

JOINT MEETING LAST NIGHT

Was Held in Savoy Theatre by Opponents of the Kid Committee—Committees Were Appointed and People's Party Organized—Members Are Enrolled.

The meeting of last night held in the Savoy theatre resulted from a series of conferences which were held during the day at which a general desire was manifested that the two elements opposed to the Kid Committee should come together and work in harmony.

At noon yesterday committees from both sides met over the Monte Carlo and after considerable discussion devised a plan which it was thought would accomplish the purpose desired. That plan took the form of a petition addressed to both parties and signed by the members of the two committees in which the suggestion was made that both organizations should be dissolved and a new one formed under a new name which would bring everyone into line.

Last night at 8 o'clock meetings were held of both parties to the agreement, the taxpayers at their headquarters and the people's committee in the Board of Trade rooms. The latter had called their meeting for the purpose of nominating a slate for city offices but instead of doing so proceeded to dissolve their organization under the terms of the agreement. The taxpayers decided to retain their organization until accounts, etc., had been squared up.

A delegation from the former, consisting of Messrs. O. H. Clarke and F. T. Congdon, was present in the taxpayers meeting and when the business was completed the latter gentleman arose and pronounced a sort of benediction upon the proceedings. Mr. Congdon is a gentleman of sanctified appearance and his remarks were very much in the nature of what one often hears in testimonies and experiences given at prayer meetings. He dwelt at some length upon the beauty of harmony and godlikeness and drew a touching picture of his fellow workers waiting across the street for the purpose of receiving and welcoming the members of the taxpayers. He told how they had blotted out every purpose and object they had had in view, that their organization had been entirely dissolved and that with minds perfectly free from guile, and with no other purpose before them other than the accom-

plishment of united action, they were awaiting the decision of the taxpayers committee.

Mr. Congdon's words fell as music upon the smoke laden atmosphere of the committee room and with one consent the members arose to cross the street each and every one feeling that he had witnessed something akin to the apotheosis. It was discovered that the Board of Trade rooms were too small to accommodate the combined committees, so upon the invitation of Mr. Jackson, an adjournment was taken to the New Savoy theatre. Upon arriving there matters went forward with lightning like rapidity. O. H. Clarke advanced to the front of the hall and nominated Arthur Davey as chairman of the meeting. A second to the nomination was heard on the instant and Mr. Clarke conducted Mr. Davey to the chair.

Mr. Davey smiled beautifully upon the assembly and congratulated everyone upon the delightfulness of beholding brethren dwelling together in union. Mr. Sheppard was chosen as secretary and the ball was formally declared open. The matter of naming the new born infant was first taken up. Mr. Te Roller moved that the new party be known as the "Citizens' Party" which motion received a prompt second. The chairman smiled and looked thoughtfully to the rear of the hall where Mr. Congdon was receiving congratulations for the exhibition of fraternal affection he had given at the taxpayers' meeting a short time previously. Mr. Congdon turned from his surrounding admirers and "having secured the floor" moved the assembly as an amendment that the name "People's Party" be adopted instead of "Citizens' Party."

In support of his motion he made certain references to a previous citizen's party and sat down. The all prevailing smile of the chairman came to the rescue and the amendment was carried after a show of hands had been called for.

Mr. John R. Gray from a box above the speaker then moved that 15 delegates be selected to place in nomination a ticket for the mayoralty and aldermen. The motion was defeated after a rather spirited contribution to the debate by Mr. Donaghy.

This was followed by a motion for two vice-presidents and the nomination of Messrs. Clarke and Congdon in the same breath for the positions. Both were declared elected.

Tod Aikman then brought forward a motion that a roll be signed of all who wished to align themselves under the People's Party banner. The motion was carried and forty names to the roll were secured.

A motion to appoint a committee for the purpose of drawing up a platform was carried and the following were appointed: Messrs. Davey, Congdon, Clarke, Sheppard, Macaulay, Te Roller and Jas. Macdonald. The meeting then adjourned until 2 p. m. today.

Nicely furnished rooms at the Coping House, 7th ave. and 3rd st. Shoff's Cough Balm—cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

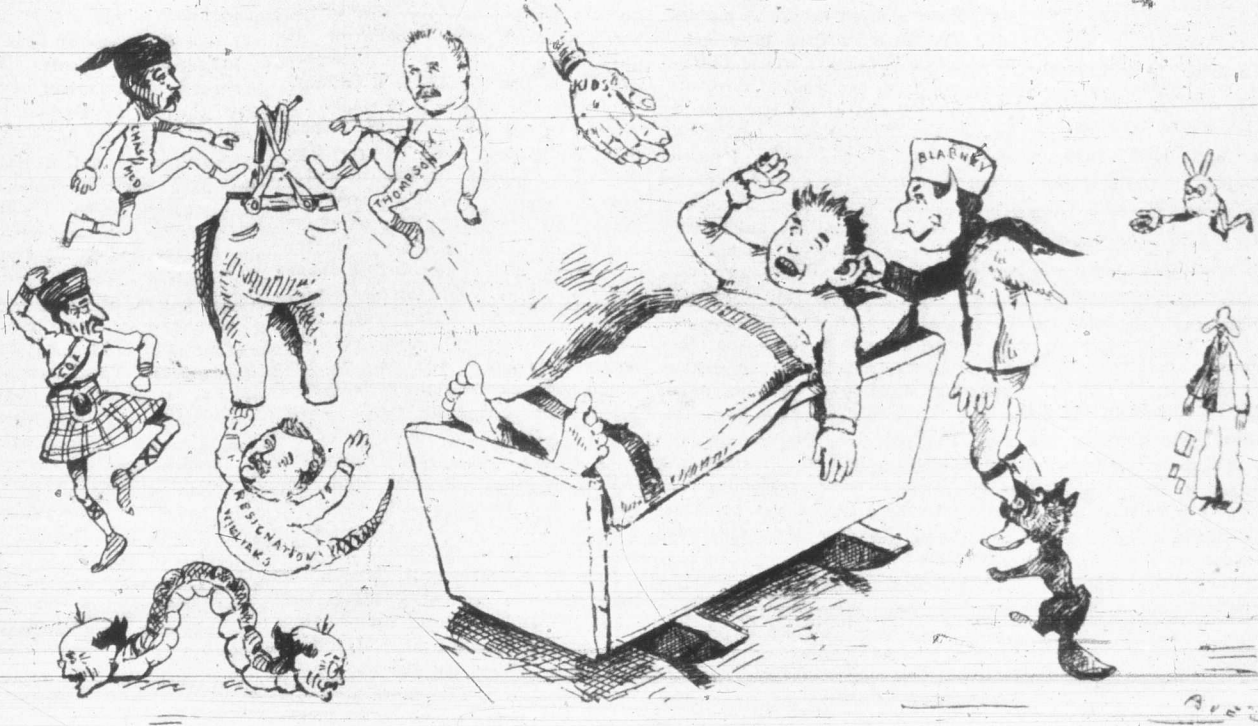
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THE BOY IS ATTACKED WITH NIGHTMARE.

THEY VISITED THE CREEKS

Governor Ross and Party Return This Afternoon.

Today shortly after the noon hour Governor J. H. Ross, Major Z. T. Wood, Judge C. D. Macaulay, Dr. Willis, Joe Barrett and Captain Rutledge returned from an extended tour of the creeks, having left here Tuesday morning. They traversed Hunter, Dominion, and Gold Run, visiting at numerous places and seeing all that was of interest along the route. They were well received everywhere and they all speak in glowing terms of their experience among the wealth producers of the Klondike.

MANY MEN CONGREGATE

The Standard Library Thronged With Humanity.

"Where do all these men come from and where do they hole up at night?" The above are the questions an observing person is very liable to ask himself after entering and taking a look around over L. W. Horkan's Standard Library, free reading room, and wholesale eating emporium. Men are seen on all sides, in all nooks and corners of the many-cornered room, the main portion of which is 100 feet long. Some are reading books of fiction, science, history or art; others are deep in checkers or chess; others are confidentially engaged in laying down lines which the government should follow to be successful; others are talking of "that last hole I put to bedrock and never got a color."

One fellow, out at his elbows and possibly elsewhere, his knees and toes, is sitting off alone, or as much alone as it is possible to get in such a throng, and looking vacantly into space, no doubt thinking of "mother's kitchen" away back in Nova Scotia, Indiana, or some other distant place, and of the girl he left behind him. At the lunch counter and tables every hour of the day and night are crowds appeasing the wants and demands of nature. From 500 to 800 meals are served daily and for a while last fall during the interim between summer and winter work on the creeks, as high as 1500 men were served at the Standard daily.

It may be the class of literature to be read, it may be the quality of food served, or it may be personal magnetism coupled with the good looks of Proprietor Horkan that acts as a magnet which draws the people. Probably it is a combination of the whole. But no matter what it is, the people see those and the questions "Whence do they come?" and "Where do they hole up at night?" remain unanswered.

HE PAYS.

London, Jan. 13, via Skagway, Jan. 17.—The breach of promise suit brought by Miss Portia Knight against the Duke of Manchester has been settled out of court, he paying her 1000 pounds and the cost of the court.

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.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

CONVENTION ASSEMBLES

Met in Savoy Theatre at 2:30 This Afternoon—Delegates Selected who Will Place a Ticket in the Field—Both Committees Represented in the List.

The adjourned meeting of the People's Party met this afternoon at 2:30 in the Savoy theatre. All who entered were requested to sign the roll and about 100 signatures were secured when the convention was called to order.

Arthur Davey occupied the chair and Secretary Sheppard was called upon for the minutes of last night's meeting, which were adopted.

The report of the executive committee was called for and in lieu thereof Mr. F. T. Congdon introduced a resolution the purport of which was that a committee of 21 should select a ticket for mayor and aldermen.

The resolution was adopted unanimously. Secretary Sheppard resigned temporarily and J. S. McKay was placed in his stead.

The work of selecting delegates was then undertaken, the following being chosen: Arthur Davey, Chas. Bossuyt, O. H. Clarke, F. M. Sheppard, F. T. Congdon, D. Donaghy, D. A. Matheson, W. A. Beddoe, Dougal MacMurray, J. W. Marchbanks, Captain Aloxok, Jas. F. McDonald, W. R. Jackson, Herbert E. A. Robertson, J. P. McLennan, J. A. Aikman, John Gray, Henry Macaulay, Chas. S. W. Barwell, Dr. Sutherland, A. A. Jones.

The resolution presented by Mr. Congdon and adopted by the convention is as follows: Resolved, that delegates be selected with the view of securing, and that they be instructed to use their utmost endeavor to secure, as candidates men best fitted by ability, training and character to administer the affairs of the city of Dawson in an efficient, economical and upright manner.

That such candidates bind themselves if elected to exercise the powers and perform the duties vested in and imposed upon the mayor and council by the Dawson city charter solely for the best interests of the people of Dawson, not to be influenced in the distribution of the patronage of the city of Dawson in the letting of city contracts or in any other matter by any partiality, interest or favoritism, to strive to secure and retain control of all franchises of the city to the end that the profits accruing therefrom may inure to the benefit of the people at large and not to the advantage of any privileged few, and to endeavor to promote the welfare of the city by careful regulation

and management of all matters pertaining to the health, comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants.

After the appointment of the nominating committee it was moved and carried that an executive committee be selected by the nominating committee. The latter committee was then instructed to retire forthwith and proceed with the selection of a ticket.

As we go to press the nominating committee is still in session.

STANDARD CAFE. Service Unexcelled, Regular Dinner 11:00 a. m. to 2:00 p. m. Short Orders a Specialty. Open Day and Night. KING ST. NEXT AUDITORIUM

VERY MILD WEATHER

Mercury Not Below Zero in Past Thirty Hours.

It is a remarkable fact that during the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning mercury did not go below zero although it did exactly reach the point, 9 above zero being the maximum temperature for the same period.

Serjt-Major Tucker, who is local manager of the weather department, does not believe there is any danger of the ice going out this month, although water from the Klondike has cut quite a channel in it in front of the court house.

AMERICAN MERCHANTS

Will Favor a Treaty of Reciprocity With Canada.

Chicago, Jan. 12, via Skagway, Jan. 18.—No fewer than 3000 of the most prominent merchants, manufacturers and bankers will join in petitioning Congress to establish a reciprocal trade agreement with Canada. This action is considered certain by E. A. Pierce, who is here on behalf of the Boston Chamber of Commerce Organization leading the movement.

HUNDREDS WILL MUSH

Over Yukon and Chandelar Ice to Koyukuk.

From now on there will be considerable travel on the river between Dawson and the mouth of the Chandelar by Koyukuk-bound mushers, as many are desirous of getting in early and before it will be possible to reach there by open water.

As yet no Koyukuk-bound travelers have reached Dawson from the outside, or at least very few, but it is understood several hundred will make the trip on the ice. It is said that both Whitehorse and Skagway will each contribute a delegation to the throng of ice-travelers. It is thought the majority of the travel will be during the month of March while the ice is still good and there is plenty of daylight by which to travel.

RICHARD CROKER

Is Succeeded by Lewis Nixon as Leader of Tammany.

New York, Jan. 12, via Skagway, Jan. 17.—Richard Croker announced his retirement from the formal leadership of Tammany Hall Saturday afternoon. The announcement was made at a meeting of the executive committee at which a plan of organization for the year 1902 was agreed upon. Lewis Nixon was chosen Croker's successor.

AUSTRALIAN TARIFF

Melbourne, Jan. 12, via Skagway, Jan. 18.—Regarding the complaint of Canadian manufacturers that the tariff of Australia is injuring Canadian trade, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, Right Hon. E. Barton, says that Canada has been benefited by 35 years protection. He thinks Canadians should appreciate the desire of Australia to place her manufactures on a sound basis like those of Canada.

"KIDS" MAKE NOMINATIONS

Dr. Thompson Named for Mayor Without Opposition—Six Aldermanic Candidates Selected—Williams Acknowledges the Avalanche—Was Quiet and Uninteresting Meeting.

The delegates to the convention elected by the Kid Committee on Thursday evening assembled en masse last evening at the Miners' Club rooms in the Binet block and selected the following candidates to lead the elective party in its competition for the prize of the first offices of the municipality of Dawson: For Mayor—Dr. Alfred Thompson.

For Aldermen—Thos. Adair, Geo. Brimston, T. G. Wilson, J. E. Binet, Max Landerville and James McKinnon. The convention was called to order at 8:30 and without demonstration or delay proceeded with the business for which it had been called, and in 50 minutes had selected the full list of officers.

Thomas Adair, on motion of George Black, was elected to fill the office of chairman of the convention, and R. S. Crosswell was elected secretary. The roll call of the delegates was responded to by all entitled to a seat in the convention and the business was proceeded with.

In a few remarks the chairman, Thos. Adair, stated the object of the convention and the slate as prepared by the nominating committee was read by the secretary. The candidates were as follows: For Mayor—Dr. Alfred Thompson and J. T. Adair.

For Aldermen—Thos. Adair, Geo. Brimston, Dr. Barrett, T. G. Wilson, Dr. Norquay, Turner Townsend, Max Landerville, Jas. McKinnon, J. E. Binet, J. R. Gray, Geo. Murphy, S. Pelland, Wm. Thornburn, D. C. McKenzie, A. D. Williams.

Mr. Adair declared the nomination for mayor, inasmuch as his name appeared on the list for aldermen, which left the field clear for Dr. Thompson, who was elected as the nominee for mayor by acclamation on a motion to that effect made by Jos. Binet, seconded by T. G. Wilson.

The list of prospective candidates for aldermen was then read a second time and several resignations were tendered and accepted. A D. Williams in tendering his resignation stated that he had never intended becoming a candidate for alderman; that he had at one time been an aspirant for the position of mayor but he had been moved under so completely that his chances for election were nil and therefore he would not consent to allow his name to come before the convention.

D. C. MacKenzie also tendered his resignation, followed by Turner Townsend, who tendered his thanks to the convention at the same time.

Mr. Williams tendered Mr. Thornburn's resignation. Dr. Barrett and S. Pelland were also dropped from the roll.

A question was here asked as to whether anyone could vote for the balance of the list as to their willingness to run if selected, and the roll was called and those present whose names appeared all answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Alex. Prudhomme said that he had interviewed J. R. Grey, who had requested time to think the matter over. He had received no reply up to that time, but thought Mr. Grey would be willing to accept. Dr. Norquay was another doubtful, but his name was left on the list.

The nomination for candidates was re-opened to fill the places of those who had declined, but none were added and a motion to vote on the list was carried.

The vote resulted as follows: T. G. Wilson 21, Joe Binet 21, Thos. Adair 20, Geo. Brimston 20, J. McKinnon 19, Max Landerville 18, J. R. Grey 4, Dr. Norquay 3, and Geo. Murphy 1. The first six names having received the majority of votes were declared elected as candidates and a motion was carried making it unanimous.

Dr. Thompson was here announced and his entrance was greeted with loud applause and in response to the call replied in a short talk, thanking

the convention for the honor and guaranteeing to see the fight through to a successful issue.

An executive committee for the campaign, to consist of 14 members, 8 from the convention, 3 to be appointed by the candidate for mayor and 3 each by the candidates for aldermen, was then voted, and the convention elected to represent it: Jeff Davison, M. H. Bonlais, J. E. Thompson, Geo. Black and John F. Sigrue.

On motion of Sigrue a committee consisting of Alex. Prudhomme, John F. Sigrue and Geo. Black was appointed to interview Geo. Ross immediately upon his return and ascertain definitely the date on which the proclamation will be issued and also the date set for the election. In making the motion for the appointment of the committee Sigrue said that there had been enough shilly-shallying about the proclamation and it was time something definite should be done.

A motion to adjourn to attend the mass meeting at the Savoy Theatre was lost by a strong majority and the convention was turned into a ratification meeting and love feast which lasted for about fifteen minutes, after which an adjournment was made to the New Savoy Theatre, where the kids were given a lesson in political economy.

The following were the members of the convention: T. G. Wilson, George Brimston, John Burke, Ross Eckhardt, Moses McGregor, J. Cameron, A. D. Williams, C. M. Carter, J. A. Thompson, James McKinnon, D. C. McKenzie, John F. Sigrue, R. H. S. Crosswell, H. M. Bonlais, Thomas Adair, J. E. Binet, Alex. J. Prudhomme and Max Landerville.

NO ONE IS RESPONSIBLE

Cannot Fix Blame for Sinking of Walla Walla.

San Francisco, Jan. 11, via Skagway, Jan. 18.—Today's developments at the investigation into the cause of the sinking of the Walla Walla were not startling, all of the witnesses heard during the morning being from the lost steamer. As the inquiry progresses the evidence shows that no one is willing to shoulder the responsibility.

NO MAIL FOR DAYS

None Between Dawson and Selkirk Today.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon there was no incoming mail between Selkirk and Dawson, according to information received at the telegraph office. Superintendent Polham is coming on a stage which will reach here probably on Monday, but it is bringing no mail.

The Skagway wire continues in order but no steamers have been there since Thursday, when the Amar and Seattle were both in port. The Farallon is due today.

FAMOUS MAN DIES

Milwaukee, Jan. 12, via Skagway, Jan. 18.—Judge E. S. Elliott, of the Circuit Court, Milwaukee, founder of the American Whist League and its president for the first three years, died while at a table in a room of the Milwaukee Whist Club. He was sixty years old.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

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

The Nugget's Department for Children

Aunt Susanna's "White Lily."

CHAPTER I.—HE WOULD BE A KNIGHT!

Lily Grey sat at the open lattice window of their pleasant new country home; she had a great pile of dolls' clothes around her, and was softly singing "Pretty Star" as a lullaby to the waken baby in her arms. There was a scented honeysuckle and monthly rose all about, and a low buzz in the air. Altogether, it was very pleasant to the little town girl; pleasant to the twins, tramping, tumbling, and rolling on the grass plot outside, pleasant, no doubt, to Aunt Susanna, who sat keeping guard over them, knitting thick warm-looking woollen stockings, by way of reminder that winter and chilblains were to come and pleasant to the bawling Manx cat, and the big curly-tailed dog, that stretched his idle body, blinking and winking, in the sunshine. Mat was lying full length on a big rug near Lily's feet, his untidy boots sprawling every way, but his elbows and eyes firmly fixed on the open pages of a large tattered volume open before him. It was a delightful book he had but lately come into possession of, full of quaint old pictures and high-falootin' stories, such as boys and girls would love to read. It was rich with tales of those far-off days when everybody was a knight, and had adventures and fought with every other knight about nothing in particular and everything in general, when dragons, breathing fire and flames, were quite common objects, and in the habit of snapping up unprotected damsels for dinner; and when the said unprotected damsels always took walks in lonely forests, and were invariably carried off by rascals and rescued by princes.

"I say, Lil, stop—do, for patience sake, stop that drone. How's a fellow to listen to the Lady of the 'Fearful Eyelids with you moaning 'bout 'em wonder what you are?' Mat cried, impatiently, dashing aside Thomas Tibby, as it stepped gingerly over his arm.

"But you don't talk, and it's so quiet and sleepy here," said poor Lily, yawning in very doleful fashion. "Sleepy! You should read about the Knight of Steel!"

As Mat sat up to rub his elbow, which was cramped, he continued, still staring down at his book, "I only wish I'd lived a thousand years ago, talk of living now, what's it worth, I wonder? There's pa goes poking every day to see a parcel of sick old people and squeaky children, and comes home and mixes powders and pills, and get up and goes to bed, nothing ever happens—you know no other does."

Lily looked at him with great wondering eyes, while he continued, "In those times I should never have had to think of being a doctor some day, but have been page to some noble lady, and tuned her guitar all day, and by-and-by I should have been dishing a knight, and have been clad in shining armor and worn spurs of gold. My foes would have turned pale at the name of what name name should I have taken? Every knight had an expressive of his character. Sir Matthew—let's see. Sir Matthew de Grey, knight of—hum! Knight of something."

Lily's eyes lit up with a bright idea. "The boys used to call you 'Pippin-Cheek.' How would that?" "Don't talk rubbish, Lil!" her brother said, most contemptuously; "the worst of you girls, you're so stupid—all of you are, and you're the very stupidest of all."

"I didn't know," began poor Lily. "No, of course you didn't, no girl ever did. Talking as if I were a baby instead of a warrior knight, able and willing to wield a lance and slay all comers, mounted on a war-horse scenting the battle-field afar, the trumpet proclaiming my advance, while heads and limbs mark my track—my track of crimson gore!"

"Oh, don't, how dreadful! What would the policeman say? And, Mat, take care, you'll upset my tea!"

But Mat was striding up and down the small room, thoroughly warmed to his subject. "It would have been glorious to live when, in some fierce encounter, I could slay some renowned leader who had dared to mock at my face. With my good battle-axe I would unarm and hurl him to the earth, and bring from him the confession of his villainy, while the pretty damsel should look on, ready to reward me with the victor's wreath. Men were bound to succor all oppressed damsel, and there were lots to be met with everywhere."

Here Mat stopped, picked up his book, and carefully swept all Lily's treasures off the deep window sill on to the ground; enquired himself in their place; and when the patient little girl, used to his masterful ways, got off her perch to pick them up, he filled all her snug corner seat with his legs, and took no other notice of her mild remonstrance than to tell her "not to bother." But then, you know, some boys think selfishness is allowable when a little girl is concerned—especially a sister. So, Lily betook herself and family to the rug, while Mat read on silently for a long time, until he closed the book with a bang, and began to rave.

"Lily, see why there shouldn't be knights any more as all those gen-

times ago, there must be oppressed captives and ladies, just as there were then, if we only can find them. Why should not the old days of chivalry be begun again? It only wants some one to begin it. I tell you what, Lil, I shall practice to be a knight, and be a champion, like Tristram and Anthony, and I'll stand no idle taunt, and I'll go about and set wrong right. Like Bayard, I'll be without fear, and what's fear? No one need feel it, and what's pain? All fancy—a thing to scorn. I wouldn't mind any one—"

Here Mat, waving his arm vehemently, sent his fist crashing through one of the lozenge panes behind him, the hurt of which caused him to utter such an outcry that Aunt Susanna, being her knitting to the winds and came rushing, all scared, to see what was the matter. It was not a very bad cut, considering the fuss Mat made over it, and the amount of bandaging he considered it needed before he settled down again to his book, still grumbling at his misfortune, as though any one other than himself were to blame.

"I thought you weren't going to mind hurts," said Lily, slyly, long after the storm had subsided, and Mat sat looking ruefully at his finger.



"Hold your tongue! What do you know about hurts? This is awful, I can tell you; it's made my head ache ever so."

"But you said that pain was all fancy, and I want to know it is!" "Of course it is, silly, but one must practise first; once I have started being a knight I shan't mind anything, however bad."

Lily made no reply, for seeing Susan pass the window just then with some bread and milk for the little chickens in the yard, she darted out after her. Lily never missed seeing her little pet chicks have their dinner if she could help it.

The next few days Mat stuck to his book and filled his mind with romance. He was a very dull companion for Lily, who could not very well sympathize with his high-flown ideas; but when he changed his mood for a more active one, she was quite ready to play at being a captive princess, shut up in the tool house. She even submitted to be tied to a post till the gay Sir Matthew should come to the rescue and destroy the fiery dragon, represented by Sam, the big Newfoundland house dog, but when Mat advanced to the charge, armed with a long clothes prop by way of a lance, Sam, not understanding his own new dignity, flew at him, barking so hoarsely that Mat was fain to run away, soothing him with "poor dog! poor fellow!" Lily laughed so that Mat got quite angry.

"I tell you what, Lil," he said next afternoon, "I've got a fine idea. When we go out fishing in the ponds you shall be my page, and do everything I tell you. We'll seek for adventures in the woods, and we won't let anybody know."

"All-right, Mat," said Lily, clapping her hands. "He added, loftily: 'Of course I shouldn't want you if there was another boy here. Lily guessed that, but thought he need not have said so; but I'll make you do, as it is. Mind, you must call me Sir Matthew, and I'll call you Lillio, and you shall carry my lance and things.'"

"Oh! have you got one? What fun!"

"No, goose, I mean my fishing-rod, and I'll hang my horn round my neck, so as to be able to summon my train if needed; and whatever happens you need never be frightened—pages never were, you know."

"Weren't they?" said Lily. "Oh! then I won't be, besides, you will be with me, only please don't scold if I'm not clever a good page, because I'm not clever like you, dear," and she tried to kiss him, but he pushed her off.

CHAPTER II.—"ONLY A GIRL!"

That afternoon the pair slipped quietly out of the back gate and

started for Ryan's Wood. Sir Matthew had the huge horn slung behind his shoulders, and an old fencing-foil hung round his waist, but that soon proved an encumbrance, as it was long and would get between his legs, and almost topple him over at every step.

Lillio followed at some distance, carrying his long rod slung up according to direction, and wondering what was going to happen, and what her aunt would say if she saw them. They walked some distance and never met a soul; then she called out, "I say, Mat—Sir Matthew, I mean—when are the adventures coming? Will they be anything dreadful?"

"Silence, page Lillio; we shall meet with adventures presently, and then you shall see what I will do. Nothing's dreadful that's honor and glory."

He marched along with great martial strides, and Lillio trotted merrily after him, thinking she should like to get rid of the long rod, or lance, but not presuming to say so, for she stood in some awe of her brother in his present mood.

Across the green by the old church railings, then up Half-mile Lane, which led into Ryan's Wood—that charming playground where the black-

berries and nuts grew as thickly as the cowslips and primroses in spring, and on the other side of which lay the banks and steep hill-side, where Lily had spent many a long summer day, gathering grasses and ferns for her collection.

Half-mile Lane was very narrow, and had deep muddy ruts where the few wagons had lumbered along, so the pair had to walk on the bank, which was sloping and steep. Mat some distance ahead, for that tireless road would catch in the brambles overhead.

"Why, look, Mat!" called Lily. "I declare there's Widow White's tiny mite of a blind child playing all alone in the mud. She is making her frock in a mess. What a shame!"

"Oh! I dare say some of the other children are somewhere, I suppose so, but I don't see them, never mind, come on Lillio, I say."

Mat strode off along the slippery bank as best he could, but Lily stopped to look back with pitying eyes at the little child.

"Come on, Lil, do; you girls are such laggards, you never—"

Just then he saw something that made him spring back, clutching at the hazel bushes, and shouting hoarsely—"Keep back, Lil, keep back, you'll be run over!"

Up the narrow lane tore a madly startled horse, and at his heels bumped and thumped the shafts of a broken chariot. Mat saw at a glance that Lil was safe; he saw, too, that little black mass right in the road, and shrieked with horror, for as usual, thud, came the hoofs, it never stirred out of the way. He turned and hid his pale face, with a shudder, as Lily screamed—"Oh, Mat, the poor blind baby!"

Then thud, thud, the horse tore past so close that he almost left its breath, and was all splashed with mud as he stood crouching, then thud, thud, far off, at any rate he and Lil were safe, but—

With a sick shudder he looked back to where that little bundle had been; it was lying by the bank-side, not alone, but clutched fast in the arms of Lil, dear brave-hearted Lil, who had bounded from her own high perch to drag from the very oath of destruction that smiling, helpless thing—Widow White's blind baby. He, the would-be knight, had thought only of their own safety. Yet Lily in a general way would not have faced any animal bigger than a dog, she was terrified even at the quiet cows, and had been known to run from a noisy turkey. Mat had often teased her and called her cowardly, but then she was "only a girl," and now she lay quite still and white, unconscious that the arm with which she clutched the child

was bruised and bleeding where the shaft had touched it.

Mat melted by her side in a passion of terror; he thought she was dead, and wrung his hands and cried—"Oh, Lil! oh, my poor little sister! Lil! oh, what shall I do?"

It happened most fortunately that Dr. Grey, returning from his rounds, was coming up the lane just as the runaway turned. He was able to stop him, and lead him back meek and breathless, expecting to meet some one to claim the horse. What was his surprise to come upon the little group, and find it was Mat whose cries had made him hasten his step, and that it was his own dear Lily, lying there white and still and hurt—

"Oh! she's dead, she's killed, papa!" moaned Mat, running up to him. "No, she's not much hurt, I hope, and trust," said her father, kissing her fondly as she opened her blue eyes and stared wildly round.

"It's all right, darling, you're safe with papa; you can stand, love? See, I have wrapped up your arm, don't be frightened, I'll carry you home soon."

"But where's the poor blind baby? Oh, that dreadful horse! did he touch it?" she asked, anxiously, forgetting her own state in anxiety for that other child sobbing near.

Papa lifted up the little pink lips to hers. "I'm glad, I'm so glad!" but the effort had been too much. She lay back and cried as though her heart were broken, and papa let her cry. I am not sure there were no tears in his own eyes. I know there were in Mat's; as she sobbed, with a little smile, "I can't help it, papa; you know I'm only a girl, not brave, like knights and people Mat knows about."

Papa sent Matthew home with the blind child, and wanted to carry Lily all the way back, but she was so afraid of frightening Aunt Susanna that she declared she would rather walk. She was sick, and frightened, and faint, but fortunately not really hurt, though her pretty arm was all black and blue next day. "You know, auntie, if it saved the little child's head I ought to be pleased, and not grumble; think how glad poor Widow White is."

"But, child, what spirit possessed you to rush in front of that great galloping horse, you that are afraid of everything on four legs? It might have kicked you to death, dear, I shudder to think of it."

"Oh, I didn't go because I wanted to, but I said, 'the poor little child,' and I asked, 'Please, God, help Lily save baby.' So he did, you know."

"Lily, you're a brick, and I'll never call you a girl again, or think much of myself. I'll certainly be a doctor and not a knight—I really am sorry I called you a girl—I really am, old girl," said Mat, giving her a great hug.

"You might call her something worse, and that's a 'rough, thoughtless boy,'" observed their aunt, "but don't talk about it any more now, for I can only call her one thing at present, and that is a very white Lily—Aunt Susanna's 'White Lily.'"

"I don't want to be a 'White Lily' long, auntie, hey?" laughed the little maid from the sofa. "What shall I be then?"

"Why, Aunt Susanna's sweet Lily, always and ever. Will that do, little one?"

"Yes," said the child, presently. "Jesus loved the lilies, didn't he? so they'd always be sweet and good. I'm so glad that I have even their name; perhaps He will love me better for it."

Mrs. Goosey Gan.

Old Mrs. Goosey Gan lives on our village green.

Such a noisy gabbling thing, dirty, loud, and lean!

Stretching out her awkward neck, she goes waddling on.

Making such a deafening sound, which she calls a song.

Round her crowd her goslings, one, two, three, and more—

Funny little fluffy things as ever yet you saw.

Chattering as they pitter-patter in a noisy train.

Each young goosey, like its mother, fussy is, and vain.

Hear her now, as loudly calling, from the other side

Of the pond, where Rob is drinking, though 'tis deep and wide.

"Go away, you common dog! you four-legged ugly thing!

While you make that lapping noise, pray, sir, how can I sing?"

"What! drinking still, when I say stop? Perhaps you may go on. When I tell you that I'm Mrs. Gan, first cousin to the swan!"

The dog looks up and eyes the dame, who strains the back beside, and seems to own the village pond, she eyes it with such pride.

"Go home, go home, good Mrs. Gan, and stay that scolding noise, 'Tis only fit to frighten pigs, or starve the girls and boys;

You make far too much cackle, ma'am to be of any use.

And, like all those who praise themselves, are nothing but a goose!"

Death of John Bell.

Benton Harbor, Mich., Dec. 29.—John Bell, the highest ranking Knight Pythias in the world, and one of the best known physicians in Southwestern Michigan, died here today. He was elected major general of the uniformed rank, K. of P., of the world in 1888.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

SMUGGLERS ARE FOXY

Much Opium Goes From Victoria to the United States.

It is altogether doubtful if the sensational capture of the Puget Sound-Victoria opium smuggling fleet last May put a stop to the illicit traffic in the drug, between this island and the American side. Circumstances of a suspicious nature have from time to time cropped up which give rise to the assumption that there are still individuals reckless enough to brave the vigilance of the customs authorities by smuggling the seductive drug under their eyes, to a profitable market.

As will be remembered the customs inspector of Seattle and Collector Heustis, of Port Townsend, nabbed a fleet of smuggling craft consisting of a steam launch and two swift sloops which had been operating between Cordova Bay on this island and Elliott Bay on the other side. The ring leader of the gang was T. P. Hodgson, who is now serving time and judging by the outfit seized they had been carrying on their illegal traffic on an extensive scale.

There is every reason to believe, however, from a recent discovery, that undeterred by the fate of this ring, systematic smuggling between this place and the Sound is still carried on, and that some of the many bays which outline the southeast coast of Vancouver Island are often the starting places of voyages which are exceptionally cautious and unobtrusive in character.

About ten days ago while searching for a lady residing in the vicinity of Mount Tolmie, who, while temporarily deranged had strayed from her home, a party had occasion to include in the area to be covered by them the shore line of Cadboro Bay. While systematically conducting their search in the woods receding from the beach they came upon what at first appeared to be a small camp. A man was engaged in washing some old clothes, and was quite startled when the party approached.

There was no tent, but a sail had been stretched between some trees forming a covering. The man had apparently slept there all night. When questioned regarding his destination he readily replied that he was en route to the city, but evaded all queries as to where he came from. A glance around the make-shift camp, however, revealed the presence of certain objects which would corroborate a half formed suspicion that the man had a definite object in camping under such unfavorable conditions.

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

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Standing innocently on one side, partially covered by sacking, were several tins or tacks in which opium is packed by local manufacturers. A couple of revolvers were also near at hand.

There was also a boat. In a sheltered cove within convenient distance lay a typical smuggler's craft. It was built evidently for speed, its graceful lines and trim appearance spelling Speed in capital letters. It was not a fisherman's sloop, and it was not the craft of a yachtsman on a pleasure cruise. Its owner had spent the previous night according to his story under the spare covering afforded by the stretched-out sail, and the chances are he was awaiting a favorable opportunity to get away.

The previous night had been very stormy; in fact it was one of the worst experienced here for a long time. This probably explains why the owner of the craft had not started on his trip to the American side. It would have been an ideal night for eluding the authorities, but the storm which played such havoc with large ships would have inevitably doomed the lightly built sloop which rested so snugly in Cadboro Bay.

There was absolutely nothing to show that the sloop's owner was other than a purveyor of opium, and everything to lend color to the belief that he was. The tacks, weapons and craft, his peculiar camping place and evasions of certain questions were a chain of circumstances more or less convincing.

What route would be taken by the craft is problematical. The route of the fleet which was captured last May, which would probably be followed in this case, was from Cordova Bay to the northern end of San Juan Island.

Through the inlets of the San Juan group, where coves and long narrow inlets gave frequent hiding places for the day time, progress was made at night. Taking much the same course as the launches, but with more anchorages, it would finally fetch up at night in Elliott Bay—Victoria Times

Celery King's Funeral.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 29.—The body of David Everett Smeltzer, the California celery king, arrived from Los Angeles today and the funeral will take place tomorrow.

Warton, Ont., Dec. 16.—While gathering beech nuts on Saturday a man named Ball, of Adamsville, was struck on the head by a falling limb, and his skull was fractured, resulting in instant death.

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LOWER COUNTRY AFFAIRS

James F. Powers Arrives in Dawson After Long and Arduous Journey - Tells of Conditions in the New Camp - The Lower River Towns Exceedingly Quiet.

Mr. James F. Powers, who since '98 has been connected with the A. C. Co. and later with the N. C. Co. at Bergman, in the Koyukuk country, arrived Thursday evening with a team of five dogs, 26 days out of Coldfoot, only 22 of which, however, were spent travelling. The trip out was made via the Chandelar to Fort Yukon, thence up the Yukon to Dawson. Mr. Powers has spent most of the winter at Bergman, but prior to his departure was for several days at Bettles and also at Coldfoot, leaving the latter place December 21. Up to the time of leaving the winter in the Koyukuk, like in Dawson, was very mild, but shortly before the holidays it turned considerably colder, the fall in the temperature being accompanied with more or less wind, which made travelling anything but pleasant. The trip across the portage from Coldfoot to the head of the Chandelar was without incident, north mentioning. Owing to snow storms it was necessary to break trail about half the distance. The fall before quite a number of prospectors poled their outfits up the Chandelar to the extreme head-of-canoe navigation and with the arrival of first snow sledged their belongings over the divide. In places the trail they had broken was still intact, but more often it had been entirely obliterated. The portage is only ten miles in width, the grade going in being so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. Coming this way it is a little steeper, but not enough so to make it a climb worth speaking of. But seven and a half days were required to reach Fort Yukon, the travelling on the latter end of the journey being somewhat handicapped by hauling a man named Austin, who had had the misfortune to freeze his feet.

Fort Yukon is very quiet this winter, there being a population of but 14 souls. Circle City is afflicted with the same complaint and that which in '95 could truthfully lay claim to being the largest log cabin city in the world has now not over 40 or 50 people. Eager with its company of soldiers seemed quite lively to Mr. Powers and looked good to him. Fortymile is also a great deal livelier than it has been for some time.

In speaking of existing conditions in the Koyukuk and the outlook for the future Mr. Powers is very sanguine, though not disposed at all to engage in any boom talk. On the contrary, his statements may be taken as coming from a man more inclined to be conservative rather than the reverse. About the mines there is greater activity this winter than ever before and for the first time since the camp was struck dumps are being taken out during the cold weather. Practically all the creeks so far located are shallow and workable to an advantage in the summer only, but an attempt is being made this winter to take out an accumulation of dirt similar to the methods in vogue in the Klondike. The bulk of such work is being done on Gold Creek, which is the deepest ground so far discovered in the district. A great deal of prospecting is also being done and the prediction is freely made that additional discoveries will be made before spring. The latest strikes were those on Union Gulch and on some tributaries of Hammond river, both of which were located last fall. It was on Union Gulch that the famous \$669 nugget was picked up, the largest ever found in the district. Hammond river, which is a tributary of the middle fork of the Koyukuk, is a large stream which has been but little explored and is presumably about 100 miles in length. No one has ever been to its source, but it is known to

lordship's philanthropy is now extended to anybody with money. It is open to anybody, in fact, to enter the syndicate for a period of three months or more.

His lordship has already secured the capital of about \$10,000, and with this he has gone to Ostend, where he has been rewarded with a fair amount of success. He actually broke the bank at Kursaal once, and has just left Ostend with about \$1,000 to the good, after paying all expenses. This has had some effect, and money is coming now fairly freely. The earl is now in London, and is about to proceed to Monte Carlo.

By the terms of the syndicate's articles of association, he will receive 50 per cent. of the profits after his personal expenses are paid. His lordship thus stands to enjoy himself, anyhow, so long as the money lasts.

ARE AFTER THE SULTAN

The Powers of Europe Are Devising Ways and Means.

London, Dec. 29.—There are increasing signs that the great powers of Europe are concentrating definite plans for action toward Turkey.

Early this week the Russian ambassador in Constantinople informed Said Pasha, the new Grand vizier, that the condition of Armenia and Macedonia was regarded by Europe as a disgrace to the Ottoman government and a peril to universal peace.

This significant announcement was followed almost immediately by a presentation of notes by all the ambassadors with reference to the amazing attitude adopted by the porte in the matter of the mining regulations. France and Russia are the leaders in this latest attempt to set the European steam roller in motion to make smooth the rough places in Turkey. What they are trying to reach is the basis of "an understanding for making representations to the porte and for eventually taking action in order to oblige the sultan, not only to carry out the clauses of the treaty of Berlin relating to both Macedonia and Armenia, but to give guarantees for the execution of these and further reforms, and for the settlement of the numerous questions pending." So runs the terms of what is undoubtedly a semi-official communication from Paris.

Russia, it is said, is discussing the question with Germany, the co-operation of Austria-Hungary and Italy can be taken for granted, and there is no doubt that Lord Lansdowne, the British foreign secretary, will combine in any genuine scheme to effect the objects which Lord Salisbury vainly endeavored to obtain some years ago.

There has never been the least question that the powers could speedily solve the problem of the near East if they would speak with one voice and were animated by one fairly disinterested motive. But right here has been the hitch. The Turkish flag waves over many millions of human beings, and the horrors that would follow the overthrow of the regime of Abdul Hamid until such time as an effective substitute was ready, can be easily imagined.

What would be the attitude of the sultan should the powers come to an understanding that would leave no room to question their earnestness? No one can predict with certainty the course of this most remarkable and miserable of potentates, but the opinion in London is that so long as the dread word "partition" remained unspoken Abdul Hamid would offer nothing more than a conventional opposition to the demands of Europe. He is getting into years, by degrees he has drawn into his own hands all the threads of administration throughout his vast dominions. The sultan is one of the hardest workers in the world, but no physique is capable of definitely sustaining the strain he imposes on both body and mind. As a natural result, intervals of absolute inertness overtake him, and the accumulated work, which he will allow no one else to touch, has fallen appallingly into arrears. Moreover, Abdul Hamid trusts no one. He has alienated the whole Muslim population of the capital. Individual freedom no longer exists in Constantinople, even for the faithful. Secret arrests and sudden disappearances increase. Within a fortnight seventy Turks, including several prominent men, have been denounced by spies and banished to Arabia. The troops are unpaid. If an Arab appeared tomorrow the Yildiz would be sacrificed.

All this is known and fully appreciated by the sultan. It all predisposes him to yield to the powers. The question resolves itself into one of method, and the plan which finds most favor among the advocates of Turkish reforms is the opening of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus to all the fleets of the world. Truly a simple remedy, but its very simplicity is the most formidable obstacle to its adoption.

Left This Morning.

A stage belonging to Prentiss & Waite left this forenoon for Whitehorse with John A. Keiff, J. T. Croughan and Charles F. Swanberg as passengers.

FOR RENT - Four-roomed house, completely furnished. Three blocks from postoffice; cheap. Inquire Nugget office.

HOW THE RAJAH GOT REVENGE

He Fixed the Boat Captain When the Loadstone Failed.

Strange Story of the Occult and Will Power Attributed to Natives of the Orient.

If there was one man in college whom the Rajah thoroughly and heartily detested, it was the captain of the Boat Club. He had many faults, he was very tall and powerful, and delighted in contrasting the English physique with that of inferior races; by which he meant, among others, the Rajah's race. His manner was abrupt and overbearing, his laugh loud and unmusical. In fact, he grated horribly on the Rajah and it was merely the final straw when, in the exhilaration of a bump supper—full, as the Rajah remarked in disgust, of cow and strong drink—he called that prince, in playful chaff, a "nigger." The Rajah swore melodiously in Hindustani, and I saw that he meant to be revenged.

In those days the entertainment of the Nebraska Loadstone created a furore. Everybody went to see her, and everybody came away convinced that she possessed marvellous powers. Her peculiar gift—but everybody remembers the details of the performance, and how the tricks were finally one by one exposed, so that her adherents and believers were driven from one position to another, until at last they had to fall back on one single performance out of all those that the Loadstone gave, and maintain that on that occasion at least something unexplained and inexplicable did really happen. It is with the event of that particular evening that I am concerned. I think I can throw some light on them.

At first, however, there were many believers and few sceptics. The Dean carefully pointed out that Plato no longer denied the existence of occult force, and the Bursar, who was generally supposed to be a little better than an atheist, declared that Spencer in one passage impliedly asserted it, even the Warden, in his sermon, told us that it was better, according to Bacon, to believe two errors than to know one truth—which was, to say the least of it, sitting on the fence. But none of these authorities shook the robust scepticism of the captain of the Boat Club. He knew a conjurer, and the conjurer had told him how it was done, and he was going to expose the Loadstone.

"But why haven't you?" I urged. "She's been here a week." "He will not be too hard on her at first," said the Rajah with a little sneer. "I'll bust her up this very night," said Waterer. "I would have done it before, only I was gated."

The excuse was good, and Waterer departed, full of boastings and self-confidence, to gather together a large number of the noisy men, and make a pleasant party to "guy the unhappy Loadstone." I stayed to smoke a pipe with the Rajah.

"Of course she's a fraud," said he, "and I believe that animal really has got hold of the right explanation." "I shall go and see it," I announced.

After a moment's silent smoking, the Rajah looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "So shall I—if niggers are admitted." After that, he and I set out together for the town hall. We found the first two rows of stalls occupied by Waterer and his friends. They were all in evening dress, and had obviously dined—not in Hall. The Rajah and I seated ourselves just behind them. The room was full, and the seats were being most successful, each one was followed by general applause, broken only by some gibes from our friends in front. These latter grew so pronounced that the Loadstone's manager at last came forward and pointedly invited one of the scoffers to submit himself to experiment.

Now was Waterer's chance. He rose in the majesty of his bulk, walked on to the platform, and said in a loud voice, as he settled himself on a chair: "If the lady can move her one foot from this chair, I'll give her a pony!" The Loadstone advanced and began to paw him about in her usual fashion. Waterer, who was sobriety enough to have lost nothing but his shyness, was apparently too many for her. He was immovable, and cries of: "Now then! when are you going to begin?" and so on, became audible. Two or three minutes passed, and the Loadstone turned with a gesture of despair toward her manager.

"I can't!" she began. "I jumped to my feet, crying: 'Wait a minute! Look!'" "For even as she spoke, there was what is scientifically called a solution of continuity between Waterer and his chair. Still in a sitting posture, but sitting on nothing, he was at least two inches from the wickerwork of the chair.

I glanced from him to the Rajah. That extraordinary man was in deep, placid, profound slumber. I jogged his elbow and pinched his arm; he showed no consciousness whatever. I looked at the Loadstone. She was standing motionless on the stage, about a yard from Waterer, with one hand outstretched toward him, and her eyes fixed on his ascending figure, for Waterer was gradually, slowly, steadily mounting in his strange

journey. He was now a foot from his chair, still in a sitting position—and up, up, up he was going. The wretch was white as a sheet, and gasping with fright and bewilderment. Thunders of applause burst from the audience. It was again and again renewed; but the Loadstone did not, as her custom was, bow and smile in response. She still stood motionless, and Waterer still ascended.

"At last, at a height of fully twenty feet from the stage, he stopped. Simultaneously the Loadstone gave a loud shriek as she fell back into the arms of the manager—and the Rajah awoke.

"I beg your pardon," he said politely; "I was drowsy. Anything going on?" "No, he's stopped now," I answered, my eyes eagerly fixed on Waterer.

The Rajah rose from his seat with a yawn. "There'll be nothing more tonight," he said. "Let's go home." "Go home, man!—with that before our eyes!" "The Rajah shrugged his shoulders. "She won't do anything more," he repeated. "Look at her; she's quite done up."

And, indeed, the Loadstone looked half dead as she gazed fearfully up at Waterer. Her demeanor was not that of a triumphant performer. "Do sit down," I urged; "we must see the end of it."

With a weary sigh, the Rajah sat down, saying, "I'm not sure you will, you know."

While we talked, the audience grew impatient. However wonderful a feat may be, the public likes to have things kept moving. They thought Waterer had been in the air long enough, and there were cries of: "That'll do! Let him down!" "Give us another!"

The manager held a hasty conference with the Loadstone. She seemed to urge her, but she shook her head and again, and would do nothing but the back-muscular, and pass her hand to her forehead. The Rajah looked at her with a slight smile. The clamor increased. I think a sort of panic—an angry panic—seized the audience.

"Bring him down! Bring him down!" they cried, pointing to the pallid Waterer, who sat as rigid as a trussed fowl.

After another despairing appeal to the Loadstone, the manager came forward and made a lame speech. The Loadstone was exhausted. She must rest; presently she would bring him down. Then Waterer's friends arose and ascended the platform. They walked about, they stood on one another's shoulders, they made it clear that no cords held Waterer. A pair of steps was called for and brought. Placed on a sturdy table, they just enabled a man to reach Waterer's feet. One mounted amid intense excitement. Turning to the Rajah, I exclaimed, "Look!"

He was asleep again, and the Loadstone stood stilly upright beckoning toward Waterer. Slowly and gradu-

ally he descended, leaving the man on the ladder grasping at empty air, till he sat again on his seat. The applause burst out, and the Loadstone sank back in a faint on the floor. The Rajah awoke, and the manager dropped these curtains, hiding the Loadstone, Waterer and his friends from our view.

"Give me your arm," said the Rajah; "I am tired." I escorted him to a cab, and we drove home.

The Loadstone gave no performance the next evening; she was too fatigued, and Waterer was absent from the boat and from the sight of men two days. When he reappeared he made no reference to his friend the conjurer. He slunk about the Quad, looking very pale and upset. I met him one day when I was with the Rajah on our way to lecture. The Rajah smiled urbanely at Waterer, and said to me, when he had passed: "A gentleman a nigger, isn't it?"

"It's such a rude thing to call a Waterer has not done it again. And the Loadstone never did that trick again. She took the pony, though. The manager called on Waterer, and asked for a check. I think that incident pleased the Rajah most of all.

"It is a ready utilization of the unexpected," he remarked, "which does our friend much credit."

STRICKEN POLAND

Refuses to Submit to Enforcement of German Language.

Cracow, Austrian Poland, Dec. 29.—The mothers of America may be appealed to for sympathy and aid by the oppressed mothers of Prussian Poland. Twenty-three Prussian Polish women have been sent to prison for terms varying from two years and a half to one month for raising an uproar at the Catholic school in Wreschen because their children were soundly thrashed for refusing to submit to religious teaching in German, according to a Prussian government order.

The children had been catechised in German and refused to answer. The teacher locked them up for an hour after school time, but still they were num. Then the teacher reported to the school director, who ordered the children taken in groups to the empty school rooms, where they were flogged.

The wife of a mason of the name of Plasieska, who went to take her little daughter home from school, heard of the whipping. She asked if the emperor had decreed the German religion. Being told that he had, she said the German religion was not the true religion, and if it was too mean trouble to teach the children the Polish religion they had better learn none at all.

She told her neighbors about the whipping and an angry crowd gathered at the school. The indictment re-

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C. R. WILKENS Family Grocery Store. Fresh Goods, Low Prices OUR SUCCESS.

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Granted Increase. Toronto, Dec. 16.—A novelty in strikes tonight was that of 40 chorus girls of "The Burgomaster" company at the Princess theatre.

Words on Women. Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone. He that would have fine guests let him have a fine wife.—Ben Johnson. Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman, rules us still.—Moore. Kindness in woman, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love.—Shakespeare. Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties.—Bulwer Lytton.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.—Macaulay as saloon keepers and liquor dealers under the name, style and firm of Spital & Young, in the saloon business known as the "Reception Saloon," has this day been dissolved.

Notice is hereby given that any partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned and Adolph Spital, carrying on business as saloon keepers and liquor dealers under the name, style and firm of Spital & Young, in the saloon business known as the "Reception Saloon," has this day been dissolved.

Witness my hand and seal at Dawson, Y.T., this 15th day of January, A.D. 1902.

Witness: (Sgd) WM O. YOUNG (Sgd) H. D. HULME

Lone Star Mining and Milling Co. Mines are at the head of Victoria and Gay Gulches. We have six claims. 800,000 shares at \$1.00 each; non-assessable. 550,000 shares withdrawn from the market. There is now LESS THAN 250,000 SHARES TO SELL! Subscribe for Lone Star Stock. ATTEND THE SALE OF MINING CLAIMS AT Exchange Building, Saturday at 2:30 p. m. We will explain everything in regard to the company. LADIES INVITED. Lone Star Mining & Milling Co. LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.

OLD PAPERS IN BUNDLES, FOR SALE AT THE NUGGET OFFICE FIVE CENTS A POUND.

The N... Vol. 3 No... MACA... As Stand... Original... able... Saturday with... one, politically... temperature... places, particu... the New Sav... dominating con... gales shed their... lation of frost... and ran down... The feeling... mittee in the... by the follow... substantially a... of one of their... To endeavor... think alike... were pledged... candidate and... atom to those... with them, was... a cloak, and... carrying the... with which... the convention... down called... stated at the be... such a defect... those who had... the People's Pa... there was... delegates who... the Taxpayers'... must they ac... their former be... ed upon the ut... ing an assimila... so blindly prej... candidate. The... after taking re... each of which... for Russell Pat... to proceed to... action, however... as instant be... donald support... they had gone... presumably un... agreed to abide... majority. Hou... deavoring to c... candidate, a da... delegates con... the effort to... action. The Ma... told if they w... able business... candidate for... Macdonald, they... unanimously... offer their rec... Macdonald.