

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1 No. 305

DAWSON, Y. T., MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1900

PRICE 25 CENTS

...FOR... HOLIDAYS

THE LATEST IN... American Neckwear

Beaver Gauntlets
Fur Caps

SARGENT & PINSKA,
Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

CLEARING SALE THE FOR XMAS
OF... **HUB** Full line of Gent's Neckwear, Suits and Overcoats, Boys' Clothing
2nd Ave. P. S.—Yakima Creamery Butter, Wholesale and Retail.

Are you troubled with **WATER** in your mine? If so we have **Ejectors, Pulsometers, Centrifugal & Force Pumps** in sizes to suit any emergency.
Holme, Miller & Co.
Hose, Steam Fittings, Picks, Shovels, etc. 107 Front St.

Change of Time Table
Orr & Tukey's Stage Line
Telephone No. 8
On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a **DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES TO & FROM GRAND FORKS**
Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office, Op. Gold Hill Hotel, 3:00 p. m.
From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill Hotel, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building, 3:00 p. m.
ROYAL MAIL

HEALTHFUL, TOOTHsome, MEATS
Game of All Kinds
CITY MARKET.
KLEINERT & GIESMAN PROPRIETORS
Second Ave., Opp. S.-Y. T. Co.

The O'Brien Club
Telephone No. 87
FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort,
Socious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar
FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

GRAND Re Opening.
VELLA DI LION
New Year's Day.
Under Management LION BROS.
Best of Liquors and a Splendid Time.
COME ONE. COME ALL.

THE RIDGE CABLE CO.
Have installed a new plant on the Ridge and are now in a position to pull up all comers.
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

CITIZENS OPPOSED

To the Scheme for Incorporating the City for a Great Many Reasons.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GOOD ENOUGH

And the Question of Who Might Gain Political Power.

UNDER THE MUNICIPALITY

Are the Principal Arguments Against Withdrawing the City From the Control of the Council.

In view of the fact that the question of incorporation for the city is being discussed on all sides, and that a public meeting has been called to discuss the question from all sides, the Nugget today publishes the views of a number of people just as they were met upon the street without regard to the amount of property upon which they pay taxes or of their nationality.

Harry Edwards was the first one met with and when asked for an expression of opinion on the subject said he didn't feel that he was in a position to give it.

Mr. Aikman, of the firm of Wade & Aikman, said: "I am not in favor of incorporation, for many reasons. In the first place I do not believe the time has come when the city can safely embark on self-government, and the expense would be greater than the case seems to demand."

Mr. Wills of the Bank of Commerce said: "I don't think there will be any incorporation at present. At a meeting recently held at my house just about half the taxable property of the city was represented and it is solidly against incorporation."

Levine, the clothier, said he didn't want any incorporation in his. "We're doing well enough as it is."
E. B. Condon thought that little could be said on the subject, either for or against till it became definitely known what sources of revenue would be at the disposal of a municipality in case one was formed.

C. L. Phillips said: "I am not in favor of incorporation, and think the present form of government is better than any that could be supplied in its stead at the present time. I believe in a reasonable and just taxation."

Dr. Cassels was met on the street and asked for his opinion of the matter and said: "While it is a question that should be seriously studied before replying, I can only say that to give you an off hand expression of what I think, I am against incorporation."

Mr. Delaney, of the N. A. T. & T. Co., replied, when asked where he stood on the question, that he was not in favor of it. "In the first place the time is not ripe yet for incorporation, and besides, I think the present councilmen are honorable and just men, and we can do no better than to leave the management of the city's affairs in their hands till such time as there is some more pressing need for a change, and we are in a position to know that the men who would be elected to fill

the offices of a municipality would be equally as competent and trustworthy."

Steve O'Brien said that so far as he was concerned he did not see the need of incorporation.

Attorney Thos. McGowan thought the affairs of the city's government were so well managed by the council that there was little need to expect any improvement under incorporation.

Mr. Thebo could see no necessity for immediate incorporation.

Attorney Tabor said he had not given the matter sufficient thought to be in a position to say that he was either for or against incorporation.

Dr. Brown thought there was no call for incorporation, as the government of the city seemed to be as good as any that could be had under a municipality formed at present.

Attorney H. E. Robertson said he was opposed to the scheme, and so it goes from one end of the city to the other, and there seems to be little reason to suppose that the matter will ever come to a vote, and if it does, and a property qualification is exacted of voters, there is nothing at present to indicate that the question must be carried by an overwhelming majority in favor of the present form of government.

Farewell To 1900

This is the last day of a month, a year and a century. No one in Dawson ever witnessed a similar day and none of us will ever see another.

Tonight in Dawson as well probably as in all parts of the civilized world many people will stay up to bid goodby to the old year and century in which they were born and to welcome the new century which in probably every case will witness their taking from life.

In the local churches the occasion will be celebrated by appropriate exercises consisting of prayer, praises and thanks to God for His goodness. In many private houses a few friends will gather and be engaged in jollity and good fellowship when the midnight hour arrives, when the new year will be welcomed by the mutual exchange of greetings and wellwishes.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring down the false, ring up the true."

Uneven Sidewalks.

The carelessness of a number of property owners on some of the principal streets and avenues in allowing caked and packed snow and ice to remain on their sidewalks until time and the elements remove it is little less than criminal. In the majority of places the walks are kept practically cleared of the accumulation incident to frequent snow falls, but in some places the walks have not been touched with pick or shovel since the advent of winter with the result that they are several inches higher than their neighbors, are rough, uneven, sidling and in some cases dangerous to pedestrians. If people are naturally so careless and negligent as to care nothing for the general appearance of their sidewalks or the safety of the public, the authorities should quietly give them a hint to put their property in decent condition.

Indians Are Happy.

It is said that for several days past a potlach such as has not been witnessed in the country for many years is being held at Moosehide, the occasion being the return of a delegation of braves from a hunting trip on which the Great Spirit smiled most benignly upon them, thus enabling them to return laden down with trophies of the hunt. Not for many seasons has there been such a large amount of game brought back to lay before the squaws and pa-poooses of the tribe, hence the spirit of peace and good will which pervades the dusky sons and daughters of the village.

It will be remembered that last year the Moosehide Indians returned almost empty-handed from the hunt and that scarcity to the verge of hunger was their share during the latter part of the winter. It is different now. Where a year ago wails from hungry children pierced the atmosphere that hung like a pall over the desolate village, the aroma of roast meat a la squaw is now apparent. Every cache now groans with its burden of solid wealth, their

walls being beautifully festooned with slabs of dried salmon.

And this is why happiness and good cheer stalk rampant at Moosehide.

The Salvation Army.

Adjutant Barr, the officer in charge of the local branch of the Salvation Army desires to thank the business men of the city for their very generous response to his appeal for the Christmas dinner. The donors list is an extremely long one, the donations of a very practical character, consequently there was no lack of those things necessary to provide a first-class Christmas spread. That the new year may be for all one of happiness and prosperity is his sincere desire.

The following is the program for the last night of the century at the Salvation Army. Salvation meeting at 8 o'clock; at 9:45, coffee with cake, pie or sandwich will be served, and at 10:30 there will be a Watch Night Service. All are heartily invited to attend.

Challenge.

I hereby challenge the Colorado Kid or Frank Rafael to meet me in a ten-round go at some early date, the place of meeting to be arranged between the principals.

C. H. SINCLAIR (Caribou).

Vaccination Goes

It has been reported around the city for the past several days that, owing to the fact that smallpox has been entirely stamped out in the district, the order providing for general vaccination would not be enforced. This report is wholly without foundation as was learned today on inquiry by a Nugget representative of the powers that be. Vaccine points to the number of 15,000 have lately been received by Commissioner Ogilvie and as many of them as will be needed to vaccinate every man, woman and child in the Yukon district who cannot show a well defined and fresh vaccination scar will be used. At the next meeting of the council the appointment of additional public vaccinators will be made until the number reaches five or six, after which wholesale inoculation will be inaugurated and those who rebel against the order may be placed in stocks.

The council seems it best to guard against any possibility of a reappearance of smallpox when Boreas relaxes his grip on the country next spring, and on the homely but oft true theory that "a stitch in time saves nine," every person must bare his, her or its arm for official inspection and probable vaccination. It is expected that the public arm (or limb) scratches will be abroad in our midst before the end of the present week.

Mr. Tache en Route.

Government Engineer J. C. Tasche is en route to Dawson from Whitehorse. A telegram from the latter point announces that Mr. Tache may be expected at any time.

A. E. Co. Will Receive.

E. W. Brown, of the A. E. Co., requests the announcement made that his company's store will keep "open house" tomorrow between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., and that patrons are invited to call and partake of the company's hospitality.

Cyrus Noble whisky, Rochester.

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

New Year presents at Sargent & Pinska's.

Short orders served right. The Helborn.

Eastern Washington new timothy hay at Mecker's.

WAS NO STRIKE

Man Who Has Arrived Direct From Tanana Heard Nothing of It

UNTIL HE REACHED FORTYMILE.

Has Been a Distance of 300 Miles Up the Tanana.

THE REPORT WAS A FAKE.

Lower River Mail Service Gives Satisfaction—High Price of Provisions at Circle City.

E. N. Carpenter, originally from Pennsylvania, but who has spent the past two years in Alaska, arrived in Dawson Saturday night, accompanying Mail Contractor Downing from lower river points. Mr. Carpenter has but recently come from the Tanana country where he spent the fall prospecting. He came with the mail through from the mouth of Tanana in 29 days, which is the record trip thus far made by any of the mail carriers on the same route. Mr. Carpenter was asked by a Nugget representative today if he had heard anything of the Tanana strike which a local paper sensationally described in a recent issue.

"I heard nothing of any such strike until I got this side of Fortymile," said he, "where I met a man who had seen the report in a Dawson paper. I was 300 miles up the Tanana and no one along the river or at the mouth had heard of the strike. I do not know how such a report could have been started but am satisfied that there is nothing in it."

Mr. Carpenter speaks very highly of the service now being given by the mail contractors on the lower river. The mail is handled by a system of relays and with such efficiency that no delays of any consequence occur in getting the consignments through to their destination.

The mail with which he came is from points as far down as Tanana. It is expected every day that a through mail will arrive from Nome.

There is a scarcity of commodities at several posts down the river, the result being that prices are getting very high. Flour in Circle City has sold as high as \$15 per sack, and other classes of goods at proportionate prices. The reason advanced is that expected boats failed to arrive and a consequent shortage has ensued.

There are a good many men prospecting in the Tanana country, but owing to the cost of provisions and difficulty of transporting them to the diggings, work is not being conducted on a large scale.

Mr. Carpenter will remain for a few days in Dawson when he will leave for his home in Pennsylvania.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Harry Jones and Adolph Spitzel of the Reception, have dissolved partnership. The business will be continued in future by A. Spitzel.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

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

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 13
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

ALLEN BROS., Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY.	
Yearly, in advance	\$10 00
Six months	6 00
Three months	4 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4 00
Single copies	25
SEMI-WEEKLY.	
Yearly, in advance	\$24 00
Six months	12 00
Three months	8 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	2 00
Single copies	25

NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS.

And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1900.

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY.

The News displays the genuine Bourbon spirit in dealing, or rather in pretending to deal with the incorporation question. Having been instructed by the "powers behind the throne" to lie low for a time, and therefore fearing to give any expression of opinion itself, the News undertakes to assail the Nugget for the position this paper has taken in opposition to the proposed plan of incorporation.

We have no intention of entering upon a defense of the Nugget's attitude in this matter. No defense is required. The mere fact that the great majority of business men and property holders in the town have given enthusiastic support and endorsement to the Nugget's anti-incorporation campaign would be all the defense necessary under any circumstances. The Nugget has always held to the theory that Dawson should administer its own affairs, provided that certain prerequisite conditions could be fulfilled. In this view we have every reason to believe that the majority of citizens have concurred. It has developed, however, as has been shown from time to time in the columns of this paper that it is impossible at the present time to meet these conditions.

Meanwhile, the urgent reasons which were advanced sometime ago in favor of incorporation have largely lost their force. Dawson has in practical operation a town government which in every way is as efficient as might be expected to result from a regularly called municipal election. The various interests of the town are looked after with care, and what is more to the point, the expense of administration is nominal in comparison with the cost of conducting a completely organized municipality.

Dawson has, therefore, to decide between the economical and capable administration which we have at the present time and a necessarily more expensive and doubtfully efficient regime, selected by vote of a small portion of the community.

There should be no difficulty in reaching a conclusion in the matter. The affairs of a town are like the business of big commercial concerns. Every taxpayer is a stockholder, and it is to the interests of each to see that his business is managed with as little expense as possible. We apprehend that this is the view which most citizens will take of the matter, which view will urge them to support a continuation of the present state of affairs.

A municipal government in addition to the present system of administration of public affairs means simply that another load will be saddled upon the one industry upon which Dawson and the entire territory depends for existence. A city election will not serve to do away with the present officials, nor will it lessen the salaries which they are paid. It will simply mean a doubling up of expenses with no material advantage to be gained. This point should be well weighed by every citizen.

The laboring man should interest himself in the incorporation question. If he owns a cabin in Dawson or ex-

pects to own one, it is to the furtherance of his own welfare that taxes should be kept down to the minimum. Incorporation means increased tax rolls.

The sensational story published by the News sometime ago respecting a so-called strike in the Tanana country is effectively punctured in the Nugget again today. On another page we publish an interview with a man who has just arrived from the Tanana country. Nothing had been heard of the strike, and no one along the Yukon knew anything of it except where the News "report" had been seen. And still the News poses as an "educator."

There are no Conservative leaders left in Canada—outside of Dawson. In this much favored metropolis there are no Conservatives but leaders.

Cautious With Reporters.

"The late Collis P. Huntington was an easy man to interview," said an old reporter, "but at the same time he was exceedingly cautious and never talked at random. My first encounter with him was in San Francisco. I was sent to ask him about some railroad connections that he was supposed to have in contemplation, and when I was finally ushered into his private office I found him seated at a table dictating letters to a couple of stenographers.

"I can spare you only ten minutes," he said pleasantly, "but we'll try to make that cover the ground. What is your first question?"

"I put it in as concise form as possible.

"Um-m-m," said Mr. Huntington musingly. "Let's have the second."

"I took that, of course, as a refusal to answer the first interrogation and passed to the next point.

"All right," he said. "Now for the third."

That was discouraging, but I gave it to him as briefly and clearly as I could, and, to make a long story short, he completely exhausted all my inquiries, one after another, without giving me a single reply.

You may well believe I was thoroughly depressed and disheartened and was about to beat a retreat, when, to my great surprise, one of the stenographers handed over a memorandum which he had been quietly taking of each question, and Mr. Huntington proceeded to answer them seriatim. He wasted no words, but covered every point with the utmost nicety and precision. When he concluded, I read over my notes at his request, and he pronounced them all right.

"Mr. Huntington," I said, glancing at my watch, "I see we have still nearly half a minute left, and, with your permission, I'd like to ask you something on my own account."

"What is it?" he said, looking surprised.

"I am curious to know," I replied, "why you made me ask all my questions before giving me any answer."

"The old magnate smiled—and, by the way, he had a very genial smile, puckering up a thousand little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and seeming to relax all over. That's easily explained," he said, "I wanted to find out what you were leading up to before I committed myself."—Ex.

A Female Anarchist.

New York, Dec. 8.—The Times says: Emma Goldman, who has been conferring with anarchist groups in England and France, has returned to this country. She made a hurried tour of the various anarchist headquarters in this city last night. She says that the anarchists from various countries had arranged to hold an international anarchist congress in Paris but just as it was about to convene the police officials swooped down, broke up the meeting and drove the leaders out of the city.

It was an outrage, she declared, and showed that even the socialist government was under the domination of the rich. In spite of the Parisian authorities, however, she said, a secret congress was held and arrangements made for the propaganda.

Miss Goldman was angry also at the apathy of the people in England regarding the spread of propaganda. They acted, she said, as if a social revolution was never heard of.

Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Table d'hote dinners. The Holborn.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.



The Lights Are Out

The last Christmas of the 19th century has passed into a memory and the tired little ones have closed their eyes in happy slumber. Possibly on that occasion of gift giving you may have inadvertently forgotten some one. So here's a gentle reminder—

A New Year Gift will make it all right.

We have, notwithstanding an immense sale of Christmas gifts, a large and varied stock of appropriate presents for New Year.

HERSHBERG

The Reliable Seattle Clothiers
Opp. C. D. Co.'s Dock

DEATH IN THE VIAL.

THE FIFTH TABLET CARRIED A DOSE THAT WAS FATAL.

Why the Doctor Had a Premonition That Misfortune Had Overtaken a Wealthy Planter—How the Story of the Crime Leaked Out.

The story was told by a police commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith."

"About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he startled a lady member of the household by remarking that he 'had a feeling' that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Colonel Jones. The colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week.

"On the day of Smith's singular premonition he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about 24 hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion.

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom.

"Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the police commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeonholed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach.

"That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label.

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date.

Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion.

"When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has remained ever since.

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?"

"Well," said the police commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ate Course Dinners.

A woman just arrived from Australia was recently negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington. She asked if it was a nice neighborhood. "It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent. "They are without exception soup and fish families."

It is not correct to say that a girl "renders" a song. If she lives long enough to become of some use in the world, she may some-day render larg, but she can't render a song.—Aitchison Globe.

Impression Correct.

"Dinguss, didn't I lend you \$10 a month or two ago?" "Shadbolt, you did. If you had a good business head on your shoulders, you would be able to remember a loan like that with absolute certainty and wouldn't have to ask anybody about it." Frowns and passes on.—Exchange.

Up in the Air.

This cyclone story is vouched for by the Minneapolis Better Way. It is that a cow which was picketed on a rope was picked up by the cyclone and carried up the length of her rope, about 60 feet, where she remained until the storm had passed, when she quietly climbed down the rope and resumed her grazing.

Mail Expected.

Owing to the fact that there is a break in the telegraph line between Ogilvie and Stewart, no news has been received today of the incoming mail which was reported as leaving Selkirk last Friday afternoon. However, if nothing unusual happens, the mail should reach here tomorrow evening. It was expected that the break in the wire will be repaired by tonight.

A Narrow Escape.

Stella Mason, an 11-year-old girl, narrowly escaped what might have been a serious accident this forenoon on Third street in front of the West block. While riding in a sled drawn by the three dogs, the leader made a dash immediately under a team of horses attached to a sled drawing the sled and its fair little passenger directly among the feet of the frightened and plunging horses. Bystanders rushed to the rescue and, strange to say, the child was rescued with nothing more severe than a bad scare and a few slight bruises.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinsky's.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, 205, Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors and Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario Front street, Dawson.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second street, near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY BLEECKER FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLEECKER & DE JOURNEL Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third Avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, First Avenue.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

TABOR, WALSH & HOLME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Commissioners, Telephone No. 40. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

WANTED.

WANTED—Position of any kind by colored man. Best of recommendations. Saml. Croffer, This office.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—One black dog, setter and Newfoundland, pacer. Owner can have same by paying charges. Driard Hotel, Mouth of Caribou.

LOST—Opposite A. C. Co. or at Cook's Candy Store, a turquoise and diamond ring. Finder please return to Nugget Office and receive reward.

FOUND—One dark brown dog, about three years old, bushy tail. Owner call at No. 30 Eldorado and pay charges.

E. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, will put your watch in proper order. Second street opp. Bank of B. N. A.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

**Dolge Felt Shoes
Fur & Kid Mitts
Fur Caps
Lined Overalls
Ulsters, Etc.**

J. P. McLENNAN,
Front Street.

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people: in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper

BACHELOR WAS ROPED IN

He Had No Use For Petticoats of Their Wearers

But Fell in Love With His Secretary Before Learning Her Sex—It Was Mutual.

"All women are divided into two classes—either designing adventuresses or simpering dolls. As for me, I'm neither. Give me the first every time. You can trust to an adventuress to have a little gray matter at least in her cranium." He was talking to his secretary, young Allen, a callow youth, almost effeminate, but nevertheless brainy, too brainy, as Halbert expressed it, for his size and weight. Allen had got used to these sinister observations concerning womankind and rarely ever offered any comment either to agree or to reject the other's statements. These two individuals were a study for one another. The hour in which Allen accepted the position of private secretary, a short time before, they found pleasant communion of tastes and ideas and a peculiar inexplicable sympathy of feeling that seemed to have puzzled both.

Halbert was a confirmed bachelor. He boasted of never having proposed to any woman. He was afraid of them. In his estimation they were all scheming politicians and ready to marry him or any man at a moment's notice. "Keep the women away from me!" snarled Halbert at times when driven by force to a crush. "I'd rather smoke or sleep." And the little secretary, with his strong, boyish ardor, kept them far away and comforted Halbert with his companionable silence.

The one measure in Allen's make up which Halbert could not understand was his reluctance to smoke. He could never get him to indulge even in a cigarette. And in the matter of drinking, though Allen could mix a punch or a cocktail with commendable art, he brought them untasted to Halbert as a kind of offering to that exalted wretch. "You should have been a woman, by gad," Halbert said once to him. "A thousand pardons, Allen, but you would have made a fine-looking girl. You've got grace and tact enough for it, you know. Why, believe me, Allen, if there were women like you today, with the brain and all, I believe I'd marry one of them." Allen actually blushed and retreated in confusion. Halbert liked this display of apparent shyness, and his affection for the boy grew. He liked to slap him on the back and he said he felt longsome when the chap was away. "I tell you what, Allen, I don't know whether to adopt you as my son, considering the fact that I shall never have one of my own, or whether to let things slide on as formerly and just double your salary."

Things slid on as formerly until Halbert announced a hunting trip to Abyssinia. He had actually completed plans for both and was sketching out in his imagination the delicious camaraderie of two in a tent in the wilds of Africa when Allen announced his intention to resign.

"You ungrateful beggar, you can't resign," Halbert shouted. "Why, my boy, I can't go without you. What's the matter?"

"The fact of the matter is, sir," Allen replied respectfully. "I don't want to go with you."

It was a blow, and it landed between Halbert's eyes. He loved Allen if he ever loved any being on earth, and this was the first time that he ever had been thwarted. Not given to sentiment or pleading, he nursed his agony silently, for Allen's abruptness stung him with all the agony of unfilial ingratitude, of unrequited love, treachery in a friend—everything. It pained Halbert as he had never been pained before. That afternoon he ordered his horse for a long ride and went out dejectedly with a load on his shoulders. He wanted to puzzle out the situation. He had never to plead with any one before in his life for what he wanted, and he hated to plead now. It might seem unmanly, he feared. He went out without calling to Allen, and he did not return for dinner.

The secretary in the meantime felt an unhappy sinking of his heart as the hours dragged by and Halbert did not return. It was his custom at least to return to dress for the evening, especially if he meant to dine out, and his continued absence made Allen uneasy. He did not know whether Halbert cared about his refusal to accompany him, but he knew that he himself

cared, and he felt he could not acquaint his friend with the real reason until he had actually gone.

At 9 o'clock Halbert came back—not exactly on a stretcher, but leaning on the arm of his valet. He had had a bad fall somewhere on the Riverside drive, and he turned his elbow badly—sprained it, in fact. They had actually subjected him to the annoyance of carrying him to a hospital because he had been too dazed to femonstrate, and when his mind was eventually clear he demanded removal to his own rooms.

His valet settled him comfortably on a divan and left the room when Halbert sank into a light slumber. In a few moments Allen came in, white, haggard, limp with anxiety, and stood there looking at Halbert with startled pain in his gaze; then, with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he knelt down beside the divan for a moment and, grasping one of the sufferer's hands in his own, pressed it to his lips with a sob of distress and pain.

Halbert opened his eyes and turned to look at him. He was almost too dumfounded to speak. Allen got up in confusion, and Halbert kept smiling and staring at him in a riot of bewildered ideas, groping, as he did, in a queer labyrinth of uncertainties like a man struggling to face some peculiar situation that his mind refuses to grasp.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," Allen said, standing by a window and looking out into the night, "but they told me you had been seriously hurt, and—and—it almost broke my heart."

Halbert sat up on the edge of the divan and, drawing his dressing gown around him closely, remained there looking at Allen like one surprised in half toilet and somewhat nervous because of it. The kiss of the youth burned still in the flesh of his hand, and it traveled along the channels of feeling and warmed his heart.

Something was groping in his mind for recognition. He still stared at Allen and took in, with careful, scrutinizing gaze, the supple lines of his tall, svelte figure, the curves of his long neck, the slender hands and feet.

"Allen," Halbert said, and he got up and walked close to the youth and stood near him, his eyes still searching the boyish face, "Allen, I want to ask you a question. In God's name, don't be offended if I am wrong. But I don't think I am wrong. It never occurred to me before, but I am a blind fool, and it unnerves me. Look at me, Allen, and answer this—Are you a woman?"

Allen winced and turned farther away and leaned against a table as if to steady himself. The young face seamed with pain. There was a long silence as Halbert awaited for the other to speak. "You are a woman," he repeated.

"Yes, I am a woman." The words came at last, firmly, almost defiantly, like thunder in Halbert's ears, stunning him.

"My God!" was all that came from between the parted, eager lips of the other. "But this costume—why this? I don't understand."

"Because everybody has a prejudice against petticoats in the professions," the girl answered, "and I was bound I would not let that interfere with my progress. Why should I be bound down, tied like a slave, because of a mere selfish, unreasonable prejudice? The color burned in her cheeks brilliantly, and Halbert stepped toward her when a sudden, quick movement, his arms outstretched, love on his tongue, in his eyes, in his gestures.

The girl stepped away from him as he would have touched her arm.

"Mr. Halbert," she said, with dignity, "I am your secretary and, in your rooms, and you have discovered that I am a woman. Please respect my unhappy position, for I want you to believe that I am neither a designing adventuress nor a simpering doll. There is another class that you seem to be acquainted with—that you do not seem to take into consideration." She looked at him steadily, her eyes burning with determination.

Halbert's head sank under the siege of her look. Her speech hurt him; it crushed him. Yes, he loved this girl; he understood it now. He had been a blind, self-absorbed fool.

"Girl don't crush me under your heel." He had not thought that there could be lack of respect where love dwelt.

"While I am your secretary you must not speak of love. It is an unfair advantage."

"Then I discharge you this moment," cried Halbert, aroused. The girl could scarcely suppress a smile, though she struggled to be adamant. She turned and walked quickly toward the door.

"Come back, girlie. Don't go and leave me like this. You've wound your self all around my heart with a million

tendrils. I can't let you go now—I want you to be my wife. Don't you love me? You won't go away now when I want you most."

She turned and smiled at him. He was pleading in abject humility. "Don't you love me?" he cried out to her—he, Halbert, the cynic—conquered!

"Well, yes," she called back. "I think I do." She was laughing, but her kiss was there on his hand still. He knew.

"Then you will go to Abyssinia after all, won't you, dear?"

Her laughter still greeted him from a distance, and he flung himself back on the divan and gave himself up to love dreams such as never before thawed the chilly exterior of the man who had fled from petticoats and hid from them in smoking rooms for the last 25 years. Halbert was overcome, in love like a schoolboy, his heart fluttering, buoyant, ecstatic. And the kiss was there on his hand. He carried it to his lips and drank the honey of the spot where her own lips had been.—Chicago Tribune.

Might Have Been Fatal.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 7.—What came very nearly being the largest mining disaster in the history of the Butte camp, occurred today. Fortunately no lives were lost, but 21 unconscious and half-suffocated miners were hauled to the surface by ropes from the Bell mine, and laid out in rows, while nearly all the doctors in the city worked over them and by means of artificial respiration and strong stimulants, finally succeeded in reviving all the victims.

A month ago fire broke out in the Bell shaft, one of the Anaconda Company's properties, and so far all attempts to extinguish it have proved unavailing. A force of men were put to work today in the air shaft, 300 feet deep, with the intention of drifting to head off the fire in the main shaft. At noon the men failed to come to the surface and a second gang was sent down to investigate. The second party also failed to return and a third shift was sent below. Many of the third shift were overcome by sulphurous gases before a fourth party, protected with smoke helmets, reached the spot. The unconscious men were passed up ladders one at a time with great difficulty until all were taken to the surface. It is not believed that any of the victims will sustain permanent injury.

A Story of Anthony Hope.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, always a believer in men of letters standing by each other, worked tremendously hard to help on the fund which the Author's society of London is trying to accumulate, from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income and who view increasing years with fear.

Once an unfortunate writer who visited Mr. Hawkins at his rooms in Buckingham street, by the Embankment gardens, explained on leaving with something in his pocket. "Oh, sir, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!"

—And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye. "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."—Ex.

The Train Was Stopped.

"One night last winter," said a Boston man, "I came up from the south with two friends of mine. They occupied the stateroom, and I was lodged in a section outside. They were in a hot discussion before they retired, and one of them had finally become so sleepy as to abandon the argument. I turned finally, as they did, but the man to whom the argument had been abandoned did not seem satisfied with the victory he had won, and when I left them he was busily engaged in trying to prolong the talk with his sleepy companion."

"Shortly after I had fallen asleep I was awakened by some confusion in the aisle of the car. The train was at a dead stop, and then I heard the voice of the conductor angrily ask of the porter, 'Now, who in thunder pulled that bell rope?' I had a shrewd suspicion, but deemed it safe to lie quiet and say nothing. Finally the train started, and as they could not find out who had jerked the bell rope the car assumed its customary night aspect. Presently the stateroom door opened and one of my friends requested me to step in and decide a bet. It seems that he who was not sleepy was trying to tell the man who was 'something to which the sleepy one refused to listen on the ground that the noise of the car wheels made it impossible for him to hear. The other man promptly rang the bell and stopped the train, as has already been told."

"The bet of \$50 was as to who was responsible for stopping the train. The sleepy one said the wide-awake one, be-

cause he had pulled the bell rope. The wide-awake one said it was the sleepy one, because he had averred that he could not hear what was said to him because of the rumbling of the train, which naturally led to the train being stopped. I decided in favor of the wide-awake man, which effectually jacked the other up also. Which would you have decided in favor of?"—Ex.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is com-

plete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Muinm's Pomey or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

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

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE A. E. Co. will keep open house tomorrow. Friends are cordially invited to drop around any time between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. where they will be accorded a hearty welcome.

No Goods sold tomorrow

A. E. CO.

THE TACOMA BOYS
YOU CAN HOLD US UP
OUR MONEY IS YOURS
CLARKE & RYAN, GROCERS
THE TACOMA BOYS.

White Pass and Yukon Route.
A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway.
COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES
NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse 5:15 p. m.
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

WE HAVE
140 H. P. Locomotive Boiler
AT A BARGAIN
also TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS
The DAWSON HARDWARE CO.
2ND AVE. PHONE 38

Just a Few of Our Retail Prices
Flour, per sack \$ 5.50
Oat-Meal, per pound 12
Best Japan Rice 15c per lb., 7 lbs. for 1.00
MEATS
Roast Beef, Roast Mutton, Club House Sausage Meat, per can 60
BUTTER
Coldbrook, 1900, 2 1/2 pound can 1.75
Coldbrook, 1900, 1 1/2 pound can 1.00
Pickled Roll, 1900, per roll 1.00
MILK AND CREAM
Eagle Milk, 3 cans for 1.00
Reindeer Milk, 4 cans for 1.00
Highland Cream, 5 cans for 1.50
St. Charles Cream, " " 1.50
Oysters, 2 pound cans, per can50
Sugar, 15c per pound, 7 pounds for 1.00
FRUITS
Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extras, per can50
Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can50
All other can vegetables, 3 cans for 1.00
All kinds of Dried Fruits, per pound22 1/2
Macaroni, per pound25
All other goods at proportionally low prices
ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

ADMIRE THE NUGGET SPECIAL

What the Business Men of Dawson Have to Say

Regarding the Christmas Edition—Many Will be Sent Away—Supply Soon Exhausted.

The recent special issue of the Nugget has attracted a great deal of interest and no little praise as the expressions of leading men printed below will show. Almost upon the day of issue the entire edition was sold out, the demand being so great that if the number printed was duplicated a ready sale for another edition could easily be effected. The labor incident to a work of this character in a city without the customary material at hand, from a mechanical standpoint can not be appreciated except by those familiar with the business.

Outside of the undertaking of publishing the issue during the regular production of a daily and eight-page semi-weekly paper which in itself was a task of no small magnitude, the engraving of the plates for the work was a particularly trying one. The process employed, so far as known, has never been done by any other engraving plant in the country. All the illustrations including the colored cuts on the cover were made from brush drawings with asphaltum which was the only obtainable material in the city that could be used on zinc for the purpose. A special preparation is usually employed in etching and the use of this material for the purpose of making fine cuts has never before been successfully used.

Another feature of the work is that the price per copy was but twenty-five cents, the same price as a regular issue of the Nugget.

Mr. Shindler—I think it is a most commendable work and too much praise cannot be given or appreciation shown for that production. It excels any similar work I ever saw on the outside, taking into consideration the disadvantages you had to labor under in this country.

W. H. Parsons, of Ames Mercantile Co.—I am very much pleased with your special issue and congratulate you on your work.

Mr. Milne—I have got a number of copies which I shall send outside. The work is a very creditable one.

Donald B. Olson—I think it's remarkable for a local production, the illustrations being all made here, and in that respect particularly I think it is very fine indeed.

J. E. Doherty, of the McDonald Iron Works—She's a peach. I did not think it possible you could produce anything like that in this country. Just say anything you want; you cannot make it too strong or express my appreciation too highly.

Dr. Cook, Ladue Co.—It is a very fine work and reflects credit upon the ability of the Nugget people.

E. W. Brown, A. E. Co.—A fine effort. I am going to send out some of the papers to show what we are doing in Dawson.

"I think the special edition of the Nugget is a most remarkable one and it has my greatest appreciation. It contains matter of general interest which cannot fail to be appreciated."

Too Much Warm Weather.

"In some respects this has been rather a remarkable winter," said an old timer yesterday, "and while I suppose it makes it more comfortable for many to have the weather warm as it has been of late, such conditions have their drawbacks for many others."

"There has been a heavy snow fall this winter and that fact and the continued warm weather has operated as a great drawback to mining operations. So much so that if the mining was done in the old way, that is by burning the ground, and taking out a little dirt at a time, there would be but very little if any work possible on the creeks."

"As it is, many of the claims having been gophered in many places, and the holes having been allowed to fill up, pumping out the water in new ground may or may not prove profitable according to how much of this unfrozen ground may be above the pump, as the water pumped may come from the ground being worked, and it may come from the next half dozen claims above. So far as I know there is no way of finding out about that, otherwise than by pumping, which if one has to pump the water from the ground a mile or two above where the work is being done, is rather a costly experiment."

"With the change in the climate

which seems to be gradually coming, changes have also come in the methods of mining, so that from winter operations, which were at one time considered the only practical ones, the mines have come to be worked more and more summers, till now there is very little winter work possible, and the coming summer more work will be done than during the previous seasons since mining commenced here."

Game Did Not Abound.

Some time last week a trio of business men who possess some latent nimrodic spirit, reasoned together thus: "Peradventure if an inch of fresh snow perchance to fall on Saturday night we will hie ourselves across the river on Sunday, taking with us weapons of death and destruction in the way of fowlingpieces and we will, in the short space of light vouchsafed to this country at this season of the year, laden ourselves down with choice and luscious game—towit: Rabbits, grouse and ptarmigans."

The inch of fresh snow came and the hunters arose in the light iron-gray of early morn and with 40 rounds of ammunition per capita hied themselves to the 'beyond' side of the river.

Four hours later they hied themselves back, the most dejected, exhausted, snow covered, gasping, gameless trio of hunters ever seen in the vale of the Yukon. They had traveled several miles through snow two and one-half or three feet deep and so far as any evidence is concerned, they are not certain that there is such a thing as a live rabbit, grouse or ptarmigan within 200 miles of Dawson. If they hunt any more before the snow departs they will endeavor to contract for the use of a baNoon.

Midnight Mass.

At St. Mary's church on the eve of the new century. His holiness Pope Leo XIII has sent instructions to the whole Catholic world to have special prayers and the sacrifice of the mass in every church at the closing of the nineteenth century and beginning of the twentieth century.

These exercises will take place in St. Mary's church at midnight sharp. High mass will be celebrated by Very Rev. Father Gendreau, assisted by Rev. Father Corbiel and Rev. Father Lebert as deacon and subdeacon. The choir will render the following program:

Solo, "O Salutaris," Borden, Mr. Rettig; "Miserere," Gregorin, choir; Maass, L. Borden, four parts; soloists: Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Carr; duet, offertory, "Ecce Panis," Mercier, Mrs. James and Miss Carr; Credo, Elevation, "Ego Sum," Koenen, Mrs. Mullen, Miss Carr, Mr. Rettig; "Te Deum," Gregorian, choir; male quartette, "Tantum Ergo," Gounoud; members of the choir, director, Mr. W. Sheridan; organist, Mr. J. Reams; sopranos, Mrs. James, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Duff; altos, Mrs. Mullen, Miss Carr; tenors, Mr. C. Mahoney, Mr. T. Sheridan, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Moran; basses, Mr. F. Clayton, Mr. Rettig, Mr. Genest.

Across the Line.

Clarence A. Treuholtz and bride started for Fort Egbert this morning with an escort of Uncle Sam's soldiers, who brought up a dog team from that point to get him. Mr. Treuholtz has been appointed assistant surgeon at Fort Egbert and has just come in from the outside with his bride.

Biggest Thing on Earth.

Sports are probably more subject to diversified lives than any class of men on earth, therefore they vibrate more rapidly between the ups and downs than do the majority of men, and when down their chief occupation is constructing air castles. Two of this class were heard today conversing and bewailing their hard luck at not being able to get positions as "dealers." Said one to the other: "I have the biggest thing on earth for me and you if we can only work it."

"What is it?" anxiously inquired his friend who, McCawber like, is waiting for something to turn up.

"It is this! If me and you could get a special permit to open a black jack game in the corridor of the post-office we would have all we need in this world."

"Well, I should smile," replied the other, but being both "broke" they didn't smile.

Notice.

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

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

Celery at Meeker's.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

A number of small cases were remanded for future hearing in the police court this morning before the case of Mrs. F. W. Clark against Angus Sutherland for failure to feed and otherwise properly care for a span of horses which she had hired to him to haul wood. She stated that on the last of October or the first of November she had let him take the team which was loose in the hills, but in good condition. All she had received for the use of her horses since that time was about three quarters of a cord of wood, and that two weeks ago when the animals were returned to her it would have taken their united efforts to throw a shadow. She said that the barn they had been kept in had been largely consumed by the animals in lieu of better feed, and that they had been nothing but a bill of expense to her since, nor would they be able to work for a long time to come. Wm. Pendergast, who was a partner of Sutherland's at the time the horses were taken, testified that at times over two cords of green birch had been hauled by the team at a load, but that the horses had always had enough to eat. W. H. Balis said that the horses had been brought to his place to be fed while he was away, but that if he had been at home he would not have taken them in for fear they would die on his hands, and that even now they were unable to do more than carry their harness and would be unable to draw anything weightier than their breath for some time to come. Although they had had two weeks of good care. The accused himself said that at times the horses had acted as if they were sick, but he did not know of anything that could be the matter with them as they were well fed with the best hay and oats the market afforded. Mr. Pendergast was recalled to the stand and questioned by the defendant concerning those two cord loads of green birch alleged to have been hauled by the team in question, and succeeded in bringing forth the interesting and somewhat curious information that while the wood in question was not dry wood when it was loaded on the sleigh, it was dry when delivered, or at least the consumer was told that it was. Magistrate McDonnell said that since it had been proven that the team had been so well fed during the time the defendant had them, he could only consider that their loss in avoirdupois and ability to haul wood was due to overwork, and the fine would be \$25 and costs.

Germain Will Entertain.

Mr. B. F. Germain invites his many friends to join him in a watch meeting in seeing the old year retire and the new cross the threshold of time at his restaurant on Second avenue tonight, and to partake with him a bowl of "the parson" and a Yorkshire rarebit. He will entertain until 1 o'clock a. m., 1901.

The Nugget in Iowa.

The Klondike Daily Nugget is the name of a very neat four page five column paper published at Dawson city. A copy of this paper of August 18, contains an item of news and interest. The item referred to refers to the arrival there of the steamer Susie in charge of Capt. T. H. Dowson, of Dubuque, who has been running on the Yukon for three years. The Susie made the trip up that stream from St. Michael in eleven days, which breaks all former records. The distance is 2000 miles. The Susie brought up 400 tons of freight and about 100 passengers whose names are given.

At the head of the editorial column is given the subscription price of the Daily Nugget, which is \$40 per year in advance. By carriers delivered in Dawson it is \$4 per month in advance. This shows that the publishers are losing nothing through subscriptions. They also seem to have a telephone line in Dawson, which reaches some of the nearby towns and camps. It is advertised as a great convenience, the price being \$30 per month. There seems to be a lot of provisions in Dawson, steamboats arriving almost every day and each one brings up big cargoes. But of course a large area of country is supplied from there, and these supplies can only be taken in there during the few mild summer months, and for this reason all staple provisions as well as luxuries are very high.—Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph.

Traffic in Chinamen.

Port Townsend, Dec. 8.—The growing traffic in handling contraband Chinese across the border between this state and British Columbia has attracted the attention of the immigration bureau of the treasury department with the effect that a careful investigation of existing conditions is to be made, and upon the report to be submitted will depend the proposal to materially increase the government force in that department, detailed or service in Washington.

The nearness of the British boundary, and the fact that there are hundreds of miles to be patrolled to successfully enforce the exclusion law against the entrance of Chinese into this country, has at last been brought so pointedly before the authorities that the stable is about to be locked, although many of the horses have been stolen.

Aboard the Rosalie today and bound for Victoria where the collection of

Chinese statistics in the Northwest will be inaugurated, was Special United States Immigration Inspector James Bigler, attached to the California detail which so successfully enforces the exclusion law.

Mr. Bigler's mission is to ascertain as near as possible the number of Chinese in British Columbia, who are and are not provided with certificates entitling them to entrance under the Stars and Stripes.

He will, in the course of his work, inspect the boundary and make such recommendations for the establishing of new officers, as the exigencies of the occasion may warrant.

Mr. Bigler is one of the pioneer officers in the immigration service, and his thorough knowledge with the details and requirements of the work occasioned his being detached and ordered to the important undertaking.

New Century apples \$10, at Meeker's. Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester.

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

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

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

Men's fur lined gloves and mitts, Sargent & Pinkska.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

Balance apples at Meeker's.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meeker's.

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

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd. Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd. Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joslyn Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS Wines, Liquors & Cigars CHISHOLM'S SALOON. TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

S-Y.T. Co. HIGH GRADE GOODS Start the New Year Right Buy Only First-Class Goods GIVE US A SAMPLE ORDER S-Y. T. CO., SECOND AVENUE. TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS SAVOY THEATRE NEW YEAR'S EVE. GRAND WRESTLING MATCH Catch as Catch Can, Best 2 in 3. TRENEMAN—Champion of Pacific Coast. SWANSON—Champion of British Columbia. Admission \$1.00 Reserved Seats \$2.00 Boxes—According to location MAY POLE DANCE AND PERFORMANCE

The Standard Theatre WEEK OF JANUARY 1st, 1901. A revelation in neatness, positive appearance of the famous dancing wonders CARRIE WINCHELL TWINS JULIA Positive appearance of the celebrated Singing, Dancing, Acrobatic and Knock-about Comedians, GEO. TROXELL and BILLY EVANS. The only DOLAN. EDWIN R. LANG, Character Comedian. GRAND MIKADO MASQUE BALL, New Year's Eve, Magnificent Japanese Costumes, Pretty Girls, Multicolored Lights, Standard Theatre Orchestra.

Mail Is Quick Telegraph Is Quicker Phone Is Instantaneous YOU CAN REACH BY PHONE SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN And All Way Points. Have a phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it. Business Phones, \$25 Per Month Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building. DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

ARCTIC SAWMILL Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River. SLICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.

ESSENTIAL OF Successful Advertising Are First the Matter Second the Medium. Under the first head a clever illustration will do great work. The Nugget Makes Cuts The only engraving plant in the territory

The Orpheum THEATRE ALEC. PANTAGES MANAGER ALL THIS WEEK The Great 4 Act Comedy-Drama, The Ticket of Leave Man New Specialties New Year's Eve. Grand Cascaroni Ball Wed., Jan. 2, at 10:30 p. m. 10 Round Glove Contest. PAT McHUGH vs. COLLIER Tickets \$2, \$3 and \$5, on sale at Aurora No. 1. Fresh Stall Fed BEEF All Kinds of Meats Game in Season Bay City Market Chas. Bossart & Co. THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.