has been received of an important capture made in Laguna, province of Luzon, who eight men of the Eighth Infantry captured a woman insurgent named Aqueda Hahabagan. She recently commanded an insurgent force of 800 men, three hundred of whom carried rifles while 500 were armed with bolos. For six years past she has been leading insurgent bands against Spaniards and Americans. General Bell is still active in Batangas province. A recent engagement in this province in which the insurgents were defeated with severe loss, resulted in wounding one American officer and killing one private.

OVERTAKEN... Halifax, Jan. 24.—Walter Gordon has been captured at this place, having eluded the officers for eight years. In 1894 he committed a double murder at Whitewater, Manitoba.

FOR PRIOR'S SEAT... Victoria, Jan. 24.—F. S. Bernard, Conservative, and Geo. Riley, Liberal, are contestants for the seat in the house of commons from which Prior was removed.

WILD CAT SCHEME... Vancouver, Jan. 24.—A new smelter has been ordered and will be erected at the Tyhee mine at Ladysmith on Vancouver island.

CHURCH RIOT... London, Jan. 24.—Anti-ritualists created a disgraceful riot at the consecration by the Bishop of Worcester at Westminster yesterday.

MANY KILLED... London, Jan. 24.—Reports show that during the past year there were 119 fatalities in the European Alps.

MYSTERY SOLVED... London, Jan. 24.—The fate of the ship Manchester, which has been missing for years, has been solved by finding of her wreckage on the island of Atoll Binar.

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

DINNER SETS... 100 Pieces \$30.00... Half Set \$15.00... EVERY PIECE NICELY DECORATED AND GILDED. McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

Rev. J. W. Barr, of this city, will go to South Africa to confer with Milner regarding the colonization of the Anglicized portion of South Africa with Americans.

MARCONI HONORED... Rome, Jan. 24.—King Victor Emmanuel has conferred the Order of St. Maurice, also of St. Lazarus, upon Marconi.

THIS IS A JOKE... Constantinople, Jan. 24.—It is positively asserted that Miss Stone and her companion will be free within a few days.

COL. GRIFFIN DEAD... London, Jan. 24.—Col. Griffin, president of the British Baptist Union, is dead.

MINES FLOODED... Pittsburgh, Jan. 25.—A large portion of the coal mining area of Pennsylvania is under water as the result of recent heavy rains.

Special Music... At the Methodist Church tomorrow night the choir will render "God that Madest Earth and Heaven," by Schilling, and Mrs. Cole will sing the Offertory.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH... Will Probably Pass Under Control of Postmaster General.

Ottawa, Jan. 24.—It is probable that the government telegraphs in Canada now controlled by the department of public works will shortly be passed to the postmaster-general's department as paving the way for the nationalization of the telegraphs and telephones of Canada. The association for the Marconi system of communication with Europe, Hawaii and Asia will be included in the transfer.

JAPS KILLED... Washington, Jan. 24.—Advices from Formosa are that the insurrection is assuming formidable proportions. In the last battle the Japanese lost 31 killed and 31 wounded. The fighting is all on the guerrilla system.

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THREATENED ROOSEVELT... Frank Rowanski Private Soldier at Vancouver, Wash. Dishonorably Dismissed AND SENTENCED TO PRISON TEN YEARS

For Saying "I'll Give Roosevelt What Czolgosz Gave M'Kinley."

RICHMOND, VA. MAN IN LIMBO... For Mailing Insulting Letter to Roosevelt Regarding Booker Washington Dinner.

Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 24.—Frank Rowanski, a private soldier, has been dismissed from the service and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for saying "I'll give Roosevelt what Czolgosz gave M'Kinley." He was drunk at the time.

BLUE BLOOD, SAH... Richmond, Va., Jan. 24.—John W. Starke, a prominent leader in select society circles of this city, is under arrest for having mailed to President Roosevelt an insulting letter relative to his entertainment of the negro Booker T. Washington at dinner.

LIVES AGAIN... San Jose, Cal., Jan. 24.—James Pickford, an evangelist who was yesterday wedded to Ada A. Block, is creating considerable sensation here. He asserts that he was shot dead in 1893 but was permitted to live again in order that he might preach the gospel. He is a most entertaining speaker and is a great success as an evangelist.

SHOP VICTIMS... Chicago, Jan. 24.—The Federation of Labor has taken up the question of sweat-shop victims to the number of upwards of a thousand who were deprived of work because they joined the unions.

PITCHED BATTLE... Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 24.—A pitched battle occurred this morning between citizens and a gang of burglars at Brompton. The sheriff here has been appealed for aid to terminate the depredations.

RUSH IS ON... Seattle, Jan. 24.—The rush for the northern gold fields has already begun, 125 prospectors having started from this city yesterday for Copper River, Cheastochina and the surrounding districts.

NO MORE PASSES... Seattle, Jan. 24.—All passes on coast steamship lines have been cancelled.

BIG INCREASE... Victoria, Jan. 24.—British Columbia's mining production during the past year amounted to \$20,713,501, an increase of \$4,000,000 over the year previous.

GIVEN UP... Victoria, Jan. 24.—The ship Senator, which sailed from Chemainus for Liverpool last November, has not since been heard from and is given up as lost.

MORE SMALLPOX... Minneapolis, Jan. 24.—Smallpox in virulent form has broken out in various points in the business parts of the city.

YUKON MATTERS... Ottawa, Jan. 23.—Laurier's government today held cabinet council on a memorial forwarded from the Yukon Council of Dawson.

WANT PEACE... San Francisco, Jan. 24.—Civil Governor Taft of the Philippines, who has returned sick, says that hostilities are now confined to two provinces, Batangas and Samar, and that the Filipinos are anxious to secure legislation as a step in the direction of civil government.

TO BE EXTRADITED... Ottawa, Jan. 24.—Melvin Hall, alias James Smith, has been arrested and is held at Ogdensburg, N. Y., awaiting extradition papers. He is charged with grand larceny and attempted murder by dynamiting dwellings at Morrisburg, Ontario.

AT CARACAS... Paris, Jan. 24.—The government has received a cable from the French consul at Caracas which says that President Castro absolutely refused to allow M. Secretan, Jr., to land despite the consul's protest.

THEY ARE OLD... Ottawa, Jan. 24.—Parliament will be asked to retire seven members of the supreme and judiciary courts on account of old age.

EXTENSIVE COMPANY... Incorporated in Washington State to Develop Northern Alaska.

WILL CONSTRUCT AND OPERATE RY... From Prince William Sound to Point Near Eagle.

VIA COPPER-TANANA BASINS... Smelters and Refineries on List of Enterprises Backed by Eastern and Foreign Money.

Olympia, Jan. 24.—The Alaska-Copper River and Yukon Railway Company has been incorporated in this state to build a railroad from Prince William Sound through the Copper River and Tanana river countries to a point on the Yukon river near Eagle City. The company proposes in addition to operate steamships from Seattle to Prince William Sound, build and maintain a smelter and refinery in Alaska and carry on general mining. The corporation is capitalized for \$25,000,000. The entire amount has been subscribed by eastern and foreign capitalists. The estimated cost of the railway is \$10,000,000. The incorporators are E. D. Hamister, Alfred Biles and T. L. Parker.

WILL REBUILD... Windsor, Ont., Jan. 24.—The Canada Paper Company, whose mills were recently burned, will rebuild at once.

IN HONOR OF DEAD... Victoria Militia to Install Tablet in Drill Hall.

Victoria, Jan. 24.—The militia of this city will observe Paardeberg day by installing a brass tablet in the drill hall in memory of their men who fell at Paardeberg, when the percentage killed from Victoria's contingent was the heaviest ever suffered by any city in Britain within the history of the Empire.

HAS FAITH IN SCHLEY... Senate May Thank Him for Bravery at Santiago.

Washington, Jan. 24.—An effort was made in the U. S. senate yesterday by Mason of Illinois to obtain consideration of the joint resolution extending thanks to Admiral Schley for his brave and able conduct while in command of the American fleet at the victorious battle of Santiago. The resolution was referred to the committee on naval affairs.

HAS TROUBLES OF HER OWN... Mi's Hoothouse Is Sore Over Eviction From South Africa.

London, Jan. 24.—Miss Hoothouse, who was first to agitate against the concentration camp methods, finding it impossible to see Milner or Kitchener for damages for eviction from South Africa, has applied to War Secretary Broderick for a petition for rights to sue him. He declined to act.

WET OR DRY?... Winnipeg, Jan. 24.—Party lines will cut no figure at the next election in Manitoba, but will be wholly disregarded. The issue of prohibition is dividing the electorate as never before in the history of the province.

NAUGHTY MAN... Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 24.—Thos. McGivern, treasurer of the Methodist church of Galt, Ontario, has been arrested here for stealing the funds of the church.

MORGAN'S NEW BANK... Montreal, Jan. 24.—The Sovereign Bank of Canada, the president of which is J. Pierpont Morgan, will open for business March 31st.

R. R. SUPT. KILLED... New York, Jan. 23.—Angus Brown, division superintendent of the Central Hudson Railway, was accidentally killed in the company's yards yesterday.

MILLS BURNED... Buda Pest, Jan. 24.—The Concord Flour Mills at this place burned last night. The loss is three million crowns.

SHEFFER DEAD... Louisville, Ky., Jan. 24.—Prof. Scheffer, discoverer of the Peppin formula, is dead.

CHANGE OF NAME... Edmonton, Jan. 24.—This town will hereafter be called Strathcona.

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ror in which many lives were lost was begun yesterday. It will probably result in an order against the use of steam in the tunnel and of soft coal on the railways.

LARGE DONATIONS... Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 24.—John D. Rockefeller has given \$100,000 to the endowment fund of the Syracuse University and when this fund reaches \$4,000,000, John D. Archibald will duplicate it.

TITLES WED... Vienna, Jan. 24.—Archduchess Elizabeth, grand-daughter of Emperor Francis Joseph, was today married to Prince Otto Von Windisch Gratz.

FIFTEEN YEARS... Auburn, N. Y., Jan. 24.—James Gallagher, convicted of killing Geo. Siebert, has been sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment.

WAGE TROUBLE... Pittsburgh, Jan. 24.—The coal miners of Pennsylvania and Ohio have asked for an increase of 10 per cent and the operators declare they can no longer afford to pay the present schedule.

HOSTILITIES IN COLON... Causes Uncle Sam to Reinforce Warship Philadelphia.

Washington, Jan. 24.—In consequence of the renewal of hostilities in Colon the U. S. S. Marietta has been ordered to reinforce the Philadelphia, which is safeguarding American interests. Monday the insurgents gave naval battle to the government in Panama bay, the governor being killed. The revolutionary fleet, consisting of the war steamers Padilla, Darien, Gaitan and Coadilla, attacked the government steamers Lautaro, Chicuito and Boyaca, endeavoring to force a landing at Sabana. The insurgents lost three ships and the government two before the insurgents retired. Their chief object was to cripple the Lautaro, which they succeeded in doing.

SERIOUS CHARGES... Against Kansas Pension Agent Without Foundation.

Washington, Jan. 24.—The subcommittee to investigate the charge of the killing of fifteen prisoners at Battle Caloocan made against Col. W. S. Metcalf, who has just been appointed pension agent at Topeka, Kansas, heard Col. Metcalf in his own behalf and also received affidavits of soldiers who were members of Metcalf's command. Metcalf denied the charge emphatically. Records of the war department produced show that after two investigations Metcalf was exonerated.

MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH... Combines Traits of Mules and Dogs in Fighting.

San Francisco, Jan. 24.—Al Neill won from mysterious Billy Smith in the tenth round of what was to have been a twenty round fight last night on a deliberate foul. Smith kicked and bit.

THERE ARE OTHERS... Montreal, Jan. 24.—The candidates for the majority of this city are Prefontaine, Wilson-Smith, Eachapelle and Cochrane.

MINES SOLD... Victoria, Jan. 24.—The Marble Bay mines on Taxado island have been sold to a Tacoma syndicate headed by Senator Foster for \$475,000.

BOERS WANTED... Valparaiso, Jan. 24.—Chilian immigration agents are making special inducements to secure Boer colonists.

KELLY IN HOC... Portland, Jan. 24.—Larry Kelly, for many years past king of opium smugglers, has been placed under arrest here by government inspectors.

DUFFERIN ILL... London, Jan. 24.—Lord Dufferin is reported dying.

Returns to Whitehorse... George Pulham, superintendent of the winter mail service, left this morning for Whitehorse via his private conveyance. He is expected to return about February 15.

AMES MERCANTILE CO. 500 Pairs Rubber Shoe Packs Special For This Week \$2.00 Pair

MYSTERY UNSOLVED... Strange Disappearance of Thos. Middleton Can Not Be Accounted For.

HIS ACCOUNTS DECLARED STRAIGHT... Books Experted by Thos. Hinton, Acting Comptroller.

MENTAL TROUBLE FEARED... Friends and Police Diligently Searching for Clues Which Will Disclose What Has Become of Him

The extraordinary disappearance of Thos. Middleton, accountant in the gold commissioner's office, still remains as great a mystery as ever, and despite the efforts of his friends and the police, who have been untiring in their search during the past two days, his whereabouts are as much unknown as though the earth had opened up and swallowed him. As far as can be learned there is no apparent motive for his disappearance. His books have been examined by Thos. Hinton, acting comptroller of the territory, who has failed to find any evidence whatever of them not being in perfect order. There can be no reason for suspecting foul play either from motives of revenge or robbery, as he was not known to have an enemy in the country, and though vast sums of money passed through his hands he never carried any about his person other than the few dollars necessary for incidental expenses. About his work he was unusually punctilious, almost a fanatic upon having entries of all kinds made absolutely in accordance with the forms provided. It is related by his friends that once having made up his cash at the close of the day's business nothing would induce him to accept another dollar, but would compel the clerk taking it in to deposit it in the safe in an envelope bearing the clerk's own signature. The fear experienced by most of his old associates is that he may have suddenly become overcome with mental derangement, wandered off and perished in the cold. For a week or two prior to his disappearance he had been hard at work on some reports required upon a certain date and on Tuesday, the last day upon which he was seen, he was at his desk at work before 7 o'clock in the morning. Just when and where Mr. Middleton was last seen is a matter of considerable doubt. Mr. B. W. MacPherson met him about 3:30 Tuesday afternoon at the bluff near the Klondike foot bridge. A steamer which brought the body of Charles Eaton to town from Hunker declares he met him and spoke to him shortly afterward on the Hunker road a short distance below the Cliff house. He asked him where he was going to which Middleton merely replied that he was taking a walk. At the time he showed no signs whatever of any mental aberration. Three of his fellow clerks in the gold commissioner's office are positive they saw him on First avenue Tuesday night. As they passed him he was closely studied up so that his face could hardly be seen, but they are positive it was he, notwithstanding he failed to return their greeting as they passed. Dick Brown is also positive he saw him Tuesday night, but beyond that date no trace whatever can be found. J. A. Donald and Jack McLagan made a careful search yesterday up the Hunker road as far as Bear creek and up Bear as far as discovery, inquiring of everyone they met and also making inquiries at every cabin en route, but no one could give them the desired information and they returned from a fruitless errand. The police have wired both up and down the river concerning his disappearance and are making every effort to unravel a mystery which might tax the skill of a Sherlock Holmes.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES... It has been decided that the two weeks' special services just concluded at the Methodist Church shall be followed up by a week of similar meetings in the Salvation Army hall. The first of the series will be held tonight, commencing at 8 p. m. Accidental invitation is extended to all to attend. Tomorrow the service will consist of a Bible reading at 3 p. m., subject, "Deliverance." At 8 p. m. there will be an old-time revival meeting. Ad. Barr will take for his subject, "An Appalling Condition."

MUSH CREEK... Skagway, Jan. 23.—M. I. Christner arrived last night direct from Mush creek, the scene of a new strike near Dalton post. Great excitement prevails at Haines and Porcupine. All the regular stamperers located Haines and nearly all miners at Porcupine are preparing to leave. The new strike is 125 miles from Haines and 25 miles from Dalton post. The country resembles the Klondike, being a vast net work of creeks reaching in all directions. The diggings are shallow with no trouble from frost, the depth of gravel on bed rock seldom being deeper than 3 feet. Christner is an old prospector and has been in the Mush creek country two years. He says it is the greatest poor man's lay out he ever saw. Plenty of water and enough fall, wash is very light and no boulders to contend with. After panning for prospects the discoverers worked in gravel on the surface, taking out one ounce and a half the first day.

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY... Row Raised in the Yukon Bakery Last Night.

There was but little business before Judge Macaulay in the police court this morning. Lewis Alton was up on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. Last night he entered the Yukon bakery on Second avenue in company with a bright, hard-jag, Frank Golden, the proprietor, who spoke up and told the would-be roofer that his wood was no good and that he was a liar if he said it was. Golden escorted the aforesaid jag to the door when there was a clinch and a flying fall with the jag underneath. An officer was called and the disturber was taken to jail. He pleaded guilty when arraigned and was given \$25 and costs of 30 days. Not having the wherewith concealed about his person Alton will saw wood during the next month.

Out Bound Passengers... The stage left for Whitehorse this morning with ten sacks of mail and Miss Frances Bate, M. Mayer and Mrs. J. W. Boyle as passengers. Miss Bate, who was formerly stenographer for Earl A. Robertson and Thos. McGowan, is en route to the bedside of her mother who is seriously ill at San Jose, California, and Mr. Mayer is returning to his former home in Seattle. Mrs. Boyle is likewise a passenger for Seattle.

Brandon Trial Tomorrow... Sen. Brandon, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, \$324 from Wade Blakey at Caribou, City, Bonanza, has had his trial set for next Tuesday, January 28. The case will be heard before the judge alone, the prisoner having no elector.

Returns His Position... Word has been received that J. H. Rogers will return to the city before the opening of navigation and will again have charge of White Pass affairs during the approaching season. His position will be that of general agent with somewhat increased powers over that of last season.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone Number 12... PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Yearly, in advance \$30.00... Single copies 25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure...

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Clerks by our carriers on the following days...

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business-houses or private residences...

CITIZENS' TICKET.

FOR MAYOR Henry C. Macaulay.

FOR ALDERMEN F. M. Shepard, J. U. Nicol, Charles Bossuyt, Peter Vachon, H. E. A. Robertson, Russel Palmer.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre - "Sherlock Holmes."

THE TICKETS. The great majority of the electors whose names are on the voters' list are sober-minded, intelligent men...

Behind the so-called elective ticket, at the head of which is Dr. Thompson, is an organized gang of political tricksters...

The People's party with Mr. Macdonald at the head is an off-shoot of the Kld committee in addition to a certain personal following...

When rich Miss Peppy came town to see Miss Merrivewather, her an' John just naturally got going round together...

Our schoolmarm sez ez John is not a degenerate man, she never heard him speakin' French (an' I don't believe he can).

But on what he knows he marries rich Miss Peppy in a week. Do - modern education educate?

Its appeal is to the great mass of intelligent voters, irrespective of their station in life, who look upon Dawson as their home and who are personally concerned in seeing the affairs of the town administered upon broad-gauged lines...

The men who are upon that ticket are men who are experienced in business, and who have consented to stand for public office, in the interests of the entire community...

It elected, they may be relied upon to give the community a straightforward, clean cut, independent administration, which no other ticket in the field is able to do.

The voters understand the situation

GOOD TIMES IN SIGHT.

In the times of hot party conflict the people of Dawson and of the Klondike should not lose sight of the fact that the coming season will be the most active in the history of the country...

With long trains of quartz-laden cars coming down Bonanza to Dawson's stamp-mills the future of the city will be assured and her prosperity will be unrivalled in the history of the world.

A College Education.

When my son John were nigh 18 I sent him off to college, I thort 'twere time ez he should get some elevatin' knowledge.

But mother told him "Go to Grass!" and ast him how he knew.

An' mended all John's duds an' things an' kissed the boy good-bye. An' kissed me, too, an' luffed an' joked an' then began to cry.

When my son John were 22, he kem back home tew me. With a little roll of sheepskin, which he says were his A.B.

He kissed both me an' mother an' his eyes growed kinder dim.

Ez he told us we could never know how much we'd done for him, he jest sorter raised his nose.

An' said he couldn't see no change except them dudsish clothes.

The second day ez he'd been home John met ole Perkins' brother An' got intaw a argument on some darn thing or other.

Perkins' brother, six-foot-three, he called my John a pup - Well, say, you'd orter seen that boy eat Perkins' brother up!

An' when I ast 'im where he learnt to swim hit like the kick of a mule. He smiled an' sez he played left guard on his football team at school.

The summer John kem home from school the crops were mighty bad. An' in'trust on the mortgage took near every cent I had.

But John, he'd been the pitcher on his college baseball team, an' when he heard how I were fixed he said he had a scheme.

For pickin' up some extry coin. An' bless me, by the fall he'd earned four hundred dollars clear for pitchin' "summer ball."

When Parson Perkins give a show tew help repair the church, Some fancy singer couldn't come an' left him in the lurch.

So my son John jest volunteered to take that folks' place. An' he made folks laugh until the tears wuz swimmin' down their face.

For he could sing them funny songs better'n o' minstrel show. He said he'd learnt 'em in his college glee two years ago.

When rich Miss Peppy came town to see Miss Merrivewather, her an' John just naturally got going round together.

For John could sing an' dance an' speak or talk good common sense. An' like paint sets on 'im jest them lady killin' ways.

He said he met a lot o' ladies in his college days.

Our schoolmarm sez ez John is not a degenerate man, she never heard him speakin' French (an' I don't believe he can).

She never heard him usin' of the Latin er the Greek.

But on what he knows he marries rich Miss Peppy in a week. Do - modern education educate?

'Twixt me an' you There's many men ez sez it don't, but I sez "It do!"

-M. B. Kirby, in Chicago Tribune.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

SILKS

At less than half price. 12 Pieces Fancy Silk \$1.00 Per Yd.

J. P. McLENNAN... 233 FRONT STREET

The Nugget's Department for Children

The Results of Playing Truant.

PART I. "Dear me!" cried Freddy Faulkner, "I wish there was no school today."

Freddy had his bag full of books and dinner basket, which his kind mother had put into his hand just as he had expressed the very indolent wish which opens our story.

Mrs. Faulkner's only reply was, "Make haste, Freddy, or you will be late. Mind you study hard, my boy."

But Freddy was no sooner out of his mother's sight, than he threw himself down under a tree, and exclaimed, "I wish I could stay here all day. It is too bad to have to go to school such a bright summer's morning!"

"I wish I were a robin, then I should not have to sit in a close, smelly room, with nothing but maps to look at. How I wish I lived on an island like Robinson Crusoe. Then there would be no school or company to plague me, and no company to divide my money with me. It will be so warm and tiresome in school. It will be no harm if I do not go today."

"If mother only knew how much I should enjoy a day in the woods, I am sure she would not mind this once. It is so cool and beautiful here - I am sure she would not mind my enjoying myself."

So Freddy reasoned, trying hard to make wrong appear right. It was a lovely scene upon which Freddy gazed and a pleasant sight enough to any whose conscience was at rest.

The bank on which he now wandered was covered with foxgloves, and near was a deep pond spangled with water-lilies.

"How lovely to dabble my feet in this cool water!" and Freddy at once took off his shoes and stockings, suiting the action to the thought.

"So you are playing the truant!" Freddy sprang upon his feet with a bound, to face a boy some years older than himself - a boy who lived in the village, but with whom his mother had forbidden him to associate.

"Hello, Faulkner! won't you just catch it. Off I go to tell the schoolmaster!"

"Jim!" cried Freddy, in the greatest alarm, "you never would be such a sneak. I'm sure I would not do such a mean thing to you for the whole world!"

"It was only my fun, boy. I think you are a plucky youngster not to go to school today. But you don't mean to stay here all day? What do you say to going fishing with me and my brothers?"

"I should like it very much, Jim, but I don't think my mother would let me go."

"Jim gave a great coarse laugh, and cried out, 'You young innocent! Did your mother give you leave to be in the woods this morning. Come along and make a day of it. You need not go home till night.'"

Freddy hesitated, and then putting on his shoes and stockings, prepared to go with Jim. Freddy had taken the first wrong step, and now found it hard to turn round to the right road again.

Jim's brothers welcomed Freddy boisterously, and declared if they were Freddy, they would run away from school every day. "Twas, lolly to be shut up in a close room all day."

Freddy enjoyed himself, that for a long time he ceased to think how he had obtained such pleasure. The lads knew to be good fishing-ground, the boat was pulled on shore, and Freddy lay full length upon the grass.

"No one will pass and see me," he thought, "I must be a good way from home. But oh! how hungry I am. I don't think Jim or his brothers brought anything to eat. Shall I have to share my dinner with them?"

Just then Jim came to where Freddy was lying, and said, "Come, my boy, help me to make a fire to cook our dinner."

"I am so glad, Jim. I was just thinking how hungry I was. But I do not see any provisions in the boat."

Jim seemed to think this speech of Freddy's very amusing, for he again laughed boisterously.

Freddy was very pleased at the idea of cooking and eating their dinner in the open air. He had read of such pleasures, but to partake of them had been beyond his expectations.

The fire was burning brightly when Tom and Sam - Jim's two brothers - made their appearance.

"What luck?" cried Jim. Egg answer, Tom pulled from his cap several large potatoes, which he threw into the fire. Then Sam drew out of his pocket a fine hare, which he proceeded to skin.

Jim had run towards the boat when he saw the hare, and now bounded forward an old tin saucepan, into which Sam threw the hare. And then he deliberately drew forth some onions from his other pocket.

"Now for some water, Jim, and we shall have a dinner fit for a king." Freddy felt he should like to ask them how they came by the potatoes, hare, and onions, but he did not like to. He remembered having heard these boys were not honest, so he secretly resolved not to eat any.

"Now, youngster," cried Jim, "let us begin on your dinner whilst ours is cooking. Share and share alike - that's fair, eh?"

Freddy produced his basket, and the contents so rapidly disappeared, that Freddy had very little chance of securing even a small portion of it to himself.

"I must eat some of it," he thought, "I am so very hungry; besides, it smells so good I could not resist."

So Freddy ate, and even laughed heartily when Sam boldly showed how the dinner had been stolen from a crusty old farmer in the neighborhood.

Freddy spent the afternoon much as he had spent the morning - lying lazily on the grass. He lay for a long time, and then began to think it must be getting late.

"Oh dear!" he thought, "I hope those boys will soon come back and row me home. It will be late, and mother will be frightened; besides, she will know I have not been to school."

Freddy now began to be very uneasy. The boys had been gone a long time, and there was no sign of their appearing.

"We are going hand fishing," Jim had said to Freddy. "You wait here till we come back."

turo Freddy met with on his long voyage. He had full experience of storms, and was very nearly shipwrecked. He saw many strange places and strange people, but all the time his heart ached to see his fond mother once more.

Mrs. Faulkner had heard no word from Freddy. The vessel which carried a letter from him when he reached China, was lost.

One night Mrs. Faulkner was sitting alone, thinking sorrowfully of her lost boy. "I shall never see him again - he is dead!" she thought.

"Rover! Rover! what ails the dog?" she cried. The dog, which had belonged to Freddy had suddenly set up a loud bark, though till now he had been quietly lying at Mrs. Faulkner's feet.

Then she heard Susan open the front door, and the dog barked more furiously than ever.

"Mother! mother!" In another moment two arms were round her neck, and the mother's tears were falling in showers upon him, barking his welcome.

When it became known in the village that Freddy had returned, there was great excitement, and every one came to bid him welcome home once more.

The first night of Freddy's return, the mother and son sat together long into the night - Freddy on a stool at his mother's feet. Very few words were spoken, but Freddy knew his disobedience was forgiven.

Once his mother said to him, "God always works the best way, my Freddy. Perhaps nothing else would have saved you from falling into evil ways. You began your first false step by playing the truant. Who knows whether your bad companions of that day might not have led you on to commit worse sin? They are in prison now, for being concerned in a burglary."

Hamilton, Dec. 19 - Fireman Theodore Stanley married, residing at 20 Stanley avenue, was killed, and foreman Robert Wilson and fireman Robert Atkinson and Robert Cameron were badly injured as the result of a collision between a horse wagon and a street car at the corner of King and Bay streets shortly before seven o'clock this morning.

The horse wagon was responding to an alarm of fire at Kerr & Weston's foundry in the west end of the city. Foreman Wilson's injuries are serious. None of the passengers in the street car were injured.

DISQUALIFIED. Montreal, Dec. 19 - Over 20,000 Montrealers have been disqualified from voting in the civic election to be held in February on account of failure to pay water and business taxes.

A DENIAL. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Dec. 19 - The report that Sir Christopher Furness would establish a great ship-building plant at a cost of \$25,000,000 to build vessels for lake and ocean trade is knocked on the head by Mr. F. H. Clergue, who says no plans for such an establishment have been made.

WINNIPEG SCHOOL DEBENTURES. Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 18 - The offer of the Canadian Bank of Commerce to purchase \$50,000 of Winnipeg school debentures at par was accepted by the school board tonight.

NARROW ESCAPE. Galt, Ont., Dec. 19 - Thomas McGivern, clerk of the Division court and real estate agent, was found in his office in an unconscious condition from escaping gas yesterday morning.

STOLE REGISTERED LETTERS. Waterford, Ont., Dec. 19 - A young man named Jackson, aged 18, a mail carrier on the Boston and Waterford route, was today sentenced to three years in Kingston penitentiary for stealing registered letters from the mails. He confessed that he had taken letters and spent some of the money.

George, (dramatically) - "You have decided that I must live here up to Farewell, then, mother. There is nothing left for me but to go out and destroy myself!"

Mother - "Good-bye, not a minute later than six for dinner, George!"

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

A Fully Elective Mayor and Council FOR THE PEOPLE.

In addition to the above sentiments we call the attention of our friends and fellow citizens, irrespective of opinion, to the established fact that we carry in stock and offer for sale at

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. The most complete assortment of IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, Tobaccos, Pipes and Smokers' Articles ever brought to the Yukon Territory.

AT RIGHT PRICES. ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO. COL. CHAS. REICHENBACH, Prop. Bank Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

The captain looked on eagerly, at the advancing pirate ship. "Courage, boys!" he cried at last; "the ship no longer gains on us."

What an hurrah went up from every throat. The ship flew on, and the pirate ship after her. Then Freddy heard the captain say the danger was over - the pirate ship was so far astern she could no longer be seen.

"This was the most exciting adventure Freddy met with on his long voyage. He had full experience of storms, and was very nearly shipwrecked. He saw many strange places and strange people, but all the time his heart ached to see his fond mother once more.

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AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM

Ralph E. Cummings and Auditorium Stock Company. Week Ending Jan 20. SHERLOCK HOLMES. ADMISSION: Ladies Night 50c, Monday - Thursday - Friday \$1.00, Saturday - Sunday \$2.00.

NEW SAVOY

Grand Re-Opening Monday, Jan. 27. 20 Star Artists! Burlesque and Vaudeville Show. Freimuth's Orchestra.

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Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. Sells From Juban on First of Each Month.

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WINTER TIME TABLE - STAGE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. Going to Seattle Nov. 21, 1901. Week Days Only.

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LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

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Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Route for Dawson and interior Yukon points. General Offices...

201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

Mrs.

There was of disorder in the time-point, straight-backed, McMillanway...

of her life was the neighborhood, yet always importance...

importance a mistress, Mrs. Betty asked a friend of a maboc...

"Ladies has nowadays the was young, Joan has life with that who must be...

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Mrs. Betty ty. She was with, for ex valid daughter easily done. "What do bet" asked...

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wanted by "Grace, going to Malcolm's Mrs. B's. I was the red her of shine. "There, I'll wheel...

Grace's face. "I didn't taking out the breeze. "You're not long, for I want to go through the comes. The bush...

Mrs. Betty Was Outwitted

There was a hint—merely a hint—of disorder in the old-fashioned sitting-room where the McGilivrays were wont to take their ease in straight-backed chairs. Mrs. Betty McGilivray was distressed, since the joy of her life was to know that she was the pattern wife of the whole neighborhood. She boasted to none, yet always was the sense of her own importance as a shining example to matrons, young and old; before her, Mrs. Betty straightened a rug and flung a grain of dust from the rungs of a mahogany chair.

"Ladies have more provoking ways nowadays than was allowable when I was young," she muttered, "and this Joan has had her own way all her life with that foolish brother of mine, who must needs spoil his only daughter. And she must take it into her head to come down here on a visit, as if I haven't enough on my hands!"

When Mrs. Betty added that last clause she looked over at a pale, listless young woman stretched out on a lounge in the gloomiest corner of the room. When Mrs. Betty alluded to the troubles of life, and the crosses you'll get well, I haven't a doubt of it," she was so strong of purpose, so thrilling with life and vitality, and above all, so sure that health and happiness tarried for her cousin's wife, no one could resist the influence. The first thrill of hope which had stirred Grace's bosom for more long and dreary months than she cared to count stirred it now, woke such desire and determination that her face shone.

"Joan," she said, "do you think I can do it? Tell me the truth."

"I know you can do it," was that dark-eyed maiden's firm reply. "If you promise to have as much faith in yourself as I have in you, the thing is done. You've been taking for granted that your case was hopeless and haven't made half an effort. Remember this, impressively, "once you make up your mind firmly to get back all you've lost you're on the highroad to recovery."

"Do you believe in faith cures?" asked Grace, somewhat feebly.

"Joan laughed. "To a certain extent, yes," she said.

"But you spoke of having that great doctor see me, and—"

"I believe in doctors, too, to a certain extent. We'll get the benefit of both. You remember my cousin's doctor who assailed the good old Presbyterian doctrine and counted the idea of future punishment: 'Ye may be right, but again ye may be wrong. If there should be no bottomless well I'll be agreeably surprised, but I'll keep on the safe side, anyway. That laugh of yours is music to my ears, Grace. And now for home and the hair-dressing."

Malcolm McGilivray, coming into the sitting room as the lamps were being lighted, glanced toward the couch in the idea of a pale, apathetic Grace, a gently fading flower. The doctor said she might never be better; his mother said of a surety she never would be better. They likely knew. It was hard. Nobody knew what he suffered, though his mother guessed at times. For one thing, he was devoutly thankful his poor Grace had all that love and care could give, for was she not in his mother's hands? Oh, blessed, blind belief of love!

"Here I am, Malcolm, in the big chair." Yes, it was his wife's voice, and surely that was her fair head, with the little curls running over it in the old way; her face with something of the old brightness in it.

"Well, our little girl is better?" he cried, and bent and kissed her.

"She was so worn out with excitement that she had to be carried to her room immediately after dinner, whereat Mrs. Betty shook her head knowingly, and remarked to Malcolm: "Grace can't stand much, poor girl! Unless she keeps quiet, than she has kept today I wouldn't be surprised to see her go out like a flash of a candle."

The fates were kind to Joan. Mrs. Betty's only sister, a wealthy spinster, took ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and Mrs. Betty received a summons to the bedside. It was a summons she felt she could not afford to disobey; besides, she had an affection for her own kith and kin. So, with many injunctions to her household, many dire prophecies that every thing would go to rack and ruin without her watchful eye, she set forth.

Then began the reign of Joan the strong-willed.

Her first care was to get the opinion of Dr. Robinette, the specialist from the orthopedic hospital. He was a little old man, with wonderful eyes, and a skill past understanding to ordinary mortals. He would not say that Grace's recovery was an assured thing, but he would do his best for her. But where was Mr. McGilivray? The doctor would like, before taking up the case, to talk things over with that gentleman.

"That is precisely what you must do," cried Joan. "Dr. Fanning says the case is hopeless, the other village doctor says the case is hopeless, and poor old Cousin Malcolm hasn't a grain of faith left. We want, to appointing creatures," would-up Joan.

"With your help we're going to do it."

"My directions will be followed implicitly," he asked. "You both promise that?"

"I promise," said Joan solemnly.

Grace was crying softly. "I will do anything, doctor, anything," she whispered, and the patois in the blue eyes raised to his touched him deeply.

"All right, then. I'll help you along with that surprise party of all the pleasure in the world," he said cheerily. "Twice a week I visit my patient along the way, and on these occasions can easily drop in here."

So it was settled. They began their task in earnest. It was a trying time. At the end of the first week Grace was worse, if anything. Up to the time of beginning treatment she had suffered from lassitude and weakness only, but now the pain was sometimes unendurable.

"Very good," muttered Dr. Robinette, with a gleam in his eye. "Very good, indeed."

The third week showed little improvement, but the fourth showed a change. The invalid could move her limbs a little. She must needs celebrate this discovery by falling into such a nervous hysterical state that Joan was in despair.

"You'll let the whole thing out," groaned the latter. "Malcolm must notice your strange moods."

Malcolm did notice these moods, but never guessed at the cause. He was preoccupied as a rule. Of late he was deeply immersed in business. People shook their heads, and said it was too bad to see a young man shut out from all social life. They began to invite him out, and during these days of his mother's absence the thought came to him over and over that his life was being a dull one, and that he should visit old friends sometimes.

"As for Grace, she grows more unlike herself every day," he muttered. "I don't know how it is, but a wall seems built up between us. She cares so little for anything—or anybody—nowadays. Then Joan is always with her."

During the next months Grace progressed slowly, but oh, so surely. She could stand on her feet, could take steps with the aid of a crutch, finally could walk alone. She was growing daily so like her old self that Malcolm must have noticed it had been less absorbed. Health began to glow in her eyes and on her cheeks—the long-lost vitality to assert itself. Joan was so happy her song rang out through the homestead all the long, sun-filled days of the late summer.

The illness of Mrs. Betty's sister was a lengthy one, but one morning came the word that she was well enough to travel, and would accompany Mrs. Betty home in something less than a week.

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"A penny for your thoughts," she said, with the friendly, confidential smile so few could resist. "You look as though you had been at a funeral."

"And so I have, little coz," he answered, "so I have, the funeral of some high hopes and happy hours. This afternoon I had an errand to the house on the hill."

"Oh, the pretty house on the hill? When will you be getting there again?" Joan's voice was eager.

"Not for weeks perhaps. The visit today has given me a fit of the blues. I won't shake off for a while, Joan," with sudden earnestness. "It's a little hard—a little hard. I drew the plan of the house myself, and the days that saw it being built are the best in my remembrance, and now I'm contemplating the sale of it."

"You don't mean it?" cried Joan.

"Why, if you had a bit of sentiment in your nature you wouldn't dream of such a thing."

"Business is business," he retorted.

"But you are well off, Cousin Malcolm. Why think so much about money? You have no son to heap up wealth for."

"Not the hope of one," with a grim laugh.

"May I have the key of the place? I'd like to go over, if once more."

He handed her the key without question or comment.

The following days were busy ones for Joan and for sturdy Bridget, the domestic, sweeping, dusting, airing, washing, ironing, baking, the musty small crept away before the sun and wind that went flying through the long-shut house on the hill, cobwebs fell before vigorous onslaughts from Bridget's broom. It was glorious doing all this by stealth, and with the knowledge that the sound of Aunt Betty's wrath would soon be heard in the land. The place was so sweet and clean and homelike the day Grace was brought over that for very joy of seeing it again she cried all the while Joan was laying the cloth and arranging a dainty lunch.

"I've sent Malcolm word that a person who would like to live in the house on the hill desires an appointment here at one. He will come. The McGilivrays have strong business instincts."

"Here he is," cried Grace, turning pale. "I—I'm afraid, Joan. Do you think he will be glad?"

"Let him come, the surprise party is all ready for him. As for being glad, of course he will, though he mayn't let, on—Scotchmen are disapproving creatures," would-up Joan.

Malcolm unlocked the door and en-

tered. He came through the darkened hall without noting anything, found himself in a room heavy with the breath of American beauty roses, flooded with sunshine. This was some trick of Joan's. Yes, there she stood with a smile on her lips, and mischief in every dimple. He was angry in a moment.

"Joan," and his voice was stern, "what fool's play is this?"

"It's no fool's play," returned that pretty little dame, "it's a surprise party. The table is ready in the dining room, come."

He strode forward.

"Now for your little speech, Grace," prompted Joan, but Grace had forgotten all the pretty speech of welcome over which they had labored. She stood up trembling.

"I—I can walk again," she cried, and went towards him with outstretched hands. He took her to his heart. His face was white with emotion. "Can it be true, Grace?" he whispered. "Then they both looked at the familiar surroundings, the cozy, beautiful place, so dear to them, looked till their eyes glistered.

"Malcolm," she cried, clinging to him. "I've been so homesick—so homesick!"

"Please God, you will never be homesick again, darling," he answered. "Where is that blessed Joan? I want her to sing the doxology."

"We owe her so much, Malcolm, we cannot thank her enough," said Grace and called, "Joan! Joan!" but no answer came.

Joan was wending her way to the homestead with a light heart. The sun was shining, the autumn gold was everywhere, and Aunt Betty would be home the morning the conversation would run on this wise:

"How do, Joan? Where is Malcolm?"

"Malcolm is at the house on the hill."

"And what might he be doing there at this hour?"

"Keeping his wife company. I knew from what you said when I first came that you had too much to do, so during your absence I took it in hand to cure Grace up and send her home to keep her own house."

"And this—Joan smiles to herself—"will be surprise party number two"—Joan Brewster.

tried his hand at countering with evident success. Dal began to tire and was also suffering from the blows over his heart and in the pit of the stomach, but fought back gamely. Near the end of the tenth he received a thump on the point of the jaw that sent him back against the ropes. His legs wobbled as he came back, and Queenan rushed in and landed left and right in succession on body and head. It looked blue for Dal, but the gong came to his rescue in time to save a knockout. He went to his corner with his mouth bleeding.

From the eleventh to the fourteenth rounds Queenan's star was in the ascendant. He rushed. Hawkins frequently kept landing vicious left hooks all the steam out of him. In the thirteenth round Hawkins appeared so weak and breathless he had that a knockout was expected at any minute. He seemed at Queenan's mercy, and many watches were out to tell how long he lasted in the round, but for some reason or other Queenan was not able to land a decisive blow. He hammered Hawkins on the body and over the kidneys, he rushed him to the ropes and hit him at will, but Dal always managed to get his hands up and clinch or drive a light left to his antagonist's nose in time to stop a prospective knockout blow. The gong probably saved him.

From the beginning of the fourteenth round Queenan appeared to weaken and Hawkins to grow stronger. He began in this round to exhibit again the cleverness distinguished his fighting during the early part of the contest. His left shot out more frequently and produced greater effect. In the sixteenth he had Queenan bleeding at the nose and in the seventeenth drove in some damaging body blows with left and right.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth rounds he was constantly on the aggressive and had Queenan ducking and clinching to avoid punishment. He received a heavy left in the stomach during the nineteenth, but it did not appear to worry him.

Then again fought like demons in the twentieth round, but Hawkins landed the oftener and his blows produced the most effect. When the gong sounded for the last time it was 5:00. Referee Geogan then climbed through the ropes to the front of the stage and announced Hawkins the winner.

"Hawkins had all the advantage from the first to the sixth rounds," declared Geogan. "And honors were then even to the tenth. From the tenth to the fourteenth Queenan took the lead. Honors were even from the fourteenth to the eighteenth. Then Hawkins again did the most aggressive fighting and scored the most points. I shall have to declare him the winner."

The decision was greeted with tremendous cheering, mingled with a number of groans and hisses. The principals shook hands and the ring was immediately crowded with the supporters. Before order was restored, Referee Geogan then climbed through the ropes to the front of the stage and announced Hawkins the winner.

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"Here he is," cried Grace, turning pale. "I—I'm afraid, Joan. Do you think he will be glad?"

"Let him come, the surprise party is all ready for him. As for being glad, of course he will, though he mayn't let, on—Scotchmen are disapproving creatures," would-up Joan.

Malcolm unlocked the door and en-

tered. He came through the darkened hall without noting anything, found himself in a room heavy with the breath of American beauty roses, flooded with sunshine. This was some trick of Joan's. Yes, there she stood with a smile on her lips, and mischief in every dimple. He was angry in a moment.

"Joan," and his voice was stern, "what fool's play is this?"

"It's no fool's play," returned that pretty little dame, "it's a surprise party. The table is ready in the dining room, come."

He strode forward.

"Now for your little speech, Grace," prompted Joan, but Grace had forgotten all the pretty speech of welcome over which they had labored. She stood up trembling.

"I—I can walk again," she cried, and went towards him with outstretched hands. He took her to his heart. His face was white with emotion. "Can it be true, Grace?" he whispered. "Then they both looked at the familiar surroundings, the cozy, beautiful place, so dear to them, looked till their eyes glistered.

"Malcolm," she cried, clinging to him. "I've been so homesick—so homesick!"

"Please God, you will never be homesick again, darling," he answered. "Where is that blessed Joan? I want her to sing the doxology."

"We owe her so much, Malcolm, we cannot thank her enough," said Grace and called, "Joan! Joan!" but no answer came.

Joan was wending her way to the homestead with a light heart. The sun was shining, the autumn gold was everywhere, and Aunt Betty would be home the morning the conversation would run on this wise:

"How do, Joan? Where is Malcolm?"

"Malcolm is at the house on the hill."

"And what might he be doing there at this hour?"

"Keeping his wife company. I knew from what you said when I first came that you had too much to do, so during your absence I took it in hand to cure Grace up and send her home to keep her own house."

"And this—Joan smiles to herself—"will be surprise party number two"—Joan Brewster.

THE HAWKINS-QUEENAN GO

In Seattle Was a Delight From a Pugilistic Standpoint.

Seattle, Jan. 11.—Dal Hawkins won from Perry Queenan last night in a fight at the Seattle theatre that tried better's soul. It is acknowledged by every member of the sporting fraternity present that the battle between these two clever exponents of the manly art was the cleanest and hardest that ever took place in a local ring.

The fight set in vibration many emotions. There were times when a part of the vast audience filling the theatre was yelling and cheering in the delight and others as silent as the tomb; times when both sides were urging the men on, times when not a sound was heard except the vibrant breath of some ardent supporter, hoping for the best, but fearing the worst. There were cheers and groans, whistles and cat-calls, cries of "foul" and answering howls to keep quiet. At the finish pandemonium reigned.

It was a thrilling contest, and Hawkins won purely on account of gamesness and superior science and agility. He was up against the hardest proposition of his ring career, and before the fight was half finished he realized it. Defeat stared him in the face more than once, and today as memories of the conflict he has a sprained wrist, a puffed jaw and a cut lip.

There were a few who thought that a draw would have been fairer decision. Under the agreement of the principals, however, that in case both should be on their feet at the end of the twentieth round a decision should be given, the referee could not decide the battle a draw. He was forced to make a decision, and those most familiar with Queensberry rules are convinced that it was a just one, the same opinion being held by a large majority of those who witnessed the contest.

The fight was preceded by a vaudeville stunt given by Edward O'Brien and his wife and daughter. They served to keep the audience in good humor until the principals entered the ring. Afterward Fisker Barnett, the "master of ceremonies" announced that James Geogan had been selected as referee, and Sam Robinette as official time-keeper. Jack O'Brien, of San Francisco, he said, sent a challenge to the winner of the contest.

Hawkins entered the ring at 9:30 o'clock. His seconds were Ed. Barry, Nick Burley and Harry Monahan. Queenan did not make his appearance until ten minutes later. He was escorted by Larry Gleason, Mark Shaughnessy and Ed. Dillon. Both men looked in the pink of condition, though Queenan's flesh appeared the harder. The Milwaukee man's face resembles nothing so much as that of a wooden Indian, and the change is so slight when he is fighting that it was a difficult matter to determine after the fight had begun when he was hurt by Hawkins' blows and when they produced little effect.

Referee Geogan announced that both men tipped the beam at 135 pounds.

Room and board, by the day, week or month. Coppin's house, 7th ave and 5th street.

POPULAR GOODS.
The popularity of Hentz's goods are due to their irreproachable character. Dunham, The Family Grocer, sells them. Corner Second Avenue and Albert Street.

WE Sell Light and Power....
CABIN RATES
On 16 c p. Light \$5 per Month.
Additional Lights \$3 per Month

Dawson Electric Light and Power Co.

HICKS & THOMPSON.
PROPRIETORS
FLANNERY HOTEL.
First Class Accommodations
Warm, Comfortable and Firely Furnished. Excellent Wholesale, Well Cooked Meals.
BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.
Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE
HUNTER AND DOMINION
Fighting to All Creeks.

COAL!
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.
All Orders Promptly Filled.
Klondike Mill Office.
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS
LAWYERS
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HOOPER, T. AND S. A. C. Gibson Bldg.
W. M. THORNBURN, Barrister, Solicitor, Attorney
Notary Public, Commissioner, Trustee
of the Admiralty Court, Office 2nd Floor
BANKERS, 410-412 S. 3rd St. Telephone 118. P. O. Box 363.

SOCIETIES
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF
Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. A. M.
will be held at Masonic hall, Mission Street, monthly, Thursday, on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.
J. A. DONALD, Secy.

By Using Long Distance Telephone
You are put in immediate communication with Butte, Reno, Edwards, Hanker, Dourison, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks.

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You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments.

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Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT
M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

Growing Like a Snowball Rolling Down Hill!

That is the way the Nugget's circulation has increased since the subscription price was reduced to

\$3.00 PER MONTH!

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper.

Don't forget that the Nugget will be delivered at your door for the nominal sum of \$3.00 per month.

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LADIES' NIGHT
Monday - Thursday - Friday
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There was a hint—merely a hint—of disorder in the old-fashioned sitting-room where the McGilivrays were wont to take their ease in straight-backed chairs. Mrs. Betty McGilivray was distressed, since the joy of her life was to know that she was the pattern wife of the whole neighborhood. She boasted to none, yet always was the sense of her own importance as a shining example to matrons, young and old; before her, Mrs. Betty straightened a rug and flung a grain of dust from the rungs of a mahogany chair.

"Ladies have more provoking ways nowadays than was allowable when I was young," she muttered, "and this Joan has had her own way all her life with that foolish brother of mine, who must needs spoil his only daughter. And she must take it into her head to come down here on a visit, as if I haven't enough on my hands!"

When Mrs. Betty added that last clause she looked over at a pale, listless young woman stretched out on a lounge in the gloomiest corner of the room. When Mrs. Betty alluded to the troubles of life, and the crosses you'll get well, I haven't a doubt of it," she was so strong of purpose, so thrilling with life and vitality, and above all, so sure that health and happiness tarried for her cousin's wife, no one could resist the influence. The first thrill of hope which had stirred Grace's bosom for more long and dreary months than she cared to count stirred it now, woke such desire and determination that her face shone.

"Joan," she said, "do you think I can do it? Tell me the truth."

"I know you can do it," was that dark-eyed maiden's firm reply. "If you promise to have as much faith in yourself as I have in you, the thing is done. You've been taking for granted that your case was hopeless and haven't made half an effort. Remember this, impressively, "once you make up your mind firmly to get back all you've lost you're on the highroad to recovery."

"Do you believe in faith cures?" asked Grace, somewhat feebly.

"Joan laughed. "To a certain extent, yes," she said.

"But you spoke of having that great doctor see me, and—"

"I believe in doctors, too, to a certain extent. We'll get the benefit of both. You remember my cousin's doctor who assailed the good old Presbyterian doctrine and counted the idea of future punishment: 'Ye may be right, but again ye may be wrong. If there should be no bottomless well I'll be agreeably surprised, but I'll keep on the safe side, anyway. That laugh of yours is music to my ears, Grace. And now for home and the hair-dressing."

Malcolm McGilivray, coming into the sitting room as the lamps were being lighted, glanced toward the couch in the idea of a pale, apathetic Grace, a gently fading flower. The doctor said she might never be better; his mother said of a surety she never would be better. They likely knew. It was hard. Nobody knew what he suffered, though his mother guessed at times. For one thing, he was devoutly thankful his poor Grace had all that love and care could give, for was she not in his mother's hands? Oh, blessed, blind belief of love!

"Here I am, Malcolm, in the big chair." Yes, it was his wife's voice, and surely that was her fair head, with the little curls running over it in the old way; her face with something of the old brightness in it.

"Well, our little girl is better?" he cried, and bent and kissed her.

"She was so worn out with excitement that she had to be carried to her room immediately after dinner, whereat Mrs. Betty shook her head knowingly, and remarked to Malcolm: "Grace can't stand much, poor girl! Unless she keeps quiet, than she has kept today I wouldn't be surprised to see her go out like a flash of a candle."

The fates were kind to Joan. Mrs. Betty's only sister, a wealthy spinster, took ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and Mrs. Betty received a summons to the bedside. It was a summons she felt she could not afford to disobey; besides, she had an affection for her own kith and kin. So, with many injunctions to her household, many dire prophecies that every thing would go to rack and ruin without her watchful eye, she set forth.

Then began the reign of Joan the strong-willed.

Her first care was to get the opinion of Dr. Robinette, the specialist from the orthopedic hospital. He was a little old man, with wonderful eyes, and a skill past understanding to ordinary mortals. He would not say that Grace's recovery was an assured thing, but he would do his best for her. But where was Mr. McGilivray? The doctor would like, before taking up the case, to talk things over with that gentleman.

"That is precisely what you must do," cried Joan. "Dr. Fanning says the case is hopeless, the other village doctor says the case is hopeless, and poor old Cousin Malcolm hasn't a grain of faith left. We want, to appointing creatures," would-up Joan.

"With your help we're going to do it."

"My directions will be followed implicitly," he asked. "You both promise that?"

"I promise," said Joan solemnly.

Grace was crying softly. "I will do anything, doctor, anything," she whispered, and the patois in the blue eyes raised to his touched him deeply.

"All right, then. I'll help you along with that surprise party of all the pleasure in the world," he said cheerily. "Twice a week I visit my patient along the way, and on these occasions can easily drop in here."

So it was settled. They began their task in earnest. It was a trying time. At the end of the first week Grace was worse, if anything. Up to the time of beginning treatment she had suffered from lassitude and weakness only, but now the pain was sometimes unendurable.

"Very good," muttered Dr. Robinette, with a gleam in his eye. "Very good, indeed."

The third week showed little improvement, but the fourth showed a change. The invalid could move her limbs a little. She must needs celebrate this discovery by falling into such a nervous hysterical state that Joan was in despair.

"You'll let the whole thing out," groaned the latter. "Malcolm must notice your strange moods."

Malcolm did notice these moods, but never guessed at the cause. He was preoccupied as a rule. Of late he was deeply immersed in business. People shook their heads, and said it was too bad to see a young man shut out from all social life. They began to invite him out, and during these days of his mother's absence the thought came to him over and over that his life was being a dull one, and that he should visit old friends sometimes.

"As for Grace, she grows more unlike herself every day," he muttered. "I don't know how it is, but a wall seems built up between us. She cares so little for anything—or anybody—nowadays. Then Joan is always with her."

During the next months Grace progressed slowly, but oh, so surely. She could stand on her feet, could take steps with the aid of a crutch, finally could walk alone. She was growing daily so like her old self that Malcolm must have noticed it had been less absorbed. Health began to glow in her eyes and on her cheeks—the long-lost vitality to assert itself. Joan was so happy her song rang out through the homestead all the long, sun-filled days of the late summer.

The illness of Mrs. Betty's sister was a lengthy one, but one morning came the word that she was well enough to travel, and would accompany Mrs. Betty home in something less than a week.

Joan sought out her cousin that evening as he sat alone in the library, his head bent on his hand, an expression almost bitter on his handsome face.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said, with the friendly, confidential smile so few could resist. "You look as though you had been at a funeral."

"And so I have, little coz," he answered, "so I have, the funeral of some high hopes and happy hours. This afternoon I had an errand to the house on the hill."

"Oh, the pretty house on the hill? When will you be getting there again?" Joan's voice was eager.

"Not for weeks perhaps. The visit today has given me a fit of the blues. I won't shake off for a while, Joan," with sudden earnestness. "It's a little hard—a little hard. I drew the plan of the house myself, and the days that saw it being built are the best in my remembrance, and now I'm contemplating the sale of it."

"You don't mean it?" cried Joan.

"Why, if you had a bit of sentiment in your nature you wouldn't dream of such a thing."

"Business is business," he retorted.

"But you are well off, Cousin Malcolm. Why think so much about money? You have no son to heap up wealth for."

"Not the hope of one," with a grim laugh.

"May I have the key of the place? I'd like to go over, if once more."

He handed her the key without question or comment.

The following days were busy ones for Joan and for sturdy Bridget, the domestic, sweeping, dusting, airing, washing, ironing, baking, the musty small crept away before the sun and wind that went flying through the long-shut house on the hill, cobwebs fell before vigorous onslaughts from Bridget's broom. It was glorious doing all this by stealth, and with the knowledge that the sound of Aunt Betty's wrath would soon be heard in the land. The place was so sweet and clean and homelike the day Grace was brought over that for very joy of seeing it again she cried all the while Joan was laying the cloth and arranging a dainty lunch.

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Malcolm unlocked the door and en-

REGENT DECISIONS RENDERED

Prior Grantee of Water Rights Must Not Be Molested.

Precedent Established Declaring Conglomerate and Stowe Creeks One and the Same Used Again.

Gold Commissioner Senkler has recently rendered a number of decisions in cases heard before him pertaining to the titles of mining claims involved in the disputes.

The defendants Bell and Pond staked practically the same ground upon the 30th day of October, and obtained their grants therefor, the claim being described as Nos. 1 and 2 above discovery on Bishop creek.

It appears that when the plaintiffs staked the ground, the plaintiff Taylor used as his lower post a post used by the discoverer as his upper post, and he staked up stream a distance of 236 feet.

The plaintiff Taylor is entitled to a grant for that portion of his location that does not conflict with discovery claim, that is the ground from the upper post of discovery claim up stream for a distance of 168 feet, and the defendant Bell's grant must be cancelled in so far as it conflicts with the Taylor location above described.

The second judgment is one concerning a claim on Conglomerate and is brought by reason of the commissioner having previously decided that Stowe creek is but a continuation of conglomerate and as such a miner is not entitled to stake on it.

The body of the remains lying partly obscured from view in a thick mat of brush, was examined by the coroner and the body was found to be that of a man who lured on the outskirts of the town and abducted woman and girls at dusk.

For some time life has been a burden to the female population of Marysville on account of a masked man who lurked on the outskirts of the town and abducted woman and girls at dusk.

Frank Daly, one of the survivors of the ill-fated Walla Walla, arrived in the city last night from San Francisco. Mr. Daly was on a life raft about fifteen hours before he was rescued.

PECULIAR SUICIDE

Man Blows His Head Off With Dynamite at Seattle.

Seattle, Jan. 21.—The trunk of a human being was found in the brush on Thirtieth avenue, between East Cherry and James streets, yesterday afternoon by Earl Osborn, a pupil of the Walla Walla school.

The head was completely blown from the body, only particles of the face remaining, which clung to the neck and lay hidden under the trunk.

The body was discovered by the Osborn child shortly after school was dismissed yesterday afternoon. He had penetrated a willow thicket about 100 yards due south of the Madrona park car line on Thirtieth avenue.

The body lay stretched on its back at full length on the ground. Tattered shreds of clothing hung in several stunted alder trees, and a deep hole in the ground where the man's head evidently rested when he lay down bore silent testimony to the manner in which he met his death.

The third decision rendered concerns certain water rights on Rock creek and is as follows, the action being entitled Ellen Acklen, William Bradley, R. J. Ellbeck and D. S. McKenzie vs. Joseph W. Boyle.

The plaintiffs hold a water grant giving them the right to divert 5000 miners' inches of water from Rock creek (a tributary of the Klondike river) at a point about 20 miles from its mouth.

Everett, Can. 10.—A man by the name of Fallner, who was arrested at Marysville on the charge of crim-

inal assault upon Pearl Hewey, a 16-year-old girl, some time ago, was brought to this city today. He will be examined before Justice Lewis next Monday.

The deed was found, save the initials "J. A." upon his underclothing. The clothing is somewhat weatherbeaten, and this, coupled with the fact that coat and vest were torn in shreds by the force of the explosion, precludes an accurate description of the garments.

BENEDICTS ENTERTAIN

Small and Early at Pioneer Hall Last Night.

Several times during the present social season the eligible bachelors of the city have entertained their married friends at little informal dances held fortnightly, and so great a success has attended the efforts of the gentlemen as hosts that the Bachelors' club has almost come to be looked upon as a fixture in the little world of society located hereabouts.

The Dawson Debating and Literary Society held its most interesting debate of the year last evening at St. Andrew's hall. The question was: Resolved: That the policy of the Boers was responsible for and justified Great Britain's actions in the Boer war, as argued by Messrs. Edwards and Wilson for the affirmative, and Allen and Kilgore for the negative.

All of the speakers showed a careful study of the question and brought their points out carefully and conclusively, but the affirmative speakers had clearly the stronger argument and the judges after due deliberation gave the decision in their favor.

EMINENT MINISTER

Has Remedy to Prevent Lynching of Negroes.

Milwaukee, Jan. 10.—"If after having branded their cheeks and provided for their being carried to Africa, the country will turn over to me all these criminals that they are burning, hanging and shooting, I will give the world another Rome or establish a country like Australia, which was founded and built up by English cutthroats and penal convicts."

The body must have executed a complete somersault in midair before finally striking the ground after the explosion. It lay in a position directly transposed from that which was apparently assumed preparatory to the explosion.

Hardly had the officers completed the task of examining the ground surrounding the body when it became dark and Detective Barbee searched the clothing of the body in the gathering darkness by the light of a flickering tallow candle.

able to place on the British market over nine million sacks of flour, each weighing 288 pounds. And, unpleasant though it is to record the decline of any British industry, we find that during the past several years the output of British mills shows a serious reduction. The total amount of home milled flour that the British millers were able to dispose of during the twelve months amounted to only 28,287,797 sacks, and when we take it to account the fact that the thousand roller mills that have been fitted up with the latest type of machinery have together a total capacity to supply the requirements of the whole population of the United Kingdom, some idea can be formed of how severe competition has been, and is, in the British milling trade.—Birmingham Post.

Hockey Game Tonight.

An interesting hockey match is scheduled for tonight at 8 o'clock in the N. C. rink between the Polars and the Bank of Commerce team. Captain Cosby will act as referee and during the game the ladies of the Church of England will serve refreshments in the club house for the benefit of the organ fund.

Expected Next Week.

Mr. William White, of the firm of White, McCaul, & Davey, has written the junior member of his firm that he expects to arrive in Dawson the first week in February, leaving Vancouver about January 10. Much of Mr. White's time this winter has been spent in Ottawa on business relative to the Hawkins railway, for which corporation his firm is counsel.

Telegraph Wire for Eagle.

One of the White Pass freight teams arrived last night from Whitehorse with 3000 pounds of telegraph wire for Eagle intended for use in the construction of the line to Valdez. This is the second consignment received, the first one amounting to a little over two tons. The wire was forwarded today by the teams sent up Iron Eagle for that purpose.

DEBATING SOCIETY

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ADAMS AND SCULPTURE.

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he would not give 50 cents for all the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, adding, "I hope America will not think of sculpture for two centuries to come."

When some one quoted this to William Morris Hunt, he asked dryly, "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists or the value which he places upon 50 cents?"

Has Left the City.

Harry Fowle, the young man who attempted suicide several weeks ago by the chloral route and who upon his trial was allowed to go upon suspended sentence, left for the outside this morning. He intends to walk the entire distance to Whitehorse.

Escaped and Recaptured.

Tacoma, Jan. 10.—Edmond Hanson, the prisoner who escaped from the United States penitentiary at Mc-

Nell's island yesterday afternoon, was captured at 3 o'clock this afternoon, twenty-three hours after his escape. The capture was made by Capt. John E. Higgins and two boys on the east side of Fox island, seven miles from Tacoma. He was brought to the city by Capt. Higgins and Francis O'Gara, one of the boys, and lodged in the county jail. He will probably be sent back to the penitentiary tomorrow.

Hanson's desperate attempt to escape shows him to be a man of remarkable nerve. He was working with a gang of convicts yesterday under the eye of a guard, and during a momentary lapse of attention on the part of the guard, he bolted to the brush. Evading a hot pursuit he managed to obtain possession of a flat-bottomed boat, and pushed off upon the Sound. A moment later the pursuing guards appeared on the beach at the spot, but Hanson was already well out from shore and was heading in the direction of the Narrows leading to Tacoma.

There was a wireless telegraph that came down across the ages from the men of Marathon and Thermopylae to the men of the Mayflower, and came from the men of the Mayflower to the men of the revolution, and came from the men of the revolution to our splendid youth of 1861. It is not everywhere on earth that the receiving stations of these signals are to be found. Possibly there is a spot in South Africa today where a race of Dutch farmers have been able to comprehend the message.

Career of Lasselles.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 10.—Sydney Lasselles, whose arrest is reported to-

ANOTHER CONCESSION

Ground Located on Lewis River Above Big Salmon.

T. Dufferin Pattullo, acting assistant gold commissioner, on January 21 posted a notice in the matter of the application of F. C. Haldane for a lease for hydraulic mining purposes of a tract of land situated on the Lewis river, commencing four and one-half miles in direct distance from the mouth of the Big Salmon river, thence up stream a distance of three miles and extending back a distance of one-half mile on each side thereof.

Inherited.

New York, Dec. 21.—In speaking tonight at the twenty-second annual dinner of the New England Society in the city of Brooklyn, Senator Geo. F. Hoar of Massachusetts, who was the guest of honor, said:

There are some men still left in the United States who have ears to hear. Possibly Agualdo may have got a little intimation of it.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 10.—Sydney Lasselles, whose arrest is reported to-

day in Boston, made his advent in Georgia about ten years ago, and the base of his operations for a time was at Rome.

Escaping from the camp, he was next heard of at Americus, Ga., but here his wife secured a divorce from him. Soon afterward he secured the franchise for an electric lighting plant and water works system at Fitzgerald, Ga., from the promoters of the town. G. A. R. men of Indiana. His franchise was allowed to lapse and he married the daughter of a wealthy man at Fitzgerald and disappeared.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Hotel Flannery.—H. Semier, Forty Mile; F. Johnston, Eldorado; John Odyard, 32 Eldorado; G. S. Dutchman, Hunker; J. P. Kazinsky, Hunker; A. Whiten, Bonanza.

L-ft for the Outside.

Thos. W. O'Brien left for the outside at an early hour this morning. His trip will be quite extensive and will embrace a number of the eastern cities.

Nicely furnished rooms at the Coping House, 7th ave. and 3rd st.

Choice cut, beef, mutton and pork, at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

The following "special music" will be rendered at the above church at tomorrow evening's service: Mr. Charles W. McPherson will sing "Abide With Me," by Liddle, and the choir will sing the anthem by F. Schilling, entitled "O Be Joyful in the Lord."

FOUND.—Black and white dog, husky and collie. Owner can be reached by paying for ad and charges at Kelly & Co., Leading Druggist.

CITIZEN'S Committee Rooms Meeting Tonight in Committee Room South Dawson, Opposite Log Cabin, at 9 O'Clock.

Mayor Chas. McDonald; Aldermen: John P. Gray, Dr. Norman Peter Vachon, Geo. Murphy, F. Macdonald. Meetings every evening.

Headquarters King St., Opp. Post Office.

Fine Tailoring SPRING GOODS First-Class Work FR Guaranteed GEO BREWITT 2nd AVE.

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Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.

Address: General Delivery, Dawson. FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars CHISHOLM'S SALOON. Two Claret and Prep.

N. A. T. & T. Co. DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Ladies' Dresses

These garments are suitable for house dresses and sell in the regular way for \$10 and \$15.

Now, all shades, \$5.00

Persian Lamb Jackets

Closing out a few at \$115.00

Seal Skin Jackets

Up-to-date in style and first-class in every respect.

Reduced to \$225.00

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