

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

Co Advertisers
The Nugget Reaches the
People Who Buy.

VOL. 2 No. 95

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

PLUCKY FIREMAN

On White Pass & Yukon Route Takes Grip for His Life

AND IS DRAGGED FOR LONG DISTANCE

Before He Is Missed by Engineer Who Stops Train

WAS QUITE BADLY BRUISED

Is Now in Skagway Hospital and Will Be All Right in a Short Time.

Skagway, April 20.—Herbert Morse a fireman on the White Pass & Yukon Route passenger train, had a narrow escape from death yesterday by falling from a running board of the engine while in a deep snow cut near Pennington. As the snow wall was close against the side of the train Morse tumbled down under the tender and with one hand grabbed the lower step of the forward express car. He hung on and was dragged several hundred yards before he was missed by the engineer and the train could be stopped. The only injuries sustained were some severe bruises. He is now in the railroad hospital here and will be as good as ever in a few days.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

M. J. HENEY AT SKAGWAY

Will Leave Soon For Cook's Inlet to Build Railroad.

Skagway, April 20.—Contractor Michael J. Heney is here in attendance at court in a case against the Contract Company for damages alleged to have been sustained by a man who says he was maltreated by Heney and Dr. Whiting while an inmate of the railroad hospital at this place.

Heney is said to be looking over the ground for a short cut on which to build a spur of the road from Whitehorse to the copper mines. He is also looking over the old line surveyed to Atlin, but it is not probable either spur will be constructed this year. As soon as the case in court is disposed of Heney will leave for Cook's Inlet, where he has a contract for 30 miles of road which it is stipulated must be built this year.

Ice Going at Whitehorse.

Skagway, April 20.—Telegraphic reports from Whitehorse today say the current is slowly cutting the ice loose from in front of the town and that the river is expected to be open in a few days.

The steamers Dirigo and Senator are expected to reach Skagway from Sound points this afternoon.

U. S. Consul McCook is steadily improving and will soon be able to give personal attention to the duties of his office. He is able to leave his room for a short time every day and his strength is gradually returning.

CASE AND BRITIAN

Will Meet in a Ten-Round Go at the Savoy.

Brittan and Case have at last been matched for a 10-round boxing contest, the event being billed to occur on the night of the 23d at the Savoy theater. Brittan has been working on the creeks all winter and is said to be in fine physical condition. He has had considerable experience in the ring and has met and defeated a number of good men, some of whom are now top notchers. The management of the theater, it is understood have warned both men that in the event of any fake work the gate receipts will be donated to some charitable institution and the men cut off without receiving a dollar. Under these conditions the patrons of the sport will be assured of a good exhibition.

Northern grown garden seeds at McLennan's.

Hotel McDonald
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON.
JOHN O. BOZORTH, Manager

Orr & Tukey..
FREIGHTERS

DAILY STAGE
TO AND FROM GRAND FORKS
D. A. M. AND 3 P. M.
Office - A. C. Co. Building

SEE
H. H. Honnen
FOR
Freighting

PACKING GARLOCK, TUCKS,
Round and Square
ALL SIZES
Rainbow Sheet Packing and Square Flax
McL., McF. & Co.
LIMITED

SAYING NOTHING

For Publication at Present But Are Awaiting Further Developments.

MIND THE WORD WITH COMPLAINANTS

Who Are in the Dark as to Basis of Ottawa Order.

LOOKS LIKE COON IN FUEL

Case Will be Called by Magistrate Starnes as Per Docket Next Wednesday.

The telegram received by the king's counsel Thursday relative to nolle prosequing the libel charges preferred against Mrs. Luella Day McConnell by Councilmen Senkler, Dugas, Ogilvie and Wood, was delivered yesterday afternoon to Magistrate Starnes before whom the charges were preferred. Neither the magistrate or any of those who preferred the charges when seen today had anything to say for publication but all of them are greatly surprised at the sweeping nature of the order from Ottawa which they do not hesitate to say was caused to be issued by a misrepresentation of facts as they exist being forwarded from Dawson to the minister of justice at that place.

As the cases have never yet made any progress in the matter of preliminary hearing, there has as yet been no evidence to transcribe, therefore it is impossible that any official account of the proceedings so far taken will have been forwarded to the minister of justice. Yet Edward McConnell, husband of the defendant in the case, said today that a full account of the matter so far as it has gone is now in the hands of the honorable minister of the interior. The libel charges, however, do not believe that the telegraphic order is based on any such account of the matter as would be forwarded by the defendant, and while they refuse to say anything for publication until after the case has been called on next Wednesday, at which time Mrs. McConnell's physician says she will be able to appear, their suggestive looks plainly indicate that they believe there is a nigger in the woodpile.

The telegram has not in any way changed the status of the case in the police court where it will be called as per docket next Wednesday morning. Should it be that the defendant is held over to the higher court the telegraphic order will then probably be introduced. In the latter event those by whom the charges were preferred will very likely talk in a manner to make interesting reading.

WAS AGAIN CONTINUED

Case Against Ed McConnell for Firing Police Matron.

The case against Edward McConnell who is charged with having ejected from his hotel the police matron placed in charge of his wife who is under arrest on the charge of criminal libel was continued from yesterday until this morning and from this morning until next Wednesday morning. Edward is charged with having interfered with an officer in the discharge of her duty in that he put her out of his house for the reason that the room she occupied was not paid for when he thought it should be. The guard, Mrs. Day, is still on duty, however, and the room rent will be paid by the government.

At a late hour this afternoon the police matron was withdrawn as guard of Mrs. McConnell.

Will Interest Ladies.
The ladies will be pleased to learn that one of the finest hair dressing parlors in any country is now being conducted by Mrs. Luenders opposite the Nugget office. That lady has recently returned from a long trip abroad where she obtained the most valuable stock of hair goods and toilet requisites ever coming to this country.

EATEN BY WOLVES

Body of Black Found Near Selwyn in Bad Shape.

The body of Joseph Black who was lost from the trail near Selwyn on the 12th of last January, having left Tenmile post that morning, and which, as stated in the Nugget of yesterday, was found yesterday morning, is reported to have been badly torn and mutilated, presumably by wolves. As will be remembered, the accounts published at the time of Black's disappearance stated that his sled with a badly frozen and crippled dog was found on the trail towards evening of the 12th, but that Black was nowhere to be seen and, as the water bucket was gone from the sled, it was thought then that he had gone to an open place in the river to secure water and had possibly fallen in. The discovery of his body, however, is almost conclusive evidence that he was overcome by cold, the thermometer being nearly 60 below, and sank down to his death on the cheerless ice of the Yukon.

Inspector Wroughton who left for the up-river a week ago and who held an inquest on the body of Dr. Bettinger at Stewart, is now at Selwyn and will conduct an inquest on Black's remains probably today after which, as was the case with Bettinger, the body will be buried without being brought to Dawson.

Capt. Starnes is authority for the statement that the recovery of Black's body clears up the last mystery in the way of persons supposed to have been drowned, frozen or murdered on the upper Yukon unless, as has been supposed by many, Graves, O'Brien's former partner, was killed and his body consigned to the river at the same time as were those of Clayton, Relfe and Olsen. If this be true there is one body which the Yukon has not given up.

FORBIDDEN TERRITORY

Demi-Monde Must Not Locate on Klondike Island.

On the 18th of February Major Wood issued orders for the removal of the demi-monde from the city and fixed the limits at the Klondike river on the south, the Yukon on the west, the bluff on the north and about Twenty-sixth avenue on the east which would be somewhere near the new bridge, the order to go into effect the 1st of May.

A number of those who are compelled by the order to seek new camping grounds have already moved, putting up their shacks on the island in the Klondike and it was generally expected that the balance would migrate there before the first of May.

A petition was presented to the Yukon council at a recent meeting by the residents of Klondike to disallow them to settle on the island. The council decided not to take any action in the matter leaving it entirely in the hands of the police. Notices were posted on the island in various places that any one who started a house of ill-fame there would be prosecuted by the citizens. A strong protest was also made to the police officers and yesterday Capt. Starnes issued the following order:

Owing to the numerous complaints regarding prostitutes settling on the island in the Klondike river, it has been decided to include the island in the town limits as defined by regulations and none will be allowed there.

This Hoop Is Ancient.

Mr. Emil Westerberg brought to the city today news of the discovery on a below on Eighty-pup, Hunker, at a depth of 60 feet below the surface, the front leg of a horse which had been severed at the knee. Although dug out of the solidly frozen earth, the leg is well preserved, is covered with hair and the hoof is as perfect as though it had been there but a month instead of possibly thousands of years.

Messrs. J. Snutala and Robert, Rule who own the claim, hope to find the rider of the horse and possibly a petrified livery stable as they go deeper. The fact that there is no shoe on the hoof is a sure indication that it is prehistoric, and the further fact that there is not a bunch of hair on the pastern joint shows that the leg is not that of a Clydesdale.

Chechaco butter, Selman & Myers.
Latest photo buttons at Goetzman's.
Fresh eggs, Selman & Myers.
Kodak tripods \$3.50; Goetzman's.

MEAT COMBINE

Follows in the Wake of the Big Local Commercial Companies

THREE FIRMS CONTROL ALL MEAT.

Game Has Pretty Well Disappeared From Market

AND OTHER MEATS GO UP.

Demand Slackened in Consequence—Fresh Shipments Now En Route Will Soon Bring Relief.

The combination idea has struck Dawson in a manner which suggests that it is likely to stay with us. Following the corroboration of the big combine comes a similar arrangement on the part of the local meat dealers.

The meat men think that their profits during the past winter have been altogether too small.

Their principle cause of complaint arose from the large amount of game brought into market which of necessity brought the price of beef and other meats down.

Game has largely disappeared from the market now, and this it is stated furnished an opportunity to Dawson's meat dealers to get even.

Nearly all the meat in Dawson is now in the hands of three firms, viz., Taggart & Murphy, Burns & McDougal and Chas. Rossut. The first named concern has purchased the big stock of the Seattle Market, the consideration it is stated being \$20,000. An agreement was reached with the others named to maintain prices and since the deal was consummated there has been a slight advance in prices all along the line both wholesale and retail. Waechter the sheep man who brought 500 carcasses of mutton over the ice is not in the combine and a quiet warfare is on between him and the combiners for the control of the mutton end of the market.

It is stated on good authority that since the advance in prices the demand for meats has fallen off and consumption consequently decreased.

Meanwhile several shipments of mutton are en route river, and it is expected that these will reach Dawson tons, all break up to relieve the market.

All are agreed that the only reason for the increase in prices is the fire above that the pig has become a great game during the winter.

Messrs. E. B. Chase and J. B. Chase arrived this morning with a lot of mutton from Maine. Mr. Chase is a native of Cape Cod and has been in the business for nine months.

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Looks Good to Two Skagwayites

Skagway, April 20.—Dr. Selmer and I. H. Moore returned yesterday from an extended trip through the cupine mining district which they re-ignite was a very hard and tiresome journey. They report many tons of heavy mining machinery as being taken in to be put to work on the various creeks, but the early thaw is making it very difficult to place the machinery where it is desired. From personal inspection made and information obtained they are confident the output of the district will be enormous this season.

Jack Sale's Boy.

A healthy youngster was presented this afternoon to J. L. Sale at his residence on the hill. Mrs. Sale was attended by Dr. Cassel who reports both the little fellow and his mother as doing finely.

Present for Mr. Ogilvie.

The civil servants held a meeting last night at which a committee was appointed to select the form of the proposed testimonial to be tendered Mr. Ogilvie. The committee, which is comprised of the following gentlemen—Dr. Brown, representing the commissioner's office, Mr. Fitzgibbon the comptroller's office, Mr. Senkler the gold commissioner's office, Capt. Starnes, N. W. M. P., James Gibbons civil engineer's department, Mr. Fuller public works, Chas. McDonald justice department and F. M. Shepard—will hold a meeting Monday and select some fitting testimonial to be tendered Mr. Ogilvie before he leaves the territory.

ALLEGIANCE TO KING EDWARD

Oath Taken by Many Officials and Clerks Today.

"I do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VII as lawful sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Dominion of Canada dependent on and belonging to the said kingdom and that I will defend him to the utmost of my power, arms and with traitorous conspiracies, discover from the South Africa. Mrs. his presence through the entire African campaign and was present during many engagements. She escaped without injury of any nature.

New York Is Good.

New York, April 16, via Skagway, April 22.—New York is experiencing a wave of reform. Dan Daly, De Wolf Hopper and William Brady are under arrest or prosecution for burglary on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on Sunday.

Boer Prisoners.

New York, April 16, via Skagway, April 22.—Ten thousand Boer prisoners have been sent to St. Helena and to Dystarval in the island of Ceylon.

Back From Tanana.

Mr. John M. Dornier who left six weeks ago for the Tanana, has returned with the report that only one claim is being worked in the district and the snow is too deep to prosecute the work of prospecting. He says there are a number of people in the district but nothing is being done or will be done for some time to come. Mr. Dornier visited Jack Wade creek where he says there is considerable activity which is resulting in the building up of many large and rich dumps.

Fresh eggs, Selman & Myers.
Kodak tripods \$3.50; Goetzman's.

Wholesale - A. M. Co. - Retail
We Have Opened an Excellent Line Consisting of Silkoline, Plain and Figured Denture, Blue, Tapestries, Etc. Also New Portieres, Stand Table and Cover in Tapestry and Chamois.
We Offer 500 Yards of Plain Silkoline at 25 Cents Per Yard.
AMES MERCANTILE COMPANY

OPINION

When the ICE Goes Out!

Guess nearest to the going out of the ice and we will give you... A tailor-made suit of clothes, A pair of shoes, A hat, A fine shirt, Collars, Cuffs and necktie.

THE HEEL OF OPPRESSION

It looks to a man up a tree as though the people in this country occupy the same position that the Spaniards found themselves when Schley bottled them up in Santiago harbor and drove the cork home.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK

"HERSHBERG"

New Dress Trimmings

Fancy Gold and Silver Trimmings, Gold Braid, all widths, Silk Laces, black and white, Battenburg Laces.

J. P. McLENNAN

JUST IN OVER THE ICE

Wall Paper

N. G. COX, Third St.

Phone 179. Near Second Ave.

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MEATS

CAN NOW BE OBTAINED AT THE

Bay City Market

MRS. DR. SLAYTON

The World-Famed Palmist and Phrenologist. Is once more in the city after visiting Europe and the United States, and is now established in her profession and will be pleased to see old friends and new.

White Pass and Yukon Route

A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway. Comfortable Upholstered Coaches.

Alaska Commercial COMPANY

Hats Blocked To Fit the Head. THIS STORE CAN FILL YOUR EVERY WANT. From the most complete and extensive stocks in the Yukon Territory, and at prices that...

A. C. Co

Keels the Stroller of letters of information on inquiry, all the time-worn. The question is a perplexing one and one to which different answers are required in the majority of cases.

The Nugget has held to the belief and we are of the opinion that this belief will be substantiated by results, that there is a very fair proportion of ground which cannot be worked in summer, and which in consequence will require winter operations.

The Common Laborer. Editor Klondike Nugget: Sir—I read your valuable paper occasionally, when I am able to borrow it from somebody, because, between trying to keep the town of Dawson from going to the dogs—a la "hit me and take it"—scarcity of work, low wages, and being paid for my labor in gold dust, my financial status has been so low that I have not been able to subscribe for it.

In the Semi-Weekly of the 11th inst. I read a report of the meeting of the Board of Trade when the subject of retiring gold dust as a medium of exchange was discussed. And because I have not noticed that anybody of the common laboring class has expressed his opinion on the subject, in spite of the fact that the common laborer or miner is the heaviest loser by the gold dust system, I would say on behalf of myself as a laborer or miner (and I am perfectly sure that any other laborer who has the faculty of thinking will endorse my opinion) that next to the inspection and prohibiting of unsafe and dangerous mines and the abolition of the gambling houses, the retiring of the gold dust system would be one of the best things that the men in power could do for the men who support the town of Dawson, gambling houses, merchants, restaurants and all.

Thus it is. We are none of us without our trials and tribulations. Even getting up in the morning and starting fires is not a heart solo. Life to the poor is no yachting party with a nigger boy to burn lemonade. We are all beasts of burden with a misfit pack saddle. The only way a poor man can be happy is to put a piece of lemon peel and a squirt of bitters in it.

"Heab, thah," said the Kentuckian to the Stroller last night, "I fob one do not believe the infobmation in the papas about a telegram said to have come from the minister of justice regarding those libel suits, fob the reason, sah, that I do not believe it is the policy of the Dominion govtment to take from a citizen his inalienable right—his right, sah, to seek redress when he feels himself agrieved. I

EMIL WESTERBERG. The Able Speaker. Installing things by which we are he who makes an "able" speech, he is the highest yet. He stands and whispers: "Be as quiet as you can. Mustn't interrupt him. He's a very able man."

To Encourage Sleep. Mr. Newpop (ostentatiously)—How pleasant it is to think that we will be some together all evening! Mrs. Newpop—Why, dear, you know we've got to call— Mr. Newpop (in a fierce whisper)—Sh! Can't you see why I said that? The baby's listening.—Philadelphia Press.

doubt if it is law, and I am sure it is not justice. Thanks, I will take a toddy with plenty of sugah. "Der beebel need hafe no fears," said the curbstome broker in Townsend & Rose's cigar store yesterday, "ash I am nod in der gombine. On der r'nder hand, I still hafe a choice lod ov hams, bagon unt repacked budder vich I am brebared to sell to de trade at brices vot will make der eyes stbick ond like some door knobs. Day vired me from London rekvesting me to join der gombine unt offering to make me general manager, but I nod gonsider him for a minute unt a hallut. Ven I form some drusts it will be somethings more ash a few grocery stores, dond id?"

Old Johnnie Lowlow who clowned with John Robinson's circus for 30 or 40 years used to sing a song as follows: "I don't like to see a big boy ride a goat. Or a man wipe his nose on the sleeve. I don't like to see a millionaire sunk, And I don't like to see a tetotater drunk."

Ernest Weaver's Death. Dominion Creek, V. T., April 11, 1901. Editor Nugget: Kinlly correct the death notice of Mr. Ernest H. Weaver, our late partner in 22 above Dominion, published April 11.

AMUSEMENTS Savoy Theatre. Post & Maurettus' LAUGHABLE COMEDY A Crowded Hotel. Myrtle Drummond, Fred Breen, Post & Ashley, Walters & Forrest, Winchell Twins, Cella DeLacy, Cecil Marston, Rae Eldridge.

The Standard Theatre. Week of APRIL 22. First production in Dawson of M. B. Curtis' comedy drama in four acts, entitled Thursday Night, SAMUEL OF POSEN. Ladies Night. -Shore Acres- 28-People-23. FULL STRENGTH OF COMPANY IN THE CAST. RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE.

ORPHEUM THEATRE TO-NIGHT! J. H. Hearde's Australian Minstrels. Flynn's Gaiety Girls. Eddie Dolan. -IN- Civing Pictures "O'Mally's Troubles!" -IN- Don't Miss It.

CONTINUED GROWTH.

The Nugget responds today to the pressure upon its advertising columns and gives its readers a paper substantially increased in size over the regular issue. It has been the aim of the Nugget from the very beginning to accommodate itself to the demands of the local newspaper field.

The Nugget was not started as a big paper with the expectation that Dawson would grow up to it. The original Nugget was a very modest affair, and the various improvements and increases which have from time to time been made were only such as were warranted by the continued growth and development of Dawson and the Yukon territory generally.

The small four page weekly paper which was started in the spring of 1898, has expanded and grown with the expansion and growth of the community. When Dawson demanded a daily paper, the Nugget began its daily publication to meet that demand and now further attests its confidence in the permanence and stability of the town by materially adding to the size and contents of the paper.

The growth of the Nugget has been entirely legitimate and has been based upon sound business principles. This paper looks forward to the future of Dawson with the utmost faith, and bases that faith upon reasons of a most substantial nature.

The public may rest assured that the Nugget will continue to meet every demand of the newspaper readers of the community and will spare no effort in fulfilling this purpose.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

The suggestion has come from several late that a scarcity of money is probable during

There is a fact that the inclination of our owners is nearly as possible to summer work. Whenever ground can be worked in summer, winter operations in the future will practically be suspended. Should it develop

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ROAD LUCK

and then ran out of car fare. Any answers to our dunning letters? "Not a glimmer," mourned Harkins.

Stack looked glad of it. He loaned Jenkins a half dollar for car fare, charged it up on the company's books and resumed his warm place in the corner.

When the young lawyer was gone out, the clerk sidled up to the stenographer and said:

"Say, Hark, I think we're on a dead one, don't you?"

"I hope not, for Jenk's sake. He's so in earnest," said the stenographer.

"Well, it's Jenk's doings. He suggested it, and I guess he needs the money worse than we do."

"But if it fails?"

"Well, if it fails I think Jenkins ought to stand the losses. I'm out fifty already, and it's his fault."

"But he's doing all the work," suggested Harkins.

"Well, so he ought." And Mr. Stack went back to his novel.

The young lawyer worked like a fiend. When car fare was gone, he walked, even ran, after his supposed victims. He quit going back to the office and worked far into the night.

He pestered the life out of every debtor who showed the least sign of paying up, and if they offered him a dollar he took it and asked for two. In the meantime, a few answers to advertisements came into the office, but Mr. Lord seized upon them as "too deep for the boys."

Nobody called. Stack began and finished three paper covered novels. Harkins plodded away indoors, wondering how long Jenkins' nerve would stand the hardships of chasing his prey through ice and snow.

At noon on Saturday Jenkins appeared at the office. He looked thinner than ever. His shoes were worn out. He had a piece of red flannel round his neck and his voice was a husky whisper.

Harkins didn't have the heart to ask him how he fared, but Stack yelled:

"Hello, old man! We thought you had absconded with the firm's money!"

Jenkins was very silent. He sat down at his desk and began to make out his statement. Stack watched him with curious interest as he piled up the few checks and greenbacks which represented the first week's business of the Calumet Quick Collection Company.

He had collected \$240, and the net earnings of the company at 10 per cent amounted to \$24—just \$8 for each of the three stockholders.

"Good boy!" said Stack, picking up his share. "You're a wonder. I didn't think you'd make it go."

Harkins, being what Stack calls "a chump," blushed when Jenkins handed him his share of the profits.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "I don't feel as if I was entitled to any of this money. You and Stack here did all the work, and you ought

to keep my share for stamps and car fare, eh?"

"But Jenkins insisted, and the stenographer yielded."

"All right," he laughed. "I'll take it on condition that you take dinner with me this evening. We'll celebrate the week's success—kind of christen the business. What do you say?"

Jenkins and Stack promised, and at 7 o'clock that evening the three partners were sitting together at a restaurant table christening the collection company.

When they got to the coffee, Jenkins let his bomb fall upon the festal board in this wise:

"Now, Hark and Stack, as to this collection company, I don't care whether it is 'the quick' or 'the dead,' but I want to announce that, so far as I am concerned, it is dissolved, evaporated, vanished. Here are our accounts." He pulled out the package. "They are supposed to represent \$8000 of good accounts. You can have them. I wouldn't give \$4 for the bunch."

His partners looked at him in astonishment. "You're joking!" they chorused. "Why, we have just got to work!"

"You mean I've just got to work," said Jenkins. "Well, I'm done too: I'm out \$5 for stamps, I've worn out a pair of shoes, I've done \$100 worth of the meagrest work on earth, and I haven't got anything but \$8 and the grip. This is the first square meal I've had for two weeks, and I tell you the quick collection business is all off."

The next day Stack said to Harkins that Jenkins wasn't such a mack after all. As for the young lawyer, he is in doubt whether to go back to the farm or look for a more congenial place to "office," for now Mr. Lord, the eminent attorney, says that Jenkins has "no sand" and will never get along unless he learns to "love work."—Chicago Record.

The Fate of the Fly.

At one of the English-German schools in the city a teacher recently announced to a class of very young girls that they could have 20 minutes to write a composition on any subject of their own selection. A bright girl, whose head is adorned with a liberal supply of beautiful auburn hair, handed in the following:

"Flies from Flyland.—Mrs. Fly had a very great deal of trouble with her children. They worried the old lady so much she did not know what to do. One little fly—Worst One by name—never did obey his mother. Now, of course, there never yet was a case of disobedience which was not punished in some manner. If you do wrong and nobody is around to punish you, you usually knock against something or fall down and hurt yourself."

"We will see now what little Worst One did and how he was punished. One day he and his brothers had a chat, and in it they spoke of the 'jam that

the cook table, and just the went. Now, and she went she did not every fly eats inside the js no one knows what will happen to you if you do. Just rest on the top," the mother said. "The others were all afraid and did not go in, but little Worst One, he did not care; he was going in, and in he went in spite of what his mother said. And what do you think happened to him? Never before in the history of flies did such a strange thing happen. You think he died and remained there, don't you? You are mistaken. They did get him out, but he had a terrible punishment, and he had to carry it with him ever afterward. His hair had turned red with fright. I believe after that he obeyed his mother."

The teacher gave this composition "100." Baltimore Sun.

Allah and America.

In Persia, on a morning after the vermin had been particularly vigorous, I said something caustic about getting back to God's country. An Armenian who had reposed in utter comfort in the same caravansary heard it and smiled. Being an Armenian, he hated the Persians, probably. Incidentally the Persian reciprocates.

Well, this Armenian, rubbing his hands and with his head skewed over on one side, said: "The Persians have a legend for everything. They have a legend for what you said just now. It is this:

"Allah—that is God—once said to his angel, 'I will see this world which I made.'"

"And so Allah and the angel descended invisible in a cloud to the earth, and the first place at which they arrived was France that is, in Fereghistan. And there they saw the railroads, and the tramways, and the theaters, and the great picture galleries. And Allah looked in disappointment and said: 'Alas, no! This is not the world which I made. I made none of these things.'"

"So they journeyed to Ingleristan—that is, England—and there were mighty ships in the harbors and huge mills which make all sorts of things and food in plenty. And again Allah said: 'Alas, no! This is not the world which I made.' And everywhere they traveled in the cloud Allah looked upon the land and said, 'No; this is not it.'"

"At last, in despair, the angel led the way to Persia, and Allah sat him self down upon a very high mountain, and looking far on every side, he saw neither railroads nor tramways nor theaters nor picture galleries nor ships nor mills nor schoolhouses nor plenty to eat."

"And Allah," said: "Yes, at last,

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This is the world which I made. Not a thing is changed. The people whom I put there have done nothing. "Why didn't he come to America?" I asked.

"Sir," answered the Armenian "in Persia they had not even heard of America."—R.

Deep Feeling. "You love your native land more than ever, do you not, now that you are about to leave it?" said the experienced traveler.

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...rather than submit to such a shame."

Emily was in a terrible frame of mind, wrought to the highest pitch of jealousy and crushed at heart by her ardent love for her unworthy husband. By the time she reached her home she was desperate, and had determined to commit suicide rather than be subjected to such indignities and to live with a broken heart.

Accordingly she repaired to the corner drug store, where she and her household were known to the proprietor.

"I want," she said in a broken voice, "something that will kill rats."

"Something," she continued in a more trembling tone, "that will not make them swell up and turn black in the face."

The druggist looked at her sharply, took in the situation and folded up some powders.

"There, Mrs. Saunders, is the very thing you want. It will kill all the rats about the house. It was never known to make them swell up or turn black in the face. It leaves them just as beautiful and nice as ever—you wouldn't see any difference in them after they are dead. If anything, it improves their appearance."

Emily took the powders with a shudder and turned homeward. The druggist went to his telephone and sent a message, the gist of which was:

"Is that you, Frank? You had better go home as quickly as possible. I think there is something the matter with your wife."

Upon receiving the message Frank threw his work down and rushed home. He found his wife in bed, with hair disheveled and closed eyes. On the table was a note:

"I die, dear Frank, loving you to the last, although you have proved yourself unworthy of my love. You have been false to me. I found the note for you from that woman in your overcoat pocket and read it. You forgot your vows to me and went this evening to meet her. I followed you and saw that you did not go to the office; you went to keep your appointment and I could not bear it. Farewell, my still loved husband! Look upon what you have done and repent! In death I will not be repulsive to you, as Mr. Short tells me that the poison will not make me swell up or turn black in the face."

Frank immediately rushed downstairs to telephone the druggist to bring around an antidote, and to send for the physician in the next block, but the druggist was already at the door.

"It is all right, Frank," he said, "I gave your wife a harmless powder. It is for you to remove the mental trouble."

Frank hastened to his wife's bedside, aroused her and assured her that she had not taken poison. Emily at once ceased dying and sat up in bed.

"Where did you go this evening, Frank Saunders?"

"My dear, I started to the office, as I said I would, and then I remembered that my partner told me, before he left, that he was going out to see Mary Rudolph, to whom he is engaged, and so I took the trolley and went there to get some papers that I needed for my correspondence."

"And how does this letter happen to be in your pocket—this letter which makes an appointment with you for this evening?"

"That is not my overcoat; it is my partner's. They are just alike, and I

Exchange of Coats Nearly Brought About Suicide, but All's Well That Ends Well.

Emily Saunders had become jealous of her handsome husband. She had been married to Frank only a few months and loved him with a passion bordering on insanity. Unfortunately Frank was inordinately fond of society. He belonged to the clubs, was always foremost at the Mardi Gras balls, went to all the parties of the season and danced with all the prettiest girls. It was rumored that he had once been engaged to Mary Rudolph, who, it must be confessed, was very lovely.

Emily often asked him about that old affair and wanted to know what was in it—whether Frank had actually loved and been engaged to that girl, and what he could see in her to admire. The incipient stage of jealousy was clearly discernible, and it was evident that the green-eyed monster was obtaining a more powerful influence over Emily week by week.

Frank was ever kind and attentive to his wife, but did not relax in his attentions to the pretty girls of his set. He and Mary Rudolph continued to dance together, and kind friends would call Emily's attention to the fact that they were a very handsome couple. Emily was aware of the fact, and she reproached Frank for his attentions to that artful creature. Frank would laugh and say that he wanted partners who knew how to dance, and as his wife was not a dancing woman he must find amusement elsewhere. This may have been an excellent reason for his conduct, had it not been for the fact that there were many other young women, not so pretty as Mary Rudolph, but just as good dancers, who would have served his purpose quite as well. Nor was it an excuse for Frank's sitting in the conservatory with Mary for hours at a time, or so readily accepting invitations to houses when he knew that Mary would be present.

All this was worriment to Emily, and she began to suspect Frank of loving her less than formerly, and of being weary of her society. The fear grew upon her, and she became wretched.

It had been a cold day and Frank wore his overcoat to the office. The next day it was warm, and the overcoat was left at home. Emily was in the act of hanging it in the armoire when she noticed the edge of a letter protruding from the side pocket. In her present state of mind she felt no delicacy about reading that letter.

Evidently it was not a business letter; there was a subtle perfume about it that did not belong to commercial affairs. There was no envelope with it, and the paper was of that delicate quality used by the female sex. With trembling hands Emily unfolded it and read:

"Be sure to meet me Thursday evening at the same place. I long to see you; you dear fellow! Make any excuse you can to get away; we will have a lovely time."

No name was signed, but no name was necessary to throw Emily into a paroxysm of jealous frenzy. She now felt sure that her husband was false, unworthy of her love, and still she loved him passionately.

She would follow him when he went out Thursday evening, and find where he was going.

On Thursday evening Frank seemed to show nervousness at the dinner table, and Emily watched him like a hawk.

"Emily, I have an engagement at the office this evening; my partner has not been attending to the business during the past week as I could have wished, and today he overlooked answering some important letters. I must go down and answer those letters."

Emily looked at him in despair, wondering how the man she had idolized as being the soul of honesty could sit there and make up such a story with a straight face. When her husband had left, she quickly followed him. He paused at the corner of the street leading to his office and after hesitating for a moment proceeded in another direction, taking a trolley car uptown.

"I knew it!" sobbed the unhappy wife. "I knew it! That partner story was intended as a blind. He has gone up to see Mary Rudolph. I will sue for divorce tomorrow. I will leave him and go to the ends of the world."

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Special Committee Meeting

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