

# THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 6 NO. 10

DAWSON, Y. T., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

**Slater's**  
Felt  
Shoes

Sewed with Goodyear  
...Well...

**Sargent & Pinska**  
"The Corner Store"

**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 Opp. 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**

**Complete Pumping Plants**  
Suction hose and discharge pipe; Pipe and Tubular Boilers

**HOLME, MILLER & CO.** Get Our Prices

**The Klondike Tiffany**  
**J. L. Sale & Co.**  
Jewelers...

**L. P. Selbach....**  
Mining, Real Estate and Financial Broker

Special correspondent for  
**The London Financial News**

Quartz Property Handled for the London Market a Specialty.

Quartz Assayed Free of Charge.

**Hotel McDonald**  
Strictly First-Class  
All Modern Improvements

Electric Lights, Call Bells and Enunciators, Heated by Radiators

Elegantly Furnished  
Unexcelled Cuisine

**J. F. Macdonald**  
Manager

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

**PULSOMETER AND CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS**

Also a full line of Boiler and Pipe Fittings, and if you should want a BICYCLE just drop in to

**McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.**

## OFFICIAL NOTICE

**Of the Death of the Late Sovereign Has Been Duly Received**

BY COMMISSIONER WM. OGILVIE.

Also a Proclamation From His Excellency, the Governor General

**CONCERNING THE NEW KING**

In the Person of King Edward the VII—Oaths of Allegiance Will Now Be Administered.

From Saturday's Daily.  
The following self-explanatory and official telegram has been received by Commissioner Ogilvie:

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 23, via Bennett, B. C., Jan. 31, 1901.

The Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, Dawson:

Extract from a report of the committee of the honorable the privy council, approved by his excellency on the 23d January, 1901. The committee on the recommendation of the minister of justice and attorney general advise that upon the issue of the proclamation under your excellency's hand and seal at arms announcing the demise of Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, and the accession of His Majesty King Edward VII, the Hon. Calixte Aime Dugas and the Hon. James Craig, judges of the territorial court of the Yukon territory, or either of them do administer the oath of allegiance to the commissioner of the Yukon territory. The committee further advise that the commissioner of the Yukon territory and the said judges of the territorial court be notified by telegraph of the issue of the aforesaid proclamation and of the provisions of this minute. All which is respectfully submitted for your excellency's approval.

(Signed) JOHN J. M'GEE,  
Clerk of the Privy Council.

A proclamation by His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Gilbert John Elliott, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh in the Peerage of Great Britain, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, etc., etc., Governor General of Canada.

To all whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory by whose decease the imperial crowns of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and all other of her late majesty's dominions is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, I, the said Sir Gilbert John Elliott, Earl of Minto, Governor General of Canada, assisted by his majesty's privy council for Canada and with their hearty and zealous concurrence, do therefore, hereby publish and proclaim that the high and

mighty Prince Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, is now by the death of our late sovereign of happy and glorious memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege lord, Edward VII, by the grace of God, king of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, to whom are due all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, and I do hereby require and command all persons whomsoever to yield obedience and govern themselves accordingly, beseeching God by whom kings do reign to bless the Royal Prince Edward VII with long and happy years to reign over us.

Given under my hand and seal at arms at Ottawa this 23d day of January, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one, and in the first year of his majesty's reign.  
(Signed) MINTO.

**Remove Symbols of Mourning.**  
Gov. Ogilvie, through Dr. J. N. E. Brown, territorial secretary, has requested the Nugget to state that the symbols of mourning which have been so appropriately displayed in the city since receipt of the sad news of the death of the queen, may be removed this evening.

## Saw Its Shadow

Today is one time when the appearance of Old Sol was not hailed with joy and yet he shone forth in all his effulgency and thereby set spring back just six weeks later than it would have otherwise been, and all because the ground hog saw his shadow. Some people may think this legend does not apply in the Yukon as they insist that there are no groundhogs in this country. This is a mistake, as all sausage eaters will testify. The fact remains that the ground hog saw his shadow today and people will do well to order a few extra cords of wood and defer garden making until well along in March. Had the heavens been obscured by clouds today there would, in all probability have been sluice heads on the creeks by March 1st and cabbage heads on the market six weeks later; to say nothing of a large number of square heads already in the country.

The fact that the sun shone today is little short of a disaster.

## COMING AND GOING.

The fire bell, the bell at the Catholic church, and that of St. Paul's are tolling from 3 to 4 this afternoon, and all public offices are closed.

Tomorrow there will be morning and evening services of memorial nature in the Catholic church, and evening services of the same nature in the other churches.

Fred Payne disappeared from his accustomed haunts at an early hour this morning, taking with him a bicycle and an ax, which leaves his friends no alternative but to fear the worst. There is some reason to suppose that Mr. Payne has heard of the stampede to Caulder creek which is the next latest discovery after Last Chance, and he has probably gone after a mine.

A man named Davis was rather severely bitten by a mad dog this morning while crossing First street at Second avenue. The dog was a large black mongrel, and that he was mad there can be no doubt, as he ran with his mouth open and frothing. After biting the man the dog made his escape and will probably be heard from again unless he falls foul of the dog catcher.

Mr. Oswald Finney of the gold commissioner's office, who returned from a trip east in company with F. T. Burwash, recorder at Stewart, Recorder W. R. Hamilton, of Hootalinqua, and Miss Robinson, of the postoffice, last Thursday, was seen on the streets this morning. When Mr. Finney left here last summer it will be remembered by his friends that the circumstances of his going led to a general downpour of rice. There is nothing about the gentleman's appearance since his return which would indicate that there was any real call for the rice.

**Death Notice.**  
Died—Thomas Cavanaugh, aged 81 years. Funeral from St. Mary's church, Monday at 1 p. m. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend the services.

**Exciting Adventure.**  
Tom Chisholm went to the Fork Thursday and when he returned to Dawson in the evening he was wearing his

pants at half mast. The cause of his dilapidation was that on passing 33 below on the homeward voyage he was assailed by a mad dog. Like Casablanca, of whom we read in Mr. McGuffey's electric fourth reader, Tom stood pat—for a second and until he had hastily drawn his trusty revolver and fired one shot at the rapidly approaching dog which was foaming like a laundry. The bullet passed several feet above the dog and could be heard clipping twigs from tall trees as it sped away into space. And still the foaming, frothing brute advanced, and then it was that Tom weakened—a la Pug Collier and set off down the trail at a 2:40 gait which caused his coat tails to assume a horizontal attitude and pop like whips when he turned a corner. Frost-covered trees sped by like teeth in a comb when—a fiendish howl rent the air and—smash, rip, tear—the dog stopped as did also a large portion of the seat and legs of the Chisholm pants, whose owner stopped at the next roadhouse and tried to buy a barrel in which to complete his journey. Failing to find a barrel, he was forced to pay \$8 for an old parkie in which to continue his journey. It was fortunate for Chisholm that the weather was comparatively mild.

## Railroad Rumor

A rumor is current on the street today that Capt. Healy formerly of the N. A. T. & T. Co. has been awarded a contract to build 80 miles of railroad between Valdes and Eagle City. Nelson Bennet, famous as the builder of the Stampede Tunnel on the Northern Pacific railroad, is said to have also received a contract for the building of 100 miles.

The news is said to have reached Dawson by a recent arrival. Capt. Healy and his son, T. C. Healy, are known to have gone to Valdes, but the impression in the minds of some is that M. J. Heney, formerly of the W. P. & Y.R. construction is the one referred to and not Capt. Healy. No authentic news of the reported enterprise has reached Dawson as yet.

**Would Like to Enlist.**  
Dawson, Feb. 2, 1901.

Editor Nugget:  
Dear Sir—I saw in your paper a few days ago, a letter from a correspondent asking for information about the regiment of Baden-Powell police now being raised in Canada for service in South Africa; the best way to be enlisted, etc. I know of several good men in this country who would willingly join such an outfit, or who would go to South Africa as a draft to the Strathcona Horse, but who are like myself unable to pay our own transportation to the outside where we could enlist. Now, sir, if the militia department would allow recruiting here by the N. W. M. P. officers, I feel sure they would get a number of first-class hardy men that could not be beat in Canada or for that matter in any part of the world.  
Yours, etc., CANADIAN.

**For Daily News.**  
There was a closet under the stairs in the newspaper office which was chiefly used as a storage place for waste paper. The managing editor was haunted by the fear that some day this closet would set the building on fire. To relieve his mind the office boy, after much laborious thought, evolved the following sign and pasted it up on the door: "In case of fire, put it out."—New York Mail and Express.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.  
We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

## PERSONAL FEELING

**And Professional Envy Enter Into Hospital Criticism.**

## DIRECTORS COURT AN INVESTIGATION

But Want Responsible Parties to do the Work.

## CHAIRMAN TE ROLLER TALKS

And Expresses His Opinion of People Who Fight From Ambush—A Public Affliction.

The Good Samaritan hospital has of late been made the subject or rather object of considerable discussion. Some complaints have appeared from time to time respecting the care given at the hospital and the question has been raised as to the status of the hospital as a public institution. A considerable amount of this criticism has come through anonymous communications published in an unreliable local paper, and this fact has brought forward the information that a good deal of personal feeling is mixed up in the matter.

In fact those who are in a position to know do not hesitate to say that if the elements of professional jealousy and personal dislike were removed from the case, there would be very little case left.

However that may be, the directors of the hospital are prepared to meet any investigation which may be desired and invite inspection of their methods of conducting the affairs of the institution.

In speaking of the matter today Mr. H. Te Roller, chairman of the Board of directors of the hospital, made the following statement:

"The board has nothing to hide from the public in this matter. Let the question of 'hospital mismanagement' be fully sifted and investigated by parties who are capable of doing so, and the sooner the better. We need no time nor notice to prepare for this investigation. We refuse, however, to pay any attention to the false statements of irresponsible parties who for selfish and personal reasons are endeavoring to cast reflections upon the management of the institution, and have not the courage to sign their names to the accusations which they make by insinuation.

"While it is not pleasant to be attacked in ambush, yet any individual or institution serving the public has to expect this. Every community is afflicted to a greater or less degree with an unscrupulous element, who are never connected with any good except insofar as it furthers their own personal ends. Dawson we have discovered is no exception to this rule. We court investigation of the affairs of the hospital and shall be pleased to aid in the same in every possible way."

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.  
Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

**\$4** Men's Elastic Ribbed Underwear  
Regular Price \$6—Special at \$4.

Men's Felt Shoes ALL SIZES.  
Best Value in Dawson.  
Regular Price \$6—Special Price \$4

**Ames Mercantile Co.**



# Bench Claim Dick and Eldorado Bill.

(Written for the Klondike Nugget)

(Continued from Wednesday.)  
When Eldorado Bill emerged from his icy bath he was a gruesome sight. His teeth chattered like castanets behind pendant icicles that hung to his drooping mustache. His limbs shook as from palsy as his sodden garments began to freeze his body, and his features were drawn and contorted and expressed an awful fear of death. It was some time before he could clear his befuddled brain sufficiently to realize that his own precious person was now safe. By slow degrees he cleared his insensate mind sufficient to remember the cracking ice, the jerking forward of the sleigh, then a fur-wrapped bundle suddenly disappear from his side. Then came a cold rush of water, and his memory told him that he had kicked his feet and legs free from an entangling robe and with both hands he had grasped the sleigh as the current threatened to carry him on. Now, for the first time he began to think of his companion. He looked back at the crossing and saw nothing but a jumbled mass of floating cakes of ice. Then his eyes wandered down the stream and his gaze became fixed upon an object. A human head pops up from beneath a floating mass of ice and slush, then shoulders follow, and arms reach out with powerful strokes that rapidly carries a human being across the current to a floating cake beyond, and upon that cake, standing erect, is an apparently inanimate little object of fur. As the swimmer approaches this furry thing is suddenly embodied with life, and a clear, sweet voice rings out cautioning the rescuer to swim around to the opposite side, as the water is shallow there. This is done, and the swimmer finds firm footing on a pebbly bottom only waist deep in the water. Then a man reaches forth and clasps sweet Bessie in his arms and by wading lands her safe and dry.

Very carefully this man sets his precious burden down. Brown eyes then look up and penetrate the depths of gray ones, and in that glance a world of thankfulness is expressed. Then Bessie gazes at the rapids just below and so near, with the awful yawning ice-capped cavern at their feet, and tears spring from beneath her drooping lids and tremulous rosy lips fail to frame words that the tongue tries to utter. But soft little hands steal forth and nestle in the palms of hard ones, and the unwonted pressure that the little digits give is synonymous of the words that would speak her unbounded gratitude.

"Allow me to offer my thanks, Bench Claim Dick," said Eldorado Bill, at this moment driving up. "A very unlucky mishap, Miss Rose. I would have come to your assistance sooner, but I saw that you were safe, and not even wet. Lucky I landed you on that ice cake. I am soaked through and freezing, so allow me to help you into the sleigh, as I must make the next roadhouse quickly and thaw out. And Mr. Bench Claim," this sycophant added as he cracked his whip and the grays sprang away, "just make out and send me your bill, and drop in at the roadhouse when you pass and take a drink at my expense."

"Who is that noble, handsome man?" asked Bessie, as they were speeding on their way.  
"Oh, he's only a bench claim owner on Bonanza, and don't amount to much," answered this Eldorado king, and he scowled sullenly.  
"Don't amount to much!" replied Miss Bessie, and her pique was expressed with a scornful curl of the lips.  
"Why, I thought—" But her thoughts she did not express in words, but tucked them away in the innermost recesses of her little bosom for safe keeping in memory of a man of noble form and heroic daring, with the handsomest gray eyes she had ever seen.

And what were the thoughts of Bench Claim Dick? As he hurried away to secure his team and seek some miner's cabin where a warm fire would thaw out his sodden garments and take the chill from his benumbed person, recurrent to his mind was the gleam of beautiful brown eyes, heavenly lit by tender emotion and the pathetic squeeze of little hands. And he wondered what evil circumstance had placed this angelic little being in the hands of a man like Eldorado Bill.

Richard Raymond, bench claim owner, musher of a dog team and, in Yukon parlance at this date, of little account generally, sat alone in a little log cabin he had built on his bench claim on Bonanza. He was a man a

trifle over 30 years of age, with athletic frame and strong constitution; his eyes were gray, handsome and expressive, of a noble character, which, set off by wavy blonde hair and a golden mustache made him very pleasing to look upon, at least in feminine eyes. He had come to the Klondike too late to secure a drop of the cream in a creek claim, therefore, necessity compelled him to climb the hillsides, several hundred feet, to the benches above the present creek beds if he desired to become a claim owner. Through a course of study in the Colorado school of mines he had gained much knowledge in mineralogy and was well read in geologic matters, and in following his occupation as a civil and mining engineer much personal experience had been added to his studies.

While prospecting this aid he relied upon as the beckoning hand that would lead him to hidden golden wealth. At a point opposite the junction of Eldorado and Bonanza creeks he found the formation of the country such as to point to the existence there of an older channel of Eldorado. That such old deposits were alluvial there was no question of a doubt, for the wash from the old creek bed above was the means that had enriched the newer channel below. There he built his cabin and unaided commenced to sink. The scoffings of creek claim owners did not deter him, and with the indifference of one to the manor born he had accepted his local sobriquet of Bench Claim Dick. Sinking to bedrock alone kept him busy during the day and at night a theoretic mind absorbed in nature's study brightened the lonely hours. In the bits of plants and huge tusks and bones of animals that the frozen earth revealed he read a queer life existence on the Yukon in prehistoric times, and in these bone-yard deposits he saw an end of the mammoth life corval with the change in the course of the stream. But when had this stream commenced to flow? Down deeper in the clay and gravel that rest upon bedrock there were, no signs of animal life and no vegetable colorings to show a plant existence, and surely its birth must date back to the time when ice first began to meet and water to flow, for is not the silicious wash of Bonanza's great white channel as pure and white as the virgin rock?

This night it is evident that something unusual has happened from the general course of Bench Claim Dick's affairs. He sits upon a stool and his two long legs nearly encircle a tub filled with water and in it he shakes a gold pan vigorously. On the floor near him are sacks filled with snow-white gravel, and on the table is an oyster can nearly filled with yellow dust. Dick's last fire had said 100 feet deep and bedrock, and now added to the list is a Gold Hill king—a bench claim millionaire.

But how fares it with Eldorado Bill, and has he succeeded in his base and low born scheme?  
In a large, two-story cabin on Eldorado, in an elegantly furnished room that is carpeted and well stoved, sits the Eldorado king. Standing before him is a little California girl, who at this moment presents a perfect picture of mingled wrath and beauty.

"I will not marry you, Eldorado Bill, neither will I be your mistress," were the words that issued from trembling ruby lips in answer to an ungentlemanly address made by this assuming millionaire.

"You may be an Eldorado king," added Miss Bessie, "but you certainly are no gentleman, and you are a coward, too, for only a brave man will jump into a cold river and rescue a lady from a floating ice-cake. And now I hope you know what I really think of you."

"I would infer by your remarks that you are thinking more of that bench claim fellow than of me just at present," answered Bill, with an angry scowl, and then he added: "Come now, little spitfire, will your choice be an Eldorado creek claim, with diamonds, furs and cutter and span, and me, or a bench claim with its dog and sled? I will wait patiently 12 long hours for your answer."

"You won't have to wait a minute, for your answer is ready now," answered a now thoroughly aroused little tigress. "I wouldn't have you at any price, and all I want of you is my salary, and I want that right away, for I shall go back to Dawson, and I'm going to walk, too."

Eldorado Bill was just going to offer some expostulation when his foreman entered and said:

"Bill, something is wrong at the mine. But come and see for yourself." Bill, accompanied his man in charge to a new shaft that was being sunk on the upper half of the claim to open it up for winter drifting, as the lower half had been worked out the winter before. He descended, and by a dim light that came down from above he was quick to note that there was no wall to the up-stream side of the shaft. He stepped in under the archway and reached his hand out in the darkness beyond and still there was no wall. Lighting a candle he proceeded farther, and in the far dim distance he saw a streak of daylight coming down through some opening from above. For a moment Bill could hardly grasp the true situation, then, of a sudden, the appalling truth struck him. During the past summer a gang of Italian laymen had worked the lower half of the claim above, and at the same time they had drifted down onto him—his wealth, the pay streak in Eldorado was a thing no more.

The body of Eldorado Bill reeked with the cold sweat of despair, his palsied limbs refused to bear their weight and he fell prone upon the ground. Then the frenzy of a madman seized him, and in the darkness he crawled upon his knees and reached forth his hands in search of a solid wall, but they encountered only empty space. Then this millionaire, now with an empty purse; this Eldorado king, shorn of his golden crown, lay down and moaned and uttered deep and terrible oaths as he groveled in the dust.

"Fool! idiot! that I am. While I reveled in wine and women those cursed dagos robbed me of my gold. A thousand curses on them!"

No sleep closed the eyes of Eldorado Bill that night, no bright thoughts entered his mind and no loving hands consoled him. Debts, small and great grimly stared him in the face, and he knew that creditors would soon be upon his trail. He cursed the law of Canada that would put a man in jail for debt, and thought of the mounted police, and how to escape them all an reach the boundary line ahead of a capias was the subject that most engrossed his mind. Two days later Eldorado Bill successfully stepped over the line into pastures new, and the Klondike knows him now only as a "has been."

"Mr. Bench Claim Dick, will you give me a ride? I see that you are on your way to Dawson, and that's where I'm going, too," asked our little heroine as she encountered Mr. Richard Raymond, Gold Hill king and millionaire, and thorough gentleman, with his dog team at the Forks just after her leave taking from Eldorado Bill.

"With the greatest of pleasure," answered Dick, and he helped her into his sleigh. As he tucked her away, warm and comfortable, his heart again went throbbing as those brown eyes as beautiful as a dream looked up demurely into his, and again he felt the thrilling presence of those little hands.

"Now, Mr. Dick," remarked Miss Bessie, as they proceeded along, "I am just going to introduce myself to you, for I do so want to thank you for jumping into that cold river and saving me from being swept down into that awful icy cavern. My name is Miss Bessie Rose, chechako, as you people say, from California. I came to the Klondike with my aunt, who is now in Dawson. We are poor and I hired out to Eldorado Bill as an accountant. He might be an Eldorado king, but he certainly is no gentleman, and I have left my position and am going back to my auntie today. I am going to take you with me to her, and you can introduce yourself to us both. Now, I think you know pretty well who I am, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart and will always remember you as a noble man."

By this time deep emotions were getting the mastery over little Bessie, which begun to show in tears and sobs, but with her hand she brushed away the tell-tale dewdrops, then raising her lids she glanced coyly up and with the sweetest little smile she asked:

"Now, Mr. Dick, how can I ever repay you?"

Dick's gray eyes bravely met her coyish glances, and with his heart throbbing with joy, he answered:

"You can pay me in full by saying you will be my Gold Hill queen next Christmas."

ELDORADO.

### Slow to Matrimony.

Princess Victoria Alexandria Olga Mary of Wales, though she is 32 years of age and undeniably plain looking, possesses many charms of person and manner that have won for her the reputation of having refused more suitors than any other princess in Europe. The number of princes alone who have laid siege to the heart of this royal lady is really too long to be printed, while any number of peers of the British realm

have met the same fate. And yet the princess is not a coquette. She has refused all offers of marriage, not through caprice, but simply through sheer disinclination to wed. The rumor has again gone forth in spite of the fate of its forerunners that she is about to bestow her hand. This time the fortunate suitor is said to be Prince George of Greece, the second son of King George and governor of Crete. He is said to have courted her for a number of years.

Should Prince George and Princess Victoria be really betrothed and married their marriage would cause considerable unfavorable comment since they are first cousins. King George of Greece, the father of the young man, is the brother of the Princess of Wales, the mother of Princess Victoria. Eligible princesses are rare in Europe, and intermarriages are common.

Princess Victoria, while not handsome, is said to have a most charming and gracious manner. An American woman who spent an hour in her society at a garden party described her as "quiet and witty." Some time ago she decided to learn a trade and chose bookbinding. She exhibited some of her work in her chosen line under a fictitious name and gained a prize.—Ex.

### Damaged \$1000 by a Sermon.

A superior court jury yesterday awarded Jacob Blackman, of Holyoke, damages to the amount of \$1000 against Rev. A. N. Sikorski, of the Polish church in Holyoke, in an action brought to recover for injury to the plaintiff's meat business from a sermon preached by the defendant. The defendant did not appear to go on with the case and was defaulted, but the case was given to the jury on the question of the amount of damages. The plaintiff's testimony was put in as far as it related to the loss and damage to his business. The plaintiff claimed that he was a retail meat dealer in Holyoke last summer and did considerable business with the Polish church, which was largely attended by his customers. He further claimed that certain words spoken in a sermon by the defendant one Sunday in July resulted in a great falling off in trade and finally the abandonment of his business. He testified that on Mondays before the sermon was preached he would have as many as 100 customers, but the Monday following it he had only 15. The following day he had still less custom and the third day his store was attacked, eggs were thrown at his customers, his clerk was frightened away and he was forced to close his store. He placed the amount he had made from sales previous to the difficulty at about \$40 a week.—Springfield Republican.

### Wife Charged With Murder.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 2.—The report of the coroner's inquest in the Rathbun poisoning mystery was made public yesterday. It was found that the death of William Rathbun was caused by poison put into the coffee of a boarder, John F. Hart, by Maria Ann Rathbun, wife of William. The intention of Mrs. Rathbun, according to the coroner's finding, was to secure the death of Hart. Jealousy because of Hart's neglect of her and his attention during the last few months to another woman is ascribed in the coroner's report as the motive for Mrs. Rathbun's alleged act.

Mrs. Rathbun has been arrested on a warrant charging her with murder. John F. Hart was also formally arrested on a warrant charging him with intimacy with Mrs. Rathbun.

### To Blow Up a Tunnel.

Chicago, Jan. 2.—The Record says: On information from a source which he declined to make public Detective Sergeant McLaughlin located a gas pipe bomb in one of the niches of the La Salle street tunnel shortly before midnight. The bomb was taken by the policemen to the Central station and thence carried to the lake front and exploded.

Detective McLaughlin said he received a hint to the effect that an effort would be made to blow up the tunnel used for the passage of the North Side cars. He hastened to the scene and found a piece of three-inch gas pipe, about 15 inches long, in one of the small arched openings in the dividing wall of the tunnel. A half-burned fuse protruded from one end. When touched off the bomb is said by the policemen to have exploded with a loud report.

Earlier in the night one of the sweepers employed in the tunnel saw a man about 25 years old and shabbily dressed loitering in the tunnel. He was asked what he was doing there, and replied:

"Nothing."

The stranger left the tunnel hurriedly.

The police suspect the bomb was placed there by a discharged employe of the company.

## THE DAWSON CURLING CLUB

And What It Is Doing to Get the N. Y. Life Trophy.

### Something of the Game's Antiquity and How They Play It—Lawyers vs. Doctors.

If you ask a Scotchman how long it has been since his countrymen began curling, he will probably refer you to someone older than himself for the information. The fact being that the origin of the game was long since lost in antiquity, the encyclopedia stating that it is known to have been in vogue as a Scottish pastime during the past three centuries, and how much longer is not known.

It is a game in which some of the characteristics of both quoits and billiards are noticeable, and it is surprising to what proficiency some of the players attain.

The stretch of ice along which the stones, weighing about 40 pounds, are cast is some 132 feet in length, and the target, or bulls-eye lined out upon the ice at either end, consists of four circles, surrounding the center, or tee. Back of these circles at either end of the rink, are notches cut in the ice, called hacks. These are for the players to put their toes in for a foothold when starting a stone for its mark at the other end. In front of the "ice," as the target is technically termed, some ten or twelve feet is a line known to players as the "hog line." All stones stopping before crossing this line are "dead,"—that is they cannot be counted.

Through the center of the "ice" at right angles to the rink, is another line which signifies much to the enthusiast. The "skip" (or as he would be called in other games, the captain) of each side is provided with a broom with which he sweeps the ice before an approaching stone if its speed is not thought to be sufficient to carry it to its mark. As the players are four on a side, this leaves two at each end, and the "skip" sweeps for the stones cast by members of his team from the other end, or lets them alone according to his judgment, but he cannot sweep before the stones of the opposing team till after they have crossed the line drawn through the center of the "ice."

Many fine points are observable to the practiced player little dreamed of by the somewhat mystified onlooker who has never seen the game.

Two stones are allotted to each player to be cast at a time—that is, he slides them to the opposite end of the rink and his partner slides them back in turn. This is termed an end. The length of the game is a matter of agreement, but here 16 ends are usually played. The number of stones lying nearest the "tee," cast there by a side, can be counted the same as in quoits.

Last fall the New York Life Insurance Company promised a trophy for the most successful team in Dawson this winter and when curling commenced ten "skips" were chosen, and the game being played now are to decide who is to be the future custodian of this trophy.

The doctors who are members of the curling club posted in the rink last week a challenge to the members of any other profession, "the legal preferred," to try conclusions with them at the warin game. This bluff was promptly called by the lawyers. On Saturday night the game was played. At the conclusion W. McFarlane's appearance was such as he might have presented if he had that night vaccinated the entire populace of the territory. Dr. Wills looked as we might imagine the genial mining magnate looks if the pay streak on Gold Run had pinched out, while Dr. Norquay and Dr. Richardson were as dejected as if all their patients had suddenly recovered. The lawyers on the other hand wore that air of calm triumph which is always noticeable on the face of an advocate when a decision in an important case has just been handed down in his favor. The names of the players and the result of the game are given below:

Lawyers—W. M. MacKay, F. G. Crisp, W. L. Walsh, H. G. Wilson "skip," 21.

Doctors—McFarlane, Norquay, Wills, Richardson "skip," 8.

### Mail Arrived.

A consignment of some 15 sacks of American mail arrived yesterday afternoon, seven days from Whitehorse. Four passengers came through with the shipment—L. B. Burrarb, W. R. Hamilton, O. S. Finnie and Miss Edith Robinson. It is understood that a large shipment of mail is following the present consignment.



# The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 18  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

## From Thursday and Friday's Daily, WHAT THE AIRSHIP MAY DO.

It has been for years the dream of optimists to see an universal peace treaty ratified by the nations of the globe and general disarmament take place. In this hope, peace commissions have been appointed in which all the civilized nations have participated; discussions have taken place in which the best brains of the world have been enlisted, and governments have been petitioned and memorialized by hundreds of thousands of people—all, however, without avail.

Every government is desirous of seeing the era of universal peace dawn upon the earth, but at the same time, the effectiveness of armies and navies the world over is being yearly increased. The United States government sent the flower of its diplomatic talent to attend the sessions of the late "peace convention" at The Hague, and now, within a few months after the adjournment of that memorable convention we find Uncle Sam letting contracts by the wholesale for the construction of new warships and cruisers. Great Britain is doing the same thing in addition to the extraordinary increase which is being demanded for the army. As a matter of fact there appears no good reason for belief that general disarmament will take place until war becomes so expensive, both in respect to treasure and lives as to compel all nations to agree to peace as a means of self-preservation.

This condition will not arise as long as means of offensive and defensive warfare are improved in substantially an equal degree, as has thus far been the case. In other words, when someone invents a method of destroying human life against which no effective defense can be maintained, the time will be favorable for the adoption of an universal peace agreement.

Until the present time, inventions for defense have kept such close pace with improvements in means of offensive warfare, that loss of life is not necessarily greater than at any previous time. The torpedo boat brought forward the torpedo-boat destroyer and every increase in the weight and effectiveness of our modern naval guns, has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the thickness of armor plate.

It is maintained by some authorities that perfection of the air ship will bring about the required condition referred to above. This theory appears to be very reasonable. When it becomes possible to direct a machine through the air under perfect control, its possibilities as a means of destruction seem almost unlimited. Under cover of darkness an airship might rise over a city or above an army and by means of powerful explosives accomplish a work of destruction absolutely fearful to contemplate, and against which no practicable defense has as yet been suggested. When it becomes a question of planning a defense against explosives dropped at night time from a height of several miles, statesmen may well begin to consider the desirability of universal peace.

In our humble opinion, the airship holds out greater hope for a realization of general disarmament than all the peace congresses which may assemble in a century.

### THE BRYAN SOUVENIR.

The publication of the letter from Hon. William Jennings Bryan definitely announces the successful completion of the Nugget's presidential contest. The handsome souvenir, according to promise, has been delivered into Mr. Bryan's hand.

The letter sets forth very clearly Mr. Bryan's appreciation of the souvenir as also his appreciation of the spirit of loyalty displayed by his many admirers in this territory. We publish the letter with much pleasure and beg to assure the distinguished gentleman that his supporters in the Klondike will

find equal pleasure in reading it. Had it been within the power of the American citizens now residents of the Yukon, to select a president for the United States at the time of the late election, we have no hesitation in saying that the name of the president would be William Jennings Bryan. Greater enthusiasm was never shown in a real presidential contest than was manifested by Mr. Bryan's supporters during the progress of the Nugget's election. They worked for their man; with as much spirit as though the presidential office was actually at stake.

It is fitting at this time that acknowledgment be made by this paper of the services of Mr. R. S. Harris, who personally undertook the delivery of the souvenir to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Harris has carried out his mission with absolute fidelity, and to him the most cordial thanks of the Nugget are herewith tendered. The Jackson day banquet at which the presentation occurred, took place in Chicago on the 8th of January. The banquet was tendered to Mr. Bryan by the leading Democrats of the country and certainly no more auspicious occasion could be suggested for the presentation of the Klondike tribute to the genius of the great leader.

It is with no small degree of satisfaction that we are thus enabled to record the fact that down to the smallest detail, the presidential election conducted by the Nugget has been carried out as originally planned to a successful conclusion.

The "explanation editor" of the News had another inning last night. The purpose thereof was to show that the News' exclusive franchise is still partially in working order, inasmuch as the News was only an hour and a half behind the Nugget in reporting the Queen's death on Monday afternoon. We are compelled to admit that our contemporary is showing signs of improvement. Only an hour and a half behind—just a matter of ninety little minutes. For the News, that is what we call a pretty good record. During the last few months, three events of extraordinary interest to the people of the Yukon territory have occurred on the outside, viz: The American election, the Canadian elections and the death of Queen Victoria. In each instance the Nugget has been the first newspaper in Dawson to furnish the facts as received by wire. The editorial in last night's News was a virtual acknowledgment of the fact that the News is completely outclassed in getting the news.

The reputed sale of the White Pass & Yukon railway is not generally credited. It scarcely seems reasonable to suppose that the line would be sold at this time. The profits of the road last year according to the directors' report reached upwards of a million dollars, and the prospects for an immense volume of traffic during the coming season are exceedingly bright. In any event a change in ownership does not interest us nearly as much as would the announcement of a reduced freight schedule. It makes little difference to this territory whether the stock of the White Pass is held by C. P. R. magnates or London capitalists. The thing that concerns us is getting a ton of freight to Dawson at a reasonable rate.

Another effort is being made to separate the northern counties of Idaho from that state and attach them to the eastern boundary of Washington. The same thing was attempted and in fact almost accomplished during Cleveland's administration. Congress enacted the necessary legislation, but the president, by virtue of a "pocket veto" kept the act from going into effect. It is extremely doubtful if the present effort will succeed.

"When the News is late in appearing on the streets its readers may always be assured that there is good reason for it."—The News, Jan. 30.

Our contemporary need not have bothered making this explanation. Everyone knows that when the News is late in appearing on the streets, it is

merely waiting to get the news out of the Nugget. Vide D. D. N., Jan. 28.

Saxony is the latest European country to seek the assistance of Wall street financiers. Official application has been made by that kingdom to a combination of New York bankers for a loan of \$20,000,000. If the total of European securities held by American capitalists were actually known the amount would prove surprisingly large.

Business people generally are displaying commendable energy in clearing sidewalks of accumulated snow. Occasionally, however, some one is found sufficiently lacking in public spirit to neglect this trivial duty. A gentle reminder from the police in such cases would not be entirely amiss.

The absence of official information respecting the queen's death is little less than remarkable. There has been a clear oversight at Ottawa to which the council would be quite justified in calling particular attention.

Vice President-Elect Roosevelt has shot a mountain lion in Colorado. Roosevelt has been made a lion of so much himself that he must have felt quite at home among the tawny denizens of Colorado's mountains.

A correspondent inquires the date of the birth of the late Queen Victoria, as also that of her successor, King Edward VII. The former was born May 24, 1819, and the latter November 9, 1841.

The effort of a local theater to give Dawson clean, legitimate entertainment once a week is meeting deserved support and patronage from the public.

The outside papers are booming the Copper river country again. Anything to create a stampede.

### Will the News Furnish a Diagram.

Bonanza Creek, Jan. 30, 1901.  
Editor Klondike Nugget:  
Dear Sir—A copy of the Dawson Daily News dated the 28th of January just reached me, and with amazement I have read the obituary notice, for that is what I imagine it is intended to be, printed in a special column on the second page of that paper.

Of course I am aware that the "production" refers to the lamented death of our beloved queen, but my object in writing to you is to ask you to take the matter in hand, and if possible explain, or at least throw some light upon the mysteries of this "magnum opus." If I might make a suggestion it would be that you should split the thing up and from day to day, explain it to us section by section, but first of all, who is the distinguished author? The last paragraph of all sorely perplexes me; it runs: "The prayer that the millions of her loyal and reverent subjects (reverent subjects is distinctly good—almost unique) have uttered hour by hour throughout this long and peerless reign has been answered." For goodness sake, sir, tell us all you know about this prayer. I have heard our grand old national anthem "God Save the Queen" sung and played thousands of times in England and other parts of the world, but when, oh when, did these "reverent subjects" pray for her majesty's death, and where are these reverent rasicals to be found. Taking us all round, we Britishers are a loyal lot, but I should have felt sorry for the wretched creature who was caught by his fellows offering up this mysterious prayer. I cannot but think there must be some mistake about it.

### PRO REGE ET PRO GREGE.

#### May Strike It Yet.

It will be of interest to Moosehide stampedeurs to learn that a hole has been sunk at that famous field of operations to a depth of 130 feet and, according to the report of the ambitious prospector the bedrock is sinking with the same relative speed as the three men who are working the hole. Yesterday water was flowing freely at the bottom of the shaft. Three men, headed by Charles Everett, have been at work on the claim, McDonald's discovery, since last October.

Ladies Night at the Standard.  
Ladies' night at the Standard last evening was largely attended, showing that the management was not mistaken in its idea of putting out the lights in the gambling room and covering the bar during one performance in each week. Dawson audiences of the kind which patronize the Standard Thursday evenings evidently appreciate the efforts made to give them an opportunity of

seeing the performance once a week, and it is to be expected that the house will receive more and more patronage with each succeeding week, till its end has been attained.

"Esmeralda" is a much better play, from a literary or artistic standpoint than the one which preceded it and the work of the cast in its production is exceedingly clever.

Vivian and Lang are doing wonders and they are ably sustained by the support.

"A Texas Steer" will follow "Esmeralda," and what the company will do with the master piece of comedy is awaited with much interest by those who know the piece.

### Notice.

Whereas, under instructions from the department of the interior, Ottawa, all crown placer claims, whole or fractional, in the Yukon territory were offered for sale at public auction on November 5th and succeeding days, with the exception of such claims as it was necessary to withhold for various reasons, and

Whereas, grants for a great number of the claims so offered have not been taken out, and

Whereas, due notice has been given by advertisement in the newspapers and by a notice posted in the gold commissioner's office, warning all persons to apply for their grants immediately, otherwise after the first publication of this notice no grants would issue for claims purchased at public auction, as aforesaid,

Now, therefore, to whom it may concern, take notice that thirty days after date, namely, on February 26th, 1901, all crown placer mining claims, whole or fractional, in the Yukon territory, situated on the following creeks, namely:

- Moosehide and tributaries, Deadwood, Fresno, Colorado, Pocket, Yukon river (below West Dawson), Clear creek (Klondike district), Quebec, German, Cassiar, Courtney bar, Dawson creek, Stone, Kentucky, Ballarat, Yukon river (right limit, above mouth Dion creek), Ophir, Nine Mile, Sixty Mile, Thirteen Mile, California, Glacier (Sixty mile), Little Blanche, Swedish, Gold Run, Sulphur, Hunker, Bonanza, Eldorado, Bear, Last Chance, Gold Bottom, Klondike, Dominion, Quartz, Canon, Calder, Eureka, Indian, Sixty Mile, Montana, Baker, Bryant, Ensley, Reindeer, Rosebud, Henderson, Dion, Guenee, Alki, Mansean, Plat, Wells, Shell, Smith, Leotta, Lucky, Excelsior, Monte Cristo island, Oka, Too Much Gold.

Stewart River Mining Division.—Thistle, Statuit, 59 Gulch, California, Freddie, Teltord, Blueberry, Buffalo, Lulu, Alder, Tulare, Ballarat, Coffee, Roy, Selwyn.

Hootaniqua District.—Livingston, Cotton Eva, Little Violet, Mendicino.

Taghish District.—Macdonald and Morse.

Forty Mile and tributaries, together with all other crown placer claims, whole or fractional, in the Yukon territory, will be open for staking and entry, under the regulations in that behalf, with the following exceptions, namely:

- Sulphur creek—48a above discovery.
- Hunker and tributaries—Creek claims, 4, 5 and 6 on 80 pup of Hunker.
- Creek claims 11 to 20, inclusive, Soap creek, tributary to Gold Bottom.
- Fitz & Zimmerman benches off 35 below, Hunker.

Bench 2nd tier u 1/2, r 1, 11 below, Hunker.

Bench 2nd tier, 1 1/2, r 1, to below, Hunker.

Fraction between 8 and 9, r 1, Hunker, below discovery.

Fraction 25x130, more or less, between hillside u 1/2 11, No. 5 above discovery, Last Chance, and creek claim No. 5.

Creek claims 16 to 25, inclusive, on 15 pup Last Chance creek.

Fractional hillside, between hill claims 17 and 18, 11, hydraulic reserve, Hunker.

The following claims above discovery, Last Chance:  
Bench 5th tier, 1 1/2, r 1, 11.  
Bench 4th tier, u 1/2, r 1, 11.  
Bench 5th tier, u 1/2, r 1, 11.

- Bench 4th tier, u 1/2, r 1, 10.
- Bench 4th tier, u 1/2, r 1, 9.
- Bench 3rd tier, u 1/2, r 1, 9.
- Bench 3rd tier, 1 1/2, r 1, 13.
- Bench 3rd tier, u 1/2, r 1, 12.
- Bench 3rd tier, 1 1/2, r 1, 12.
- Bench 4th tier, 1 1/2, r 1, 10.
- Bench 4th tier, u 1/2, r 1, 10.
- Bench 3rd tier, u 1/2, r 1, 8.

Dominion and tributaries—Creek claims 10a, 12b, 23, 25, 34, 36, 37, 71, 80, 81a, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 87a, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Hillside fractions adjoining 87, 87a and 87b, below lower, 11 Dominion.

Fractional hillside between 1 1/2 35 and 34a, hillside, 11, Gold Run.

Creek claims 42a and 44a, Gold Run.

Dominion creek lower five miles, extending from mouth up, in width from summit to summit.

Eldorado and tributaries—Upper half, right limit, 37 Eldorado, 170 ft up hill.

Upper and lower halves No. 4, 1 1/2 No. 5, and fractional ground 100 ft opp 1 1/2 No. 4, by 200 ft up hill, French gulch.

Fraction 80x80, adjoining 11, 17 and 18 Eldorado.

Hillside 50 ft on No. 6, and 200 ft on No. 7, 11, Eldorado.

Bonanza and tributaries—Fraction, Chechako hill, bounded up stream by McDonald, down stream by Ellis, and up hill by Ward.

Fraction, Gold hill between Williams, Fraser & Ledebur claims.

Fraction, Gold hill, between Williams, Fraser & Elliott claims.

Creek claim 27b above, Bonanza creek.

Creek claim 24b above, Bonanza creek.

Fraction off 44 below on Bonanza, bounded by Biggs, Vogel, Grade, Armstrong and Hawkins, according to plan of T. D. Green, D.L.S.

Fraction off 44 below, adjoining Williams & Wells claims, according to plan thereof by T. D. Green, D.L.S.

Fractional bench, adjoining Mulrooney on south side, and Woods' claim on north, Chechako hill, opp 1 and 2 below on Bonanza.

The following claims above discovery on Bonanza:

- Bench 3rd tier, 1 1/2, 11, 17.
- Bench 2nd tier, u 1/2, 11, 17.
- Bench 3rd tier, u 1/2, 11, 17.
- Bench 2nd tier, 1 1/2, 11, 17.
- Bench 2nd tier, u 1/2, 11, 18.
- Bench 3rd tier, u 1/2, 11, 18.
- Bench 3rd tier, 1 1/2, 11, 18.
- Bench 2nd tier, 1 1/2, 11, 18.
- Bench 2nd tier, u 1/2, 11, 16.
- Bench 3rd tier, 1 1/2, 11, 16.
- Bench 3rd tier, u 1/2, 11, 16.

Eureka creek—Creek claims 32 and 33 above discovery on right fork.

Fractional creek claim, 20a above discovery, right fork.

Thistle creek—10 below discovery, to 20 above.

All ground closed against placer location for hydraulic purposes.

And with the further exception of any other claim, or claims, whole or fractional, which may have been omitted from the above list of exceptions through any inadvertence.

A list of claims open for location, as far as the office is able to ascertain, may be seen in my office any time during office hours.

Neither the government nor this office will be held responsible for the correctness of said list. Persons seeking information are warned that the records should be searched in each case.

(Signed.) J. LANGLOIS BELL,  
Assistant Gold Commissioner,  
Dawson, January 26th, 1901.

### Chicago Saloons Closed.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—After midnight this morning the saloons of Chicago were closed more tightly than ever before. A second warning, delivered to the saloonkeepers by the police in no uncertain terms, cause the down-town all-night places which have heretofore ignored the order to draw their shutters at the stroke of midnight and search in out-of-the-way places for rusty keys to lock their doors. The order was final and imperative, and was obeyed as such. The threats of raiding the saloons and backing up patrol wagons to the doors to carry off the liquors, accompanied by warrants for the arrest of the proprietors, were freely made by the policemen who notified the saloonkeepers.

CHILLED ROPE SHEAVES, All Sizes  
AUTOMATIC SELF DUMPING TROLLEYS  
BRASS HOSE CLAMPS  
MANUFACTURED BY  
McDONALD IRON WORKS  
J. E. DOUGHERTY, MANAGER  
Works, 4th St., opp. Government Telegraph Office. Office, 2nd Ave., near McDonald Hotel.



### The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
DAILY  
Yearly, in advance..... \$40 00  
Six months..... 20 00  
Three months..... 11 00  
Per month by carrier in city, in advance. 4 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.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1901.

From Saturday's Daily.

#### THE GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget is published an interview with Mr. H. Te Roller, chairman of the board of directors of the Good Samaritan hospital. Mr. Te Roller's statement is called forth by reason of certain reflections upon the management of the hospital which have recently been made in a more or less public manner. These reflections for the most part have been rather of an insinuating than a direct nature and tend to give strength to the opinion that they have originated in a desire on the part of certain individuals to work out private grievances against the hospital and its management.

Certainly any person who has just ground for complaint against the hospital should be willing to attach his signature to any statements he makes. Otherwise the public is quite justified in refusing to attach any importance thereto.

The Good Samaritan hospital is a public institution, inasmuch as it depends to a certain extent upon public subscriptions for its maintenance. This being the case it is quite right and proper that mismanagement, if it exists, should be brought to public notice. There is no one, however, so cowardly or whose statements are less worthy of credence than the man who hides behind a nom de plume for the purpose of gratifying personal spite.

Mr. Te Roller's statement is a clear and succinct presentation of the position taken by the hospital management and should accomplish immediately one of two results. Either the parties interested must come forward with definite and specific charges over their own signatures or cease from making anonymous insinuations.

Meanwhile for the information of the public at large we suggest to the hospital board that a report of the business of the institution for the past year be prepared and published at as early a date as possible. A statement of sources of revenue, cost of operation, receipts and expenditures, number and classes of patients treated, cures effected, etc., would furnish the people of Dawson with an intelligible basis from which to judge the merits of the hospital as a public institution. We are of the opinion that such a course on the part of the board of directors of the hospital would meet with general approbation and probably settle all criticism.

The cadets at the West Point military academy have voluntarily agreed to give up hazing. The only real effect of this promise will be a change of name. Hazing called by any other name will be as great a terror to the first year men as ever. West Point would not be West Point without hazing or something akin thereto.

One year ago everyone in Dawson who could secure a dog team and a small grubstake was making preparations to leave for Nome. One year ago a large portion of the business district of the town was a mass of charred ruins. One year ago, the Yukon territory was the victim of all manner of bad mining laws. At the present time there is no stampede in progress threatening to

depopulate the country; there is no burned district to frighten investors and discourage business men, and the mining regulations will compare favorably with those of any other newly settled country. Still we have within our midst the man who is able to prove beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the whole country is rapidly going to the dogs.

The supreme court of the United States has under consideration the right of the United States government to collect duties at Puerto Rico. There is involved in the case an amount of money already collected which will aggregate several millions of dollars.

Commissioner Ogilvie has at last received official information respecting the death of Queen Victoria. Ottawa has always taken its own good time in looking after Yukon affairs and no exception has been made in this instance.

This is the late queen's burial day and that fact will be recognized by suitable observances throughout the civilized world. The death of no prince or potentate was ever more generally mourned.

Further information is coming to hand respecting the construction of the proposed Alaska railway line from Valdez to Eagle City. Apparently Uncle Sam means business.

Mr. Bryan's letter should be accepted as addressed personally to every man who voted for that gentleman in the Nugget's election.

#### Queen of the Violin.

To be only 20 years old, to be good looking, modest, unaffected and to be the leading American violinist of her sex—such is the happy fate of Leonora Jackson. This young American girl has won by her playing the applause of all the critics of America and what amounts to more in the musical world she has charmed the best judges of Europe with her playing. Since her first public appearance before one of the great European musical organizations, which was in October, 1895, her career has been one of continuous triumph.

Miss Jackson has played before many of Europe's sovereigns and has received gifts from many of them. The gift from Queen Victoria, which she prizes very highly, is a jeweled star of rubies and sapphires, bearing the queen's monogram, V. L. R. This she received in July, 1899. The king of Sweden publicly complimented the young violinist in Paris and told her it was a pleasure to find young America sending such accomplished artistes to soothe and charm the old world. In October, 1897, Miss Jackson won by her playing the most important musical prize in Germany, the Mendelssohn state prize, of 1500 marks (\$375). But of all the honors and prizes and compliments she has won none is placed higher than a scrap of paper from her old master, Joachim, the leading violinist of the world. After she had played a most difficult piece of music, Brahms's concerto, at the famous Gewandhaus, in Leipzig, and played it in masterly style, the old master wrote, "At last, Leonora, thou canst play it," and musical Europe agreed that only Joachim himself could have played it better.

Miss Jackson is about to make her second tour in her native country. Her first, in the spring of 1900, was eminently successful.—Ex.

#### For Lower Cable Rates.

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 2.—Sanford Fleming, one of the principal promoters of the Pacific cable, has written an open letter to Hon. William Mullock, postmaster general, in favor of a state-owned telegraph line, encircling the globe. This is said to be the beginning of a movement to nationalize the cable and telegraph service of the British empire. If this were done, Sir Sanford says, it would reduce the price of messages to one-eighth or one-tenth of what it now costs to distant British possessions.

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

Brewitt makes fine pants.

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

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the Lenten season will all be gone long before Easter.

### STROLLER'S COLUMN.

The buying and selling of and trading and trafficking in provisions in the city of Dawson is an industry that sustains a large number of men, many of whom are honest and legitimate commission brokers, while others operate on a basis of misrepresentation and "skin." A number of these pretended brokers watch the big companies closely and when the latter have some old goods to almost give away in order that the warehouse room-occupied by them may be saved, these fellows get in and buy the old stuff, ostensibly for dog feed, but the portion of it that the dogs get would, as a rule, scarcely pass muster as a soap fat.

Considerable venerable meat was disposed of in Dawson last fall and sold by the companies at such price as made the purchase of it as dog feed a good investment, but the new owners were not content with anything short of a big cleanup, with the result that old meat has been and is being offered for sale around town at prices that would yield big profits to the broker and still enable the retailer to almost double his money on his investment.

A few days ago a broker whose office is under his hat, carried a sample ham to a certain First avenue grocery store and, on entering the store asked for and was given a butcher knife with which he cut the ham in the center clear in to the bone and then inquired "Ver ish der brobrietor?"

On being informed that the proprietor was out, the ham owner said "I will return in haluf an hour," and went away, leaving the ham.

Then it was that a couple of clerks in the store got in their deadly work. Taking some limburger cheese, they cut off a few very thin slices which they carefully placed in the cut in the ham. After a few minutes the proprietor returned and later the ham owner walked in. "I haf," said the latter, "a sample of der finest hams in Dawson vich I can sell you at a very low brice; now just schnell dot ham vere it ish cut, unt see if it aind as fresh ash any ham vot you ever schmelt."

The merchant picked up the ham and held it to his nose. Then he dashed it on the floor and done a turn at artistic cussing such as is seldom heard of the bridge of deepwater sailing vessels. "Get out of this with your rotten ham or I'll put you and it both in the stove!" yelled the thoroughly enraged merchant.

The man with the rosette name sorrowfully picked up his ham and walked out. Just outside the door he carefully raised the article to his nose and took a long whiff. "Ugh!" he was heard to exclaim, "Dot is really vorse ash I tot it vas!" However, as he wished to investigate further, he carried his ham out upon the broad bosom of the Yukon for more careful dissecting. Then it was that the limburger in all its assertiveness and vigor was discovered and Ichabod tumbled to the fact that he was the victim of a foul, bad smelling joke. The blood of his fathers boiled within him and he danced a can-can on the ice until a hole melted beneath and he was in danger of dropping through. "By the jumping Jehoiadah," he exclaimed, "I vas been buncoed, unt dat store moost bay me fifty tousand tollar."

He rushed back to the store and began in an excited manner, frantically waving both hands and pawing the air. "Bay me ten, dwenty, tirty tousand tollar!" You half ruined my beesiness."

"Here, porter!" said the proprietor of the store, "put that wild man in the stove. He brings a bad smell with him."

And thinking that he was about to be oemated the ham dealer glided out the door and passed up the street wringing his hands and crying, "My beesiness is ruint, unt I am von lost man! It was hell, don'd it!"

"Goodby an' may God bless yer!"

The speaker was the sourest dough between Whitehorse and St. Michael. The time was Wednesday morning of this week. The old man had two slabs of dried salmon and an old blanket for an outfit. His three-legged dog was at his heels and he looked as though he was all ready for a trip, when the Stroller asked "Where are you off to at this season of the year?"

"Huntin' decent weather," said the old man. "Two weeks ago when the glass tubes said 'twas 68 degrees below zero I vas beginnin' to feel sort o' comfortable an' was in hopes we vas goin' ter have a few weeks o' decent weather, although I wer'nt 'spectin' no blue snow like I seed in '67; but I did 'spect it ter be at least comfortable, an' the prospects was good fer a fair crop of ice worms. Fact is, I went out and ketchted enough fer several messes, but they wer'nt mor'n six inches long an' tasted zif they'd been

raised under glass in'er hot house. Then, first thing I knowed, it gets warm er'nuf ter bile eggs in ther sun, an' every blessed ice worm died dead er'n a door nail. So I'm off fer Point Barrows or some, other place whar I won't perspire myself ter death while I'm still in the vigor of manhood. Goodby!"

"Don't go, Dad!" said the Stroller slipping a dollar into the old man's hand, "you are needed here and we will miss you. Please don't go."

The old man was touched and two glistening tears rolled through the wire grass on his face.

"Them's the fust kind words as has been said ter me since Limpin' Grouse died an' if you'll make it nuzzer dollar I'll stay."

The "nuzzer" dollar was forthcoming and an hour later the old man was on his favorite stool "pechewing" at the crack in the barroom stove.

The man that Tom Chisholm and a dozen or more others said in police court yesterday is like the lilies of the field in that he toils not, neither does he spin, is averse to "popularity." Yesterday after his narrow escape from a term at the end of a royal saw he called at the Nugget office with the modest request that his name be kept out of the paper. With look, demeanor and lingo that betokened that his early life was spent in Hogan's alley, he said: "Ise one of doze yer modest felers wot ain't lookin' fer no popularity. See?"

And everybody "seed."

#### Dawsonites Arrive in Seattle.

Among the passengers from Dawson by the Victoria were Mr. and Mrs. William Minter, who in coming out from the Klondike metropolis, had an unique experience. A pucker named G. B. Scott offered to take them out for \$225, of which \$150 was to be paid down and the balance of \$75 paid at Whitehorse. They agreed and on the day of starting Scott showed up with a dilapidated horse and sled. He told them to get in and drive on and that he would soon overtake them. They did so, but Scott failed to put in an appearance. The horse and sled were both worth less than \$70. Scott cleared about \$80 out of the transaction.

Mr. Minter drove all the way out, his bill for horse feed amounting to \$100. Scott, it seems, is a notorious character in the North. His scheme is said to be quite the vogue along the trail at present.

J. H. Hughes, of Victoria, who is well known in Seattle, also came down on the Victorian. He was accompanied by his wife. Another passenger was D. Burns, a large cattle dealer of Whitehorse and Dawson.

Passengers on the Victorian report that Stephen Brown, one of Dawson's best known characters, had arrived in Skagway from the Klondike. Brown reports, it is stated, that wolves are very numerous near Tulare and they attacked a dog on the trail and killed him recently. A pony is said to have been killed and eaten by the ferocious animals near the same place after the driver had made his escape.—P. I.

#### An Iceboat's Speed.

To those who have never seen an iceboat dart away and shrink to a mere speck on the horizon in a few minutes, the speed, were it not well vouched for, would be wholly incredible. A gentleman residing at Poughkeepsie wished to speak to his brother, who had just started by train for New York. He therefore sprang upon his iceboat, soon passed the train, although it was an express, and was on the platform of the station at Newburg when the train drew up. At one point of his journey he had made two miles in one minute. Nevertheless, in spite of the various published records, it may confidently

be stated that the greatest speed is never recorded.—Casell's Magazine.  
When in want of laundry work call up 'phone 52. Cascade Laundry.  
Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

#### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that, on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for appears open for relocation upon the records. The allowance of two weeks which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on and after March 1st. Holders of claims are warned, in order to avoid trouble with relocators, to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease.  
(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,  
Assistant Gold Commissioner.

#### FOR RENT

FOR RENT—First office rooms in the city. Newly painted and papered. Enquire A. C. Co. \$1.  
FOR RENT—Room occupied by South End Drug Store in Watson Block—South Dawson. Fine location for notions, fruits, candies, tobacco, barber shop or business of any kind, etc.

#### LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A Catholic Prayer Book, black padded cover. Call at this office. cr2

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

##### LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STAGPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Motie Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 80.

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

HENRY BLEECKER FERNAND DE JOURNE BLEECKER & DE JOURNE Attorneys at Law, Office—Second street, in the Joslin Building Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

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

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

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

##### FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

W. D. BRUCE, General Agent Manufacturer's Life; Phoenix Fire Insurance Association of London, England. Mines, Real Estate, Etc. Orpheum Building.

##### MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

##### SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

#### GO AS YOU PLEASE RUNNING MATCH

COMMENCING FEB. 18 AT "The Orpheum"  
—Entries—  
LOUIS CARDINAL - GEORGE TAYLOR  
NAPOLEON MARION - WM. YOUNG

**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

#### AMUSEMENTS

**SAVOY THEATRE** Week of JAN. 29  
Reappearance of the Great Knockabout Team BRYANT & ONSLOW  
Laughable Comedy Entitled **MARRIED LIFE** AND SAVOY COMPANY  
Admission 50 Cts. Reserved Seats \$1.00 & \$1.50  
SPECIAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 1 10-ROUND BOXING CONTEST  
**CARIBOO SINCLAIR** - vs. - **ED. COLLIER**  
Champion of Northwest Jackson's Successor  
Admission \$1. Reserved Seats \$2.00 & \$3.00

**The Standard Theatre** Week Commencing January 28  
Time in Dawson of the Beautiful Four Act Emotional Play, with a record of First 180 nights at the Madison Square Theatre, N. Y., entitled  
Thursday Night, Ladies Night **ESMERELDA** Vivian in title role. New Scenery Strong Cast



# Was Chased by Apache Indians.

(By "Fitz.")

In the summer of '84 it was my misfortune to be landed in Deming, New Mexico, friendless, lonely and comparatively broke, having but a few dollars in my pockets to show cause for not being taken in hand by the local constabulary as one of the great army of the genus hobo, which at that period infested the towns along the Santa Fe railroad system. I remember that the necessary amount of coin which proved a man's position in respectable society was recognized at that time in Deming to be \$15. Anyone not having that amount of money on their person was subject to arrest and conviction as a vagrant. This law applied, of course, to strangers who could not show a means of livelihood by some legitimate labor. As I was very near the \$15 mark I was worried considerably, for the prospect of being arrested and confined in a New Mexico calaboose was anything but alluring to me, who had but a few months previous left the efete East and its attendant luxuries to take a chance in the wild and woolly West.

As I was mentally anathematizing my ill luck in ever leaving the sheltering portals of my old home, my attention was attracted to the most fluent outbreak of profanity it has ever been my good fortune to listen to and I followed the speaker's abjurations with the closest attention, as the sentiments he expressed coincided at the time most harmoniously with my views of the people, the town and the world in general. After a particularly brilliant explosion of profane pyrotechnics he paused to breathe again, and I took a desperate chance by asking him what was his particular grievance, which started him again like a mountain torrent bursting from a dam.

However, I learned that he wanted to send out to a ranch across the neighboring divide a mule team and a new windmill, which was operated either by horse power or wind as the occasion might demand. That the stock, some 1000 head, were suffering from the want of water and that he had engaged three efficient men to drive the team, but that one after the other had withdrawn from the enterprise at the last moment; also that he was owner of the ranch and was willing to pay any one well for simply driving the team out one day and back the next. When questioned as to the price he was willing to pay, he answered \$15.

"I'll take the job," said I, "and drive those mules out."

"Done," said he, "are you ready to start at once?"

Upon my answering in the affirmative my employer directed me to a neighboring barn, with an order for the outfit, the stableman giving me full details as to the road I should pursue. For the first time in my life I took a pair of lines in my hands and, perched on top of the windmill started on a journey which was to prove of the most exciting nature. As I turned the corner, perilously close to a deep ditch, I was hailed by a long haired cowboy, of the dime novel school, who clambered up the side of the wagon, informing me that he would accompany me on the trip as he was recently engaged by the foreman of the ranch as a "broncho buster." He was a most picturesque character and was dressed in a nobby suit of buckskin, cut in Mexican style, with little pieces of silver ornaments running down the legs and around the close fitting jacket. Instead of the customary long rowelled spurs he wore a heap of leather around the instep and heel of the right foot through which he had driven a wire nail, filed to a needle point. As we drove along he regaled me with adventures in which he had played a prominent part and showed me scars on his head and body where he had been shot and cut in fights with Indians, Mexicans and bad men. Upon learning from me that I carried no fire arms (he had a Winchester rifle and a Colt's revolver as well as a large hunting knife strapped to his side) he looked at me with the most supreme contempt and commenced to tell me of possible danger which lay before us through being attacked by Apaches, which by the way was the first intimation I had that they were on the war path or in the neighborhood. When we reached the top of the divide he ordered me to stop, while he took a "look around." I did so and he disappeared in the chapparal, returning in about 20 minutes. I naturally asked him if he had seen any signs of Indians, but to all my questions he did not deign an answer, but gruffly ordered me to go on.

Every half hour or so I would be com-

mended to stop by my passenger, who now took entire charge of the team while he reconnoitered in the surrounding bush. As can be imagined I became thoroughly alarmed, for fear is contagious, and that my traveling companion was scared I had every reason to believe. I arrived, however, all safe at the ranch and unloaded the freight. Here I found about twenty cowboys just in from a round-up, which I learned was made to gather the "cattle" in the neighborhood, as Indians were seen some thirty miles to the south and should they come across the cattle they would either kill or stampede the bunch.

The cowboys I found anything but boys, indeed, there were none under 30 years of age and the majority were grizzled and surly veterans, whose principal topic of conversation was the high times some favored broncho buster had enjoyed in "shooting up the town," which meant a glorious drunk, preceded by riding furiously into town shooting right and left; by entering a saloon on horseback and shooting out the lights and adventures of a similar exciting nature. This conversation might have been brought on by the natural trend of conversation which had preceded my arrival relative to the Indian outbreak, but that subject by mutual consent seemed to be debarred from discussion, although I noticed that each man carefully guarded his shooting irons, and when night came upon retiring, which was effected by rolling up in a blanket on the floor, his firearms were carefully placed within easy reaching distance. I was given a pair of blankets and in the corner near where I lay I noticed a Winchester was placed, although nothing was said to me about it. I passed a sleepless night and, in fact, no one slept soundly as I could observe by the restless way in which the men turned during the night.

Morning saw me tired and dead scared as I had to take the team back alone, and was the object of no little speculation from some of the men who would suggest that I should stay another day when some of the boys would be going in to Deming with stock. With the recklessness of ignorance, however, I started back, my mind having been made up to that effect by the suspicion that I was a subject of ridicule from the gang and that they were indulging in their favorite pastime of "joshing the tenderfoot." As I had no seat in the wagon I was compelled to ride standing up until I bethought me I would utilize one of the numerous Spanish spear grass plants which grew in profusion along the mesa. They resemble our Klondike "nigger heads," save that from the center of the mass of spiky grass a tall and slender shoot is thrown out some 15 feet in height. From this plant I learned that the natives made an intoxicating drink called pulque, which I was told had the same effect on a man as rattle weed had on a horse, both producing a form of paresis.

As the ranch disappeared in the distance and I mounted the first rise of the divide my attention was attracted by a cloud of dust in the distance, which gradually increased in volume until at last I could recognize a party of horsemen who were coming towards me at an angle which if continued would about intersect the road at the point on which I was traveling. "Indians," was the thought that rushed through my mind and when I heard that peculiar Indian cry, "yow, yow, yow," I became frantic with fright.

I have read many times of men in danger of their life who paused for an instant to make a resume of their earthly career. "Like a flash he saw his life laid before him like an open book." I believe is the orthodox way of expressing it, but those people were really not scared. I had no time for reminiscences, only a mad desire to escape. Jumping from the wagon I tore at the traces to unhitch the off mule, but in my haste my efforts were abortive, as the cursed mule became restless and would not give me the necessary slack to slip the trace. In desperation I drew my clasp knife, a souvenir from Big Springs, Texas, and slashed at the traces until nearly severing one of my fingers, I cut it through. I cut the inside line in the same way and unhitched the other trace as well as the breast strap and in a frenzy of haste mounted the mule and digging my heels in the animals side started on a dead jump up the road. I had not gone 20 yards before crack, crack, crack went a fusillade

of rifle shots after me which started the mule to make even greater exertions as it was now as thoroughly frightened as its rider. Unfortunately for me the uncut trace fell to the ground and was now whipping the mule cruelly driving the beast frantic. I reached out to put it back in place just as the mule jumped on it and I went head-long into the mosquito bushes. I was not hurt fortunately and started to crawl through the prickly underbrush when looking up I saw—not an Indian, but my fellow traveler of the day before with smoking rifle in an ecstasy of joy. I was soon surrounded by six or eight of the cowboys of the night before, who learning that I was not injured indulged in the most extravagant hilarity, some actually falling off their horses and rolling on the ground. Then it dawned on me that another tenderfoot was properly initiated into the ways of the wild and woolly west and I walked in to Deming, and don't know what became of the mule, as I left town that night. I never got the \$15, but at a little station some 20 miles west an accommodating telegraph operator flashed a rush message to the old folks.

### Changing Feminine Ideals.

Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar: It was not so very long ago that the ideal woman was believed to be the embodiment of unselfishness; strong, gentle, sweet; most lovable, most faithful—but always displaying these gracious qualities in devoted efforts to enhance the glory, or the goodness, or the general well-being of some other human creature; generally some man, who, indeed, might himself be far from ideal! In fact, the further he was removed from perfection, the brighter shone the virtue of the woman's devotion. Unselfishness was and always will be the dominant characteristic of the ideal woman; but long before Cornelia's time, and for generations after her time, unselfishness took the form of selfishness—which is quite another thing, and not of necessity either admirable or good.

Today no one can look intelligently at the condition of woman, especially in America, and not see that indifference to self as an end has almost ceased; and that the feminine ideal of selfishness, which Cornelia embodies, is subtly and surely changing.

The change is revealing itself at every turn; and as we look at it we see a battle between hope and fear! The good and the bad, the promise and the threat, confront any thoughtful person. Take, for instance, the satisfaction and the anxiety that we feel in recognizing all that is involved in the change in the occupations of women. \* \* \*

The time was when it would have been thought unwomanly for a woman to engage in any business or pursuit which was followed by men. This was not because a woman was, in point of fact, less capable intellectually than men now, but because the bounds of convention were so narrow and rigid, that unless she was unsexed herself she could not pass them. But now has come a finer sense of fitness, which says, "Better if a woman works as a man works than steal a man's strength to support a woman's useless idleness!" As a result of this nobler ideal the occupations of women have widened incredibly since those days when they had only three businesses open to them for self-support, besides domestic service—teaching, nursing and sewing.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for an act to amend the act respecting the Dawson City Electric Company, Ltd., and to extend the time limited for the commencement and completion of the electric railway and tramway by said last mentioned act authorized to be constructed.

BELCOURT & RITCHIE,  
Solicitors for the Applicants.

Dated at Ottawa, this 10th day of December, 1900.

Fine line of pipes at Zaccarelli's.

Brewitt makes clothes fit.

All watch repairing guaranteed by C. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, opposite Bank B. N. A., Second street.

Notice of Revocation of Power of Attorney.

To all whom it may concern: Take notice that a certain power of attorney, granted to John Dreyer McGillivray, of this city, by this company, to carry on the affairs of the said company in this territory, bearing date the 22d day of January, 1900, has been revoked.

Dated at Dawson, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1901.

Per. Pro. THE ANGLO-KLONDIKE MINING CO., LTD.

T. A. R. PURCHAS.

I will now offer our fresh vegetables kept all winter without artificial heat. Our potatoes are in particularly fine condition, solid, unsoftened and as sound as the day they were harvested. Such are the most healthful food. A full line of family groceries by retail; likewise a full stock of food products for

# Dawson Society

The great activity in society circles just preceding and during the holidays was followed by a period of dullness the more noticeable by reason of the contrast. Parties and amusements of a private nature seemed to come to an end, as if everyone had met and decided to bring the winter's social life to an early close.

Many things contributed to this, notably the cold weather and a general tired feeling which prevailed at the close of the holidays.

Recently, however, there seems to be a little more inclination to go and to receive.

A week ago tonight there was a merry sleighing party to 50 below on Boqanza creek, where a pleasant evening was spent in dancing and music, at the close of which a most acceptable supper was partaken of before the party returned to the city. The original party is said to have been 13, but as this was objected to by Rudy Kalenborn, who knew something unpleasant would happen if that unlucky number were to comprise the party, two more were added making 15, just a good load for Orr & Tukey's long sleigh. The names of those who made up the party were as follows:

Miss Margaret Thebo, Miss Amy Williams, Miss Barrett, Miss Alice Barrett, Miss Crowley, Miss May Hughes, Mrs. Clark, Chief Stewart, Rudy Kalenborn, M. Thorburn, Weldy Young, Al Watson, John Dougherty and Jack D. nes.

The people of upper Dominion did not forget the anniversary of Bobby Burns' birth day, a week ago Friday evening, when there was a large gathering of canny Scots at Joe Graham's place at 2 above upper discovery. Piper Taylor was there with his pipes, and Messrs. Dunsmuir and Chisholm aided in the entertainment of the evening with Scottish songs. Mr. Taylor danced

in costume, and several others contributed largely to the entertainment of the evening by singing, dancing and the recital of appropriate anecdotes. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Yeager, Mr. and Mrs. Cabotwell, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Hering, Miss Zimmerman, Miss Scott, Miss Nelson, Miss Cornwell, Mrs. Wall, Miss Larson, Miss Cahjll, Miss Stone and Mrs. Heatley. After the dancers had danced and the singers had sung, and the story tellers had told many interesting things concerning the poet in whose honor they had met, a most tempting repast was spread before them to which all "did ample" justice before going their several ways.

As a host Mr. Graham is hard to beat, and it is not at all likely that his guests of that night will wait till the return of the anniversary to pay him another visit.

Last Wednesday a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose assembled at their cozy Fifth avenue residence to celebrate the hostess' birthday.

The house was very tastefully decorated with the flags of nearly all nations, and artistically arranged draperies.

What formed the basis of entertainment and a very pleasant evening was the result of the gathering. The prizes, which were well selected and appropriate, were won by Mrs. Perry and Mr. Siegel, who carried off the two first prizes, and Mrs. Phillips and Mr. E. J. White who captured the booby prizes. Elegantly prepared refreshments were served.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Seigel, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Hemen, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Miss Maud McDonald, Miss Geleue, Mr. John Cameron, Mr. Hugh McDermott.

man or beast by the case, sack, bale or ton, at competing prices with the "big companies." E. MEEKER, Log Cabin Grocery, Third Ave., near postoffice.

Steel marten traps, just in—0, 1 and 1 1/2. Shindler's.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

**German Bakery**  
KLONDIKE BRIDGE  
BELL'S  
3 LOAVES OF BREAD FOR 50c

**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.

**Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry**  
Fresh Meats  
**Bay City Market**  
Chas. Bossert & Co.  
THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

**Electric Light**  
Steady Satisfactory Safe  
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.  
T. M. CHISHOLM, Prop.

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

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

**Here We Have "the Drayman"**

If you were engaged in the Freighting Business this illustration would look well on your cards or letterheads. We make all kinds of engravings appropriate for all kinds of business.

We have the only engraving plant in the Territory.

**THE NUGGET**

**WE HAVE**  
Steam Hose, Pumps, Ejectors, Injectors, Valves, Pipe, Fittings, Lubricating Oil and a Full Supply of  
**...MINER'S HARDWARE...**  
The DAWSON HARDWARE CO. PHONE 36 SECOND AVE.



# A GREAT CROWD

Was Assembled at the Savoy Yesterday to Honor the Queen's Memory.

LARGEST CHOIR HEARD IN DAWSON

Filled the House With the Music of Its Many Voices.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. NAYLOR

Who Was Assisted by the Rev. Hetherington—Floral Offering to Be Sent by the Ladies.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. The Queen Victoria memorial service in the Savoy theater yesterday was attended by all that could get into the building and a great many went away through failure to get in.

Before the hour set for the opening of the service there was not standing room to be had, and a great crowd was on the sidewalk in front.

The house was most tastefully draped with flags and crepe, and on the curtain above the stage were pictures of Queen Victoria and President McKinley, and above and between them was that of King Edward VII. All were appropriately decorated with British and American flags and draped with crepe. The service was opened by organ music by Mr. Boyle, after which the Rev. Hetherington read as follows:

I am the resurrection and the life, said the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—St. John xi 25, 26.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—Job xix 25, 26, 27.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—1 Tim. vi 7. Jobi 21.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge; from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again Thou sayest, come again ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in Thy displeasure: and are afraid at Thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before Thee: and our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

For when Thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten: and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

But who regardeth the power of Thy wrath; for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is Thy displeasure.

So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last: and be gracious unto Thy servants.

O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

Comfort us again now after the time that Thou has plagued us: and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

Show Thy servants Thy work: and their children Thy glory.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper Thou the

work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy-work.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The Rev. Naylor followed the first named gentleman, and read practically the same address as that delivered Tuesday afternoon in St. Paul's church and which has been already alluded to.

A number of songs were sung by the choir which completely filled the stage, being the most numerous musical body ever assembled in Dawson.

Near the close of the service the Rev. Dr. Grant announced that all judges who were British subjects were requested to remain after the close of the service.

Many were very curious to know what this meant, with the result that a great many boxes were lingered in after the audience had gone.

When the ladies were assembled on the main floor Mrs. Dr. J. N. E. Brown

Tom Chisholm said that the accused was "no good," and that it was his desire that he be induced in some way to keep away from the Aurora No. 1, and Mr. Winslow a dealer in ivory, solemnly averred that he had never had his eyes gladdened by seeing the Chesley person engaged in any kind of work whatever.

Robert Anderson, who catches dogs and kindly keeps them till called for, for a consideration, had seen the party whose presence was thus formally objected to in the Aurora No. 1, and a porter from another saloon had never even heard it whispered in society that there was any grounds for supposing that Mr. Chesley had ever worked.

At the request of the prisoner, who wanted to produce some evidence that would show that he had at least asked for a job, the case was postponed for an hour, at the end of which time the prisoner was discharged on the showing that he had looked for work. He was told that the police would organize itself into an employment bureau in

# Capturing a Mastodon

(By Al. Smith.)

## PART II.

While a mastodon is a large, clumsy brute not probably intended by an all-wise nature to draw any great volume of smoke from a cinder path, or smash world's records for speed, it must be remembered that the one this story has to do with may be supposed to have been in a hurry, and not improbably frightened. He had just come out second best in an affair with the police cannon and was still smarting and bleeding from his wounds, which would naturally lend speed to his great, clumsy bulk as he raced down the trail along Bonanza creek.

On the other hand the reporter was not in training and the unusual exercise of wheeling during the morning had imparted a tendency to his legs to draw up at each stride as if they didn't intend coming down again, and he galloped along after the fashion of a horse with stringhalt.

Occasionally he looked anxiously over his shoulder, and always the next hundred yards after one of these Lot-like glances, would be covered in faster time. That mountain of flesh, with its two enormous tusks sticking out in front like spits awaiting something; the snake like trunk, waving about the battered and bleeding head, and the noise and clatter incidental, were not things calculated to induce one situated as the reporter was to rest by the wayside.

He might have turned aside from the trail in many places, but there were reasons which impelled him to keep on which he did well to consider. To begin with it occurred to him that while it was not at all likely that the mastodon had considered him of sufficient importance to be chased towards Dawson in the first instance, it was quite possible that seeing him running ahead, he might by this time have set his heart upon stepping on him or spitting him on one of his ugly looking tusks, and if such were the intentions of the brute it would be folly to attempt turning off the trail because there was considerable depth of snow through which the pursuer, by reason of his great strength and length of stride, could make much better time than the pursued. There were many people along the way, some on the trail and many who looked out of cabins, but there were none who tarried to ask questions or talk politics. One look at the thing coming along the road was enough in every case to secure the right of way, the people giving it up gladly and without formality, betaking themselves to the friendly shelter of wood piles, dumps, and even diving head foremost into snow banks.

Coming around a bend in the road the reporter almost ran into the horses of one of the stage teams, coming from Dawson with a load of passengers. The horses shied at the sudden encounter, and the driver and passengers caught sight of the thing coming down the road at the same moment.

"Hully gee, what's that," yelled the driver, but he lost no time waiting for an explanation, and as the passengers seemed to think that they could wait till later for the details, there was a frantic breaking away from robes and blankets and driver and passengers decamped, leaving the ill-fated team to its cruel fate.

"It's tough on those horses," said the reporter to himself, as he took in the situation, "but the first law of nature is imperative in its demands. If he'll only devote enough time to that team, I think I may yet reach Dawson intact."

Then he ran a little way farther, looking anxiously from side to side, till he finally paused near where the road had been cut into the side of the hill, leaving a steep embankment on the left, up which he clambered without respect to his best trousers or the fact that the stones and gravel drew blood from his fingers. Upon the top of this bank, which was about twelve or fifteen feet in height, grew a small spruce tree, with tolerably thick foliage near the top, and this he clambered with arms and legs after the fashion of school-boys, finally sitting himself on a limb among the thickest of the small branches. Once there he looked anxiously up the road, where the sight that met his gaze filled him with pity and alarm.

The mastodon was bearing down upon

the frightened stage team, which was making the most frantic efforts to break from the heavy sleigh which had been overturned and lay across the road in such a manner as to hold them securely.

The huge brute had his head somewhat lowered, and the murderous gleam in his small eyes boded ill for aught that barred his path. The blood was still flowing from the great furrow cut in his head by the cannon shot, and his trunk was curled back between the enormous white tusks.

On he came, his fury, at finding a foe he could in some manner comprehend, seeming to increase with each thunderous stride, and the poor horses became, upon his near approach, too terrified to struggle for liberty and stood sweating and trembling with hanging heads and starting eyes.

One lunge forward and downward of the mighty head, and the reporter closed his eyes and grasped his sheltering tree the closer, half sickened at what he saw and what he instinctively felt must follow. Then there followed a wild, piercing scream, such as only a horse in deadly pain or furious anger can give vent to; there was a whipling, snapping noise as the harness gave way, accompanied by the scraping and crash of the sleigh as it was dragged out of the road and tossed to one side; and the reporter opened his eyes on one of the most horrible sights it had ever been his ill fortune to see.

The mastodon had, with one furious stroke, driven his enormous tusks completely through the cringing horses, spitting them one upon the other, shaking his head savagely, the blood from the dying horses, spurting in great crimson jets and splashes far and wide over the white surface of the snow.

The weight of the team, though it must have been in the neighborhood of a ton and a half, did not seem to trouble him in the least, as he shook them furiously for a few seconds as a terrier shakes a rat, emitting a peculiar sound the while, which was neither a scream nor a roar, but terrifying in the extreme, causing the reporter to dig his nails into the frozen bark of the tree till they broke and the blood came. Then, with a motion which might have indicated contempt, from a mastodon sense of things, he whirled the team aloft, throwing them high in the air, and fair behind him, where they fell with a dead, sickening noise upon the frozen ground, and lay still.

The mastodon turned the sleigh over once more as if suspicious that it harbored some living thing, but left it immediately, starting once more down the road towards town. The reporter drew himself closer to the body of the tree, realizing that should his presence be suspected, one sweep aloft of that huge trunk would be sufficient to render all his past troubles of little moment.

"Now, if he sees me," thought the reporter in the tree top, as the mastodon drew near, "I'm done for and some one else will have to write this story."

Could he have foreseen what was to follow so soon when he climbed that tree he would have much preferred trying to outrun the mastodon all the way to town to climbing that tree.

Merciful is the veil which Providence wisely hangs between mortals and the future.

When the mastodon reached a point in the road just opposite where the reporter sat holding his breath and drawn into as small a space as his avoirdupois would admit of, there came a sudden quivering of the tree, then a quick sliding motion of the earth, and the ground and tree seemed to dart forward together.

The back of the mastodon was only a few feet lower than the perch of the reporter, and, before he had time to realize the full extent of what had happened, he was plumped fair upon the middle of that broad back, and found himself devoting all his attention to remaining there.

As soon as he found that he was in no immediate danger of falling from his unsuspected riding place, it occurred to him that each breath would probably be his last, as he expected the mastodon to remove him with his trunk after which he did not care to contemplate what was likely to occur.

(To be Continued.)

A full outfit of photographic supplies and cameras for sale. Vogee, First street, bet. Second and Third ave.

## Hon. William Jennings Bryan

Acknowledges Receipt

...of the...

### Nugget's Presidential Souvenir.

The following graceful letter of acknowledgment of receipt of the Klondike Nugget Souvenir was received by yesterday's mail from William Jennings Bryan, and is herewith presented to the readers of the Nugget who voted in the souvenir election.

The letter is a straightforward, manly epistle, honest, plain, yet dignified, and in every way characteristic of its distinguished writer, and will no doubt be read with much interest and gratification by those who voted for Mr. Bryan, and cannot fail to receive the applause of those who were the adherents of his opponent.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 10, 1901.

Mr. Geo. M. Allen, Daily Klondike Nugget, Dawson, Y. T.:

Dear Sir—I have just received from Mr. R. S. Harris the beautiful souvenir voted to me by Klondike friends at the Nugget election. Mr. Harris was fortunate in arriving in Chicago at the time of the Jackson day banquet, and his felicitous speech in presenting the gift added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

I beg to assure you that I appreciate your enterprise in offering the prize to be voted for, and I can not over-praise the workmanship displayed by Mr. Sale in its manufacture.

Please present my compliments to the miners of the Yukon territory and assure them of my gratitude for their confidence and support.

The souvenir, representing as it does the industry of a great gold mining camp and coming to me as an evidence that they favored my election to the high office of president, is a priceless treasure and will be preserved as a constant reminder of their good will.

The pioneer, whether on the prairies or in the mountains, deserves all the reward that he secures and I sincerely hope that the hardy prospectors who are enduring sacrifices and risking their lives in search of the yellow metal in the Yukon valley will all be able to return to home and loved ones with enough gold to make them comfortable for life—but not with enough to make them plutocrats.

It gives me much gratification to know that I received the support of those who produce gold even if I had the active opposition of those who corner gold. Thanking you again for your part in the election, and through you the voters, I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

P. S.—Please acknowledge receipt of this that I may be sure that it reaches you.

laid a proposition before them which was gladly accepted.

She proposed that they unite their efforts in securing a sufficient number of immortelles with which to make a floral offering in the form of a cross, to be forwarded to London. The plan was heartily endorsed.

#### Board of Trade Telegraphs.

The Board of Trade yesterday adopted a resolution of which the telegram given here was the result. It was presented to Commissioner Ogilvie for transmission which he willingly undertook to see to.

Dawson, Y. T., Jan. 31, 1901. Lord Minto, Governor General of Canada, Ottawa:

The Board of Trade of Dawson, Yukon Territory, tender through you their most heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement, and deplore the loss to the nation and humanity of their most potent guide and protector, and extend to Edward VII a continuance of that great esteem so unreservedly given by all to the lamented G. ad.

#### BOARD OF TRADE OF DAWSON, Per L. R. FULDA, President.

#### Police Court News.

Business was quite lively in the police court this morning, when Magistrate Rutledge took his seat, and began inquiring into the facts surrounding the charges made against Charles Chesley concerning his system of living without the usual preliminary of some sort of labor.

his behalf, and that when he got a job he would be wise to keep it.

Mike Bartlett got gay, likewise hilarious at the Juneau house last night after having imbibed copiously of the invigorating waters of hooch, and when asked about it by the magistrate he said that he would be compelled by the dictates of truth to acknowledge the allegation.

"Five dollars and costs," said his honor, and Bert Pinkerton took the place vacated by Bartlett and was asked to explain his conduct of the previous night at the Savoy, referred to in the charge as drunk and disorderly.

The wheels of the Pinkerton memory could be heard laboring, but it was no use, they would produce nothing and for a long time he was unable to formulate a plea, but at last regretfully said that guilty would do as well as anything else, and the magistrate good-naturedly mentioned the sum of \$5 and costs as about the proper memory tonic to fit the case.

#### Missing Persons.

Inquiries have been received by the N. W. M. P. for the following persons. Any information regarding any of them if left at the town station will be conveyed to the inquiring friends: John McMullen Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. Catherine Muir, Pittsburg, Pa.; John Nicholson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Joe Kane, inquired for by his mother, of Fort Bragg, Colo, and supposed to have come here last spring.



RECEIVED BY WIRE.

# MONTREAL BURNED

## To the Extent of Over Two Million Dollars on January 24th.

### MOSTLY WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES.

#### Two Men Missing Are Thought to Have Perished.

#### FUNERAL TAKES PLACE FEB. 2

#### Will Be Military in Character in Compliance With Wishes of Deceased—Naval Salute Fired.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

Montreal, Jan. 24, via Skagway, Jan. 31.—Business is practically stagnant in Montreal today, the result of last night's disastrous fire which left the central portion of the city a scene of desolation. The walls of the Board of Trade building are still standing, but otherwise it was destroyed, notwithstanding it was supposed to be fire proof. Other buildings are now but a mass of ice and charred ruins. Altogether 30 buildings, chiefly wholesale warehouses with all their valuable contents, were destroyed. One man named Rosen, a tailor, and another named Wilson, are missing and are supposed to have perished.

The insurance amounts to \$2,025,000 divided among 33 British and American companies. The latest report places the loss at \$2,750,000. The following is a revised list of the heaviest individual losses: Board of Trade building, \$400,000; Silverman, Boutton & Co., wholesale furriers, \$125,000; Board, More & Co., tanners, \$80,000; H. A. Nelson & Sons, fancy goods, \$150,000; James Coristine & Co., furs, \$450,000; Gilmore Bros. & Co., commission, \$50,000; G. A. Choilleau & Co., commission merchants, \$25,000; J. C. Cohen, wholesale clothiers, \$45,000; B. L. Devin & Co., wholesale furs, \$100,000; W. E. Decourtlay & Co., iron and steel, \$25,000; Seybold Sons, \$100,000; Cortelyou Silk Co., \$60,000; M. Saxe & Co., wholesale clothiers, \$100,000.

**Naval Salute Fired.**  
London, Jan. 25, via Skagway, Jan. 31.—A naval salute was fired here at noon today in honor of King Edward VII.

**Funeral February Second.**  
London, Jan. 25, via Skagway, Jan. 31.—A number of officers arrived this morning from Windsor castle to take charge of the state regalia to be used at the funeral of the late queen which it has now been decided will take place on February 2.

The funeral has been delayed in order to enable all the foreign representatives to reach Windsor for that sad and eventful occasion. It is announced that Grand Duke Sergius and the grand duchess will come from Russia to attend the ceremony.

The arrangement now is that the body will be taken from Osborne castle to Windsor by way of London on the morning of February 2d and taken across the city to Paddington. Troops will line the streets. The body will be placed on a gun carriage draped in flags. Arriving at Paddington station a special train will carry the remains and funeral party to Windsor and St. George's chapel, which point will be reached by noon when magnificent funeral services will be held.

It was the expressed desire of the queen that her funeral should be military in character.

It is understood that the cortege in passing through London will be followed by an imposing pageant, members of the house of lords and house of commons joining in the procession.

### POLICE COURT NEWS.

It was an assorted assembly up on assorted charges that greeted Magistrate Rutledge on the opening of his court this morning.

John Fawcett had looked long upon red liquor, its effect being to cause him to become disorderly. John acknowledged the corn (it may have been Canadian rye) and was assessed \$5 and costs.

John Piffin had likewise looked upon the "old stuff" when it stood aright in the glass. He, too, was taxed \$5 and costs.

Wm. McMaisters had engaged himself to John Cameron, a Hunker hotel keeper to wait on the table. On the strength of getting a job William invested in a bottle of oil of joy and when the dinner hour had been ushered over Time's threshold was so drunk as to cause him to spill consommé on the table, drop dishes on the floor, cuss in the kitchen and otherwise conduct himself in a manner not considered respectable in well appointed hostilities. When Cameron remonstrated with his new waiter the latter, according to evidence, became pugnacious and wanted to solar plexus his employer. It took \$5 and costs to square William's account with outraged justice.

In his zeal to become a claim owner, Geo. L. Clark was charged by Constable Piper with having sworn falsely at the gold commissioner's office on the 19th of November, the property thereby acquired being the lower half of claim 99 below lower discovery on Dominion. As the evidence was very much against him, Clark was held over to appear before the territorial court. The prisoner was employed on 45 Hunker when arrested by Constable Piper Tuesday of this week.

Owing to the memorial services, no session of the court was held this afternoon.

## The King as Prince

King Edward VII, although a well known figure the world over, has by reason of having led almost wholly a social life, and that because the social duties of his late mother the queen, largely devolved upon him, a place in history, thus far of a social nature, as it cannot be learned that he has ever taken any prominent part in anything else.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, now Edward VII, born November 9th, 1841, may be said to have made his first public appearance in 1860 when he visited Canada and the United States.

The great Victoria bridge which spans the St. Lawrence near Montreal, and was, previous to the building of the Brooklyn bridge, the most extensive work of the kind in the world, was formally opened by him, and on September 1st of the same year he laid the corner stone for the parliament building which afterwards became the seat of Canadian government.

After this he toured the United States, traveling incog, and soon after his return to England set out upon a tour of the continent and Asia, spending some time in the Holy Land, in company with Dean Stanley.

On the 10th of March, 1863, soon after his return from Asia, he was married to Princess Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark.

Of this marriage the issue was two sons and three daughters. The eldest of these, and the heir presumptive, the Duke of Clarence, died in 1892, leaving George Frederick, the present Duke of York, the first in the direct line of royal inheritance.

In 1872 the prince came nearly dying of typhoid, and the thanksgiving services held throughout England upon his recovery are still fresh in the minds of many.

It is only fair, in saying that the social responsibilities which have seemingly constituted a great part of the existence of the present king, were not his own, and that upon one notable occasion at least, he asked leave of his royal mother to be permitted to take an active part in the sterner part of life. During the eighties he wanted to go to the seat of war in Egypt, but was compelled to remain at home by the command of his mother.

In 1883 he was elected grand master of the Masonic order in England, which office he still holds.

### An Intended Traveler.

Lou Nadleman has returned from a trip to Whitehorse, the traveling time each way being 9½ days. He operated a one pony stage and carried passengers both ways. He says one horse can make better time over the trail than a double team; that it is yet rough for bicycles but will be in very fine condition when more traveled.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

# REPORTED PURCHASE

## Of White Pass & Yukon Railroad and C. D. Co.'s Steamers

### BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CO.

#### Statement Not Officially Made nor Generally Believed.

#### RUMORED PRICE \$6,000,000.

#### Report so far as Railroad is Concerned Not Believed at Skagway—Steamers may Be Sold.

Skagway, Jan. 30.—The Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. has purchased the White Pass & Yukon Route and the steamers of the Canadian Development Company. This, while not officially announced, comes from authoritative sources. The rumor says the price paid for the railroad is \$6,000,000.

### Late News of Deal.

Skagway, Jan. 31.—The best information obtainable here last night and today denies that the Canadian Pacific has purchased the railroad, but that it has taken the steamers of the C. D. Co. over, and that the railroad is not for sale.

The general expression among the local officials here is that the part of the rumor pertaining to the railroad is absurd, as it is known to be one of the best paying properties on the American continent.

Manager E. C. Hawkins is still below and is not expected in Skagway for some days.

(Nothing has been heard of the reported sale either of the railroad or C. D. Co. steamers at the local offices where, when mentioned today by a Nugget reporter, the rumor was not given credence. It can not be denied, however, but that \$6,000,000 would be a big price for the railroad notwithstanding the fact that the cost of constructing and equipping the first 20 miles was \$1,000,000. But from the summit to Bennett and from Bennett on to Whitehorse the cost per mile was not on an average of one-half that amount. If there has been a sale of the road it was probably brought about through the belief that some other company will construct an all-Canadian line via the Stickine, Taku or one of the other alleged feasible routes, and if this should be done there is no denying the statement that the White Pass road would greatly depreciate in value. If, however, the Canadian Pacific should purchase the line there would not, in all probability, be another line constructed between salt water and the Yukon for many years to come.)

### Peculiarities of Hands.

There are many who discredit the possibility of character delineation and a forecast of events in a person's life from the hands, but these are generally found to be those who know nothing about the matter from a standpoint of investigation, or any knowledge of the subject beyond what they have seen from time to time in parlors where the reading of palms was done merely for amusement, and usually by those who had never studied the science, and did not themselves believe in it.

To those the speaking of palmistry as a science will no doubt draw derision and incredulous remarks, but that it is a science, and an exact science at that, is a fact susceptible of easy proof.

Take the hand of the newly born infant for example, and it will be found to be devoid of lines, and tight shut with the thumbs turned in under the fingers.

All idiots and most insane people will be found to close their hands in the same way, which may be accounted for by the theory that it is a mark of

existence without the faculty of reasoning.

As the child grows older and gradually awakens to the knowledge of its surroundings if the hands are examined from time to time it will be found that the lines become more numerous and better defined, though as a general thing they are very light and not clearly marked till the age of seven years has been reached, when it will be found that in just proportion to the intellectual capacity of the child, the lines in its hands will be marked.

One great argument against the science is that the lines come from work. This argument is foolish and only serves to show that its makers do not understand the subject, as examination of hands will show that those who do the most work of a kind requiring the least thought, have the fewest lines in their hands.

But it is not by the lines alone that the palmist undertakes to tell anything of a person's character, but by the lines of both hands, the general shape and character of the hands taken as a whole and in detail, as many things indicated by one feature or set of features will often be much modified, but never wholly contradicted by another.

### The Yukon Mining Record.

The Yukon Mining Record appears between neat paper covers for the second time, having made its bow last month. It is a publication of 20 pages, devoted, as its name implies, to the mining interests of the Yukon territory, and contains much matter of general interest to the public generally and the miner in particular.

J. B. Tyrrell is the name appearing at the head of the editorial page, in company with that of H. J. Brand, the Record's manager. Both gentlemen are well known, and there is very little doubt that under their joint control the Record will receive the appreciation it deserves.

## Contrite Jimmy

It was early last summer and when all nature was kicking her heels in glee at the thought of the near approach of the spring salmon season that Police Court orderly Jimmy Allmark evaporated, "paragorically" speaking, from our midst in the dapple gray of early morn. He went down the river as far as Circle City. But the zephyrs which toy with the Stars and Stripes and the ozone of "Yankee-doodledum" did not agree with the fugitive and he soon began to wish himself back to the scenes of former triumphs, where he was wont to deliver imperative orders to early arrivals at police court and before his superiors would appear.

Old R. E. Morse has a habit of crowding himself upon people and the result was that he became the daily associate of the recalcitrant James at Circle with the result that he recapitulated and on the last trip of the steamer Tyrrell up the river last fall she numbered among her passengers the florid ex-court orderly who made a bumble bee line to the barracks, where he "fessed up" and was made a present—that is he was given six months.

At the time nothing was given out about the matter and but for an accident those who read Jimmy's "faded" last year would not have been informed of his return. However, Jimmy is with us.

### Fred S. Meeker Dead.

After a five days' illness with pneumonia at the Good Samaritan hospital, Fred S. Meeker died last night. Deceased was the youngest son of Ezra Meeker a well known merchant of Dawson, and formerly an extensive hop grower of Puyallup, Washington. He was a young man of 38 years and his death is a sad blow to his parents and many friends.

The services will take place at the Presbyterian church, Friday at 2 p. m., Dr. Grant officiating.

### Another Mad Dog.

This morning as Nugget Carrier Bell was on his way down from the Forks he encountered another mad dog which attacked the two he was driving, biting both of them.

This took place near 37 Bonanza, and some one ran out and hit the dog over the head with a hatchet and left him for dead. He recovered soon, however, and took the trail for town, snapping at every thing he passed on the way.

The only man who was unfortunate enough to be bitten, was a stranger whose right hand was badly bitten. The dog came on to town where he is now probably at large.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the lenten season will all be gone long before Easter.

# WHEELS ROLLED

## Towards Last Chance With Many Stampeders Who Are Sadder Now

### IF NO WISER THAN THEY WERE

#### Before Some One Gave Them a Straight Tip Last Evening.

#### THE MULTITUDE STAKED, NOT

#### Because It Could Fine Nothing That Looked Good—Casey Thinks It Was All a Dream.

"Say, that stampede last night was a warm pumber," said Casey Moran this morning, after he had slept away the effects of his all night's bicycle engagement, and the general impression is abroad in the town today that he is nearer right in his assertion than he was when he took the trip yesterday afternoon to go to the head of Last Chance and stake several hundred feet of ground containing the accumulated wealth of ages.

About 4 p. m. yesterday, someone, presumably having more appreciation of a practical joke than he felt himself capable of containing unaided, gave someone else the idea that untold wealth awaited the first man to arrive at the head of Last Chance armed with a free miner's license, a lead pencil and an ax.

The usual formula in such cases was followed, and the first recipient of the glad tidings told two friends of his bosom, and half an hour later the three, mounted on that particular means of locomotion which is the especial abhorrence of all self-respecting sour doughs, known as the bicycle, were pedaling away towards Last Chance as if their lives depended upon getting there.

They stopped once in a while at roadhouses, and made no secret of their errand, trusting implicitly in their wheels to out-travel anything on the road, and as a result the trail was soon lined with the lame, the halt and the blind, the young man in the vigor of life and the old man with one figurative foot in the grave; the little child and its mother—in short, everyone who could find and carry an ax was on the road, to Last Chance, and they all got there.

They not only got to Last Chance and all its length, from the mouth of the ridge at its head, but they swarmed up all its tributaries.

Now a stampede is sometimes a good thing, seldom, at the least, counted a failure as a means of more or less healthful exercise, but all who have been seen who took part in the excursion of last night, are today of the opinion that in order to make a stampede a marked success there should be some ground to stake and lay claim to even if it were only referred to afterwards as a ground of suspicion, and the great majority of those who went out last night could find no place to plant a stake which seemed in any remote way likely to produce anything more satisfactory than labor and expense.

There are said, however, to be about ten men in town who did find a place to stake, and that they staked it. This place is alleged to be on Pup 15, and that some good results have been obtained from prospects there.

If this statement is correct there are others which are wrong, as it is averred by some that the place of richness is on the ridge at the head of Last Chance, and by others that it is situated on Dago Hill.

The veracity-loving Casey, however, is of the opinion that its only real location will be found by boring through the bony substance surrounding the gray matter of the man with the "straight tip."

Dawson is not the only place where curses not loud but deep are heard today, as Grand Forks was also out with its ax.

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



A. C. BOYS ADOPT RULES

A Little Out of the Common to Govern Hockey Match

This Evening - Ice Worms, Deadly Weapons and Armor Plate in Action.

From Saturday's Daily. This evening the A. C. Co. hockey teams will play a match on their rink just below the big freight shed on First avenue. The teams are made up from the store and office men and the warehouse men respectively, and judging from the rules of the game posted in the A. C. office today the game will be an exciting one, and may call for the presence of the coroner.

Following is a copy of the rules: 1. The team shall consist of seven players on each side, and two ambulance corps. Each team shall also carry 14 substitutes.

2. The game shall consist of four ten minute plays with an intermission of five minutes between each play.

3. Goal, points and cover points, shall be permitted to carry knives, axes, bludgeons, armor plate and Metralense rifles, not to fire more than six hundred shots per minute.

4. Forwards shall not be allowed to use weapons other than fists, shoes, skates, teeth and finger nails. All other devices are positively prohibited.

5. There shall be in attendance to prevent trouble among the spectators and players, and also to prevent the ice being destroyed by flames, 42 members of the A. C. Fire Co. That they may be known to each other, each must wear in plain view his citizen's badge and one length of fire hose. Chief Paterson of the ambulance corps must be present with assistants and apparatus.

6. The trophy to be contested for consists of one handsome loving cup of solid 18-karat block tin, suitably inscribed and filled with ice worms as described to "hopyeasters" by Jack McQuesten, Chris Sonnicksen and other sourdoughs.

7. The captains of the teams shall agree on referees at least one week before the game, to allow them sufficient time to arrange their earthly affairs. It is also understood that a suitable coning tower shall be erected upon the First avenue freight shed for the referees and that no player be allowed more than one consecutive shot at the time of each decision.

8. To prevent trouble between the players and spectators the wives of all married players shall not be allowed inside the rink during the process of execution, but, as an alternative, may be admitted, providing they will submit to being chained down and gagged.

9. G. Frederick Russell shall be hobbled. 10. With the exception of the foregoing rules the game shall be governed and refereed according to the regulations adopted in the year 1882 by the North Pole Hockey Association.

January Weather Report.

The following report of the temperature observed here during the past month is furnished by Sergeant Major Tucker and will be found interesting for purposes of comparison and general information. The complete report for January of 1900 is also given. It will be noticed that no registration above zero is recorded in either case:

Table with two columns: JANUARY 1901 and JANUARY 1900. Rows show temperature readings from 1 to 31 for both years, with values ranging from below zero to 2.0.

Credit Where Due.

While, as a rule, all persons who commit indiscretions and runaway are put in the same class, there are some cases in which less blame and stigma should attach than in others, and it seems that the case of Constable James Allmark is one of this class. 'Tis true that he went away rather than face the result of an indiscretion, but it is also true that when he reached Circle City

he showed by his actions that his error had been of the head rather than of the heart, for there he went to work at honest toil and kept at it until he had returned every cent of the shortage which had resulted from "a night out," and not until he had returned every cent and could come back with a clear conscience on that score did he return.

His superior officers in the service say that for nearly ten years Jimmy Allmark has been a most efficient and trustworthy policeman and they are further inclined to the belief that the little purifying to which he has been subjected as the result of his mistake will result in his being a more faithful and efficient member in the service than ever before.

It was due to the bloodhound instincts of Allmark that Sarga, the Greek who murdered his partner on Last Chance in June of '99, was brought to justice and is now serving his sentence.

CREEK NOTES.

Judge Barnes, of 26 below Bonanza, was in town on business yesterday.

J. J. Putlow, of 15 Eldorado, was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willett, of 43 above Bonanza were in Dawson last Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seeborn visited Mr. and Mrs. Lamb on 8 Eldorado last Sunday.

Mr. Floding, foreman on 33 Eldorado is getting out a big dump this winter.

Mr. John King, of 60 above Bonanza, is putting an addition on his already large barn.

Business has increased very materially at Cormack's Forks since the tram hoist has been put in at 92 above Bonanza. Freighters say that where they formerly hauled 4500 pounds over the ridge road, they can take 6000 pounds up Bonanza.

Mr. Oksvig, of 17 above Bonanza, is getting out one of the largest dumps on that creek.

Mrs. W. A. Purdy, of Gold Hill, has been visiting with Mrs. Te Roller, of Dawson, for the past three weeks.

Mr. E. R. Allen's little boy on 7 below Bonanza was bitten by a mad dog last Monday.

Mr. King, of Gold Hill, made a business trip to Hunker creek last Tuesday.

Mr. Swan Swanson, of Gold Hill, while out riding last Wednesday in attempting to protect a lady from the attacks of a mad dog, was severely bitten in both hands. He was immediately taken to Dawson where the lacerated hands were thoroughly cauterized by Dr. Cassels.

When the sad news of the late national bereavement was telephoned to Magnet gulch, a number of the loyal subjects watched with great interest the movements of the Stars and Stripes that wave continually over the big Northrup plant on Magnet Hill. But they had not long to wait, for the instant the news reached the hill Mr. A. A. Northrup was seen to emerge from his cabin bareheaded and drop the great flag to half mast out of respect to the grandest woman who ever ruled over a nation.

Rev. Cock, of the Presbyterian church of Grand Forks, is preparing a concert for next Thursday evening at which the best talent of Dawson will participate. After the concert the ladies of the congregation will serve refreshments. Tickets to the concert including refreshments will be \$1.50. Everybody is cordially invited.

A 15-horse power motor is now sawing lumber at the rate of 5000 feet per day at the mouth of Boulder.

The Rival's Opinion.

"You say that everyone, even the most abandoned villain, has some good in him somewhere, do you? Well, I know a fellow who's an unmitigated scoundrel, without a single redeeming trait."

Her Love Songs.

The "Sonnets of the Portuguese," which were written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, were never intended for publication, but when she showed them to Mr. Browning, whom she had married after they were written, he realized the fact that in them was sung the most perfect love song the world had ever heard, and he concluded such poems should not be hidden. Mrs. Browning was unwilling to publish them in her own name, and as he was fond of calling her his "Little Portuguese," it was decided to have them appear under this name. They are etchings in form and among the most beautiful of the language.—Ex.

THEY TOOK CHANCES.

ALL WERE WILLING TO RISK THE CIRCUS POSTERS AGAIN.

Fap Perkins, the Jericho Postmaster, Tells the Arguments That Were Used, the Points That Were Made and How the Decision Came.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

It was Moses Harper who begun it. Some one told him that a circus advertisement wagon was slowly but surely approaching the town of Jericho, and he let it be known that he would show up at the postoffice in the evening and have sunthin to say to interest the hull United States. Nobody could guess whether Moses had found a new way of gittin a hired man up at 4 o'clock in the mornin or was goin to experiment on growin broomsticks, and the crowd was holdin its breath when he showed up. Moses didn't lose no valuable time tryin to find out whether Porto Rico belonged to the United States or to a tobacco trust, but put on his spectacles and said:

"Citizens of Jericho—The tocsin has sounded, and we are here tonight to counsel together in the cause of morality. Last year, as most of you know,



THE ALLURIN COLORS OF VICE AND DEGRADATION.

Jonas Teachout, whose barn faces the highway a mile outside of this town, allowed the circus wagon to paste up pictures on three sides of the buildin. How many tickets for the circus he got in exchange I do not know, and it has nuthin to do with the question. What I'm sayin is that them pictures, in my solemn belief, shocked the morals of this community fur worse than as if ten saloons had been opened in the town. The circus wagon is ag'in approachin. It is creepin along in its sly, insidious way, leavin the blight of destruction in its path, and if sunthin ain't done Jonas Teachout's barn will ag'in be enwrapped in the allurin colors of vice and degradation. I move that it is the sense of this meetin, and of the community in general, that Jonas be struggled with."

"It appears to me," says Deacon Spooner as Moses sat down, "that a p'int has bin made. When Moses talks of allurin colors of vice and degradation, I seem to see before me them pictures of wimen jumpin through paper hoops. However, I'd like to hear from Silas Lapham. I reckon he's interested in the moral welfare of this community."

"I ain't blamin Jonas 'tall," says Silas. "He got 12 deadhead tickets for the use of his barn, and I don't believe anybody was the wickeder fur it. If a man can't gaze at circus pictures without goin away and stealin a bar'l of soft soap, then he ain't no man. Did any wife run away from her husband because of them pictures? Did any husband elope with the hired gal because of them?"

"That's a p'int, and I says it's a p'int!" exclaims the deacon as he huckles about. "Them circus pictures was on that barn fur two months, but what family was busted up through their influence? It's fur Moses to specify whar vice got its toehold."

"I ain't sayin that any families was busted up," continues Moses, "but I'm talkin 'bout the general influence on general morality. A circus picture is nuthin but a picture, but it suggests lemonade and peanuts and whisky and poker and beln out late nights. They are like pizen ivy. You come across it in the woods, and it is fair to look upon, and it seems to be rooted in innocence and thrivin in morality. You handle it, and you begin to itch and scratch and find yourself pizen. Like a hydra headed sarprint, it lays in wait to work destruction to the unwary. I hope this meetin and this community air with me and that it will be decided to wrastle with Jonas Teachout."

"Moses didn't seem to make a p'int on the peanuts and lemonade," says the deacon as he scratches his ear, "but he was powerful strong on that pizen ivy beln rooted in innocence. I kin almost see whar circus pictures might influence me to go home and pound my old cow with a sled stake if she didn't keep her tall still while I was milkin, but I'm willin to hear more arguments. Enos Williams, you driv by that barn twice a day all summer. How did them pictures affect you?"

I found a soft spot in the barnyard and tried to turn a handspring, and fur about two hours they thought my neck was busted. I'm thinkin that hard elder has more general influence on general morality in this community than circus pictures."

"It's a p'int!" shouts the deacon as he waves his cane on high: "It's a p'int nobody kin git over! It's hard elder that's backin vice all over this county and h'istin innocence over the fence whenever they meet. However, it may be that circus pictures also have their influence. Moses, have you got any more arguments?"

"Of what use?" says Moses as he heaves a sigh and turns away. "Wasn't Sodam warned? Did Sodam heed it? When vice stalks rampant through every household in Jericho and innocence is driv' to the fields to sit under a blackberry bush and weep, then remember what I have said here tonight. I ain't denyin that hard elder is blumin our morality, but when you add circus pictures to hard elder what do you do?"

"Yes, Sodam was warned, and Sodam fell," says the deacon as he shakes his head, "but I'd like to hear from Lish Billings on this matter."

"It's purty late," says Lish.

"How purty late?"

"Why, Jonas has rented his barn ag'in and got 21 deadhead tickets, and here's one he give me. How's that fur a p'int?"

The meetin stood appalled fur a minute, and then Deacon Spooner looks around and says: "Jonas has got 20 tickets left, and that means he has 16 more to give away outside his family. Fellow countrymen, do you take it that this meetin has pledged herself?"

"No, no, no," shouted the crowd. "Is it the opinion of this meetin that Jonas Teachout ought to be wrastled with?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then I'm appealin directly to Moses Harper. Moses, will you withdraw them remarks about the blight of destruction, the allurin colors of vice and innocence weepin under a blackberry bush?"

"I might," says Moses after a little reflection, "but I want to be let down easy."

"It shall be done. I'm offerin the followin resolution to be voted on: 'Resolved, That circus pictures on a barn may or may not affect the moral standard of a community, but we are willin to chance it this year.' All in favor or ag'in will manifest it in the usual way." The resolution was carried with a whoop, and the crowd piled over itself to get outdoors and look around for Jonas Teachout and beg fur deadhead tickets, and Moses Harper wasn't one of the last.

Looking for Trouble.

San Juan de Puerto Rico, Jan. 2.—Passengers who have arrived here on the Red "D" line steamer Sihlla, from Laguayara, December 30, say a serious revolution has broken out in the Maracaibo district of Venezuela. They add that the government troops have defeated the rebels and arrested 20 of the leaders. Another rising is reported to have occurred in the vicinity of the Orinoco.

The United States auxiliary cruiser Scorpion left here yesterday to join the Hartford at Laguayara.

Memorandum books, 1901 diaries, all kinds, at Zaccarelli's.

Fine fresh meat at Murphy Bros., Third street.

For Rent.

Office room in McLennan-McFeeley building. Heated with hot air. Apply McLennan-McFeeley store.

Mumm's, Pomerey or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

Advertisement for S-Y-T. Co. featuring "HIGH GRADE GOODS" including CAR WHEELS, RAILROAD IRON, and ONE-HALF INCH CABLE. Located at SECOND AVENUE, TELEPHONE 39.

Advertisement for "White Pass and Yukon Route." A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway. Features COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES. Includes departure times for NORTH and SOUTH routes.

CARIBOU "DONE" HIS MAN

Four Rounds at the Savoy Last Evening

The Eboney-Hued Son of Ham Proved a Quitter and Was Hissed By the Audience.

David and Goliath met in deadly combat last night at the Savoy. Goliath, who, by the way was a black man with a big streak of "yaller" running through him was represented by Collier, a Hercules of immense proportions whose hulk made Sinclair, his adversary, look like a child in comparison. An immense house witnessed the affair and standing room only was available for the late comers.

The contestants were matched up to go ten rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, with a clean break away. Ed O'Donnell acted as referee and W. H. B. Lyons as official timekeeper. At 9:30 the principals entered the ring with all the pomp and circumstance of Roman gladiators, each with a retinue of bottle holders, sponge tossers and towel manipulators as well as deliverers of sage advice. The corner which was obliterated by the colored man was black with sons of Ham, who did the thinking for their principal, he being long of arm but short of gray matter.

The go lasted four rounds of heavy fighting, Caribou landing at will on his dusky opponent, driving in rights and lefts on the jaw, and rib smashing lefts for the kidneys and solar plexus. Collier swung his immense arms around like a windmill, landing several times by good luck, the impact of his blows visibly weakening Caribou, who, but for his superior agility, thinking capacity and knowledge of the game, would have been crushed to the earth by the immense strength of his opponent.

The go all through, however, was Caribou's and in the second round he had his man where he wanted him. Up to the end of the fourth Caribou rushed his man giving him no chance to recover and driving him into a corner with heavy blows, where his huge bulk sank exhausted to the floor. At count of nine he regained his feet with Caribou after him, but here the call of time saved him from a knock-out. At the commencement of the fifth Caribou jumped to the center of the ring, but Collier refused to budge, not lacking strength but from sheer cowardice. Yells of derision from the audience followed and O'Donnell of course gave the decision to Caribou.

Prior to the commencement of hostilities a likely looking pug from Atlanta named Britton challenged the winner.

Rex hams and soft wheat flour, job lots, at S. Archibald.

To sell oats, hams and flour for cash see S. Archibald.

Notice.

Whereas the commissioner of the Yukon territory has created a new mining district known as the Clear creek mining district, which district is described as follows: All of Stewart river and its tributaries from Lake creek to Fraser falls, including Lake creek and its tributaries.

Now, therefore, the public is hereby notified that on the 26th day of February, 1901, a mining recorder's office will be opened at Barlow City, and all records and documents pertaining to the Clear mining district will be located there.

Dated, January 31st, 1901. (Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including fragments of advertisements and page numbers.