

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 7 No. 1

DAWSON, Y. T., TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

...FO... Holidays ...THE LAST IN... American Neckwear

Beaver Gauntlets
Fur Cos.....

SARGENT & PINSKA, Cor. First and Second St.

Are you troubled with WATER in your mine? If we have Electrolytic, Pneumatic, Centrifugal & Force Pumps in sizes to suit any emergency.

Holme, Miller & Co.

Wose, Steam Fitting, Ricks, Shovels, etc. 407 Front St.

Change of Time Table

Orr & Tukey's Stage Line

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, 3:30 p. m.

From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill Hotel, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building, 3:30 p. m.

ROYAL MAIL

HEALTHFUL,

TOOTHsome

...MEATS

Game of All Kinds

..CITY MARKET..

KLEBERT & GIESMAN PROPRIETORS

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

The O'Brien Club

Telephone No. 87

FOR MEMBERS

A Gentleman's Resort,

Spectacular and Elegant

Club Rooms and Bar

FOUNDED BY

Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

GRAND

Re Opening.

VILLA DE LION

New Year's Day.

Under Management LION BROS.

Best of Liquors and a Splendid Time.
COME ONE. COME ALL.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

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

LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

ALL ARE RESOLVED

To Do Good and Leave Undone a Number of Offensive Practices.

MANY HAVE NO CHANCES TO MAKE.

None So Reckless as to Resolve to Keep a Diary.

OLD TIMERS WON'T PROMISE

One Man Will Stop Smoking and Take to Strychnine—In 30 Days Time 'Twill All Be Off.

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There were some, of course, who did not drink, because the coming of a new year effects different people in different ways. This is accounted for by the fact that there is something about this new year which incites people to make all sorts of resolutions deemed for the most part to be broken if not forgotten, within 30 days, without grace.

Some people make heroic resolves about honesty, truthfulness, economy, the golden rule and a thousand other things equally as absurd, from a twentieth century standpoint. For the most part these are the inexperienced, and the person who decides to keep a diary will generally be found among them.

The next classification is made of those who break up good strong pipes which have withstood the seasoning process gloriously and done their duty. The same resolutionists throw away their tobacco, pour their liquor in the sewer, and stop swearing. The last set are the knowing ones who have watched the passing of many new year days, and have reaped the harvest of understanding from the places where they have fallen down.

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Rudy Kalenben—I have solemnly promised myself not to play another jack pot till the dawning of 1902. Also that I will smoke as much tobacco as I feel inclined to in the same period.

Johany Becht—There being no money at the disposal of the council to build an insane asylum, I have quit smoking cigarette and commenced using strychnine. I have also decided that I will increase the company of newspaper reporters.

Frank Clayton—That I will not laugh at one of Thompson's jokes for

12 months if it costs me my life. Not even if he explains it. I have looked my habits over very carefully and find that no further reformation is needed.

Sam Wall—That I will not joke any more for at least a year, and maybe not during the century, and that I will buy the biggest pipe I can find.

Fred Payne—I have donated my diamonds to the associated charities and am not going to have the quincey again during the next 100 years.

Jack Emerson—I am going to start today and make the best time I can between here and Whitehorse.

Ed McConnell—No resolutions in mine.

O. Finstad—To do just as I please for the next 12 months. I bought a case of whiskey today.

Harry Edwards (time, last evening)—It's too early in the game. See me at 12 tomorrow night.

Ed Orr—I have resolved to make no resolutions. Will let it go as it looks.

George McArthur—I have been trying to figure out a winning system for years, and have decided to stick to this one for a year—at least—to keep away from behind the jack and nine.

E. B. Condon—I can't see where a resolution made today would do me any good, so I'm not making any.

J. R. McGovern—That I will not mush any more behind a dog team; that I will never allow another cat to worm its way into my young affections, and that I will never go aboard the Emma Nott again.

B. F. Germain—That I will keep open house next New Year's day.

Deputy Sheriff Seymour—That I will change the brand, buy an indestructible typewriter and write another poem.

Herbert H. E. Robertson—I have resolved to have just as much fun as I can during the next year.

Jack Eilbeck—I have resolved to buy a new hockey stick and refrain from cooking for a year.

Joe Clark—have resolved to incorporate, whether the rest of Dawson does or not.

Dan McKinnon—New Year's resolution? I should say so. I'm going to buy a gun and shoot every reporter I catch outside the city limits for a year.

Andy McKenzie—To stick as closely to the truth as business will permit, and organize a not treat law as applied to press representatives.

Jimmie Hicks—I'll play no more bank.

Al Watson—To eschew bad company, and keep a close watch upon the actions of the chief of the fire department.

Dr. Brown—No resolutions necessary in my case, because I should only have the trouble of breaking them.

Corporal McPhail—No resolutions—not even to the extent of the diary business.

Weldie Young—To inspect everything that is suspected of being a mine in the Stewart river district. I have already reformed.

Steve O'Brien—Too early to tell yet how I'll come out, but I have resolved to reform in several places simultaneously, I may live through it.

Steve Barret—Resolutions not for publication, as they may break all over things.

Chief Stewart—Resolved to do the best I can for myself and everyone else, Al Watson included.

W. P. Allen—To raise a mustache.

Al Smith—To get a larger hammer.

Ed. Dolan Plugged

Ed Dolan is nursing two things this morning with care and tenderness, although the method of treatment is different, and ultimate cure effected in widely divergent ways.

One of these things is a wound in the calf of his leg, and the other is his wrath. Both wounds were received at the hands of George Troxwell last evening during the production of "Champagne and Oysters." The piece is a one-act comedy, and as produced last evening was even more productive of mirth than the author counted upon, that is, to every one but Dolan, but it won't be so funny tonight, because Dolan won't have his other leg hurt, and so far no understudy has been found who is willing to take any chances with the Troxwell artillery.

Early in the play there comes a place where Geo. Troxwell as Mr. Troot, feels called upon to do a little Fourth of July business with an abnormally large six shooter, said six shooter being loaded with blank cartridges of course, in order to avoid injury to the anatomies of the rest of the cast.

The gun was properly loaded with blank cartridges by props, but a little larger wad of candle wax than usual was used to hold the powder in place, and Troxwell was a little nearer the Dolan limb's than he thought for, and besides the wax had been left out of these legs in dressing, so there was nothing but a stocking to stand off that chunk of wax. At the proper time Mr. Troxwell deployed his artillery, and great execution was down among the enemy.

Bang! Then Dolan's face suddenly took on a look of pained surprise, he was heard to make some remarks not wholly complimentary to Troxwell, and he took the wounded leg fore and aft, and departed from the stage in a maiming not set down by the author.

When he got off the stage he kept right on saying things, and it is understood that he is undecided whether it was a deliberate attempt on his life or an open insult. If the gun had been loaded with lead he would have known what to think, but when he is gone after and shot with a wad of candle grease he don't know what to think.

The gun was a 44-calibre affair, and Dolan thinks there was enough wax plugged into his leg to start a candle factory.

He will recover.

A. E. Co.'s At Home

Under the guiding hand of Manager L. R. Filda, ably assisted by Messrs. Brown and Lindsey, the A. E. Co. entertained today in a manner that reflects great credit upon the management. Immediately inside the main entrance was arranged a circular counter, which served as a bar and from which were dispensed to all visitors the choicest viands to be had from the A. E. Co.'s big stock of which there is none finer in the northland. Egg-nog, punch and the pure "old stuff" was bountifully dispensed, the mixed drinks, the product of the skill of Ben Ferguson who presided as a chief mixologist with the dignity of a Roman conqueror. In addition to the unexcelled fluid refreshments two experts were kept busy serving lunch which combined the properties of delicacy and substantiality.

Since 9 o'clock this morning there has been a steady procession to the A. E. store, where the entire force from Mr. Filda down to the warehouse truckmen have been zealous in seeing that each caller was happy during his sojourn in the big store. No goods were sold, but all devoted their time to entertainment. The hospitality of the Alaska Exploration Company will for ever be linked with the first day of the 20th century in the memory of all who called there today.

Mason's Meeting.
The stated communication of Yukon Lodge (M. D.) A. F. and A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, Thursday night, Jan. 3, 1901. All master Masons in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
C. H. WELLS, M. W.
J. A. DONALD, Sec.
Cyrus Noble whisky, Rochester.
Short orders served right. The Holborn.
Eastern Washington new timothy hay at Meeker's.

DAWSON'S GREETING

To the New Year and Farewell to the Old Last Midnight.

EVENT CELEBRATED AT ST. MARY'S

Other Churches Hold Services of Song and Prayer.

MANY OPEN HOUSES KEPT.

Everybody Extended the Glad Hand to His Neighbor and Good Cheer Held High Carnival.

Dawson observed the passing of the old year and century at 12 o'clock last night, and in every way compatible with the fitness of things, welcomed the new year and century by extending the glad hand of hopes for the fulfillment of the many promises contained in the hour.

In laying away to rest the remains of the old year, nothing of regret for the past was heard anywhere, and if individuals had such thoughts concerning it, they were not allowed to show on the surface of things. No funeral march is played when a year dies in Dawson, but the dead past with all its dry and unhandisome bones are laid away in silence, and everyone's energies are devoted to welcoming the new era of prospective betterment, and it is done with a will, although, all things considered, with decorum.

Among the churches the event was generally noticed by special midnight services, the most portentous of which was the sacrifice of the mass at St. Mary's. Pope Leo XIII had issued instructions to the Catholic world to have special services for the occasion, and the pope's instructions are always obeyed.

The services at St. Mary's were conducted by Father Gendreau, assisted by Fathers Corbie and Lebert, acting as deacon and subdeacon.

Quite an elaborate musical program had been prepared which was beyond doubt the last ever heard in Dawson. Music, it is said, "bath power to soothe the savage breast," and certainly no one who has ever been present at a Catholic mass has failed to be more or less impressed, whether from a religious point of view or otherwise.

A watch service was held by the Rev. Dr. Grant of St. Andrew's church, which was well and largely attended, by not only the congregation but many visitors. Besides the church services there was entertainment for all, no matter who, or of what diversity of taste. The police boys acknowledged the visit of father time, and gave him good cheer and a hearty send off along his shadowy path.

Down town there was every sort of hilarity and amusement open to all comers. The theaters, besides the regular performances provided masquerade balls afterwards, and many began keeping open house with the first stroke of 12. Among these was German, the restaurant.

(Continued on page 4.)

THE RIDGE CABLE CO.

Have installed a new plant on the Ridge and are now in a position to pull up all comers.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

WHOLESALE	A. M. CO.	RETAIL
This price will appeal to your purse If you value your dollars		
50	MEN'S FUR COATS	\$35.00
Including Wombats, Foxgus, Wolf and Fur Lined Beaver Coats, worth from \$50.00 to \$75.00. Your choice while they last.		
AMES MERCANTILE CO.		

New Century apples \$10. at Meeker's.



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Spot orders served right. The Hoboken.
Eastern Washington new tighty boy at Mecker's.

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McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

WHOLESALE A. M. CO. RETAIL

This price will appeal to your purse if you value your dollars

50 MEN'S FUR COATS \$3500
Including Wombats, Polangus, Wolf and Fur Lined Beaver Coats, worth from \$50.00 to \$75.00. Your choice while they last.

AMES MERCANTILE CO.

New Century apples \$10. at Mecker's.



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	12 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	7 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.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1901.

RING IN THE NEW.

The curtain has been rung down upon the nineteenth century and today we welcome for better or for worse a new year and a new century in one and the same breath. It is too early as yet to pass judgment upon the influence of the past hundred years in advancing civilization and uplifting humanity. We are at too close range. It is easy enough to go back 300 or 400 years and discuss with intelligence and without passion what was accomplished in this century or what that one might have achieved had it been alive to its opportunities. But to turn the search light of impartial and unprejudiced criticism upon events practically contemporaneous, is almost an impossible task. The historian of a hundred years hence will place a far more just and accurate estimate upon the cycle just brought to a termination, than anyone at the present time can hope to do. Not only will he have a better and broader knowledge of events themselves but he will record their occurrence in the light of results, which will give him pre-eminent advantage over present day writers.

In any event, however, we are more concerned with the future than with the past. The twentieth century holds out possibilities more alluring than ever before were opened to the reach of man. If it is fair to argue from the old saw respecting shadows of coming events, it may be said without danger of serious departure from truth, that the progress of the twentieth century will be attended with one continuous succession of triumphs. Problems which have consumed the energies of scientists for the past hundred years are now approaching solution and the practical effects thereof will be realized during the new century. It is not without the range of probability that methods of transportation both on land and sea will be completely revolutionized, while instantaneous communication between distant points, without the use of wires is certain to reach successful accomplishment. These are but suggestions of the things which are in store, but in themselves they speak of consequences of the utmost import. They tell of new fields for human endeavor. They will present new opportunities whereby latent energy may be brought into action and will create a market for the absorption of surplus labor.

Undoubtedly, life in the twentieth century will be lived at a rapid pace. The candle will be burned at both ends and the chief end of man will be to crowd the most into the least possible time. The game of life will be played out in a constantly decreasing number of years, but into those years will be thrown a proportionately increasing amount of experience which will act as a sort of equalizing agent. It is good to be alive in an age when human blood leaps fast in the veins and fame and fortune stand with smiling face and beckoning hand for him who has the will and the power to attract their notice.

Such is the new century upon which we have entered. Never were opportunities more plentiful nor possibilities greater. This is the outlook at the beginning. The end no man can foresee. But whatever that end shall be, it may be said in all truth that never was beginning brighter with promise.

When the first movement in favor of the incorporation was made, Dawson had no graded streets, no sidewalks, no street lights, no sewers, no fire department, no proper sanitary arrangements—nothing in fact that a town of its size should have. At the present time all of these things are in evidence and no local taxes have yet been collected. In view of these circumstances it is not difficult to understand why so many people have chagned their minds in the matter of incorporation.

We don't suppose that a resolution on the part of the News to stick closely to the truth hereafter could possibly have any effect in the long run. The fact of the matter is that our contemporary got off on the other foot in the very beginning and nothing short of something in the line of the Keeley cure could now induce it to turn from the error of its way. The News tells the truth by accident, once in a while. But never when it can avoid so doing.

When Dawson really and truly makes up its mind to enjoy a holiday, as for example is the case today, a stranger might pass up and down the streets and think he had fallen into the midst of the Deserted village in winter time. A little investigation would soon convince him of his error. Dawson is at home celebrating—that's all.

It is really too bad that the price of Mumm's, etc., should be so materially reduced at such close proximity to New Year's. There is no way of telling how many good resolutions will be ruined by \$3 wine.

THE GRAND SCHEMER

HE PLANS A DEVICE THAT WILL TAKE THE PUBLIC BY STORM.

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"The biggest scheme of all—the ne plus ultra!" whispered the major with a flourish of his right arm. "I expected to stop at ten, but this scheme came pushing along and I had to take it up. It's the richest of them all. It'll pay 100 per cent profit from the very start. In a week from now the Standard Oil company won't be on earth."
"But I'm here about those bills."

"My dear Thompson, walk with me. When I was hand up, you were one of the few who did not lose confidence in my integrity. The man or woman who trusts Major Crofoot never regrets it. I might not have picked up this eleventh scheme but for you. I wanted to let you in. I wanted to reward you for your faith in me. Thompson, my boy, sell out your law business—give it away—get rid of it before night."
"I want to know about those bills," said the lawyer as he came to a halt.
"The last and best scheme of all," continued the major as he got hold of his arm again. "Is the Musical Washboard company, organized on a capital of \$20,000,000. The idea is strictly original with me. Washboard runs a music box while you rub. Music box can be placed in the laundry, parlor, kitchen or even the next house. May arrange later on to have 'em connected with drug stores, kindergartens and public schools. Twenty-four tunes in the box, evenly divided between sad and lively. As the washerwoman rubs away at

one of your colored shirts the music box strikes up 'Comin Thro' the Rye.' She changes off to a sheet or pillow-slip, and you have 'Home, Sweet Home,' with variations. Thompson, shake hands!"
"I won't do it. I came here to notify you that these bills must be paid at once or you will be haled into court."
"It's a hummer, my boy—it's a success from the start. Costs nothing extra for the music, you know. While you are hiring a woman in the laundry for a dollar and a quarter a day she's furnishing music for the parlor free gratis. Put a bedquilt on the washboard and you can hear the strains of 'The Old Oaken Bucket' from garret to cellar. Let the woman tackle a tablecloth, and everybody goes dancing to the tune of 'Maggie Murphy's Home.' Drug stores can make it at a slight cost for their patrons, and public schools needn't pay a cent. Rub-a-dub-dub! Music by the box! Thompson, don't miss it. Don't throw a good thing over your shoulder. I want to take you in. I have taken you in. You are to be secretary of the M. W. C. at \$20,000 a year."
"That's all wind," bluntly exclaimed the lawyer, "and it won't work. Will you draw me a check for \$200?"
"Isn't it a wonder that somebody else didn't strike on the idea?" whispered the major as he patted Thompson on the shoulder. "The washboard has been known for 200 years. What was easier than to make friction run a music box to soothe the sorrowful, lull the ailing or enthrall the discouraged? It would have saved thousands of lives annually, prevented thousands of suicides, and yet no one thought of it. Thompson, shake hands! It's the secretaryship at \$20,000 a year for you, and I'll give you \$50,000 worth of stock at ground floor figures. Months ago, when I was hard up and couldn't pay a bill of \$7, you put your hand on my shoulder in a brotherly way and said you had every confidence in my financial integrity. Do you imagine I've forgotten that, Thompson? Not by the grave of my grandfather! I never think of it without the tears coming to my eyes."
"Do you want to be sued for these accounts?" demanded the lawyer when he could get in a word.
"And your reward for trusting me is this," continued the major—"the salary of \$20,000 is only a starter. I'll double it after the washboards get into the market. The \$50,000 in stock will pay you \$25,000 a year in dividends at the very least, and perhaps double that, and there you are. You can safely put your first year's income down at \$65,000. Is that enough, Thompson? If not, just say the word, and I'll add \$20,000 to it. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I want no more of your wind!"
"Meanwhile, my dear secretary of the M. W. C. I owe \$200. You have the accounts to collect. Just mark 'em collected' and I'll pay in the \$200 to hold your stock. Always have to have a deposit as evidence of good faith, you know. If it was anybody else, I'd demand a certified check for \$10,000. Thompson, go home and throw your lawbooks out of the window."
"I'll be hanged if I do! I want to know—"

"Throw your lawbooks out of the window, dissolve the partnership, and then take your position as secretary. No hurry for a day or two, but don't wait too long. I want to get the articles of incorporation through as soon as possible and patent the idea. Good-by, Thompson, goodbye."
"But I want that check!" protested the lawyer as he was pushed out.
"And the washerwoman rubs and the box plays on," replied the smiling major. "We'll have 50,000 washboards playing 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Home of My Soul' before the month's out, and if you want \$15,000 in advance on your salary and profits send your boy around and I'll fill out a check. Good-by, Thompson, goodbye, and remember to keep mum till our patent is secured."
The door was shut and locked, and there was grim silence for five minutes. Then the major heard threats and vows and mutterings, and some one went slowly down stairs.

Crowing Matches.
The Belgian artist spends his leisure in a very curious manner. He keeps a special coop for crowing, and the bird which can utter its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The mode of operation is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows for it appears that one bird sets the other off crowing. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the bird which scores the highest number of crows in the allotted time. A great number of these competitions have taken place in the Liege district, and in some cases heavy bets have been made on the result.

THE GRAND SCHEMER

Major Crofoot Originates the M. W. B. Company, Filling a Long Felt Want, and Incidentally Takes In a Lawyer Friend.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.]
The grand promoter sat at his desk in his office with a wandering look on his face and

THAT KANSAS MURDER CASE

Trial of a Woman That Has Interested the World

Two Females Fight With Razors Till One Dies - Jessie Morrison a Hopeful Prisoner.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 11.—A special to the Star from Elorado, Kan., says:

When Jessie Morrison awoke in her cell this morning it was with a realization that her fate at the hands of the jury would soon be known. Her hope of acquittal which had begun to arise with the close of court on Friday last, had become almost an assurance. The closing arguments were not finished until 10 o'clock last night. At that time Judge Shinn sent the jury to a hotel for the night, with instructions not to begin consideration of their verdict until 8:30 o'clock this morning. At that hour the jury was led into a small room in the courthouse set aside for it and its struggles began. In the hallway outside the men could be heard talking loudly, apparently all at the same time. It is the opinion of the lawyers on both sides that no matter what the verdict may be it will not be reached for a day or two. When the jury was sent out to liberate the prisoner and her family retired to her cell.

Miss Morrison this morning received 40 letters of sympathy. A New York physician extended an invitation from himself and his wife to her to make her home with them when she should have been acquitted.

The case has been one of the most interesting in the annals of Kansas crimes. The principals were Jessie Morrison, daughter of M. H. Morrison, formerly probate judge, Mrs. Clara Wiley Castle and Olin Castle, the latter's husband. All came of prominent families, who had lived in the county for the past quarter of a century. Miss Morrison and Castle were clerks in a "racket" store, and before he married Clara Wiley, Castle paid attentions to the prisoner. It was shown in the trial that much jealousy existed between the two women, and it was fanned to a glow by Castle, who apparently gloried in their discomfiture.

Miss Wiley and Castle were married in June last. On June 23 the women fought with a razor in Mrs. Castle's house, and the latter died of her wounds 18 days later. In a deathbed statement Mrs. Castle charged Miss Morrison with entering her house on pretense of showing her a letter, of talking in a threatening manner and then slashing her with a razor, which the defense tried to show she had abstracted from a showcase in the racket store. Miss Morrison's plea was self-defense, and on the stand she declared that Mrs. Castle had called her into the house, attacked her and made it necessary for the defendant to cut her to save her own life.

Miss Morrison was last July indicted for murder in the first degree, and has since been refused bail. It took five days to secure a jury, over 400 men having been subpoenaed. Each side presented about 40 witnesses and eight lawyers were retained.

The taking of testimony consumed 11 days' time and the arguments were begun Saturday morning. The defendant fainted in her cell on Wednesday after a fit of sobbing, and cried much in the court room. It was feared that she would break down before her testimony could be heard, but on the day the prisoner took the stand she displayed remarkable nerve and coolness.

She recited the details of the terrible death struggle without hesitation, and underwent the rigid cross-examination of the state's attorneys without show of fear.

Since then she has grown brighter and stronger as her hopes of acquittal rise. Former Judge Morrison has been at his daughter's side constantly during the trial, which has daily attracted great crowds.

Sunday, attended by her relatives, Miss Morrison spent the time in her cell singing and praying, while Olin Castle joined a party of hunters. Castle was not in the court room during the closing arguments.

Jessie Morrison is 29 years old. Mrs. Castle was 28 and Castle 26.

Candidates in Jackpot.

Wanover, B. C., Dec. 12.—During the recent election in the district of the Cariboo for a seat in the Canadian House of Commons, it was a matter of great surprise when the returns were in to find that two somewhat remote places had gone solidly for

Gallagher, the government candidate. Wardner, in East Kootenay, and the 150-Mile were the two peculiar localities, and it is positively asserted that the result at the 150-Mile was brought about in this way:

The electors of that unconventional locality decided to vote as a unit for one of the three candidates—Gallagher, the Liberal nominee; McKane, the Conservative, and Foley, the labor candidate. The combined vote was a jackpot to be played for. The adherents of the three candidates selected each its own most expert poker player and the game was started with 20 chips in front of each player. The gaunther representing Gallagher was the most expert or the most lucky, and he won, so Gallagher received 45 solid votes from that polling division, every elector living up to the agreement.

At Wardner the only voters were two government appointees, the deputy returning officer and his poll clerk, and as they could not vote against Gallagher without detection, they naturally voted for the government which employed them.

"All the Jolly Fun to Ye."

There is always a mixture of the horrible and the delightful in a London crowd. The "horrible" includes the water squirts, which are known by the name of "all the jolly fun." In a previous letter I have spoken of these squirts being brought into requisition during the election by rude boys and girls who show their disapproval of certain quiet men who, on being interrogated, have declared their intention of voting in opposition to the views of the rude boys and girls. In a large crowd there are always hundreds of these squirts which are always referred to as "all the jolly fun."

"Oh, missus! All the jolly fun to ye!" cries a street boogian at a handsomely dressed woman in a carnival crowd, and into her face is squirted the water. This sort of "fun" is, of course, never resorted to by any but the lower Londoners, but lower Londoners make up a large part of a London crowd. It is useless to protest against it, and so far it has appeared useless to agitate the subject in parliament. Many times, so I am told, staid parliamentarians have given their attention to this subject and have brought up the proposition to abolish "all the jolly fun" by punishing any persons seen carrying one, but in spite of agitation against it "all the jolly fun" remains a horrible feature and fixture in a London crowd.

Another of the carnival horrors has been the "tickler," but it is an insignificant discomfort compared with "all the jolly fun." "Ticklers, ticklers, two a penny, who'd be without a tickler when ticklers are so cheap?" This is the selling cry of the vendor of peacock feathers, otherwise "ticklers." They sell like hot cakes in the London crowd, nearly every member of which seems to become possessed of a passion to tickle his or her neighbor on the ear or in the neck with a peacock's feather. The buying and manipulation of the "tickler" are not confined to the lower Londoners. College boys out for a lack and clubmen, having disguised themselves, are especially adept at wielding the peacock feather.—London Letter.

Burning of Farms.

London, Dec. 12.—Forty one proclamations of Lord Roberts have been published. They have been mostly summarized previously in the newspapers. The last one, dated November 18, says: "As there appears to be some misunderstanding as regards the burning of farms, the commander-in-chief wishes the following to be the lines upon which general officers commanding are to act: "No farm is to be burned, except for an act of treachery, or when our troops have been fired on from the premises, or as punishment for the breaking of the telegraph or railway, or when used as a basis of operations for raids, and then only with the direct consent of the general officer commanding. The mere fact that a burger is absent on command is on no account to be used as a reason for burning houses. All cattle, wagons and foodstuffs are to be removed from all farms. If that is impossible they are to be destroyed, whether the owner is present or not."

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel. Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

That Little Straight Jacket Jim

BY BELLE DOBNER.
Turn out of your bunk, there, partner;
Can't you see it's getting late?
And this New Year's morning
And we're going to celebrate!

The assessment work is all finished,
And the claim is ours for a year;
She's going to pan out in the spring, Bill;
She'll do it, as sure as you're here!

There ain't no town in these mountains—
If there was we'd paint her red—
But we'll cook an extra pot of beans,
And make some sour dough bread.

And there's plenty of beans and tobacco,
And bacon, and whisky for two,
So I'll just tune up the fiddle,
And leave the cooking to you.

And for fear at this jollification
The attendance is going to be slim,
We'll write out an invitation card
To that "Little Straight Jacket Jim."

He's a little high-toned for us, Bill,
Yet I couldn't get on well enough,
And I somehow think that heart of his
Is made of the genuine stink.

For I saw the tears come into his eyes
At news of your brother Richard's death;
Then all of a sudden his lips got white,
And he went to gasping for breath.

I wonder what he's doing up here?
For this ain't no kind of a place
For a fellow of his education
And delicate, well-bred face.

I'm willing to bet some woman's hand
Mixed up this dose for Jim;
And it seems to have knocked him sideways;
But he's built all-tredly slim.

We'll just step in and surprise him
With our little dance and song;
The door wide open? Blamed if it ain't;
Why, Bill, there's something wrong.

For here on the bed beside him
Is a six-shooter full of lead;
An 's-ck-on heart failure came along
With this bullet hole in his head.

Put up the blankets gently
And close the sad eyes of blue—
Foot little chap, I am sorry
That we ever made sport of you.

Why, he's holding your brother's picture;
And it looks as natural as life;
And written upon it in pencil
"I used to be Richard's wife."

An Oriental Married.

Denver, Dec. 12.—Panay G. Vouros, son and heir of Ben Vouros, one of the hereditary chieftains of the Island of Crete, one of the best versed men of the day in the languages of the Orient, who has a record as a soldier under many flags and as an officer of the United States secret service, was married in Denver by Magistrate Rice to Mrs. Effie Cook, daughter of Fred Smith, and granddaughter of the late Col. McMartin of the British guards. They became engaged a week ago, having met last summer in Salt Lake. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Crete.

Youraky has held positions as instructor in classics at Harvard, University of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburg and at Tulane University, New Orleans. At one time he served on the detective force in San Francisco and assisted in the arrest of Theodore Durant. Later he went into the United States secret service and was engaged in breaking up gangs of counterfeiters.

Farewell to Roberts.

Cape Town, Dec. 12.—At the reception in honor of Lord Roberts yesterday when the British commander rose to respond after the presentation to him of the sword and casket, he present rose to their feet, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. The demonstration continued for some minutes. At its conclusion Lord Roberts made an eloquent address. After expressing deep thanks for the honors accorded him, he said the war in South Africa had a peculiar interest for him, inasmuch as it enabled him to bring to what he had hoped was a successful conclusion the work entrusted to him 20 years ago—that of dispelling by force of arms if necessary the aspirations of the Boers to render themselves independent of British control.

Referring to his abortive visit to the Cape in 1881, he said:

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. The guiding hand of the Omnipotent will bring good out of what to our finite understanding was the most unfortunate war of 1881, for that war could not have consolidated the whole British empire as firmly as this had done because it was fought by regulars alone; whereas the present war was fought by the militia, yeomanry and volunteers, the admirable and workmanlike colonial contingents all fighting as brothers in arms under the dear old flag of the queen.

In this respect Lord Roberts said he held the unique position of the first field marshal having the honor to command such an imperial outburst. He was convinced, he declared, that this spontaneous outburst of patriotism was not ephemeral. England had only to give the signal and her sons would again flock to her banner from the ends of the world. Never had a mother more reason to be proud of her sons than had England today; God had brought them out of what in the dark days of December had appeared to them the valley of the shadow of death; and they could not remember the days of tribulation with deep gratitude for the mercy vouchsafed them.

Lord Roberts then paid a deeply moving tribute of gratitude to all who had worked with him. He added that his interest in South Africa would not cease

on leaving its shores, but that he should watch its settlement with the utmost eagerness. Dwelling upon the necessity of co-operation between the Dutch and English, he said it would be his proudest boast if he could claim to have done nothing but what stress of war had compelled to hinder the friendly fusion of the two races in the republics. They must try to forgive and forget all that tends to bitterness of feeling, leaving the idea that nothing remained to be atoned for on either side. "God has given into our hands," said the field-marshal, "a great heritage, for which a heavy price has been paid in the blood of the best and bravest, and we must not be negligent of the trust, as we have been in the past, but must be able to give a good account of our stewardship, and must remember there are other duties than national glorifications."

He declared that he could not better conclude his speech than by quoting the first verse of Kipling's recessional: "God of our fathers, known of old; Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Tragedy of Civil War.

New York, Dec. 12.—The body of Confederate Brig. Gen. Herman Bins has been found in Blackswamp, four miles from Morristown, N. J. He was known as the hermit of Wanoing mountain. For 35 years Bins had lived a solitary life on the side of Successunna mountain. He had little to do with any one and his retreat was far removed from the nearest house. His cabin was found in ashes by those who went to it after the body had been identified. Bins made his appearance on the mountain in 1865. When he first came he wore a gray uniform and on it were the stars of a brigadier general. Ten years after Bins settled on the mountain his life story came out

through no fault of his. William Becker, a veteran of the Union army, who had occasion to visit Atlanta in 1875, commenced an investigation and found from the Confederate reports that Herman Bins had enlisted as a minor officer soon after Sumter was fired upon. He rose rapidly and at the close of the war had the rank of brigadier.

At the outbreak of the war Bins was a well-to-do planter in middle Georgia. While he was in the army his two children died. When Sherman marched to the sea, cutting a gap through Georgia and leaving desolation behind, Bins' home was one of the places of which nothing remained but ashes. Mrs. Bins had fled before the arrival of Sherman and joined the refugees. Exposure and hardships brought her to death.

When he returned to his plantation he found the ashes of his home, the graves of his children and near them the grave of his wife, whom faithful slaves had carried to the plantation and buried. Gen. Bins at once left and until Mr. Becker informed them his friends did not know what had become of him.

No one knows how the old man came to his death.

Notice.

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

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

Ready-made dresses at reduced prices at Mrs. L. Thompson's, Second avenue, next to Dawson Hardware Co.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

THE TACOMA BOYS

YOU CAN HOLD US UP

If we don't succeed in Pleasing and Satisfying You in every particular.

OUR MONEY IS YOURS

CLARKE & RYAN, GROCERS
Corner 6th St. and 2nd Ave. **THE TACOMA BOYS.**

For the Best Bargains in Groceries and Provisions to be obtained in town.

"White Pass and Yukon Route."
A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

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

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

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

WE HAVE

1 40 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN

also **TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS**

The **DAWSON HARDWARE CO.**

2ND AVE. PHONE 36

Just a Few of Our Retail Prices

Flour, per sack	5.50
Oat Meal, per pound	12 1/2
Best Japan Rice	15c per lb., 7 lbs. for 1.00
MEATS	
Roast Beef, Roast Mutton, Club House Sausage Meat, per can	.60
BUTTER	
Coldbrook, 1900, 2 1/2 pound can	1.75
Coldbrook, 1900, 1 1/2 pound can	1.00
Pickled Roll, 1900, per roll	1.00
MILK AND CREAM	
Eagle Milk, 3 cans for	1.00
Reindeer Milk, 4 cans for	1.00
Highland Cream, 5 cans for	1.50
St. Charles Cream, " "	1.50
Oysters, 2 pound cans, per can	.50
Sugar, 15c per pound, 7 pounds for	1.00
FRUITS	
Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extras, per can	.50
Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can	.50
All other can vegetables, 3 cans for	1.00
All kinds of Dried Fruits, per pound	.22 1/2
Macaroni, per pound	.25
All other goods at proportionally low prices	

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

THE DR. BETTINGER MYSTERY

How the Evening Pipe-Dreamer Thickens It

Exclusive Telegraph Franchise Not Affected by Broken Wire—Wonder of the New Century.

The supposed disappearance of the trail between Dawson and Whitehorse of Dr. Joseph Bettinger, accounts of which have previously appeared in this paper, is sufficiently mysterious of itself with the intervention of the Daily News to further complicate the situation.

Yesterday we were rejoiced to read in the News and under a big heading the information that Dr. Bettinger was met on Lebarge on December 17th, just two weeks previous to yesterday, and further down in the same article the News assures us that "Mr. Pretwell's story sets at rest the apprehensions felt regarding Dr. Bettinger's supposed fate."

The above was pleasing to all who read it as people generally have manifested deep interest in the matter and many and profound have been the expressions of sorrow for the missing man and of sympathy for his wife, a bride of but a few weeks; therefore, the article in the News headed "Dr. Bettinger is All Right," was hailed with delight when it caught the eye of the public yesterday evening.

But the News did not stop with saying Dr. Bettinger is all right. The News has an "exclusive" franchise which is a wonder. Notwithstanding the fact that the telegraph wire was down continuously from Saturday until today, the News, by its "exclusive" franchise, received the following yesterday labeled "special to the Daily News."

"Skagway, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Bettinger, wife of the missing doctor, has sailed for Seattle and will enlist her brother in the search. They will probably return together."

The "exclusive" franchise, like young Lochinvar who came out from the west, is not easily downed. Broken wires are no obstacle to its working with the result that the News' readers are regaled with up-to-date telegraphic news regardless of broken wires.

An "exclusive" franchise is a great "ting."

But the question is, which, if either, of the News' stories is to be relied upon. People would like to believe the one which says "Dr. Bettinger is all right," but 14 days after the News says he was met on Lebarge the News further says by its telegram, which is infallible because the product of an "exclusive" franchise, that the doctor never arrived and refers to him as the "Missing doctor."

It is a rule of philosophy that when bodies of equal weight and velocity come together they fall to the ground. This same rule applies to the News' conflicting stories of yesterday, and the only logical conclusion that can be reached is that the News never interviewed a man named Pretwell, neither did it receive the telegram, but that both stories were ordinary—very common News pipe dreams.

About the Theatres.

The good old drama, "The Ticket of Leave Man," was again brought before the lights and a good house last evening at the Orpheum, and right well was it received, because it was worthy of welcome, being not only an exceptionally strong piece of dramatic work, but one which has always found in the public mind and sympathy, a responsive chord both for the trouble of Bob Brierly and May Edwards, the condemnation of Jim Dalton, and the approval of Mrs. Willoughby.

The cast at the Orpheum is a strong one and does full justice to the piece, which is saying much in its favor.

A short olio follows the four acts of the play, and the program closes with Rockwell and her pickaninny, in which Clorindy Cakewalk cuts a large figure and makes a hit.

The Savoy program this week is headed by one of Post and Marretus' laughing carnavals entitled "Euchre." It is altogether beyond the limits of time and space to give painstaking descriptions of the work of the two Savoy comedy artists, who divide the attentions of the audience between them, and perhaps the only adequate idea that can be given briefly of their capabilities as mirth producers, may be contained in saying that if the dead man who Mark Twain was offered a reward for causing him to smile, were to see "Euchre" as it is played by Post,

Maurettus, and the rest of the Savoy's cast this week, he would laugh, because he couldn't help it unless he was afflicted with blindness also.

"The Green-Eyed Monster," by Post, Ashley and Bryant is also a good thing, and could be used as a valuable adjunct to a first-class dyspeptic cure. The last number on the bill is called "Flirtation," in which Post appears in a new role, that of Robshaw the Dude, and he is perfectly at home in the part.

"Champagne and Oysters" at the Standard has been referred to in another column, and although somewhat disfigured, Dolan is still in the ring, and will appear again tonight as if nothing had occurred to mar the appearance of his leg or ruffle the even tenor of his ways. It is said in theatrical circles today that George Troxwell has compromised the six shooter incident of last evening by buying Dolan a new pair of stockings and agreeing to carry a wooden pistol the rest of the week.

Meeting Night Changed.

At the last meeting of the local camp of the Arctic Brotherhood the time for holding the regular meetings was changed from Friday to Tuesday nights. Today being a legal holiday no meeting will be held tonight. But hereafter a meeting will occur regularly each Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

Business Suspended Today.

Today being New Year's all business among the public offices and larger concerns is suspended and the day is being devoted to the cultivation of good fellowship. Many calls will be made this evening and tonight. No particular exercises will mark the occasion tonight.

DAWSON'S GREETING

(Continued from Page 1.)

anter who gladdened the hearts of his friends with a new and wonderful drink, known as the "parson," and some rarebit, the thought of which makes the mouth water.

Water parties were held all over town, and altogether Dawson received the new year in a way befitting its well known reputation for broad minded liberality and open hospitality.

The Billiard Tournament.

The last game played in the present billiard tournament now on at the Regina Club was played Friday night when C. S. W. Barwell essayed to make 190 while E. C. Senkler was piling up 160. The result was that Senkler had made 160 while Barwell was striving to surmount 177.

The next game may be played tomorrow night and will be E. C. Senkler 160, vs. C. A. Dugas 110. The winner of this game will then play with W. H. McKay the final game of the tournament.

His Soliloquy.

A degenerate looking specimen of the genus homo emerged from the door of one of the First Avenue resorts this morning and leaning up against the side of the building ruminated anxiously through his pockets one after the other.

Finally a look of resigned disappointment spread over his face and he muttered in scarcely audible ones:

"Looks like Ish beginnin zish cenry 'bout even. All I can see zhat I've carried over from lasht cenury ish zese old clothes and'er devil of bad taste in my mouth. Purty tough ter not be able to get'er bite ter eat on beginnin' of zer new year. If I can't get nuzzin fer whole cenury I'm in'er bad fix."

Arrives With Oysters.

Frank H. Hall, former steward of the steamer Bonanza King, arrived yesterday evening, 16 days from Whitehorse with a consignment of fresh eastern oysters for the local market. Mr. Hall says the trail is at present in bad shape and will only be bettered by use. He predicts considerable travel in the near future as there is already a large amount of freight accumulating at Whitehorse which it is intended to freight in on the ice.

Owing to Snow.

People experienced in Yukon winter weather assert that the mildness of the present winter is due to the more than usual heavy fall of snow. It is the previous history of the country that winters of heavy snow falls are unusually mild. It is predicted that there will be considerable more snow fall during the next two months and that next spring will witness very high water throughout the Yukon valley.

Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

Silk hose and silk underwear at Sargent & Pinsky's.

New Year presents at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Celery at Meeker's.

COMING AND GOING.

Twenty-seven sacks of mail arrived from above this morning.

At 1:15 today the first tick from the wire was heard since last Saturday.

Frank Woods, of the Savoy theater has recovered from his recent illness and is back at work in the theater.

Mr. Hirskeil, of Orofino Hill, arrived in Dawson Sunday afternoon, making the trip from Whitehorse in eleven days. He brought with him as a passenger Mrs. Harry Say, of No. 6 above Bonanza.

A meeting of the executive committee of the public museum will be held Wednesday night at 8 o'clock in Commissioner Ogilvie's office. All members are requested to attend.

Corporal Stewart, who arrived last night with the prisoner, St. Cyr, was looking for the hockey rink this afternoon. To those who have known him before he is the same hale fellow well met.

He Lifted the Ticker.

A London detective visiting Glasgow met a Scotch police official on the street and in the talk that followed spoke contemptuously of the ability of Scotch thieves as compared with the English experts.

Taking this as an aspersion cast on the astuteness of the Scottish police as well, the Glasgow detective was nettled and thirsted for revenge. Looking around, he espied a little fellow who had been dogging them and who was known as an expert pickpocket. Crossing the street he addressed the boy, and, pointing to the retreating figure of the English detective, he asked if he would know him again.

"Aye," replied the boy. "What about it?"

"I want you to lift his ticker. He says no-one in Glasgow can relieve him of it."

"Ah, it's a right. See any green?"

"Honor bright, Tommy! I'll give you half a crown when you deliver up the watch to me."

"Ye will? An' what else?"

"Nothing else."

"Let's see, then. I'm to lift the ticker, an' you're to pay half a crown for't on the spot?"

"Yes, that's it."

"An' wad ye ken it if ye see it?"

"I would among a thousand."

"Is that it, then?" And the boy, diving into his trousers pocket, displayed the identical watch and explained that he had secured it "while the gent was chaffin' about the prigs."

Oriental Punishments.

The heathen Chinese deems the desecration of graves one of the most unpardonable of crimes, and, according to law, any man finding another in the act of robbing a graveyard may legally kill the villain on the spot without fear of consequences.

If a Turkish-baker pines off a loaf of bread on you that is proved to be of less weight than it is represented, you can instruct a policeman to nail the defaulter by one of his ears to the door of his shop so as to be in full view of the passersby. The poor wretch will then be provided with a sharp dagger or knife, with which he can cut himself free so soon as he can summon up the necessary courage required for the operation of self maiming.

In many of the oriental countries, where precious stones are looked upon as well as sacred objects, it is no uncommon thing for a jewel robber to be punished with death. In Tibet the penalty for falling from your horse when taking part in any military operations or public athletics is death.

One writer recalls how he saw a man shot in Montenegro for appearing at a review wearing a stained uniform.

Sacrificed the Mustache.

Thomas B. Reed at one time wore a mustache of a few straggling hairs, so often seen on the upper lip of extremely fleshy men. How Mr. Reed parted with his hirsute apology can best be told by a certain barber in the house of representatives who attended the gentleman's wants:

"One day the man from Maine settled himself in the barber's chair and requested a shave. When the operation was completed, Mr. Reed straightened himself and asked, 'Have you any of that old fashioned pomade to wax my mustaches with?'"

"The barber hustled among his pots and jars and produced a French preparation in vogue a quarter of a century ago and then proceeded to wax the ends of the Maine statesman's few wirelike hairs.

"When the man of snapshot sentences arose and contemplated himself in the glass, he turned to the astonished barber and said, 'Cut this blanked blank mustache off for you have made me look like a confounded catfish.'"—New England Home Magazine.

Old Teeth Bought.

The following curious advertisement recently appeared in a London paper: "Old False Teeth Bought.—Many ladies and gentlemen have, by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. and J. B., of (established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them, they will remit you by return post the utmost value; or if preferred they will make you the best offer and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference is necessary, apply to Messrs. R. D. and J. B., Ipswich."

One Way of Looking at It.

"Look at this, will you?" exclaimed the estate and house renting optimist. "In this paper there is a record of 87 marriage licenses issued yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" said his partner, the pessimist of the firm, who was leaning back in a chair with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

"What of it?" echoed the other. "Can't you see, Those 87 marriage licenses mean 87 marriages. The 87 marriages will lead to 87 inquiries for houses, flats, or at least eligible apartments. It's bound to stimulate business in our line, and we'll get our share."

"That doesn't follow at all. Those 87 licenses represent 174 persons, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Probably all adults."

"Undoubtedly. What of it?"

"Nothing," growled the pessimist; "except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy 87. You give me a pain. Go away."—Ex.

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

"HIGH GRADE GOODS"

Start the New Year Right

Buy Only First-Class Goods

GIVE US A SAMPLE ORDER

S-Y.T. CO., SECOND AVENUE.

TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE

THIS WEEK "EUCHRE"

JIM POST'S LAUGHABLE COMEDY

Also the Slide Splitting Complication

"THE GREEN EYED MONSTER," Or "I'LL TAKE THE WIDOW."

As usual the show will be interspersed with good music by our Famous Orchestra. Our Vaudeville Artists will appear in New Specialties.

The Standard Theatre

WEEK OF JANUARY 1st, 1901.

A revelation in neatness, positive appearance of the famous dancing wonders CARRIE WINCHELL TWINS JULIA Positive appearance of the celebrated Singing, Dancing, Acrobatic and Knockabout Comedians, GEO. BROWNELL and BILLY EVANS. EDWIN R. LANG, Character Comedian. The only DOLAN. GRAND MIKADO MASQUE HALL, New Year's Eve, Magnificent Japanese Costumes, Pretty Girls, Multicolored Lights, Standard Theatre Orchestra.

Mail Is Quick

Telegraph Is Quicker

'Phone Is Instantaneous

YOU CAN REACH BY PHONE

SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN And All Way Points.

Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.

Business Phones, \$25 Per Month

Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month

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

DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER

Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.

An Appropriate Illustration....

Says More Than Many Words

If you were a sign painter a cut like this published in the right way would help your business.

AT THE NUGGET SHOP

we make all kinds of ENGRAVINGS

The only plant in this territory.

Notice.

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

HILLSIDE CLAIM

Lower one half left limit No. 21 God Run creek, in the Indian River mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T. under No. 2063 by C. W. Barwell, D. L. S. First published October 14th, 1900.

Notice.

Miss B. V. Robson can learn something to her advantage by calling at the Nugget office.

Men's fur lined gloves and mitts. Sargent & Pinsky.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meekers.

Sargent & Pinsky have the finest assortment of American neckwear for the holidays in Dawson.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester.

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

COMM... VOL... HO... Amer... Bea... Fur... SARG... Cor. Fi... Are you troubled w... ELECTIONS, PUIS... in st... Holm... Rose, Steam Pitt... Cha... Orr & T... On and after DOUB... TO & FR... Leave Dawson ing... Hill Ho... From Forks, Hotel... Returning, L... Co.'s Bu... HEALT... TO... ..CITY... KLENER... COMPETITIVE PRICES... The C... A G... Soacious and Club... Murray, C... The... g... Elect... Dawson... B. Oled... City of Power B... FULL... Vines, CHISH... M...