

VOL. 6 NO. 39

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

WORK OF BOARD COMPLETE

All Matters Before Tax Equalizers Adjusted, Finale Being Reached Yesterday Where Good Cause Was Shown a Reduction Generally Followed as Requested.

From Tuesday's Daily. The board of revision which sat for several days as a court of appeal on matters made by Assessor Smith, were considered extensive by the parties so rated, has completed its labors for the year, passing final judgment yesterday upon a number of cases in which a decision had been rendered. It will be noted that where an appellant showed good cause for his assessment should be reduced every instance his wishes were complied with. The most notable reduction is in the case of the North Commercial Co., whose total assessment amounted to considerable over \$30,000. By the decision of the board it is reduced by \$1,255.00. The N. A. T. & T. Co. is likewise given a reduction of nearly \$400,000. Personal assessment of the Ames Mercantile Co. is reduced from \$400,000 to \$250,000; that of the Ladue Co. from \$350,000 to \$125,000, and other firms from \$200,000 to \$135,000. As the matter of assessment is settled, Assessor Smith will in a few days have computed the total amount of assessable property in the incorporated town of Dawson, and the amount needed to carry on municipal affairs during the ensuing year has already been figured out. It is but a short time before the city levy will be known. The following are the decisions in full as rendered by the board: Klondike Concession Co., Ltd.—Assessment of \$1,600 on the north half of block HD, reduced to \$1,000. Charles Reichback—Assessment of \$300 on personal property reduced to \$200. Raymond & Boyles—Assessment of \$3,000 on personal property reduced to \$1,000. Stanley & Worden—Assessment of \$1,750 on the south half of 9, block reduced to \$1,400. Charles Meadows—Assessment of \$2,000 on part of 7 and 8, block II, reduced to \$20,000. Transferred to James Hall. J. J. Carsoalien—Assessment of \$3 and 26, block LK, \$700. No reduction. James Hall—Assessment of \$24,000 on 3, block A, not reduced. J. K. Phisator—Assessment of \$1,500 on lot 15, block G, reduced to \$1,000. Alex. McDonald—Assessment of \$200 on lot 10, block J, reduced to \$200. H. V. Bulyea—Assessment of \$250 on lot 2, block X, and \$9,390 on lot 13, block HA, not reduced. Ladue Gold Mining & Development Co.—Assessment of \$12,000 on lots 1

SOCIALIBITY AND BUSINESS

Monopolize Attention of Bonanza and Eldorado Residents. Mr. Halstad of 36 Eldorado is transacting business in town today. Mr. J. Orst of 16 Eldorado has been confined to his bed for several days, but at last reports was able to get up. Mr. Fred Johnson of 19 Eldorado was in town on business last Saturday. Mr. L. L. Lewis, who has been prospecting on 51 above Bonanza has returned to Adam's Gulch to work this winter. Mrs. Thomson of 35 above Bonanza road house has been in town several days. Mrs. Thomson will give a grand social dance next Friday night, Nov. 8. As the winter season approaches whist parties and dances, combined with stampeding, seems to be the general topic of conversation. Dances galore, whist parties unnumbered, will be given this winter at the Forks and Lower Bonanza. Clark & Lowe gave another of their popular dances last Friday night at 33 below Bonanza. A very large crowd attended; good music was furnished, and all pronounced it one of the most enjoyable dances of the season. Clark & Bemis of No. 18 on Ridge road, have moved their road house to dome at head of Hunker and Lombard creeks on Dominion road. They are now erecting a very large barn to accommodate their growing trade. The barn will be 36x140 feet. Mrs. Clark was very popular when at No. 18 for good accommodation and excellent meals; and no doubt she will meet with great success in her new location. Schroeder & Cosslett are going to erect a very large store building on Government road on No. 36 above Bonanza, and they are taking steps to lay out a townsite at this point. There are a large number of good mines working in this vicinity which the prospects are good for a town. The Grand Forks Social Club have recently made their dance hall comfortable for the winter, by putting on a double roof, double canvas walls and also putting in another large heater. They gave a dance last Friday night which was the best ever given at Grand Forks, in that they had the largest crowd ever had there. The music was firstclass and a fine lunch was served at midnight. Those present were—Mesdames Murphy, Kline, Price, McLeod, Bense, McDevitt, Falk, Crozman, Gera and Arndt, Misses Langseth, During, Anderson, Mamie and Daisy McDevitt, Bostrom, Kearny, Cavanaugh, Bense and Arndt, Messrs. Hall, Cannon, Robinson, Langton, Falk, Gladwin, Bense, Bastron, Johnson, Timmer, Woodburn, Sugrue, Mackison, Gardner, Cokerhan, Alexander, Link, Warner, Walcott, Dr. McLeod, Hamel, Watkins, Morgan, Flanagan, Langlow, Carroll, McLeod, McKay, McDevitt, Kline, Fitzmaurice, Gear, Morrisse, Havery, Cabbage, McIntosh, Murphy, Friend, Wood and Anderson. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

LAST NIGHT'S BAL MASQUE

Standard Theatre the Scene of Much Merrymaking. The biggest and most successful masquerade of the season was that given at the Standard last night, the management sparing neither pains nor expense to make the devotees of "a la main left" happy to a superlative degree. Until a late hour the floor was crowded with gay maskers who waited and two-stepped as long as there was a color left in the poke. The costumes were the prettiest and most elaborate yet seen at any of the masquerades, there being a great profusion of bare arms, snowy shoulders of classic outline, to say nothing of the display of silken hosiery covering legs of irreproachable contour. The prize for the best dressed lady was awarded to Sweetest Marie Newman. That for the best sustained character was given to pretty Kate Rockwell who impersonated an adieu, one of those bewitching hours of the bare. In the prize waltzing contest there were many entries, the judges finally deciding that for quaintness of grace and a faultless conception of the poetry of motion—Sir William Henry Tidball and M'lie Babette Wallace took the cheese.

WINTER WORK ON SULPHUR

Chas. McDermott Tells of What Will Be Done. Chas. McDermott who is employed by Crowley & McBride on Sulphur, is in the city on business, and from him a Nugget representative gleaned the following information relative to winter operations on that creek. On claims 2, 4 and 5 below discovery Crowley & McBride are employing 40 men and will keep up work all winter. No. 5 above, owned by MaManus & Co., 3 above and 7 above, are being worked. Below discovery everything down to 32 is being worked and will be all winter. Eight tons of provisions have lately been delivered on 31, where a large force is employed. Claims 39, 40, 41 and 42 are all scenes of great activity. Moore & Hunter on 12 above are employing sufficient men to work their machinery to its full capacity. On 8 above hillside, Russell will take out a big winter dump. Many more claims in addition to those mentioned will be operated as soon as the condition of the roads will permit of machinery being placed on them.

HE CHANGED HIS LODGINGS

Consideration of Landlord Two Much for Guest. There is a gentleman in Dawson who, like the country school teacher of long ago, is sort of boarding around first one place and then another, his family having gone to the outside for the winter. For some time past the man has occupied a room at a certain lodging house, the landlord of which appears to have manifested a fatherly feeling and care for the lonely man. Three days ago the lodger got sick, not critically ill but just sufficiently indisposed to keep him in his room and develop a bad temper. After the man had sat two days in his room attempting to look out through frost covered windows on an alley strewn with tin cans his landlord called on him and essayed to cheer him up as follows: "For the past day or two I have just been mapping out in my mind arrangements for your funeral if you die. Belonging to the Arctic Brotherhood and Zero Club, all the members of both organizations would want to attend your funeral, and I was just thinking that we would have the exercises in that big room out there. We would place the coffin over by the wall to the left of the door; the preacher could stand between the coffin and the door, and by opening the double doors leading to that other big room fully 400 of your friends could be accommodated; and when it came to viewing, your remains—" "You — — — I'll teach you how to talk about viewing my remains," yelled the sick man as he tried to pull a leg from the bed with which to brain his tormentor. Then the landlord fed into the hall and muttered something about if a man took no interest in arrangements for his own funeral he should not expect strangers to be very enthusiastic over it. Then the sick man put on his overcoat and articles, tied a towel over his mouth to keep out cold air and moved to another hotel.

INCORPORATION NOT YET

Ordinance Providing for Municipal Government Not Ready for Presentation to Yukon Council at Regular Meeting Next Thursday—Many Matters of Minor Import. From Tuesday's Daily. The next regular meeting of the Yukon council will be held Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the old court room. A number of small matters are slated for a hearing, though none are of any very great importance. Some time ago it was stated that at this meeting the incorporation ordinance would come up for its first reading but it is learned today that such will not be the case. The ordinance will necessarily be of considerable length and will require no little time in its preparation. Mr. Congdon having taken the initial steps toward its formation and arranged its general outline before the arrival of Mr. Newlands, the present legal adviser, it has been considered best that he should complete the work rather than turn it over to his successor, who by reason of his recent arrival in the city is perhaps not so well acquainted with the needs and provisions required of the proposed ordinance. The bill is well under way and will doubtless be ready for presentation at the first meeting of the council in December. Among the ordinances which will come up at the next meeting will be a bill to amend the ordinance extending the fire limits to a considerable extent. On account of the rapid building up in certain portions of the city this has been considered necessary for the better protection from fires. The ordinance for the protection of miners, which received its first reading at the last meeting, will come up again and be advanced to its second reading. An interpretation ordinance defining the limits of Dawson will also be presented. Its purpose as the title implies is merely to determine the boundaries of the city. A bag until there is a reasonable assurance that it will get through without delay. He argues alid rightly, too, that the mail is safer in Dawson than rached in a pile of brush or in an old cabin along the trail and until there is some sort of a through trail in existence nothing can be gained by sending it out prematurely. Conditions at Fortymile and Eagle are unchanged, notwithstanding the report to the contrary in a morning contemporary. The ice jam at Fortymile still remains intact, though the high water caused by the jam is receding. Within a few hours after the river closed at Fortymile the water rose 10 feet, but since morning has been steadily falling and now is nearly at its normal stage. At Eagle the river is still open, and the floes are less heavy than they were.

NORA COMING WITH THE ICE

Passed Selkirk at 11:20 This Forenoon. If the Yukon does not close by Saturday evening, and judging from today's temperature there is little likelihood of it doing so, Dawson will have another steamer in by that date. Agent Miles, of the Calderhead line, received the following wire today shortly before noon which indicates that the ice has no terrors for the formidable little Nora: Selkirk, Nov. 5, 11:20 a. m. R. W. Calderhead, Dawson: Nora passed with two scows 11 a. m. Delayed by fog. G. A. McLAGHLAN Reports received today from up river stations bear the information that the ice though still very heavy is not moving so slowly as it was yesterday. It is scarcely possible for the Nora to use her wheel as the first turn or two would smash the paddles into matchwood, and she is doubtless floating down in the ice, taking things easy, as it were. With the two scows lashed in front but little damage can arise from the ice, the barges acting as a foil for the power behind. Taking an average current of three miles an hour it is not to be expected the Nora floating with the ice will make over 40 miles a day, and at that rate, depending upon the continuation of her present good luck, she will not reach here before Saturday evening, a run ordinarily made in 24 hours. It is rumored she has a heavy outside man, but such is not positively known; thanks to the stupidity of Whitehorse who has evidently assumed Dawson has lost all interest in mail matters. Three canoe mails are also supposed to be somewhere on the river, but their location is as ignorant to Postmaster Hartman as to a man a thousand miles up the Klondike. When the next mail will leave for the outside is likewise veiled in uncertainty. The last left on the Emma Nott on the 28th but it is cached somewhere along the upper river and may not reach Whitehorse for several weeks. The last to be prior to that, and the last, by the way, to reach the outside, left on the 24th on the Ora. In sending mail out from now on the postmaster has decided to profit by the experience of last season and he will not dispatch

UNKNOWN MAN SUICIDES

By Throwing Himself Before a Train at Everett. Everett, Oct. 16.—An unknown man died at the hospital here this afternoon at 1:30 from injuries received near Edmonds yesterday afternoon in an attempt, it is supposed, to commit suicide by precipitating himself in front of the south-bound Coast line. He was brought to the city last night with his skull badly fractured and never regained consciousness. The man was fair complexioned, fairly well dressed and apparently about 30 years old. Neither his clothing nor appearance indicate that he was a laboring man. There were no papers on him and absolutely nothing about him by which he could be identified. The conductor of the south-bound Coast line states that the man came out of the brush beside the track and deliberately threw himself in front of the engine with evident intention of suicide. However, when he was brought here there was a strong odor of whiskey about him, and others incline to the theory that he was intoxicated and staggered against the engine. The recently captured, who resides in Seachonish, has been notified and will arrive some time tonight. Special Drive On 1000 sacks of oats for a few days only. T. G. Wilson, brick warehouse, Third avenue.

WAS GREAT SUCCESS

First Concert of Season for Free Library. The first concert of the season under the auspices of the public library, given at the Pioneer hall last night, was successful beyond the anticipation of those having the entertainment under control. Every seat and every inch of standing room in the hall and entry was fully occupied, the excellence of the program holding the audience from the time the chairman was introduced until God Save the King was sung. Mr. Chas. McDonald presided as chairman and made a short address on the work of the public library, what it has accomplished and what it is expected to accomplish during the coming winter. After the close of his remarks the following program was introduced, each number of which was well rendered and received liberal applause—Solo, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, solo, Mrs. Davison; violin solo, Miss Larsen; reading, Mr. Frank Johnson; song, Mr. Ben Davis; duet, the Wilson children; selection, Firemen's quartette; solo, Mr. Chataway. During an intermission in the program the chairman announced an organ recital, which will be held at Pioneer hall on Friday night, for the purpose of raising money to pay the freight bill on the new organ for the Episcopal church. The concert will be in charge of Mr. Arthur Boyle and will undoubtedly be an excellent entertainment. FOR RENT—A three room furnished house. Apply at Gandolfo's. Shoff, the Dawson dog doctor, Pioneer drug store.

TO BE HEARD THIS AFTERNOON

Moonshiners Were to Come Up at Three O'Clock. Three moonshiners, Williams and two Laari brothers, who were arrested at their illicit distillery five miles up the Klondike last Friday night by Chief Preventative Officer McKinnon and Policemen Hawkins and Eagan, were to be brought before Judge C. D. Macaulay for trial. The prosecuting witness in the case is Officer McKinnon, the prosecution being conducted by Crown Prosecutor Congdon. It was understood the defendants would be represented by counsels. Havana Postoffice Cases. Havana, Oct. 16.—The indictments in the Havana postoffice cases sent by the fiscal to the audiencia implicates E. G. Rathbone jointly with C. F. W. Neely and W. H. Reeves in defrauding the government, his complicity being based on the contention that he permitted, and therefore consented to and tacitly authorized, the fraudulent transactions. The whole amount of the alleged embezzlement on all counts in the indictments is estimated at about \$150,000. The fiscal has recommended that each of the accused be fined in this amount and also that Rathbone be sentenced to imprisonment for twenty-five years, Neely for twenty-two years and six months and Reeves for twenty-four years and six months. Will Change Hands. The Bank sawmill at Gold Bottom has been purchased by Mr. Koake, an experienced lumber man, who in the future will have exclusive management of the mill. We fit glasses, Pioneer drug store.

DAWSON TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. FREIGHTERS DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS DOUBLE SERVICE

EMPIRE HOTEL The Finest House in Dawson. All Modern Improvements.

When on Dominion STOP AT THE Gold Run Hotel. J. R. FOWLE, Prop. ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. "DEL MONTE" J. W. Marchbank, Proprietor. Drinks and Cigars - 25 Cents Only First-Class Goods Carried in Stock. First Street. Opp. Yukon Dock.

Metalline Bushed Sheaves. These Sheaves are specially adapted for use in the mines in cold weather. They are run without the use of Oil or Grease and are the Only Self Lubricating Sheave on the Market. Sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 inches. McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED.

AMMUNITION Shot Gun, Rifle, Pistol. WHEELS Rambler, Cleveland, Monarch. SHINDLER THE HARDWARE MAN



Ames Mercantile Co. SCARCELY AN ARTICLE Lacking here to Cloth, Feed and Furnish Man, Woman and Child. This Month Promises to be the Greatest November in Our Business Career. Simply Because We Give Better Values for Less Money and the People Know it. A "Warm" Special This Week 50 Ladies' Fur Coats and Jackets, Choice, \$25

MINING AT 39 BELOW HUNKER.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 14 (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER). PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

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NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gateway, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

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

From Tuesday's Daily. NO SHARE IN THE VICTORY.

The White Pass organ, otherwise known as the Dawson News, contributes the information that the freight rates of the big transportation concern will be materially reduced for the coming season.

The Nugget is well prepared to believe that when the organ makes the statement above mentioned, it is speaking nothing but the truth.

In consequence of this situation, two-thirds of the White Pass fleet has been tied up in Whitehorse all summer long and the few boats which did run were taken out of commission several weeks before the close of navigation.

Only one boy remained standing in the "spelling down" contest. "Pseudoperiperal" said the teacher languidly.

"P-e-u-d-o-p-e-r-i-p-t-e-r-a-l," spelled the bright scholar. "Bed," said the teacher.

"B-e-d," said the bright scholar. "Wrong," said the teacher. "How did you happen to fall down on such a simple word as bed?"

"Because," said the bright scholar, "I am tired and I am sure there is nothing better to fall down on." And he rolled over and went to sleep.—Indianapolis Sun.

The Shirt Waist Man. "What is the matter, father?" called Aunt Geehaw from the kitchen as she heard loud words being spoken in the dining room.

"Matter enough!" exclaimed Uncle Geehaw indignantly. "I b'lieve in ein comfortable an sittin at table in your shirt sleeves, but I tell this here summer boarder feller that if he wants ew sit an eat at table with me and Sary, b'gosh, he's got tew put on a vest!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Out of Engagement. "Tramp—Please, mum, would ye mind helpin a reduced professional gentleman wot can't get engagements his time of year?"

"Nothing Doff-g." "Did ye git somethin' t' eat at dat ouse, Weary?"

"NIP!" When I broaches de subject le loidy springs a joke on me. "Wot was de joke?"

"Aw, de same, old saw!"—Denver Times.

New Embroidery Materials. Stamped Linens, Plain Linens, Roman Flax, Filasse, Hoops. J. P. McLENNAN, 238 FRONT STREET.

come this feeling, but that it has been overcome is well attested by the newspaper articles which are now published in connection with Yukon affairs.

In almost every instance they assume a buoyant tone, and where two years ago the life of the camp was limited by the outside press to a very few years, with one accord the newspapers are now ready to concede our enterprising and progressive community an existence for an indefinite length of time to come.

Meanwhile, capital has acquired a corresponding feeling of confidence, and money is being found for Klondike investments where two years ago a hearing even could not be secured.

This very encouraging condition of affairs has been largely brought about by the confidence which men who have made their money in the camp have themselves manifested.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars taken from Klondike placers have been re-invested either in opening up new mining districts or in the various business enterprises in Dawson.

This exhibition of faith on the part of our own successful men has stimulated outside capital, which is again turning toward the Klondike as a safe and secure field for investment.

The Nugget desires to suggest to outside newspapers that the Klondike does not require another "boom." All it needs is the truth, and the truth alone, regarding developments which will take place during the next two years will prove very interesting reading.

Another case of men being carried down the river in the drifting ice was reported in the Nugget of yesterday. In this particular instance it seemed to be largely a case of carelessness on the part of the men concerned.

It illustrates again, however, the point made by this paper in the same connection. Some means of sending a line across the river during the season when the ice is forming and breaking up might result in saving life and, undoubtedly, would prevent no little hardship.

A feature of the Nugget began in last Saturday's issue and to be continued hereafter each week is the record of local society matters.

To insure publication all notes intended for use in the society column should reach this office not later than Friday evening.

The Bright Scholar. Only one boy remained standing in the "spelling down" contest.

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Stroller's Column.

"It would surprise you," said a usual and he was walking pigeon-totled. These two features plainly told that his temper was unusually ruffled that morning. The Stroller said nothing, but he well knew it would be but a few minutes until he would hear all about the thorn that was pricking Zion's flesh. At length it came:



"SHE WANTED TO EXCHANGE ONE BIG WAIST FOR TWO SMALL ONES."

not handle. They bring waists, shoes, coats, cloaks, corsets, hats, in fact almost every article in the lines I handle and want to trade them to me, and when I refuse to trade they think I am mean—and probably I lose their trade.

"Why, only the other day a woman that measures about seven feet around the waist brought a waist here which she had sent outside for and which she wanted to exchange for two smaller ones for her daughters. She said there was not so much goods in two small waists as in the big one, and wanted me to

"Lizann done boxed my yers dis mawwin'." No attention was paid to the remark and after 10 or 15 minutes silence Zion asked:

"How many times would'er man be hung fo' killin' a hawd shell rap-tist minister ob de gospel?"

Becoming interested the Stroller asked what occasion existed for the killing of a minister, and Zion replied:

"Yo' see, hit am dis way. Last night I was snoopin' round de pantry an' I done found a dressed spring chicken livered up in a pan. Co's I



"MISTAH WALTERS, WUFFUR YO' BODIN' TO MAH HOUSE"

pay the difference in cash. She also expected dat chicken fo' mah breakin' wished to exchange a new undergar. Yet I didn't say nussen 'bout havin' seed it. Dis mawwin' dar wout no ment from the outside for three smaller pairs for her husband. She chicken on de table an' Lizann seemin' to be in pow'ful hurry 'bout me git-said, 'Jim allus has been thin and 'tin' away to mah wurk heah to de office. She nebber sot down to de lar of her money I need ever expect to 'Stead o' comin' to de office I rapidly. Then she rushed out so stopped to de Frog Alley grocery sto and sot an hour, den I sneaks back rushing noise not unlike distant thunder."

Zion did not reach the office one morning until 9:30 o'clock, and then his lower lip was hanging lower than

hadn't ort'er cuss, but hits a fac. "Mistah Walters, said I, whutur yo' bodin' to mah house?"

"Jis den Lizann riz up from de table and come to what I is standin' an' done box mah yers, fuf on one side, den on de udder an' she say: 'Cant'er lady entertain-huh good shepperd what done led huf on den de whiderness ob sin an' perversity?'"

"An de pa'son he say: 'Let us drop down an' pray.' 'Den I felt sort o' skunked and lef, but de mo' I think ob it de hotter I is. I doan' knqw, out women feedin' dar good shepperds on chicken if hit 'fex pa'sons like hit do me."

And Zion sat down on the bell box and cried and moaned until Old Somnam, the pet alligator, woke up and set his mouth for flies.

Zion refused to go to lunch that day, but during the afternoon Lizann presented herself at the office with his lunch, and while they were eating it the Stroller heard her tell Zion that he had been made chairman of the committee of arrangements for the next church "festibal" and Zion muttered something about "It yo' get much sweetah, yo' will sho' melt."

The closing of the river is always fruitful of experiences, ludicrous and otherwise. Only Saturday afternoon two residents of West Dawson, one a Swede, come over to town in a small boat.

In the evening shortly before dusk they started on the return, there being \$10 worth of tobacco in the boat which the Swede had been requested to purchase for a neighbor. Considerable care was required to steer clear of the big ice floes on the way across the river, but after some time and considerable hard work the shore ice on the further side was reached. Ole's partner succeeded in landing from the boat on to solid ice but when it came his turn to get out Ole stepped near the edge which broke precipitating him into the icy water.

At the same instant he loosened his hold on the boat, which of course started down stream with the ice. "Save da tobacco," yelled Ole as he disappeared from sight and a big cake of ice passed over where he had disappeared. Twenty feet below he came to the surface. Just as his head appeared above the water he again yelled:

"Save da tobac—" He went under again before he could finish the word. When next he came to the surface it was near the shore ice and his partner managed to grab him by the neck and pull him out. Before fully out of the water Ole said:

"Why didn't you lufe ma to tak care massel and yo' get da tobac. Ae might as well haf died as to lose da tobac."

And tears from the eyes of the heart-broken Norseman vied with the water trickling from his flaxen hair in racing down his weather stained cheeks.

A few days ago a number of Dawson sports were given a quiet tip regarding some new and wonderfully rich creek somewhere in the Indian river district and they decided to go on a stampede. All the saddle horses in town were secured and at the dead hour of night the party rode silently forth, each man a prospective millionaire. Their way led by Grand Forks, where they decided to stop for only a few minutes. Six hours later they had forgotten where they had started for but they had not forgotten the purpose for which they started. The result was that they were out locating all the land in and around Grand Forks, each fellow driving stakes and saying "I claim 500 feet zish way," and other maudlin talk.

They remained in the Forks until both their money and credit were exhausted, when they returned to Dawson, but the government was not enriched to the extent of any recording fees as a result of that stampede.

It is very evident that from the manner in which the three "moonshiners" were caught napping by the officials last Friday night when they were argg'd hand' down at their little wild cat still up the Klondike, that they never received lessons in "moonshining" in the mountains of Tennessee, North Carolina, or in any portion of the South where their work would be considered very much to the sand paper. In order to locate and capture an illicit distillery in the mountains of the South all sorts of subterfuges must be resorted to. An old trick which was successfully worked years ago was for revenue officers to equip themselves as a surveying party sent out by a syndicate to survey coal lands in the

Make a Guess When the River Freezes.

To the one coming nearest the exact time when the river closes in front of Dawson we will give the following outfit:

- A Fine Coat, Value \$60.00
A Beaver Cap, Value 20.00
A Pair of Oiled Shoes, Value 7.00
A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves 3.00
A Suit of Heavy Underwear 10.00
Total \$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

Ice Guessing Contest Closed Last Night.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM OLD SAVOY W. W. Bittner TONIGHT! AND ALL WEEK. The Screaming Comedy "NIOBE" EVERY NIGHT IS FAMILY MATTER.

ago. He taught elocution and prepared young actors for their professional work. He came to this city in March and April last to celebrate the founding of the Edwin Forest Lodge of the Actors' Order of Friendship and to attend a meeting of the Shakespeare Birthday Society.—New York Sun.

Philosophy. A ring at the telephone office the suburbanite in his office town. "Hello!" he said, picking up the receiver to his ear. "Is that Mr. Longway?"

Glad Possibility. "Great Scott," exclaimed Starboard as they turned the corner. "The boarding house is afire."

Special Drive. On 1000 sacks of oats for a week only. T. G. Wilson, brick warf, Third Avenue.

When he was 21 he was sent to Philadelphia to learn the trade of a chemist and for five years he worked at his task without thought of any other occupation. Then he became the victim of an attack of stage fever of that virulent kind that is to be relieved only by going on the stage.

Joseph Alfred Smith, then a youth playing boy parts at the Walnut Street theater used to pass his home every night on the way to the theater and this added to his enthusiasm for the stage. He made the acquaintance of the young actor, confided his ambitions to him and lost no opportunity to associate with the members of the profession.

Finally he got the opportunity to make his first appearance on the stage and in the company of so famous an actor as Junius Brutus Booth. He played Richmond and showed that his ambitions were founded on ability so that the star advised him to continue his studies, which had been going under the direction of Lemuel White, who taught Edwin Forrest.

For two years he studied without acted again it was in the company of Edwin Forrest. From that time he remained on the stage and his progress to the top was steady. For ten years he acted in various stock companies throughout the country, and first in 1847 came to this city and at the Chatham theater played Richard III, as well as a number of Shakespearean characters in his repertoire. He played a second engagement there soon afterward, and from that time his rank was fixed.

For nine years he went to all the principal cities, playing with the stock companies there the Shakespearean repertoire. In 1856 he went to England. He acted first at Drury Lane and afterward in the principal English cities. On his return he produced for the first time a version of "Faust," which he had made himself and played Mephistopheles in it until 1876.

He retired from the stage and settled in Philadelphia nearly 25 years ago.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. WADE, CONDON & ALKMAN - Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

PATTELO & RIDLEY - Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

DAWSON FIRES. Can be Prevented if Equipped with KILPYRE. A dry powder compound that never freezes and ready for instant use.

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By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town. You can have it your own ends over 200 speaking hours a month.

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Yukon Telephone System. GENERAL OFFICE THIRD ST. NEAR A. C. OFFICE BLDG.

GUESS When the Emma Nott Gets to Whitehorse

.....Contest Closes First of May..... The Lucky Miner Can Take Choice of Any Garment in Our Stock at Astonishing Prices.

SECOND AVENUE, Opposite S-Y. T. Co. SARGENT & PINSKA

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

RICHEST FIND IN HISTORY

Has Been Recently Made at Cripple Creek, Colorado, in Elkton Mine—Sylvinite, Fluorine, Talc and Other Precious Minerals Discovered—Unlimited in Extent.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily. Cripple Creek, Col., Oct. 24, via Skagway, Nov. 2.—Without doubt the greatest strike ever made in the history of man has just been discovered here in the formerly famous Elkton mine.

BULLER REMOVED

On Account of Speech to Royal Rifles Succeeded by French.

London, Oct. 29, via Skagway, Nov. 2.—General Buller has been removed from his position of Commander-in-Chief of the royal forces owing to the speech made by him some time since to the King's Royal Rifles, dealing with his famous dispatch to Witte at Ladysmith. General French succeeds him.

DOING BUSINESS AT OLD STAND

Water Company Resumes Operations Last Night.

The pumps at the city water works were again started at 9 o'clock last night and as the stage of water in the well up to 1 o'clock this afternoon has suffered no diminution it is thought no further shortage will be experienced. The well has been deepened some six feet, which has had the effect of greatly increasing the flow. While at present there is but four feet of water in the well, where ordinarily there is 14, as long as that level is maintained there will be no trouble. In deepening the well a sand pump was experimented with, but on account of the large number of boulders encountered it was not successful and had to be abandoned. The pump lifted gravel and pieces of rock as big as an egg without trouble but considerable difficulty was had in keeping the foot valve free. Recourse was finally had to the old-fashioned bucket and windlass. The gravel from the bottom of the well, now 40 feet deep, is of the ordinary wash variety similar to that on the bar below the mouth of the Klondike. Red rock has yet to be found, but how much farther down it would be necessary to go is hard to say. The shutting off of the water a few days ago discommodated the hundreds of residents upon the company, probably more than any other business in the water company was out of business. Mr. Shinkle, of the Cascade Laundry, kept two teams engaged hauling water from the Klondike constantly, paying them \$8 an hour. People have now become accustomed to depend upon the company for their water supply that any disarrangement of the system upsets things completely.

OBSTRUCTIONS REMOVED

W. P. & Y. R. Clear First Ave. of Bells

At last, at last, that portion of First Avenue abutting the White Pass dock is beginning to assume an air of respectability. A few days ago there were strewn about in an indiscriminate manner no less than 14 boilers of various sizes, to say nothing of the odds and ends in the way of piles of iron, crates of machinery, etc. Yesterday and today teams have been engaged in hauling the eyesores away and now but two of the origin of 14 remain. The change was a long time coming but thanks to the constant hammering of the Nugget and the subsequent order issued by Major Wood it arrived at last.

NO MAIL REPORTED

May Be Two Weeks or More Before Any Is Received.

Inquiry at both the postoffice and telegraph office has failed to reveal the whereabouts of the next incoming mail and Postmaster Hartman is merely waiting, Micawber like, for something to turn up. He may have a mail within a week and it may not arrive for a fortnight. No one seems to know where it is or anything about it. The Nora was to have left Whitehorse with mail day before yesterday, but word has not been received of her departure. She was coming down only as far as her winter berth at the foot of Lake Lebarge, where the mail was to be transferred to canoes. Superintendent Pulham told the captain of the Flora the day she left Whitehorse, the 26th, that he should personally accompany the next canoe mail down but he said nothing as to what the date of his departure would be. The report was circulated about town yesterday that the pilot of the Zealandia was also enroute with a canoe mail, but there was no way of confirming the rumor. The last outside mail in arrived on a scow a week ago tonight. The next will arrive sometime in the sweet when and when.

PROBABLY DROWNED

Mode Searching Party Reaches That Conclusion.

The searching party sent out with Corporal Piper at its head to search for Mode, the old prospector last seen on German creek three weeks ago when he was out-distanced on the trail by his partner, Rankin, returned to Dawson last night, having found nothing of the missing man. However, traces were found on which are based a very plausible theory of the drowning of the missing man. The party was taken by Rankin to the place where he left Mode and there the remains of a fire were found flanking then conducted the party to a point on the trail where he on Oct. 11th, the day he left Mode, tied some blankets to a limb over the trail where Mode could get them as he came along. The party found that the blankets had been taken down, a remnant of the string by which they were tied being found on the limb. Following along the trail the party found where Mode had camped, there being evidences of a fire, also the blankets, the latter being partially burned as though having been ignited by the camper lying too close to his fire. A short distance further on the trail crosses Twelve Mile creek, crossing being a small log, or rather a pole, and here is where Mode is believed to have lost his life. The pole lies across a narrow gorge about 10 or 12 feet wide, through which the water rushes very rapidly and is 4 or 5 feet deep. As Mode wore leather boots without nails the theory is that he lost his footing and was carried away by the rushing water. The pole was so small and slippery that Piper and his party were forced to "goon" it. There are hunters who have been in that locality since Oct. 13th, and at no time have they seen anything of the missing man. The above is the substance of a report made to Officer Commanding Starnes by Corporal Piper this morning.

CREASOTE A MENACE

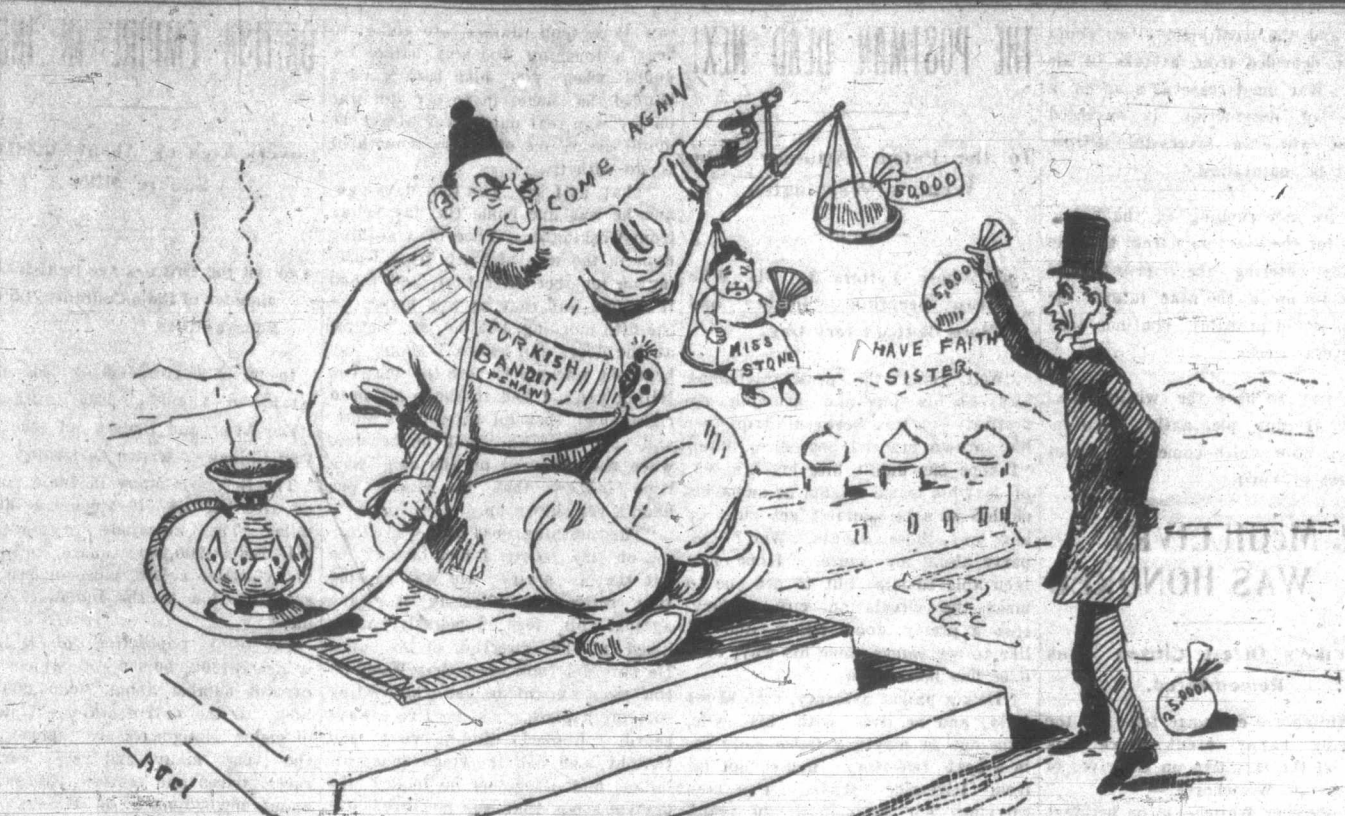
The Danger Can Be Eliminated by Using Coal.

The disastrous fire at the McDonald hotel and the several incipient blazes before and since that event is bringing the question of fire protection home to the householder and property owner. It is a curious fact in the development of all new countries that what is accepted and endured only from necessity at the outset often becomes a wedded prejudice and hard to overcome when with the march of progress brings it to the remedy.

STRANGER IN STRANGE LAND

Out of Money and Friends—Wife Becomes Unbalanced.

Last night the police found a well-dressed stranger wandering about the city in an apparently demented condition. He was taken to the barracks where he gave his name as Andy White, and by his actions it was evident that he was very hungry. Food was given him and from the ravenous manner in which it was devoured it was evident that hunger had unbalanced his mind. With a very broad Scotch accent he admitted before Judge Macaulay this morning that he is incapable of caring for himself at present. He was remanded for three days, during which time he will be well-cared for. It is believed that White is a stranger in the country and, being unable to secure employment and, too proud to make his condition known, has gone without food until he became mentally deranged. His dress and appearance is that of a gentleman who has never been forced to combat with the hardships of life.



THE PRECIPITATION OF MISS STONE, THE KIDNAPPED MISSIONARY.

HOOTCH FACTORY RAIDED

Officers of the King Swoop Down On and Capture Wild Cat Still Five Miles Up Klondike Last Night—Men and Goods Gathered In—Been Watched Some Time.

An important capture was made last night by officers of the revenue and police department, when an illicit still, about 150 gallons of manufactured goods and the manufacturers themselves were taken into custody at the scene of their operations on the left limit of the Klondike about five miles up that river from Dawson. The plant was owned, it was said, by Chas. Williams of this city, who owns valuable mining property on Eighty pup, Hunker, also on Bonanza. It was operated by two Swedes, brothers, John and Oscar Laari, who speak English very imperfectly. The two Swedes were brought to town at once and placed in jail, Williams being arrested here later in the night. For the past two or three weeks the police have been "next" on the existence of the still and its operation. Hugh McKinnon, chief preventive officer of the Yukon, has also been aware of the existence of the "hootchery" for several days, and yesterday decided that the time was ripe for a raid. Constable Hawkins was detailed by Captain Starnes to accompany the revenue officer, and with a team and driver they last night repaired to the scene of operation on the river and near the Hunker road. On reaching the cabin the two good, "square" men were found within, as were also six barrels of the product of the still, the copper tank in which it was brewed, the worm and all other appurtenances. The furnace was still warm and the appliances all had the appearance of having been in operation up to within a short time of the visit of the officers. Chief McKinnon poured out five barrels of the stock found and brought the remaining barrel to town as evidence against its manufacturers. The plant is a very small one, the copper tank having a capacity of but from 20 to 35 gallons, while the worm contains less than 10 feet of piping and is so compact that it could be placed in a three gallon bucket. The outfit, including the barrel of whiskey, was brought to town and placed in charge of the police. The Messrs. Laari protested that they were merely in the employ of Williams, but aside from that little of their protestations could be understood. At eleven o'clock this morning the trio was brought before Judge Macaulay for preliminary hearing, but in order that they might secure counsel they were remanded until next Tuesday. Officer McKinnon is prosecuting the charges. The police say that while the Swedes stayed up the river and operated the still, the product was sent to town and handled here by Williams. From the appearance of the outfit it has evidently seen considerable service.

THREE MEN IN SMALL BOAT

Were Carried Past Dawson in Ice at 4:00 O'Clock This Morning Despite Efforts at Aid From Shore—Had Appearance of Being in Distress—Not Seen at Ogilvie.

At 4 o'clock this morning the policeman on watch at the barracks heard cries for help ringing out through the fog and frost and on investigation found they came from three men in a small boat which was frozen solidly in the moving ice, accompanying it in its silent but irresistible journey down the river. The policeman ran down town and enlisted all the aid he could find at that hour and a strenuous effort was made to throw a rope to the men from the shore but their boat was too far out in the ice and it is doubtful if they could have held the rope even if it reached them as they appeared to be in great distress from the cold and exposure. By the time they were opposite the end of King street quite a crowd had assembled on the edge of the ice but all were powerless to do more than stand and see the unfortunate trio disappear in the fog as their boat was carried on in the vast field of moving ice. Mr. C. W. Tennant who rooms at the Standard Oil building in the lower part of the city, heard the cries for help and hastily arose in time to get a good view of the party and from their appearance he thinks they were in great distress. A number of police from the town station attempted to reach the boat with ropes near the Yukon mill but it was too far out in the channel. Inquiry by the Nugget by telegraph at Ogilvie brought the reply that the three men had not been seen passing there. There is a possibility that the ice would break in small pieces in making the bend below town and the occupants of the boat might be able to land either on the shore or one of the small islands near Moosehide. Later the three men were rescued off Moosehide by Chief Isaac. They were all in an exhausted condition. They reached Dawson late this afternoon. Their names were not learned.

ANOTHER HOLDUP

Joe Maglein Stopped On Four-Bridge Last Night.

Still another hold-up occurred on the Klondike foot bridge last night, the victim being Joe Maglein, a butcher in the employ of N. P. Shaw & Co. Mr. Maglein had been to Klondike City on business for his employer and was returning to the city shortly after dark. When about midway across the bridge he was suddenly confronted by an individual dressed in dark clothes, wearing a full beard and having a slouch hat pulled well down over his eyes who, with a threatening attitude, commanded Maglein to throw up his hands. He did as he was bidden, the highwayman peering into his face as if to recognize some particular person for whom he was waiting. Maglein was evidently not the man he was expecting for after a glance of recognition he with a sickly grin told him to pass on, not attempting to go through his pockets. In speaking of the matter last night shortly after its occurrence Maglein stated that his assailant was a man he did not remember of ever having seen before. He appeared somewhat under the influence of liquor, though was by no means drunk. It is thought the desperado was lying in wait for some one from whom he expected a good haul and made a mistake in his man. After the hold-up Maglein said nothing of the affair until he reached Shaw's place of business, where he laughingly gave the details of the latest episode in the Jesse James line.

THEY WANT CHECHACO

Dance Hall Girls Object to Being Paid in Dust.

A spirit of insurrection has broken out in dance hall circles, the vexatious matter of gold dust as payment for services rendered being the question at issue. The girls are being paid a certain salary in addition to their commissions on drinks sold and as nearly all money taken in at dance halls is in chechaco, the girls object, and most naturally, too, on being paid their salaries and commissions in gold dust bought at \$14.75 or \$15 and paid to them at \$16 per ounce when they are instrumental in bringing the currency with which the proprietors purchase the dust in which they are paid. At the Exchange dance hall night before last the gold dust question almost produced a strike on the part of the girls and, while the strike did not materialize, such a don't-care spirit pervaded the vendors of alems and corner swigs that when they went out for midnight lunch, they remained an hour and a-half instead of only an hour, the prescribed time allowed. The rebellious spirit is still rampant and will probably result in the organization of a dance hall girls' union within a few days, then all hall proprietors will be forced to pay the girls in chechaco or go out of business.

ONE YEAR AGO THIS MORNING

The River in Front of Dawson Closed for Season. One year ago today at 4:30 in the morning the throbbing, pulsing heaving bosom of the Yukon came to a standstill and winter began in earnest. Ten days ago betas were freely offered that this year the river would not close before the 15th, but now those who took such a long chance are endeavoring to hedge. To gain an idea of both the quality and quantity of the ice flows now crowding the river from bank to bank one has to go aboard the Flora and gaze a moment or two at the mass as it moves slowly by. Should the thermometer remain where it now is, the indications are that before the half of next week has rolled by the turbulent bosom of the Yukon will have heaved its last this season.

IS BAD FOR WINTER NEWS

Prospector From Stikine Country Says the Dominion Telegraph Line Is Held Down by 200 Fallen Trees in Distance 30 Miles—As Cheap to Build New as Repair Old Line.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily. Skagway, Nov. 2.—Frank Burns, said he traveled along the line of the well-known steamboat agent, returned yesterday from Wrangle and says that while there he covered with a reliable prospector just returned from Stikine country and who would be almost as easy to string new wire as to repair the old line.

WOULD-BE BARRISTERS

Arrangements Made for Their Examination Soon. The first examination of candidates for admission to the bar of the Yukon territory under the ordinance recently passed by the Yukon council will shortly take place. Two gentlemen, Messrs. W. B. Odell, clerk of the gold commissioners court, and Alex. Macfarlane, have placed their applications on file and they will doubtless be the only ones who will take the examination at this time. There are a number of other article clerks at present in the city, but it is generally believed that none save the two mentioned have served the time as such clerks required by law. Mr. Justice Dugas has prepared a list of text books upon which the candidates will be examined and will later name a date for the examination. Governor Ross will appoint the examiners, and while his choice has not been made public officially it is understood that Legal Adviser Newlands and Acting Crown Prosecutor Congdon will appear as such. The list of subjects and text books upon which the respective candidates will be examined is as follows: Contracts—Anson's law of contracts and Pollock on contracts. Equity—Smith or Shell's principles of equity. Common law—Broom's common law. Real property—Williams' law of real property and land titles act and amendments. Criminal law—Harris' principles of criminal law and criminal statutes of Canada. Personal property—Williams' personal property. Torts—Pollock on torts. Evidence—Best on evidence. Canadian constitutional law—Clement's law of the Canadian constitution. Commercial law—Benjamin on sales and MacLaren on bills and notes. Construction and operation of statutes—Hardcastle's interpretation of statutes. Statutes, etc.—Placer, quartz and coal regulations; Yukon Territory Act and amendments; ordinances of the Yukon Council; ordinances of the N. W. T. in so far as applicable to the Yukon territory. Procedure—N. W. T. Judicature Act, ch. 21, Con. Ord. 1898.

STRINGENT NEW LAW

Is Having Moralizing Effect in Seattle. Through the effect of the operation of the new law providing heavy penitentiary sentence penalties for larceny from the person the trade of the "touch artist" is rapidly falling into disrepute in the state of Washington. Already the ranks of the "drunk rollers," "box workers" and pick-pockets in Seattle have been noticeably thinned by the arrests, convictions and departures from the city and state. The latter route has been the most popular one and more than a score of the most notorious and troublesome of the women "touch artists" have, since the new law went into effect, sought new fields of usefulness. The arrest and conviction, under the new law, of Mabel Keating and her sentence by the court to serve a sentence of two years in the state penitentiary, has proven a helpful influence, lessening the labor of the police in bringing this class of criminals to justice and driving out of this particular class of offenders. The Keating woman has long been recognized as one of the worst pickpockets in the city. On account of the notoriety of her trade and the fact that to associate with such a character is of itself disreputable, it has always been difficult and in many cases impossible to get victims to testify against her. Two more arrests were made last night of persons who will be tried under the new law. One of these is Ella Blewin, a French woman of the tenderloin, who has long borne an unsavory reputation with the local police. The other is H. A. Smith, who was arrested by Officer Carr at the Seattle Theatre last evening. Smith was going among the crowd gathering in front of the theatre while the band was attempting to pick the pockets of members of the crowd. Attempts were made almost in the immediate presence of the officer on three different persons. None of these were successful, but the offense is of the same nature as if it had been, and different in degree only. He will be charged with attempting to commit a felony and tried under the state law. "This is the kind of law we have always wanted under which to deal with this class of criminals," said Detective Kennedy this morning in discussing the larceny from the person statute. "It is always difficult to catch an offender of this kind, and when caught almost impossible to secure conviction. And after all the trouble necessary to do so to see the offender get but a short jail sentence is naturally discouraging to an officer. So this class of offenders have been working in practical impunity. But under the new law there is some satisfaction in making an arrest and working to secure a conviction like that of the Keating woman."

FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS A MARSHAL

Plattsburg, N. Y., Oct. 17.—Warren Dow, who was appointed deputy United States marshal during President Buchanan's administration in 1853, and who had held the office continuously since, is dead at his home here, aged 73 years. Mr. Dow established the Jeffersonian, a Democratic weekly at Malone, N. Y., on January 19, 1855. As deputy marshal he had since the passage of the Chinese exclusion law deported more Chinamen taking them to San Francisco, New York and other seaports to be placed on board vessels for China, than any other official in the service.

W. W. BITNER IN "NIBBE" MONDAY NIGHT AT AUDITORIUM (Old Savoy)

Fresh Lowrey's tridies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

Call and Get Prices Just Received Large Consignment of Special Centrifugal Pumps Made by Byron Jackson for direct connection to motors, thereby doing away with all belts and pulleys; also large stock of BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES, including horse shoes, nails, iron and genuine Pennsylvania blacksmith coal; also large stock of pipe and pipe fittings. McDonald Iron Works Co. Opp. New Courthouse Phone No. 2

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

THEY WERE BRAVE GIRLS

They Were Not the Least Afraid of Burglars

And Would Just as Leave Be Home Alone as to Have Someone With Them.

It is wonderful how burglars always seem to know when you are all alone in the house. There must be a fairy burglar somewhere who has ways of spreading the news. Of course if there are fairy queens, and witches, and godmothers, there is no reason why there shouldn't be fairy burglars.

Ethel and Rose both believed in burglars, but stopped to say, they had outgrown their belief in fairies. Ethel was 16, quite grown-up; Rose was 12, and she thought Ethel knew everything. Perhaps Ethel thought so, too; but, if she did, no one ever heard her say so, for she rarely talked about herself.

Whatever Ethel knew, she could do a great many things. She rode horse-back, on a fiery little colt, who would not let any other lady come near him. She could beat Cousin Tom, who was 18 also, at a half-mile boat race; she could sail a boat, and had a good golf record. Moreover, she was not afraid of anything, much less burglars.

That is why she insisted upon staying alone with Rose in the cottage, one night in September. Father and mother had gone back to the city house, and had taken all the servants but faithful Nellie and Jim, who had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Moore for twenty years.

Ethel and Rose both hated to leave the cottage so early in the fall, so they begged to stay. Mrs. Moore had some buying to do, as she was planning to furnish the town house, and Mr. Moore's business called him, but they consented to let the girls stay two days longer with Nellie and Jim.

At 8 o'clock the night after father and mother had gone Nellie came out on the piazza where the girls were sitting making wishes to "Star Light, Star Bright."

"I'm in great trouble, Miss Ethel," she said. "My mother is 'took sick,' very bad, quite sudden like, an' it's a good twenty mile to her, an' no train. Jim's been down to the livery to get someone to take me, but the teams is all off to th' picnic, an' the man says as how there's no horse among them as 'ull be fit to go twenty miles when they get back."

"Then Jim must take you, of course, Nellie. I'm so sorry. But maybe you will find your mother better when you get to her. Tell Jim to harness right up. Rose and I will help you get ready."

"But, that 'ull leave you two all alone, an' if anything should—" "What nonsense," cried Ethel. "What could happen to us? Of course Jim must go, and at once. We're not a bit afraid, are we Rose? I guess I'm stronger than Jim, anyhow."

Nellie and Jim, with many cautions and protestations, were finally started off, and the two girls were left alone. It is queer how things that seem quite safe and cozy and homelike when all the family are around seem altogether different when you are alone.

The piazza, where the girls had been talking to the stars, seemed, the minute the carriage wheels rolled away, to be having a shadow ball. Dark shadows played puss-in-the-corner among the vines, the rocking chair creaked ominously all by itself, and Rosie shivered a little as the night breeze came sighing through the pines outside the cottage.

Ethel put on a very brave front. "Now, I'm a very brave hero, and I'll protect you. You shall come in to sleep with me tonight. Meanwhile, as we are our own mistresses, let's sit up till midnight!"

Rosie agreed. She had never sat up as late as 12 in all her life. "And let's make molasses candy in the kitchen," went on the valiant Ethel. "There's nothing quite so cheerful as a kitchen with the smell of boiling molasses about it."

They locked all the doors and windows on the first floor and made molasses candy in the kitchen. Then as they ate it Ethel read Rose some exciting stories. But in spite of the exciting part Rosie went sound asleep before it was 12 o'clock. She was curled up on the big rug that she and Ethel had brought from the hall into the kitchen.

Ethel read on to herself until she too was sleepy, then she woke Rose and together they went upstairs. "We aren't a bit lonely, yet, are we Rose?" Ethel said, brightly. "Well," yawned Rose. "We aren't really, but down underneath, I wish we had gone to the city with papa and mama."

any one in the house. "We'll look our door and keep very quiet." Ethel softly locked her door and hugged Rosie close up to her in the far corner of the room.

"I'm sure they'll take my new music box," whispered Rose, as the racket continued. "And my new game of crokinole, and my little wicker rocker, and my new golf clubs, and the cabinet with my new golf boxes and golf clubs."

Frightened, as she was, Ethel could hardly keep from giggling as she saw in fancy a masked burglar crawling out of the window laden down with wicker rockers, tall cabinets, music boxes and golf clubs.

The noise ceased presently, but the two frightened girls sat huddled up in one corner listening for four long hours.

By that time it was beginning to grow a little light in the east, and they both crawled into bed, too tired to move, and before they knew it they were fast asleep.

It was bright daylight when they awoke, and faithful Jim was shouting to them from under the window. He had gotten fresh horses and come light back to his charges.

His face never seemed so handsome and trustworthy before. They dressed and went downstairs to their pretty parlor and dining room. Everything was as they left it, with the exception of the folding doors that led from the dining room into the parlor. They had been left closed; now they were wide open.

Ethel and Rose sat down to a merry little breakfast of their own cooking. "I think we will go down to the city today, won't we, Rosie?" Ethel asked, as she poured the cocoa. "Yes," said Rosie. "Oh, oh! Look at Grendel and Gurtha!"

Ethel looked. The folding doors had been closed again, all but an inch, and into this inch Grendel and Gurtha were each inserting a paw. With no apparent effort Grendel pushed on one door, and Gurtha on the other. With a loud rumbling noise the doors rolled back on their rollers, Grendel and Gurtha both looking at Rose and Rose at Ethel.

"Burglars!" they exclaimed. "It was the very sound they had heard the night before. Then how they laughed. And how Jim laughed when they told him all about it. They arrested Grendel and Gurtha in the name of the law, and put them in closet prison for two whole minutes. Then they packed up and went to the city."

Seattle Begins Work of General Purification. The local police are still vigorously pursuing the policy of ridding the unsavory characters out of the city and of keeping all men of known criminal records on the move. Recently the large number of highway robberies and house breakings in the suburbs has been causing the force much trouble. It is manifestly impossible to cover the whole district included in the suburbs of the city with the small force at the disposal of the department and so the only effective manner in which a campaign can be waged against the class of criminals committing the crimes is to watch the resorts at which they congregate in the city and when one is sighted who acts suspiciously or has no visible means of support and yet continues to live in the atmosphere of crime and lewdness, to arrest him on a vagrancy or some other light charge and by the aid of persuasion, aided if practicable by a small jail sentence, induce him to move on.

This is the method which the department is pursuing. Yesterday was an unusually busy day in this line of work. During the twenty-four hours ending last night at midnight there were a total of thirty-six arrests made. Of this number ten were drunks, nine disorderly persons, two run-in-for safe keeping, eight for fighting, one was prostitute, two were brought in to serve sentences which had been previously passed and suspended on condition that they have town, one was accused of carrying concealed weapons and three were arrested on suspicion of having been participants in highway robberies and burglaries.

Of these three men arrested on suspicion, two were recognized at the station by Sergt. Powers as having been arrested by the department before and convicted. One of these gave his name as Sexton, but was formerly known to the police as Eugene Riley and under that name was arrested four years ago yesterday for larceny. He is said to have since served time in Nanaimo, B. C. The other is John Flynn, who was held in jail for a while last winter.

This morning there were nine more arrests up to 2:45 o'clock, making a total of twenty-eight between the hours of 9 and 3 last night.—Seattle Times, Oct. 17.

FOR SALE—The best located road-house on Hunker creek. Apply Nugget office. P1

FOUND—Vest memo book with papers, belonging to D. H. Holder. Apply Nugget.

WILL AID MINING INDUSTRY

New Device for Carrying Dirt and Ore Just Introduced.

It Is Expected That a Revolution Will Be Worked in the Methods Now in Use.

Mr. B. A. Howes, who arrived with a scow of machinery day before yesterday, has an appliance which he hopes to introduce to Klondike miners and which is promised to be a tremendous labor saver in the handling of materials. The appliance is known as a Robbins Belt Conveyor and its uses, as may be implied from the name, is the conveying of ore, coal, sand, gravel or anything of kindred nature from the spot where it is mined to the dumps, bunkers or ore cars, or any other place where it is desired to be placed.

Simplicity of construction, an almost impossibility for it to get out of order, and a tremendous carrying capacity at little cost are predominant features claimed for the conveyor by its inventor. It has but two component parts—a belt and a set of fixed pulleys over which the belt travels. The pulleys are so arranged that the belt in passing over them assumes a trough shape. Into, or rather onto, the belt is the material to be conveyed either automatically or by hand, and as the belt is endless and moves constantly, being driven by an engine of light power, a never ending stream of ore or gravel or whatever material may be being handled, is maintained. Nor is there scarcely a limit to the distance over which such material may be conveyed, as by using a succession of belts one could be carried a mile as easily as a hundred feet, plus, of course, the extra power required to move the additional number of belts.

The Robbins conveyor has been before the public less than five years, but in that time it has been put to half a hundred different uses throughout the east from conveying grain to that of coal, broken stone, ore, and other similar materials. The belt in most general use is 32 inches in width, which at a speed of 60 feet per minute has a capacity of 50 tons of material per hour.

The use of such an apparatus in the placer mines of the Klondike is at once apparent. By its use, claims worked from an open cut could do away with cars, inclines, hoists, etc., the belt being placed with the lower end about as necessary, the upper end dumping its load directly into the boxes. Another use which would prove of inestimable value is in the handling of tailings which often are almost as expensive to care for as the gravel itself. The belt could be so arranged that all the tailings would fall directly upon it from the end of the last box, from which point they could be conveyed to any point desired.

Mr. Howes is enthusiastic over the merits of the conveyor and hopes to convince Klondike miners that it will fill something more than the proverbial long felt want.

Senator Towne was the last speaker, it being long after midnight when he arose. As he did so hundreds of people sprang to their feet and cheered vociferously. Mr. Towne extended eloquent thanks and spoke in remembrance of the whole region which would be tapped by a road from Dawson to the sea, and it is no optimist who believes that the Klondike in ten years' time will be producing as much gold as it does today. True, the mining may not be in the hands of the pioneer placer man, who delved in the bouldery wash with pick and shovel, but the arduous gravels of the riverbeds will be worked by dredges, as is done in one instance at present with most satisfactory results, and the benches will yield their treasure to the impact of the monitor's column of water. Then again the quartz deposits are becoming more and more known their claims to recognition, and already stamp mills are on the ground, of prospecting size it is true, but there is one mill of ten stamps now in course of erection which will be open to custom work as soon as completed, and coast smelters are now receiving test shipments.

It is this infinite faith in the future of the Klondike country which has induced Dawson capitalists to investigate the chances of success which would attend the construction of another line of railway in competition with the White Pass road. It is a well known fact that in the north there has been expressed dissatisfaction with the tariff scale of the White Pass road, and it is contended that with lower transportation rates many sections of the country now untouched would be opened up and many paying properties would be the result, the maxim of the northern miner and merchant being, "Every dollar of freight charges leaves so much more for mining development," and the merchant is as desirous of obtaining lower tariffs as the miner for it is by the latter that the former lives.

It is no secret that the White Pass road has been more than a paying proposition ever since the first jag of freight was pulled over the line from Skagway to the shores of Lake Bennett, and with the extension of the road to White Horse the dividends have kept piling up, but the freight charges still remain higher than is thought justifiable by Dawson business houses. The management of the road has made promises that reductions should take place, and it is even now said that next season the tariffs will be revised, but be this as

alone and in the presence of Mrs. Jackson. At the close of the morning session Mrs. Jackson demanded of the court the return of the money taken from the prisoners by the authorities when they were arrested, but the court refused to grant the request. Mrs. Jackson also referred to Wm. T. Stead's recent reputation of any knowledge of the prisoners, called him "that reputable pro-Boer" and said Detective Inspector Kane possessed half a dozen letters which were written by Mr. Stead to the accused. Daisy Adams spent the day on the witness stand, detailing Jackson's acts of misconduct and Mrs. Jackson's urging her to consent to his wishes as he was the "Son of God and would not hurt her."

Deluth, Minn., Oct. 16.—Eight hundred men of all shades of political opinion sat down at the farewell banquet tendered by Deluth citizens to Charles A. Towne, at the Army to-night, while nearly 600 ladies were present in the galleries to hear the speeches by William J. Bryan, Mr. Towne and others, after the discussion of the menu.

The affair was non-partisan and carried out the intention of the promoters to make it a testimonial to Mr. Towne's personal popularity among his friends and neighbors. Scores of prominent Democrats, however, were present, from all parts of the state, to add their tribute and listen to the eloquences of their brilliant leaders.

Mr. Bryan's subject was "Moral Courage," and he took occasion to shower eulogiums on the guest of the evening for his noble display of that quality in 1896, at the time of his withdrawal from the Republican party to follow silver. He said: "Some may be disposed to stamp the word 'failure' upon the political career of our distinguished guest. 'But he has set an example that must weigh heavily on the side of civic virtue. He has faced without flinching a fire as hot and hellish as ever came from cannon's mouth, and has won a victory greater and more glorious than ever crowned the life of one who fawned at the feet of power or bartered away his manhood to secure an office."

Mr. Bryan did not inject any politics into his speech, which was brief and directed largely to Mr. Towne. He said: "Great issues are at stake; great interests are involved, even our civilization itself, and through us the civilization of the world. This nation is a world power, it has not acquired its influence by war, but for a century its ideas have been permeating the world, and every citizen owes it to his country, as well as to his generation and posterity, to throw the weight of his influence on the right side of every public question."

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ALASKAN RAILROAD STORY

According to a Skagway Newspaper Writer

Dawson Capitalists Will Advance the Money Necessary to Construct a New Railroad.

Although the matter has been kept a dead secret for some months, there is now in preparation plans for a line of railway from Dawson to salt water on Lynn canal, and the promoters of the scheme are residents of Dawson who have faith in the future of the northern country and entertain the scheme as a business undertaking, says the Vancouver Province.

Some people may say that there exists not the necessity for such a road, that the White Pass & Yukon railway already has solved the transportation problem, and that it would be folly to jam the line mentioned. Dawson residents will admit that the construction of the White Pass & Yukon railway has done a great deal towards opening up the territory through which it passes, and that it is possible for that road to handle all freight for Dawson; but on the other hand it is contended that the high rate of tariff charges now in force on the White Pass road have greatly retarded development. This is the main reason why the construction of another line has been considered absolutely necessary to the future well-being of Dawson and adjacent territory. It is averred that freight can be sent clear around the world for the same price for which it can be laid down in Dawson at present via the White Pass road.

While as yet no details can be ascertained concerning the probable route to be tapped by the right-of-way, it is only considered possible that one or two routes could be followed. The first would be to follow the banks of the Yukon to the vicinity of White Horse and then parallel the line of the White Pass road to the coast range, and reach salt water either through the Chilkoot pass or the White Pass, the former to Dead Dyea, and the latter to Skagway. The alternative route would run along the Yukon to Fort Selkirk, and from that point strike off along the line of the old Dalton trail and eventually pass and drop down into the valley of the Chilkat, still following the general trend of the Dalton trail till salt water is reached at Pyramid Harbor. A large portion of this latter route has been surveyed in years gone by, and the parties who then had in contemplation the construction of the railroad from Pyramid to Fort Selkirk even went so far as to have the right-of-way cleared for many miles up the Chilkat river before actually abandoning the project on account of the then nearly matured plans to construct the White Pass road and the general belief that the mines of the Klondike would only last at the most three or four years.

Now all chance of the bottom falling out of the country has been eliminated by the ever-growing prospects of the whole region which would be tapped by a road from Dawson to the sea, and it is no optimist who believes that the Klondike in ten years' time will be producing as much gold as it does today. True, the mining may not be in the hands of the pioneer placer man, who delved in the bouldery wash with pick and shovel, but the arduous gravels of the riverbeds will be worked by dredges, as is done in one instance at present with most satisfactory results, and the benches will yield their treasure to the impact of the monitor's column of water. Then again the quartz deposits are becoming more and more known their claims to recognition, and already stamp mills are on the ground, of prospecting size it is true, but there is one mill of ten stamps now in course of erection which will be open to custom work as soon as completed, and coast smelters are now receiving test shipments.

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two Yerdicks. She was a woman, worn and thin. Whom the world condemned for a single sin. They cast her out on the king's highway. All passed her up as they went to pray.

He was a man, and more to blame, But the world spared him a breath of shame, Beneath his feet he saw her lie, But raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray At the temple of God on a holy day. They scorned the woman, forgave the man; It was ever thus since the world began.

Time passed on and the woman died; On a cross of shame she was crucified; But the world was stern and would not yield, And they buried her in the Potter's field.

The man died, too, and they buried him In a casket of cloth with a silver rim And said, as they turned from his grave away: "We have buried an honest man to-day."

Two mortals, knocking at heaven's gate, Stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport of earthly sign, But she a pardon from Love Divine.

O ye who judge "twixt virtue and vice, Which, thank you, entered to Paradise? Not be whom the world had said would win, For the woman alone was ushered in.

FIRE HOT AND HELLISH

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it may, the conception of another line has taken firm root in the minds of men who have money behind them to construct the road, and they will look to the future prosperity of the country to recoup them for their investment.—Skagway Alaskan.

His Dogs Are Useful. Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 28.—"No, I don't bother about giving my dogs any individual names," said the druggist who makes most of his profits by selling whiskey to such customers as he can trust with his secret. "I just call the Boston terriers 'Collar Button' and name the Blenheim spaniels 'Button Hook,' and that's all I need to sell them. You must know that my dogs, while nothing extra in blood of record, are bred for a special purpose, bred to do a given thing and nothing else. That's why I can sell them for \$25 each as fast as I can produce them, while my neighbors have to wait a long time and do a lot of lying to sell their dogs for \$10."

"It all comes from being honest and giving the goods that your customers require. There is nobody you can trade with so easily as the rich summer visitors, if you will keep the things they want. When I started in to breed dogs for sale I kept Blenheim spaniels for the women and Boston terriers for the men, always trying to have the best that money could buy."

"At the end of two years I found my money getting low and myself with more unsold dogs on my hands than a poor man cares to feed, and pay taxes on. Of course, I did some fancy thinking, as any one will do when he is poor and growing poorer every day. I asked myself what I could do to make that dog valuable to the rich folks."

"Before I had decided what to do my wife came into the game and set the thing by accident. It was Sunday morning, and when she was 'most ready to go to church she wanted to button her boots, and, of course, she couldn't find the button hook. Nobody can find one when he wants it. She was getting cross, because the second bell was ringing, and having no new dress to appear in, she didn't want to be late."

"She went through the house calling out: 'Buttonhook, buttonhook! Oh, Lord, where is that buttonhook? Huffy like, so I knew it wasn't prudent for me to put in a word. At that time there were a dozen or more of my Blenheim spaniels asleep on the piazza, and when they heard my wife calling in a loud voice, every one of them got up and ran to her."

"At this the idea came to me like a flash. I would name my spaniels 'Buttonhook,' and snap a real buttonhook to the collar of every one, and then when the owner lost one of these useful articles, all he would have to do would be to call the dog's name and he would come and bring what he wanted. Inside of six months I had sold every spaniel I could spare for my own price, and had a lot of orders booked ahead."

"The next thing was to find a sale for my terriers. It didn't take me long to remember that a man lost his collar button as often as a woman misplaced her buttonhook, so I misplaced her buttonhook, and named my terriers 'Collar Button,' and they sold as well as the spaniels. Bigger still with a big collar with a lot of brass collar buttons in their surface, the dogs did more for the support of my family than any other venture I had undertaken, with the possible exception of selling liquor to papers who were too proud to enter a barroom."

"It would have been just as easy to teach the same dog to answer to both names and make them bring collar buttons as well as buttonhooks, but a wealthy visitor doesn't want anything mixed, except his drinks. He had much rather pay for two dogs, each one a specialist, than have one cur that could do many things indifferently well. Here at a summer resort, one must study his customers and keep what they need. If he will do this, he can sell 'anything.'"

SOCIETY

From Saturday and Monday's Daily.

Now that winter has fairly arrived with its short days and long evenings, sociability has once more become the active force in human nature and the question of how to make the time pass pleasantly and quickly has become the most prominent in the minds of the people of Dawson. This question is to receive its solution in the many private and public social events which are now being planned.

During the past week a number of house parties have been given, the festivities being more particularly centered around the celebration of the Halloween.

Messrs. F. M. Shepard and C. V. Shannon who occupy the pretty little cottage opposite the Methodist church on Mission street gave a Halloween party on Thursday evening. Halloween games and music made the evening pass altogether too rapidly for those present. A feature of the entertainment which was not on the original program but which caused a great deal of merriment was the attempt of one of the ladies to get a half dollar out of a pan of water by her teeth. The feat was accomplished successfully and the lady holds the coin as a remembrance of her prowess. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. D. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mason, Miss Stella Mason, Miss Kearns, Messrs. H. Povah, W. H. Harrison, F. M. Shepard and C. V. Shannon.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Bryan entertained about 30 guests at the Dawson Electric Co.'s power house. The suite of seven rooms were appropriately decorated for a Halloween party and the evening was most enjoyably spent with Halloween games and music and dancing. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, Mrs. Bryan, Miss Deal, Miss Deede, Miss O'Connor, Mr. Spaulde, Mr. Havers, Mr. Ward, Mr. Caskey, Mr. Torrick and several others. An elegant luncheon was served at midnight and at an early hour the guests departed all declaring the evening to be one of the most pleasant in their memory.

On Thursday evening what was termed a Halloween pew setting was given at the new Presbyterian church when a number of men gathered at the church and after setting a large number of the pews in their proper places were served an excellent luncheon at the manse by the ladies of the church. The occasion was one of enjoyment for all present.

On last Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crawford entertained a number of friends at their home on Third avenue above Sixth street, the occasion being in remembrance of Mr. Crawford's birthday. The evening was pleasantly passed with music and dancing and was greatly enjoyed by all present. During the evening light refreshments were served by the hostess. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Madeira, S. D. of Independence, He chose for his text Revelation xxi. 50: "He that sat upon the throne said, 'Behold, I will make all things new.'" The Rev. Mr. Macdermott contended that man has been deteriorating mentally, morally and physically, since the creation, and that he is now farther from a state of moral perfection than ever.

"Human civilization is degrading a descending scale," he said, in part. "Man is just as wicked today as he was in the days of barbarism." He is just as bloodthirsty now as he was then. The only difference apparent is that now in these days of civilization, he is a polished assassin instead of a proclaimed barbarian."

He illustrated his argument that man is deteriorating mentally by impugning his hearers to note the fact that every great man, from the statesman to the poet, that the world knows, was a being of the past ages to the present in illustrating his statement that man is becoming more and more degraded, as the human race lives.

"We are living in the last stage of the world's existence," he said. "Man will grow so wicked that God will not be able to stand his sinning longer and will destroy the world. God will then make his children white as snow by making all things new."

Several card clubs are now in the process of organization for the winter. The games which will be played are whist and euchre. On next Tuesday evening Mrs. Malby will entertain a number of friends with the object in view of organizing a whist club which will hold weekly meetings at the homes of the various members.

One of the most pleasant affairs which has occurred in Dawson was the party given by Mr. and Mrs. H. Te Roller at their beautiful residence on the island in the Klondike Wednesday night at which about 40 of the elite of Dawson's society was present. The evening was very pleasantly passed with literary, progressive games and musical selections by a number of the guests present. After which a daintily prepared luncheon

was served by J. W. Wilson, caterer of the Regina Hotel. The occasion was one of enjoyment and long to be remembered by all who were present.

The choir of St. Andrew's church will give a concert at the new hall on Tuesday the 11th of this month. The best musical talent of Dawson has been engaged and the concert will be without question one of the finest musical entertainments given in Dawson.

On Tuesday evening the 10th of this month the Arctic Brotherhood will give a formal opening of its new exercises which is now nearly completed. The exercises will be of a dedicatory character with a musical and literary entertainment followed by dancing and supper. The affair will be one of the most recherche ever given in Dawson.

The preparations for the annual Andrew's ball are now under way. A meeting was held on Thursday evening and it was decided to hold the ball on the 20th inst. The committee of Dawson's leading and most energetic citizens have taken under consideration, which is a matter of its complete success. Orders have already been placed by a number of the ladies with their dressmakers for their costumes for the occasion and this year will see a greater display of beauty and loveliness than has ever before witnessed.



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AFTER MANY, MANY YEARS

The Wandering Sailor Returned to His Home

But the idol so long and anxiously awaited was shattered—Death claimed its victim.

"I wonder if he'll come today, Grandfather?" "He may, my lass—he may. Who knows?"

Every morning, after the first year, the old man and the young girl exchanged these same remarks. And every morning during the following period they strolled down to a little wooden landing-stage built beside the sea, and with longing eyes gazed far out over the unalterable, ever-changing waters—watching the distant passing ships, wondering which of them would make for the harbor, and waiting for a man who to them was all the world. But watch and wait and wonder who would, he made no sign—neither came nor sent.

Some time in the year 1769, Peter Thornton, a big-hearted young sailor, fell deeply in love. In due season his love being returned, he married. For a while he was happy—very happy—the fine morning, however, his loving wife presented him with two sons, avoiding all trouble of rearing them by the simple expedient of dying. In the course of time these sons grew up, like their father, went down to the sea in ships. Also like their father, they afterwards married. The wife of one became the mother of a boy—christened Charlie; the wife of the other became the mother of a girl—christened Mary. The twin brothers shared a fishing smack; and for many years they followed their calling without undue accident.

But one tempestuous night, when a heard "thunder of storms on the main and walling of waves on the shore," they were both summoned to the deep. The mother of Charlie never recovered from the sudden loss of her husband, and she oftentimes bitterly reviled the ocean for stealing him from her. Born and bred in a little village some forty miles inland, and not being so habit-hardened as were the other women, she was unable to bear her cross so stoutly. Not long afterwards she gave up bearing it at all. When that occurred, the mother of Mary took Charlie under her lee, and for some time managed to keep things floating. One quiet night, however, just at the turn of the tide, she herself suddenly sank. What would have happened to the boy and girl—now aged twelve and eleven respectively—if the grand old man had not come to the rescue, the gossips of the village didn't know, they didn't want to know, they pursued the usual policy of telling everybody.

Peter Thornton had ploughed the ocean for fifty-two years—thirty-eight of them as captain. But, now, the truth had been forced upon him that it was "time to be old—to take to the wall. The God of Bounties, who sets a seas a shore," had ordained that the aged, storm-beaten mariner should cast anchor, and await the inevitable signal in well-won peace. Accordingly, he bore up for his native village—Barcombe, on the coast, about twelve miles west of Plymouth, and with the hard-earned savings of a lifetime, he provided a pleasant habitation for himself and his orphan grandchildren.

Four years elapsed. Then, Charlie, tired by tales of daring deeds seen and done by the old man, yearned to go and do likewise. One day he went. He was expected to be back in six months. The expectation was not realized. Twelve months passed. Two years passed—three—four—five. Still he came not. Six years dragged their slow lengths along—six years, bringing with them the births, deaths, weddings, christenings, funerals, and all other minor details of change and chance, growth and decay, incidental to such a period—but no Charlie.

"I wonder if he'll come today, Grandfather?" "He may, my lass—he may. Who knows?" Every morning, after the first year, the old man and the young girl exchanged these same remarks. And every morning during that following period they strolled down to a little wooden landing-stage built beside the sea, and with longing eyes gazed far out over the unalterable, ever-changing waters—watching the distant passing ships, wondering which of them would make for the harbor, and waiting for a man who to them was all the world. But watch and wait and wonder who would, he made no sign—neither came nor sent. The power of Peter's hope was waning. Indeed, as the years passed, and he consequently grew older and older, his optimism became almost childish. "The sea is just," he used to say. "And although it took my sons and many another brave fellow I've known, it won't take him. I won't take our Charlie. We-me and you, lass—want him too much." On the one subject, at least, he did not allow his experience to interfere with his hope: "In which, perhaps, he was wisely foolish. The great dream of his life was to see still the boy come back—the boy whom he yearned to look upon once again—the boy whom, in the course of time, he had come to idolize. In his estimation, with Charlie none could compare.

Charlie was "the finest fellow that ever broke a sailor's biscuit!" One day he would return—a great man, a famous man. And then his fellow villagers would see his worth, and seeing, would admire. Mary had been her cousin's sweet heart before he went out over the sea. Certainly, they were only boy and girl; but their vows had not been all in play. And during his absence her imagination fired by the old man's incessant praising of him—she grew to love him in earnest. He became her idol; at his shrine she daily worshipped. Others might be as tall and as strong, and perhaps even as handsome, but none was so loyal, so brave, so noble. Was he not constant to her when their schoolfellow, Maggie Lee, set her cap at him? Did he not save Bob Mears from drowning? Would he not—? Yes, her grandfather was right! There was nobody else like Charlie—nobody! One day he would return, as he had promised, and she—

Even when her own hope failed (God knows how often that agony was borne!) and she gave up her sweetheart for lost, she still encouraged the old man in his belief. He had been, and was yet, so kind to her, so loving that she determined to strengthen, by every means in her power, the one hope that brightened his declining days. This did good in another way. By getting others to believe, one sometimes believes oneself. And thus it chanced with Mary. That her lover would return, became with her—owing to her constant assertions—a matter of little doubt. And by the end of the sixth year of her deprivation, Mary had thought and talked herself into accepting Charlie's home coming as a thing of certainty.

In the days when Peter and Mary waited for news, communication was so indefinite, especially with a small off-the-map place like Barcombe, that no letter or traveller could be expected till actually arrived. Therefore, Peter and Mary were not so convinced of the death of their absent man as would people in these latter days be by such hope-killing silence. Indeed, they were not convinced at all. By constant tending, the belief that Charlie would return became so firmly planted in their minds, and flourished so exceedingly strong, that nothing could uproot it.

"Slowly, slowly, slowly, the days succeeded each other." Still the much-longed-for man came not. But, although again and again these patient watchers felt the anguish of a heart hungering for sight of a loved one, and although again and again they tasted the bitterness of hope deferred, they never despaired. Each continued to cheer and beguile the other into believing that their idol would return.

"He'll come yet," Peter would say. "He'll come yet, I tell thee. He must come! Although the others were drowned—good men, too—he can't be. It wouldn't be fair. He's so loyal, my lass—so brave! Yes, he'll come some day—a great man. And then, I know, he'll marry thee." And the girl would laugh, and say that it was Grandfather that was wanted Charlie. Grandfather it was who would be granted Charlie. And then, with all the implicit faith of her simple soul, with all the tender fondness of her simple heart, Mary would once more pray to God that the lad she loved might be permitted to return, might be permitted to comfort and console—Grandfather!

It was the end of a rainy summer afternoon. Peter and Mary were seated at tea in their cottage. They were talking of their lost man. "I wonder if he'll come today, Grandfather?" "He may, my lass—he may. Who knows?" Just then the rain ceased, the clouds opened, and the sun shone forth in all its majesty; while, shortly afterwards, across the sky stretched with glorious brilliance a beautiful rainbow.

"Look!" cried the old man, pointing through the casement. "There's God's sign that the world will never again be drowned! You know, my lass, as the parson told us the other day. Perhaps we may take it that our Charlie—"

While he was speaking, there came from outside a shuffling sound of footsteps, followed by a disquieting thud upon the door—as if a body lurched heavily against it. Was this someone being carried? Was this the dead returned? Was this a drowned man's feet thrusting stiffly at the door? "Come in!" faltered Mary. Following several ineffectual attempts, the latch was lifted and the door swung open. In the centre of the room staggered, rather than walked, a young man. He was hollow-cheeked, apparently through privation. His clothes were old and torn, and soaked with rain; his boots were burst at the seams and covered with mud. His hair was uncombed; his face and hands were unwashed. His whole aspect was that of a man who had tramped for miles with little food and less shelter. But if he had not had much food, he had had much drink—a too much drink. And strong drink at that. He appeared to know it; for he tried to steady himself by clutching at the table. In so doing he swept on to the floor some of the tea things. Standing, or rather swaying, among the fragments, he eyed the expectant onlookers with a drunken leer. Then he muttered—"Well, old, old man (hic!), don't 'tch know me?" "Know him? Of course! Or why

make towards him, and pat him lovingly on the shoulder, and laugh, and shout, and cry, and call him "Charlie! My Charlie! Our Charlie! Good Charlie!" Know him? Of course! The idol has come at last! Mary, who had risen when the door had been so rudely flung open, now stood watching the two men with staring eyes and whitened cheeks. Surely her grandfather must be mistaken! Surely, the miserable object that he is caressing is not Charlie! The man she has heard always so bepraised, the man she has learnt to admire and to love! Tall he is; and, were he but clean, handsome he is. But drunk—her Charlie drunk! Oh, the shame of it!

"He's come, my lass!" shouted old Peter, with wild delight. "He's come back! Our Charlie's come back! I couldn't take him, you'll find he's a bit strange—after being away so long. But it'll soon pass off. He's only been gone in for a little merry-

ing place. They tucked him, non-resistant, into the cab, saying to the conductor: "A bughouse, you know. We're taking him to a sanitarium, and he left us for a minute at the station and we thought we'd lost him."—Washington Star.

makin'—with his shipmates—on account of his comin' back you know, my lass—on account of his comin' back. Charlie's all right, I tell you Charlie's all right."

Just then the idol seemed to be doing his best to contradict that statement. Full though he was, he could no more stand upright than can an empty sack. Accordingly, he watched for the sofa to come round to him. When it did, he clutched it as firmly as he could, lest it should escape him. And with a growl of contentment he dropped on to it, clumsily and heavily.

"Well, Mary, girl," he murmured. "I've come back! Last been run' corner—to see time—at Jolly (hic!) Tar. Six minutes past—six minutes past! No, six years past! Hee, hee, hee! Six years past! Rats! Rats! Rats! Oh, dear me! What Manners! Tell 'll 'bout (hic) morror! His! Manners, Charlie, manners! Hee! Hee!"

With a dull stare and multiplying vision born of strong drink, he looked helplessly around the room. Getting tired of counting the number of old women and young men—no, young men and old women—no—and getting tired of endeavoring to determine how many twisted legs the lopsided table really had, got he shortly afterwards fell into a heavy sleep. This, then, thought poor disillusioned Mary—only she was far too troubled to put her thoughts into words—this, then, was the reality of the ideal personage that her girlish imagination, stimulated by the old man's reiterated promises, had unconsciously glorified. This, then, was—Ah, dear God! Her beautiful idol had fallen from his pedestal, and now, was as the cups that were lying upon the floor. But there! It was not entirely Charlie's fault that he had been so sorely disappointed. He had never made professions of sainthood, he had never promised to come back great and glorious. He had only promised to come back—just himself. And, therefore, Charlie was not to blame. Peter felt not nearly so concerned as did his granddaughter about the condition of his newly returned grandson. Peter was only glad that he had got him back at all. Of course, he would have much preferred him to have re-entered his native village with sounding of trumpets and waving of banners, instead of crawling back as he had done, like an outcast of a wounded animal. And, equally of course, he would have preferred him sober to drunk. Still, he had really got him back. He could see him, he could touch him! He had really got him back—after so many empty years of weary watching, waiting and wondering! And for that he was, more than grateful. For a while Peter and Mary sat and discussed Charlie's probable adven-

tures, as they had done so many times before. But, now, with what different imaginings! Then Peter suggested that Mary should go to bed while he himself sat and watched by the side of the sofa, on which, with mouth wide open, and breathing stertorously, lay Charlie, still sleeping off his drink. "Don't thee fret, my lass; don't thee fret. He'll be all right to-morrow. I'll take care of him."

But Peter did not take the care he wished. In the night, worn out with excitement, he fell asleep. When he awoke, the day was breakin. Rising briskly from his chair, he hobbled to the window and threw back the shutter. Over the sea rose a pink blush of dawn, with all its promise of sorrow ended and of happier things to be. As Peter gazed, his heart was filled with joy. Thousands of times had he accepted a similar promise; thousands of times he had been cheated. But this time all would be really well. Turning to the sofa, he found

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'Twas Only a Dream. The young man boarded the green car at the corner of Sixth street and the avenue. He was out of breath, as if he had been running, and there was a queer, wild light in his eye. He addressed the man on his left, a stout, comfortable looking individual smoking a cigar. "Well I've got a bird of a place to board in the country this summer," he began. "You don't say so," replied the stout man. "They advertised forty acres of grounds, you know, with golf links and tennis courts and all that sort of thing, and say, they've got 'em all. And they advertised fresh milk and vegetables raised right on the place, and, b'jine, what d'ye think, they have fresh milk on the table, real milky milk, with cream on the top, three times a day, and vegetables with the dew still on 'em three times a day too!" "Well, well!" mildly ejaculated the

stout man. "And they advertised a fine swimming lake on the premises, stocked with choice specimens of the finny tribe, and if I haven't been swimming in that fine sandy bottomed lake every day and catching a boatload of fish every day, too, I'm a goat!"

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THE MINTO ROADHOUSE

Advertisement for Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. and Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. The ad includes the slogan "YOU'RE NOT SO WARM" and "But that you may need another heater." It lists the company's address at Store, Second Ave. and Phone 36, and mentions their products like copper river and Cook's Inlet. It also lists office locations in Seattle and San Francisco.

A collection of small advertisements. It includes "CUTICURA SOAP, 50¢ PER CAKE" by F. S. Dunham's, "Wall Paper FROM 50 CTS. UP" by Anderson Bros., "Photo Supplies" for amateurs and professionals, and "Pacific Coast Steamship Co." which advertises a complete coastwise service covering Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon, and Mexico.

Advertisement for Goetzman's Magnificent Souvenir OF THE Klondike. The ad states "IS NOW BEING CLOSED OUT AT .. \$2.50 EACH .." and "Former Price \$5.00, NOW \$2.50". It mentions "80 PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS OVER 200 VIEWS." and "Printed on Heavy Coated Book Paper." The publisher is Goetzman's Photograph Studio, located at Corner First Avenue and Second Street.

Advertisement for "Our Own Bouquet" stationery. The ad says "Have you seen the new type—job type—the kind that appeals to the reader in bold, self assertive style or that daintily and elegantly reflects your ideas in modest beauty?" It promotes "Dress Your Stationery in New Clothes" and features "The Nugget Printery" which has recently added 750 square feet of floor space to its printing department.

THAT GUESSING CONTEST ANY CITY MIGHT BE PROUD

Brings Humorous Answers From a Great Many People

Copy of a Letter Which Accompanied One Guess—Writer Must Have Delved Into Classics.

From Tuesday's Daily. Hershberg's popular guessing contest concerning the date of the closing of the river has brought forth a great many hundreds of guesses. Some of them have been sent in without comment of any nature, while others have been accompanied by humorous letters some of which are very clever.

The following is published verbatim as received at Hershberg's store:

Dawson, Y. T., Oct. 17.

H. Hershberg, Dawson, Y. T.:

Verily it is hard to be poor! Nature in all her varying moods is ever mindful of her progress when Dame Fortune shall combine with her and shower the treasures of her storehouse upon him whom she shall delight to honor, then is he indeed to be envied of all men. And I, unlucky wight! Some strange story have I heard, e'en that one Hershberg, man of cloth and of the Hebrew profession, hath offered unto him who hath need thereof garments which shall shield him from the wintry blast, which though not so keen as the ingratitude of man yet in this northern land lieth sore.

Unto him shall also be given ties, scarves for the neck, which shall make him of brave appearance: white-shirted fronts, which shall make him of presence like unto a bondholder, shoes which shall keep his feet in the way of musing; and yet more of brave apparel, which latter hath somewhat of magic, for when donned it shall make him forget that he was ever poor, or in evil circumstance, or of shrunken gizzard. It shall cause him of exceeding joy unto all damsels that are forlorn. He shall be a sight which shall gladden the eyes of the restaurant Jap; and unto them that are engaged in the milling of hootch, and the buying and selling thereof, he shall be as an oasis in a desert.

Unto him of the triune spheres, Hoffman our uncle yclept, he shall be even as the "prod" who maketh a raise. All this shall be his who shall foretell the day and hour when Nature shall bind up her flowing streams and running waters, in bonds which may not be broken, until many a weary sennight shall have passed.

An this be so, peradventure Fortune shall favor me, and Nature shall again grasp in her cold, relentless grip, this mighty Yukon of ours, gathering up her vast volume of waters, holding them tight that they may not move. She shall shut up the waters of the Yukon so that her proud bosom shall no longer be ruffled by the prows of golden laden argosies. No more shall she be traversed by galleons freighted with merchandise and goods of price. No more shall her waters resound to the cries of midnight revellers, hooted fiends and malmutes. No more shall she bear upon her breast galleys freighted with the frail fair. No more shall youthful gallants put to shame Leander's Hellespontine plunge. No more shall ferries ply between her shores, bearing to his doom the inebriate high roller. No more shall her waters be shimmered by dingy, row-boat, birch-bark or dog-bark!

An Fortune shall favor me she shall whisper in Dame Nature's ear, who, being in mood propitious, shall bring all these things to pass or not to pass at ten of the clock, on the morning of the tenth day, of the eleventh month, of the year of grace 1901, being the first year of our sovereign liege, King Edward VII, whom God preserve and hold in his keeping until at length he shall be gathered in, even as the poor suckers in the Klondike are gathered in time, or as the corn when it is ripe for harvest, such being the way of all flesh, be it high or low. An this be not spoken fair, wretched I am, but young, unaged to the way of scriblers, slow of speech and of wit but an indifferent exponent. To fulfilling it among the keen blades of wit and repartee, I do despair, being a home-keeping youth, (Shakespeare hath said it), therefore do I here subscribe myself as that which seems but now to echo in mine ear, and yet again I hear it echo, and yet again I hear it, echo oft repeated.

HA-HA.

New Presbyterian Church.

The grand concert to be given in the new Presbyterian church on Monday evening next promises to be the greatest musical treat of the year. The services of Miss Katherine Kreis and Mr. Arthur Boyle have been secured. Mr. Ernest Searelle who has arranged the program, has given a great deal of time in order to make this concert superior to anything in the same line so far given in Dawson. Tickets may now be obtained at the stamp window of the postoffice, or at Messrs. J. P. McLennan's or C. Milne's First Avenue. The price of tickets is \$1.50.

FOUND—Brown and white water spaniel. Came to cabin about Oct. 20. Owner can have same by calling at No. 8 Gay gulch and paying for advertisement.

DON'T FAIL TOO SEE DEL ADDELPHIA AT NEW SAVOY.

Of Splendid Theatricals Now Being Given in Dawson.

"Man From Mexico" at New Savoy —"Niobe" at Auditorium—Actor Bittner Makes a Big Hit.

That clever, bright, scintillating comedy, "The Man from Mexico," the same play in which the Cummings Company made its debut to a Dawson audience several months ago, is again on the hills at the Savoy this week and is being produced in a manner such as artists only are capable of giving it. Notwithstanding a strong counter attraction the Savoy was filled last night, the crowd thoroughly enjoying every line of the play. As a single handed liar, Benjamin Fitzhew, "The Man from Mexico," continues a wonder in the prevaricating line. One very funny incident that occurs is where Fitzhew is doing 30 days time, his wife in the meantime imagining him in Mexico. He is sitting in the warden's office in his striped clothes writing a letter to his wife, telling her of the matchless beauties of the capital of the southern republic. As he writes the warden sits down at the piano and idly drums out "The Convict and the Bird." Another ludicrous bit of play is the interview between Fitzhew and Von Bulow Bismarck Schmidt in the jail. The latter is the innocent victim of a misunderstanding, Fitzhew supposing him to have been arrested in his own home while with his (Fitzhew's) wife, she whom he himself is so grossly deceiving.

Schmidt is impersonated by Wm. Evans and being of rather diminutive stature Cummings tosses him around by the throat as he would a rag doll.

All the characters are well sustained and the play goes with as much vim and ginger as it did on its initial production. The following is the cast of the play:—

Benjamin Fitzhew, Mr. Cummings; Col. Roderick Majors, Harry Sedley; Warden Lovell, Ray Southard; Von Bulow—Bismarck Schmidt, Wm. Evans; Edward Farrar, Harry Cummings; Richard Dauntun, Louis, Fred. C. Lewis; Timothy Cook, Officer O'Mullins, Googan, Louis Traub; Clementina Fitzhew, Vivian; Sally Iracie, Leota Howard; Nettie Majors, Helen Jewell; Miranda, Jessie Forrester.

Following the play is a short but excellent olio. Noel does a clever song and dance in female costume, dancing a sand jig as an encore.

Bessie Pierce is seen in her undressing act, appearing from the audience late for her turn and subject to the usual fine. She is clad in her sunset clothes, announces her readiness to proceed if she is allowed to, and the obdurate stage manager finally consents to allow her to go on. She mounts the stage, then follows the disrobing act much to the edification of the bald-headed row. When divested of her street clothing she is seen clad in the usual costume of athletes and proceeds with her contortion diversions. Carroll, in "Silence and Fun," in clown makeup, follows, doing some excellent elbow balancing and single hand stands. Helen Jewell, than whom none possesses a sweeter voice in all the Yukon, sang "If Dreams Come True" and for an encore "Because." Miss Jewell has a charming personality which, coupled with an excellent voice always under perfect control, makes her number one of the most enjoyable on a program. The performance is brought to a close by the Magieita Del Adelpia, in his de-capitalation and vivisection novelty, an old trick but by him very cleverly done.

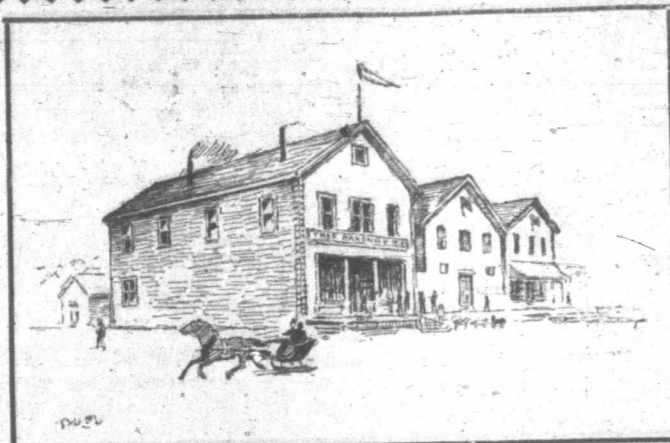
Mr. Bittner is a pronounced success. Such was the unanimous judgment of the theater-going public of Dawson at the conclusion of his first appearance on the local stage.

The new Auditorium theater was opened last evening before an audience that completely packed the house. The theater-going public of Dawson had assembled to sit in judgment upon the ambitious project which has been undertaken by the Auditorium management, and it was clear from the beginning of the play to the end that the audience was determined that the efforts of the actors should be judged from the standpoint of merit only.

Mr. Bittner, supported by the Auditorium stock company, made his initial appearance before a Dawson audience in the sparkling comedy "Niobe." The play hinges upon the revivification of the beautiful statue whose name gives the title to the piece.

Peter Amos Dunne, who has insured the statue for a large amount, has the precious piece of sculpture conveyed to his home for safe keeping. A careless electrician leaves a wire in contact with the statue which suddenly returns to life while Dunne is at home alone, his family being at the theater. Niobe immediately takes possession of Peter much against the latter's will, but she insists that they belong to each other. Niobe's tears touch his sympathetic heart and while he attempts to console her the family returns and to get out of his difficulty Dunne introduces Niobe as a newly expected governess.

The situation is further complicated

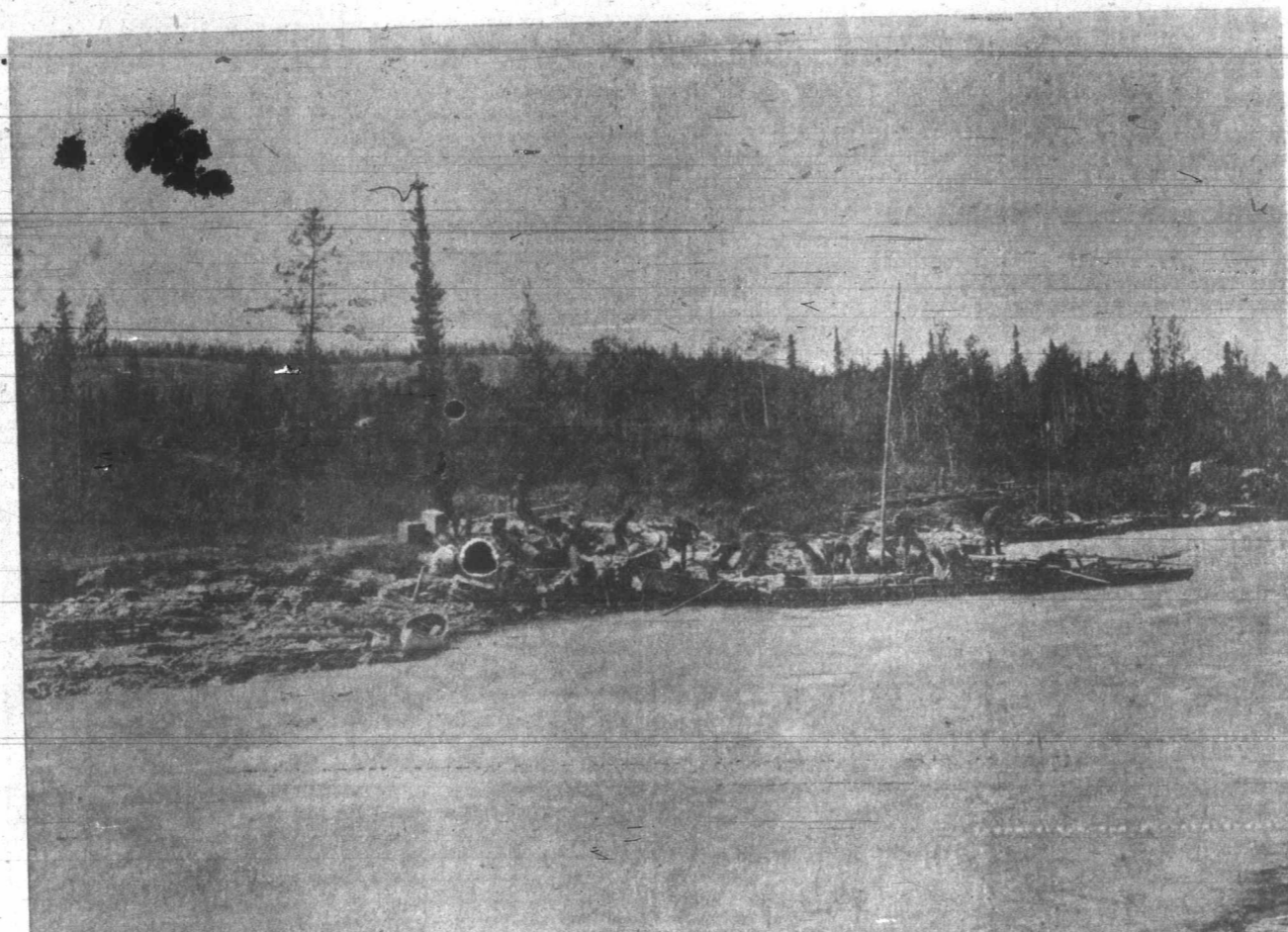


OLD T. & E. CORNER 'PHONE 62.

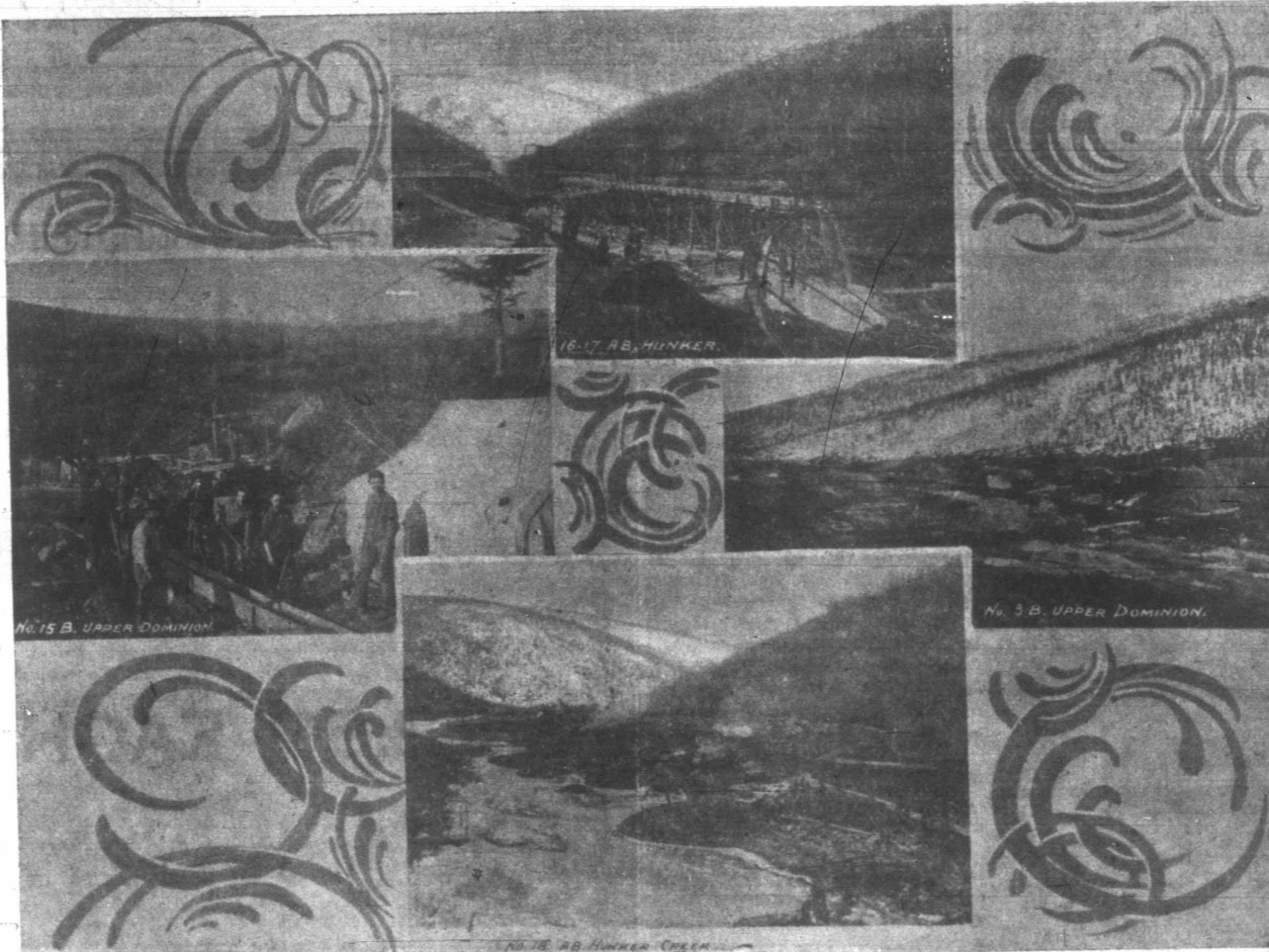
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS SPACE!HOW DO THESE PRICES SUIT YOU?....

Flour, soft, per sack	\$ 3.50	Roast Beef, Rex, 2s per dozen	\$4.00
Lea & Peerin's Sauce, 3 doz. to case	14.00	Roast Beef, Libby's, 2s per dozen	4.00
Baked Beans, 2 doz. 3 pound cans	3.50	Roast Mutton, Australian, 2s per dozen	4.50
Bayo Beans, new, per pound	.05	Roast Mutton, Rex, 2s per dozen	4.50
Maccaroni, 10 pound boxes,	1.50	Corned Beef, 2s per dozen	3.50

THOS. MAHONEY TRADING COMPANY



SCOWS LOADED WITH MERCHANDISE FOR DAWSON WRECKED IN WHITEHORSE RAPIDS.



in the second act by Niobe refusing to recognize the prior claims of Dunne's wife and defying the authority of his sister-in-law. The climax is reached by the arrival of the real governess and the determination of Dunne's wife and her relations to leave the house.

In the final act explanations are in order and Dunne stumbles from one lie to another and finally in desperation tells the whole truth. The owner of the statue returns and claims Niobe as his own which seems to make everyone happy and draws the play to an end. The whole strength of the piece is in the comical and ridiculous situation created by the return of Niobe to life, and of all these Mr. Bittner as Dunne, takes the utmost advantage.

He is essentially a character actor and his out effort succeeded last evening in keeping the house in an uproar of laughter from the beginning to the end of the play.

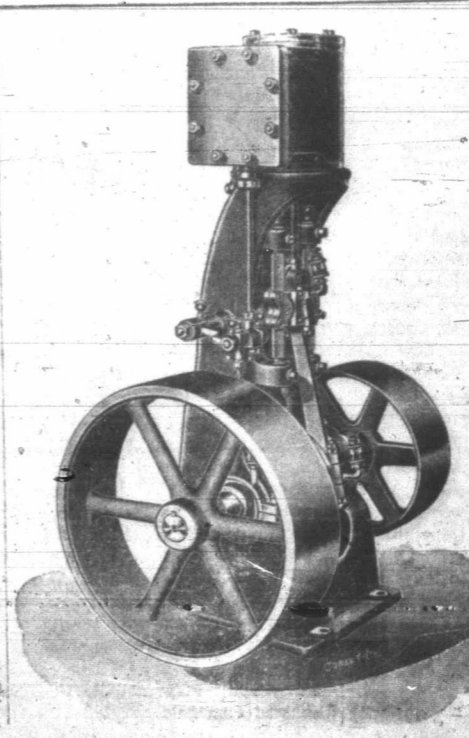
The support was most excellent and rounded out the performance in a splendid manner.

Between the second and third acts Mr. Bittner appeared before the en-

tain and announced that the Auditorium will be conducted as a first-class house and that no drinking will be allowed in the theater at any time and on Monday and Thursday nights smoking will be prohibited. The appearance of the star and his remarks were greeted with long continued applause.

The Auditorium has certainly made a splendid beginning and if the pace set last evening is maintained, the house is assured of the greatest success. The cast is as follows:

In life insurance, Amos P. Dunne, Mr. Bittner, in love with himself, Cornelius Griffin, Mr. Mullen, in Corney's hands, Phineas Innings, Mr. Williams, in the clouds, Jefferson Thompson, (an art enthusiast), Mr. Thorne, in retirement, Parker G. Silox, Mr. Layne, in authority, Helen Griffin, Miss Winchell, in open rebellion, Hattie Griffin, Miss Holden, in love with Corney, Beatrix Silox, Miss De Forrest, in service, Mary, Miss Merrill, in the way, Madeline Milton, Miss Newman, in the flesh, Niobe (widow of the late Amphion, King of Thebas) Miss Lovell.



Holme, Miller & Co.
107 Front Street, Dawson

Holsts, 5 to 12 H.-P., Boilers, 8 to 50 H.-P., Buffalo Duplex Pumps, Moore Steam Pumps, Pipe Fittings, Ranges, Stoves and Heaters, Granite Steam Hoses, Silver Dollar Shovels, Pan-American Wheelbarrows

Only the best brands of case goods served. Drinks and cigars 25c. Pete McDonald, Bank saloon.

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

MAIL ARRIVES FROM EAGLE

Carrier Came by Poling-Boat and On Foot.

Mail to the amount of not over 50 letters reached Dawson yesterday from Eagle and Forty-mile, the carrier having been seven days on the way up. He came a portion of the way in a poling boat, but the ice interfered with that mode of travel to such an extent that he soon abandoned the boat and covered the remainder of the distance on foot. He found fairly good traveling along on the shore ice. The carrier reached West Dawson yesterday afternoon and was brought across the river in a small boat by citizens of that suburb. He says the most perilous portion of his journey on the entire trip was coming over from West Dawson through the ice in a small boat.

THE MAN FROM MEXICO AT NEW SAVOY THIS WEEK.

SEE THE OLIO OF SPECIALTIES AT THE NEW SAVOY.

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