

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 6 NO. 2

DAWSON, Y. T., SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Cold Feet Cured



—By Wearing—
Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes

FINEST QUALITY
Moccasins, Wool Socks, German Socks,
Felt Insoles, Felt Boots

At the Corner Store
Sargent & Pinska

Are you troubled with **WATER** in your mine?

If so we have
Electors, Pumps, Centrifugal & Force Pumps
in sizes to suit any emergency.

Holme, Miller & Co.
Rose, Steam Fittings, Picks, Shovels, etc. 107 Front St.

Change of Time Table

Orr & Tukey's Stage-Line

Telephone No. 8
On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a
DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES
TO & FROM GRAND FORKS

Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Build-
ing Hotel, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office Op. Gold
Hill Hotel, 3:00 p. m.
From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill
Hotel, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C.
Co.'s Building, 3:00 p. m.

ROYAL MAIL

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.

Tomorrow - Sunday

WE WILL SERVE AN

Exceptionally Fine

...Dinner...

THE NORTHERN CAFE HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

Dolge Felt Shoes

Fur & Kid Mitts

Fur Caps

Lined Overalls

Ulsters, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN.

Front Street.

Electric Light

Steady Satisfactory Sale

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1

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.

ANOTHER INDUSTRY

Dawson Is to Have a \$35,000 Cold Storage and Refrigerating Plant.

WILL BE BUILT AND OPERATED

By the Pacific Cold Storage Co. Which Handles

ALL KINDS OF FROZEN MEATS.

Mr. R. J. Davis Will Manage the New Industry—Similar Plants at Many Other Places.

From Saturday's Daily.

Another large industry is to be added to the city. The Pacific Cold Storage Co. has purchased a lot on the corner of Fourth avenue and First street upon which they will build a two-story refrigerating plant at a cost of \$35,000. The lower floor will be used for refrigerating purposes, two chambers being put in for that purpose. In the upper story will be the cooling room where the meat will be on display and from where the trade will be supplied with freshly killed beef should the demand not necessitate the operation of freezing. The temperature maintained in the refrigerating chambers will be 15 degrees or less and in the chilling room about 35 degrees.

The beeves which will supply the plant will be shipped down river in all probability by a boat specially constructed for the purposes of the company, Mr. R. J. Davis, the manager of the Dawson branch of the business having recommended the construction of the same. Slaughter houses will be established at Whitehorse. The new building is contracted to be ready for occupancy April 15th next.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. is a powerful institution and has entered this field with the backing of large capital and extensive experience. The home office of the company is in Tacoma, Washington, where it operates the largest abattoirs in the state. Branches are established at Nome, St. Michael and Dawson. The Elijah Thompson, an ocean going steamer, is owned and operated by the company as well as the Lotta Talbot now at Nome and the Robert Kerr at Dawson, the two latter boats being specially constructed with refrigerating chambers for the river trade.

Last summer the Robert Kerr brought up the river 180 tons of refrigerated provisions upon which a duty was paid to the Canadian government of over \$10,000. The cargo consisted of 20 tons of poultry, 1 ton fish, 9 tons butter, 120 tons of beef, 3 tons pork, 20 tons mutton and the balance in hams, sausage, etc.

The meats purchased for export by the company are the finest obtainable and the process employed in refrigeration is the same as in vogue all over the world. They are simply frozen by contact with pure cold air and are not treated chemically, as ignorant people are led to believe. The proof of that is in the fact that butter is frozen in the same manner as the meats and if

there was the least odor or chemical action employed in the process it would be immediately taken up by that product, as butter has great absorbent qualities and is particularly sensitive to the slightest odor or taint.

Two-thirds of all the poultry used this season by the Dawson people has been supplied by this company as well as the principal amount of meats consumed this winter. Next season the operations of the concern will assume even greater proportions and sufficient meats of all kinds will be handled by the company to supply the entire trade of this district.

A. M. Co.'s Talent.

The following original toast was offered at the Christmas dinner of the Ames Mercantile Co.'s employes. It shows no small amount of talent and is certainly deserving of publication:

EROLOGUE.

You're fond of toasts, likewise of toast; Should mire not please you, spare me a "roast."

If it tickle your palate, digest it with care, And as I've spoken of roast, why I'll end with pomme de terre.

THE TOAST.

Here's to good fellowship, and to friendship true; For life is but a bubble, that soon may burst in two, Let us live for one another, and not for self alone!

Then let us be merry till our wild oats we have sown; And to our fireside retire, e'en benedict or bachelor be, To live in loving memory unto eternity.

—Jules Levy.

Relief Association

Pursuant to a call made in the Nugget of yesterday a score or more of members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows met last night in Dr. Cassel's office in the A. C. Building. Geo. Murphy and E. J. White were chosen temporary chairman and secretary respectively. Dr. Cassels was the object of the meeting to be the organization of the Odd Fellows of the Yukon into an association or club for the purpose of carrying out the first grand principle of the same, i. e. fraternalism. Remarks along the same line were made by Messrs. Murphy, Cowan, Brown, Walton, Hunt and others.

The Odd Fellows' Relief Association of the Yukon was organized with the following permanent officers: President, J. S. Cowan; vice president, Mr. Douglass; secretary, E. J. White; treasurer, Dr. W. G. Cassels. The matter of fixing the membership fee and dues will be settled at the next meeting, but it was agreed that both be small, as it is desired to have all Odd Fellows in the Yukon, and all who, while they may now be behind in dues with their home lodges, are still Odd Fellows at heart, to become members, the object being to create a fund to be used in the relief of brothers in distress.

The secretary was instructed to send to Sister superior at St. Mary's hospital notice of a vote of thanks to her for her great kindness during the long illness of D. C. Sadlemyer who died there Thursday night and who was a member of Los Gatos, Cal., lodge, I. O. O. F.

Liberal contributions were made which will be used in assisting to defray the expenses of the burial of D. C. Sadlemyer and Chas. Gustison, both members of the order. An adjournment was taken until next Thursday night when a meeting will be held in the same place. In the meantime all Odd Fellows are requested to call on Secretary E. J. White at the Nugget office and enroll their names as members of the association.

The funeral of the two deceased members of the order will take place tomorrow at the Methodist church at 1 o'clock. All Odd Fellows in the city are requested to attend.

Passed Raised Bills.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 11.—Two Japanese, Hanay Sato and Mantoak Hamaguch, were arrested this morning, charged with uttering raised bills. A number of raised bills have been in circulation here, in each case the utterer, a Japanese, claiming that he was the innocent recipient of the raised note from a fellow countryman.

From Nanaimo, B. C., also comes the story that some Japanese there have been passing raised bills in that town. A similarity of circumstances led the Vancouver police to become suspicious of the Japanese who had similarly amended notes in their possession here. The police are confident that the Japanese who had planned to work the entire state with raised bills. The work of tampering the notes was cleverly accomplished.

Coming Hockey Games.

Tonight on the hockey rink a match game will be played between the teams of the Civil Service and N. W. M. P. The next game will take place next Wednesday night when the A. E. Co. team and Canadian Bank of Commerce team will contest for victory. It is expected that both the above mentioned games will be hotly contested.

Died Going Home.

Frank Bailey, a young miner formerly of this place, left here last summer en route for his home in England where he was going to pay a long deferred visit. He got as far as New York, where he died suddenly of typhoid. Information is now wanted by his relatives as to who was his partner here.

Turkeys and Meat.

How did you enjoy your Christmas turkey? It came from the Pacific Cold Storage Company, who sell in the trade the finest meats and poultry in the market.

DAWSIE SHULTZ

The First White Child Born in Dawson Now Homeless in Seattle.

HER MOTHER DIED AT ST. MICHAELS

And Her Father Is Still in Dawson or on the Creeks.

HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM

By Those Who Have the Child in Charge and Who Will Now Place Her in an Asylum.

To be "a stranger in a strange land," homeless, penniless and therefore contentless, is a sad enough situation to contemplate even when applied to a grown person, but a thousand fold more so when it expresses the position of a child, motherless, and, so far as any benefit from the relationship is concerned, also without a father.

That is the deplorable position of 2-year-old Dawsie Klondike Schultz, who bears the distinction of being the first white child born in Dawson, and has the misfortune to be on the threshold, if not indeed already an inmate, of a Seattle founding institution.

The brief history of the little waif is one long, drawn out note of pitiful misfortune.

In '97 or '98, most probably the latter, Charles Schultz and his wife came to Dawson seeking a mead of the golden wealth which was at that time popularly supposed to line the trails and trickle from the budding trees. What they did in the way of acquiring wealth can not be definitely stated, but the inference is broadly drawn that they failed to become either king or queen of the Klondike, because two years ago last fall Mrs. Schultz, shortly after the advent of little Dawsie, started for Seattle by way of St. Michael, and, as further details will show, was probably not overburdened with money.

The mother died either at St. Michael or before she got there, and the little one was taken to Seattle, where she came in some way unexplained into the hands of Mrs. Hume, of Seattle, in whose care she has remained since that time, but whose care she now must leave for an orphan's home.

Two letters were shown a Nugget reporter this morning which dip low into the cup of misfortune which the little girl began drinking from almost the day of her birth. The letters were from Mrs. Hume, of 1518 East Denny way, Seattle. One of them was addressed to Charles Schultz, the child's father, who, if not in town is out on the creeks, and the other to a friend, through whom the letters to Schultz was sent, as letters mailed to him have so far failed to elicit any reply whatever.

The letter to the father complains somewhat bitterly of his neglect, inasmuch as the writer says no money has

(Continued on page 8.)

WHOLESALE

A. M. CO.

RETAIL

WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN WASTING TIME
We Want You. We Will Have You—This Price Will Help

37 LADIES' FUR COATS All Good.
Some better than others. Did
sell for from \$40 to \$65. CHOICE

\$25

AMES MERCANTILE CO.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

BRYAN SOUVENIR

Is Admired By Gaping Thousands in Washington's Metropolis.

TWO COLUMN HALF-TONE IN P. I.

Sir Henry Colville Refuses to Resign His Charge.

RESERVATION MADE PUBLIC.

Winnipeg Soldiers Royally Welcomed in Sermon, Speech and the Dance.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily, Seattle, Dec. 28, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—Robert S. Harris, en route from Dawson to Lincoln, Nebraska, with the Klondike Nugget election souvenir, which will be presented to William Jennings Bryan, has arrived here and is stopping over for a few days. The souvenir has been placed on exhibition in a prominent place and many thousands of people have gazed upon and admired it. All pronounce it the most beautiful and unique thing of the kind ever seen in Seattle. The Post-Intelligencer published a two-column half tone of it which is a very good representation. The design of the souvenir is most favorably commented upon.

Colville Starts for Home.

London, Dec. 27, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—The war department has begun the promised reform in a most sensational manner, although the very first move is one which cannot do other than result in serious difficulties. It has peremptorily demanded the resignation of Major-General Sir Henry Colville, commander of the ninth division in Africa, and Colville has refused to comply with the request and has started for home. If the war department is firm, there will be nothing for it to do but summarily remove Colville from his position and rank.

The newspapers all deprecate the ultra action of the war department, which they denominate as hasty and ill-advised. They assert that Colville has had a most distinguished military career and is also a great social personage, being a club man and a popular author.

Sir Henry Colville startled the world a few years ago when he was married by taking the honeymoon trip in a balloon.

Public Reservation.

Washington, Dec. 27, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—The president has ordered that the military reservation at Nome be made a public reservation to be under control of the war department.

The reservation is near the mouth of the Nome river and will be known as Fort Davis.

Soldiers Welcomed.

Winnipeg, Dec. 27, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—An immense welcome was given the returning soldiers from the South African war. A grand procession escorted them to a large church where a suitable sermon was preached by Archbishop Mache. Luncheon was served in the big drill hall after which speeches were made by Sir Charles Tupper, Hugh John McDonald, Chief Justice Killam and other distinguished personages. In the evening a grand ball was held.

Will Be No Fight.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—Warrants will be served at the ringside in Tattersall's tomorrow evening, on principals and

promoters of the McGovern-Gans fight. Capt. Hayes, of the Thirty-fifth Street station, says: McGovern and Gans will be arrested, charged with disturbing the peace. B. H. Winton, agent of the building; Lou Houseman, matchmaker, and Samuel Harris, manager of McGovern, will be arrested on charges of carrying on a boxing exhibition.

"The warrants are in my hands, and must be served," said Capt. Hayes, this evening. "It would be foolish for me to chase after those who are named in the warrants until Thursday night, when they are all together. I am going to give the papers to some of my men just before the fighters go into the ring. Every fighter and the promoters of the exhibition will be put under arrest."

About the Bettinger Mystery.

Dr. Joseph Bettinger, it can now be asserted on the very best of authority, has never been seen since he left Ogilvie on his way out. The recent publication of an alleged interview with a man named Fretwell, in which he is made to say that he had a long conversation with the missing man on Lake Lebarge, has been shown to be about as groundless as the merest street rumor could well be, by Fretwell, who, when shown the photograph of Dr. Bettinger today said he could not identify the man he had seen and talked to as the original of the photograph, and he had never heard of Dr. Bettinger before he arrived in Dawson.

Other members of the same party had never heard that Bettinger had been seen on the way till they read in a Dawson newspaper that one of their party had talked with him.

The Police Rink

For long-winded patience, enduring pertinacity and all around stick-to-itiveness the police boys are hard to excel. Early in the winter they laid out a hockey rink in the barracks square, the rink being enclosed by a solidly packed bank of snow. By means of a steam engine the enclosure was flooded with water from the Yukon, but for considerable time the water would break through the snow embankment and by most people the undertaking of making a rink would have been passed up as a failure. But the police boys were not daunted. The only "trick" they know is Corporal Mc-Phail. More water was pumped up from the Yukon and the snow embankment having turned to almost solid ice, held the water, with the result a solid ice surface was formed and with one or two more wettings will be as level as the surface of a lake. A force of prisoners was at work today clearing the surface of the rink from snow and another application of water will probably be made this evening. One advantage this rink will have is that when a player comes in swift contact with its outer edge, instead of being thrown violently against a railing he will simply take a header over the embankment into the snow. The rink will be in first-class shape within a few days if the weather remains cold.

Radishes.

Radishes originated in China, where they have been cultivated for many centuries and sometimes grow as big as a man's head. In Germany the old fashioned country mothers cure hoarseness and cough with radish juice mixed with sugar candy. The radishes of today have no flavor, no character. Formerly their sharp, biting taste made them palatable.

A Jury Room Gem.

A gem from the records of a Missouri court, given in an address by Hon. William H. Wallace, is the following lucid verdict in a lunacy case: "We, the jury, impaneled, sworn and charged to inquire into the insanguinity of Hezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative."

Two Bad Bites.

Diogenes, being asked, "What is that beast which is the most dangerous?" replied, "Of wild beasts the bite of a slanderer and of tame beasts that of the flatterer."

If the average man could read the story of his life he wouldn't believe it.—Chicago News.

A man who finds no satisfaction in himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

Mail and Express Coming.

The next mail that will arrive in Dawson left Whitehorse on Sunday, the 30th, and is reported as having passed Selkirk at 5 o'clock this morning. It should arrive not later than Sunday and possibly Saturday night. A load of passengers and express left Whitehorse four days ahead of the mail and is, therefore, due to arrive here at any time.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

GREAT PANIC

Prevails in London Resulting In Widespread Financial Disaster.

BIG FIRMS GO TO THE WALL.

Lord Dufferin Is Among Those Who Are Heavily Involved.

LE ROI MINERS SUFFER.

Sir Henry Colville Will Demand a Court Martial—Cudahy's Son Is Held for Ransom.

London, Dec. 29, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—The London-Globe Finance Corporation, Marquis Dufferin, chairman, has suspended, creating the greatest financial panic known in London for many years. The failure of the London-Globe was followed by the failure of the Stock Exchange and 12 other leading firms, among them being Haggard, Hale & Pixley, who are heavily interested in the Klondike. It is believed the crash will effect many smaller brokers. The London-Globe is heavily involved in British Columbia mining property, owning a large share in Le Roi mine No. 2. Its property near Rossland, B. C., was yesterday quoted at 23 shillings per share and today is unsalable at four shillings per share. The greatest of indignation is expressed against the financial manager of the concern, Whitaker White.

A year ago the chairman of the London-Globe, Marquis Dufferin, lost a son, the Earl of Ava, at Ladysmith and was now preparing to start for South Africa to attend another son, Lord Blackwood, who was seriously wounded last week at Glenfontein.

Worse and Worse.

London, Dec. 29, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—Later advices concerning the London-Globe Finance Corporation failure say it involves 28 of the leading members of the London Stock Exchange. More sensational developments are hourly expected.

London Expectant.

London, Dec. 29, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—More sensational developments are expected here in the Colville case.

To Fight War Office.

Portsmouth, Dec. 29, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—Major-General Sir Henry Colville has arrived and demands an immediate court martial. He says himself and his influential friends will fight the war department. He makes a sensational attack on the conduct of the war in South Africa and on the mistakes of Lords Roberts and Kitchener.

Cudahy Warned.

Omaha, Dec. 29, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—Cudahy, the millionaire packer, has received a second communication from the men who kidnapped his son and who are holding the boy for a ransom, which warns him that, unless he withdraws his offer of \$25,000 reward, another of his children will be kidnapped.

Icebergs in Lynn Canal.

Skagway, Jan. 3.—Icebergs are very numerous in Lynn canal these times, much to the detriment of navigation. The Dirigo struck one last week but was not seriously injured. Yesterday the Danube struck one in Gastineaux channel and was forced to put back to

Juneau. The extent of her injury is not yet known.

Bank Clerk in Trouble.

Skagway, Jan. 4.—John Agney, a clerk in Behrend's store and bank, has been arrested here on the charge of raping Mrs. J. N. Hull. He was given a preliminary hearing and held for trial before the district court.

No License For Sloan.

New York, Dec. 12.—It is reported here that the stewards of the New York Jockey Club will not give Tod Sloan a license to ride here until the English jockey club changes its attitude toward the American rider. It is said that no official statement will be given out, but that Sloan's name will not be inserted in the list of jockeys licensed for 1901.

The Weather.

During the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning the official weather record kept by Sergeant-Major Tucker shows the minimum temperature to have been 36 and the maximum temperature 13 degrees below zero, a difference of 23 degrees between that of yesterday morning and this morning, since which time the temperature has steadily risen.

Up and Around.

Major Z. T. Wood, commander of the N. W. M. P. in the Yukon, has so far recovered from his recent severe sickness as to be up and out for a short period each day. As he is still quite weak it will be some days yet before he is able to resume his regular official duties and occupy his office steadily during the day.

Slorah Again

As was predicted by many at the close of the Slorah trial, the end of the matter is not yet, neither can anyone foresee what it will be.

On Monday next Attorney Bleeker will appear in the territorial court and argue a motion for a new trial on grounds which appear to give promise of success.

Mention has been made in the Nugget from time to time of the matter, and intimations made that some sensational developments were likely to arise when the time came, and the indications today are that such will be the case.

There are all sorts of rumors in the air concerning the evidence to be adduced by the defense, most of which contain at least a semblance of truth, but are far from being within the intent of the defense at the present time.

It is safe to say, however, and well within the truth, that some very startling evidence will be presented if nothing transpires between now and the time of hearing, which cannot be published before hand.

Neither the friends of the condemned man nor his attorney have been idle since he received his sentence, and all are filled with hope.

Just an Ordinary Steak.

"When in Hamburg, we supposed we must do as the Hamburgers did, so at our first meal there we asked for Hamburg steak," said the woman. "Besides, we wanted to see how that viand would taste upon its native heath, anyway. But to all our requests, couched in our best scholastic German, the waiter shook his head. Like many another prophet, the Hamburg steak was apparently without honor in its own country. At all events, our waiter hadn't heard of it. 'Oh, well,' we said, 'just bring us an ordinary beef steak. But, lo and behold, when the meat was served there it was all chopped up and made into small cakes—what Americans call, in fact, 'Hamburg steak.' To Hamburgers a Hamburg steak was an 'ordinary steak.'"—New York Sun.

A Good Scheme.

Mrs. Younghusband—Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?
Mr. Younghusband—I should say so. This is a much better quality than we have been getting lately.
Mrs. Younghusband—Indeed it is. I got it off a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure. So I bought enough to last for a couple of weeks.

A Boom.

"The undertaker is very jolly this morning."
"Yes. Three hundred new doctors were graduated last night."—Harlem Life.

The man that talks about the newspapers misquoting him is the man that hasn't any good excuse for getting quoted originally.—Chicago Journal.

When appetite prevails over reason, the first step to make the glutton and drunkard is taken.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

GREAT STORM

Wrecks Many Ships in the English Channel—Much Loss of Life.

MORE ABOUT THE BRYAN SOUVENIR.

Duke of York Will Probably Visit the United States.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL DEWET

Has Not Yet Been Officially Confirmed—Contrary Reports Have Been Received.

London, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 4.—Late reports of the recent heavy gale in the British channel bring additional news of wrecks and loss of life. The bark Primrose Hill bound out from Liverpool to Vancouver was literally broken in two, only one man of a crew of 35 being saved. The general loss due to the storm is enormous.

Bryan Souvenir Again.

Seattle, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 3.—The Daily Times contains a large picture of the counting of the votes polled in the Nugget's presidential election, also a fine picture of the souvenir now here en route to Lincoln, Nebraska, where it will be presented to Bryan. The Times contains a full account of the election and the manner in which it was conducted.

May Visit America.

Washington, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 4.—President McKinley has invited the Duke of York, who is in direct line to occupy the British throne, to visit America. It is confidently expected that a favorable reply will be received.

Not Confirmed.

London, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 4.—The persistent reports to the effect that Dewet failed to break out of the trap into which he placed himself, and has been captured is not confirmed at the war office.

Major Botha, brother to Commandant General Botha, is on his way to The Hague with dispatches for Kruger. In an interview at Rome he says the war in Africa will last yet for many years to come; that Steyn is preparing to invade Cape Colony and that the revolt of the Afrikaners is certain.

New B. C. Railroad.

Vancouver, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 4.—With the organization of the Victoria, Vancouver & Eastern Railway & Navigation Company the question of building a coast line railroad from Vancouver to Kootenay is considered settled. The company is organized with the understanding that the provincial government will reinstate the subsidy lately removed.

Died in Cuba.

Montreal Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 4.—F. P. Brothers, a prominent railroad contractor of this place, died in Cuba.

Preparing for Battle.

New York, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 4.—Jeffries has gone into training for his championship battle with Gus Ruhlin which will take place in Cincinnati on the 15th of February.

Father of Lacrosse Dead.

Montreal, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 4.—Dr. W. G. Beers, father of the modern game of lacrosse which originated in this city, is dead.

The Klondike Nugget

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

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
ANOTHER LINE.

There is good reason for believing that construction work will begin in earnest during the coming spring on the Alaskan railway line from Valdez to Eagle. The completion of that line will mark a turning point in the history of Alaska. It will open up an immense district which is rich in natural resources, but which under existing circumstances must remain undeveloped.

The vital question which confronts both Alaska and the Yukon territory at the present time is the matter of freight rates. Cheap freight is the slogan which should be taken up and sounded throughout the Yukon valley, from White Pass to St. Michael. The development of this great northern country will really begin when the transportation companies are enabled to cut down freight charges to such a point that a princely income will not be required for the payment of bare living expenses.

A few people who have happened to "strike it rich" are of no material benefit to a new country. A large industrial population is what is needed, but that population will not, in fact, be found in the valley of the Yukon until the cost of living is reduced far below what it is at the present time.

The construction of a competing railway line across Alaska will be one step toward the attainment of this purpose.

DAWSON HAS SPOKEN.

Dawson has spoken in no uncertain language respecting the proposal to incorporate the town and the verdict is an almost unanimous negative. The monster petition presented to the Yukon council last evening will undoubtedly have the desired effect.

Without regard to nationality the people of Dawson, representing every class and interest in the city, have risen up and with practically one voice have declared themselves in favor of maintaining the existing form of local administration. That declaration has been made for sound and sufficient reasons. Dawson is not like other cities. We have no class of business men who for the sake of the honor involved can afford to devote their time to the management of civic affairs. Almost every man in the town who would be considered available for the various offices under the municipality, has private interests which require his undivided attention. Were there any pressing necessity at hand, we have no doubt that such men could be found who would be willing to sacrifice a portion of their time to the common welfare of the town. But at this point recognition must be given to the fact that no such necessity exists. The Yukon council now has its work well systematized and particularly during the past six months has given ample demonstration of the fact that the burden of looking after the affairs of the town does not rest heavily upon its shoulders.

Some old time philosopher once remarked that the nation whose annals are the least interesting is the happiest. So it has proven with Dawson. It has been a long time since anything of moment occurred to mar the serenity of the current of local life, and meanwhile matters have moved along in so even a manner as scarcely to attract more than passing notice. A very satisfactory contrast to the early history of Dawson.

In view of this condition, it is by no means surprising that a general disposition should be felt among all classes of people to leave the situation as it is, at least until such time as more forcible reasons are brought forward to warrant a change.

The petition presented to the council last night represents the sentiment of the great majority of the people of Dawson, and if the council pursues the

line of action indicated therein we fully believe they will be acting in accord with the desires of the community.

It has come to pass now that every man who returns to the outside from Dawson must display millionaire symptoms or be set down by his friends as a flat failure. This condition has been brought about by the outside newspapers which insist upon crediting returned Klondikers with the possession of enormous wealth, without regard to actual facts. The false position in which he is thus placed often influences the "man from Dawson" to travel a pace which his bank account will by no means warrant—the end being of course disastrous. The best thing the Klondiker can do when he gets outside is to deal entirely in hard luck stories. These will attract little attention from the yellow press, but they may serve in the end to get him a rating in Bradstreets, which after all is much more desirable.

It is time that the old idea respecting the life of this country should be forgotten. It has not been opened up for a day, but for all time. The natural resources requisite for sustaining a large population are present in abundance. Fortunes are not to be made in a moment, but there is liberal reward ahead for industry and legitimate enterprise. People who come into the Yukon impressed with these facts have every prospect of success. Others are likely to meet disappointment.

Last year at this time fresh potatoes were worth one dollar per pound and hard to get at that price. At the present time they can be bought at one-ninth as much. This does not go to prove that a great deal of money was made in the succulent tubers last year or that any considerable sum is being lost now. It merely goes to show that the Dawson market is a tearful and wonderful thing and no more to be banked upon than feminine whims.

Lord Roberts' requisition upon the war office for 20,000 additional troops was not made for a useless purpose.

The commander-in-chief understands, if the departmental people do not, that there is still work to be done in South Africa. Mutterings among the Cape Dutch indicate very clearly the necessity of sleeping with one eye open.

Aerial navigation is rapidly being reduced to a science. On Lake Constance last summer an air ship was built which made several successful voyages. No considerable speed was attained, but the practicability of the plan upon which the ship was constructed was amply demonstrated. More than \$100,000 was expended in the experiment.

Icebergs are being encountered along the coast between Skagway and the Sound with alarming frequency. Old Muir must be breaking in pieces.

The News is gradually getting around to favor incorporation. The man with the poke must be in the neighborhood.

Official Living Expenses.

In view of the recent agitation of the question of wages by Councilman Arthur Wilson, in the course of which he wants employees of the territorial government paid not less than \$5 per day and board, some facts on the subject have been gleaned from the commissioner's office which are somewhat curious.

To a few employees the nominal salary of \$60 per month is paid, but further investigation will show that the employees getting that salary are allowed \$100 per month for living expenses and \$50 per month for room rent. It will be seen by this that the salary of \$60 paid, for instance to a messenger, with the allowance quoted, is not so small after all.

To make comparison, it may be said that in San Francisco, a messenger in federal employ is paid \$75 per month and find himself. Living in the city of San Francisco is notably cheap, or the reverse, at the option of the individual, but when it is stated that the messenger here receives \$210 as against \$75 in California, it will be seen that he is quite as well paid here as there.

To make a further comparison with local application showing that the messenger who gets a salary of \$60 also gets

the same allowance for living expenses as does the gold commissioner. Considering the difference between the social positions of the two, and what is naturally their obligations in that direction, the thing seems ridiculous, yet it is a fact.

The lowest paid clerk in the employ of the government costs, all allowances being footed up, \$2700 per year.

When these facts are considered, together with the statement that all these clerks are furnished with first-class transportation to and from the country, it will be seen that their positions are not so undesirable as to call for any great amount of intervention. It is also to be borne in mind that the appointments are also subject to promotion, and that they possess also the advantage of being steady and settled, and the income derived from them never a matter of uncertainty.

The New Cycle.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—If we scan a short record of opinions of some prominent and other people in regard to the prospect of a new cycle of years before us, and its bearing on the material and intellectual life of nations, we are informed in a resume of the same that indeed the outlook in its entirety is perfectly dazzling and altogether phenomenal. Yet, as a matter of fact, there is in the majority of opinions noticeable and apprehensive that everything may not run as smoothly in the future as might be imagined. As Huxtonary we may dismiss a notion that the coming series of years would realize dreams of peace and amalgamation of humanity in bonds of universal brotherhood, considering the behavior of the first pair of brothers on record. If our expectations were raised high by a catchy phrase of "socialism triumphant" we are greatly disappointed by being fervently assured that the millennium is nigh since sociology has been raised to the dignity of a science by the universities and other fountains of knowledge. Classification of races and peoples by the latest approved method, comprising structure of skull, color of eyes and hair, length of ears, relationship with the animal kingdom, and other marks of distinction, will in my humble opinion barely suffice to solve some of those knotty problems that the human society has been wrestling with for several decades past.

But the most thoughtful minds seem to be inclined to the opinion that a change in the social condition of people is not only necessary but decidedly imminent, but whether it will be along time-honored lines of evolution or by the sharp and short method of revolution could hardly be surmised at the present time. Whether it will be the one or the other apparently depends on one thing, viz., on recognizing and perceiving the fact that the progress in our industrial life has been so rapid as to leave behind and neglect the adjustment of our social life in like proportion.

The first step, therefore, in the future must be a readjustment of our social conditions according to the status quo of the industrial production and distribution. By disregarding the law of compensation, a correlative of justice and equality, a condition has been called into existence which disturbs the equilibrium of the life of nations. And it must be remembered that history is a continuous record of the rise and fall of persons and nations, and that when the zenith is reached in the life of the most powerful of either the beginning of the decline and downward course has also set in.

If at the present time the nations of this continent are in such a high state of perfection and material prosperity, it may be the zenith in their life and the starting point on their downward grade, who knows?

Will Permit a Fight.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 12. — Mayor Fleischmann today refused to recede from his promise to grant a permit for a prizefight at Saengerfest hall between February 1 and 14 between James J. Jeffries and either Gus Ruhlin, Tom Sharkey or Bob Fitzsimmons.

That New Bridge.

The new steel bridge which arrived from the east with the closing of navigation, to be placed across the Klondike, will soon be hauled to the site selected for it near the upper ferry where the work of putting it together will be commenced as soon as the piers can be placed in position to receive it.

These piers consist of two steel tubes four feet in diameter, inside measurement, filled with hydraulic cement, which, it is interesting to note, was procured in Vancouver at a cost of \$180, and brought to Dawson at an expense of \$900 in freight. The piers are to be surrounded by a casing of timber, which is to be procured by public tender.

The bridge will be 20 feet wide when completed, and will be the best and most substantial structure of the kind in the territory.

In Role of Female

Capt. Starnes presided in the police court this morning. The session was a brief one, there being but little business demanding the court's attention.

Since the transfiguration of one of Adam's spare ribs into a woman there has been a bold and insurmountable distinction in the habits of the sexes, and when a man undertakes to masquerade as a woman he invariably "let's the cat out" in some way either by getting the wrong curve in crossing his feet, by wiping his mouth with his open hand (when a woman always uses the back of her hand) or in some other very apparent way.

Samuel Muir should have thought of all this before he decided to attend the masquerade ball at the Forks New Year's eve in female attire. It is not stated whether the dress was low cut, with short sleeves and a "trail," or whether it was cut Queen Anne cottage style, with popcorn trimmings and a back porch.

Dressed as a woman Samuel was not willing to abide by the recently promulgated order forbidding women to drink at bars. On the contrary, the namesake of Alaska's greatest glacier persisted in going to the bar calling for and receiving drinks. A constable present warned him to desist, when Samuel, instead of saying as become his attire, "you mean thing" ripped out a string of oaths as long as an anti-incorporation petition with the result that the officer took him in charge and removed him from the scene of festivities.

In court this morning Samuel did not wear female attire. Like the healed leper spoken of in the Bible, he was "clothed and in his right mind." He pleaded guilty to the stereotyped charge of "drunk and disorderly," but, as the escapee was a New Year's adjunct the court tempered justice with mercy and gave him some good advice, like wise a fine of \$5 and costs. In future Sammy will probably adhere to bifurcated wearing apparel.

Yesterday afternoon two sons of sunny Italy were in court. Chas. Evangelisca charged that Looete had assaulted him with a candlestick. The case was a long and tedious one as the services of an interpreter were required, neither (pronounced neyther) of the parties being able to speak English. The man with the ecclesiastic name was not able to make out a case with the result that he, the complainant, was required to pay the costs.

Mrs. Leslie Takes a Rest.

Women publishers are not rare in the United States, but none among them enjoys so widespread a reputation as Mrs. Frank Leslie, until recently the head of the great New York publishing house. She has now retired from its management, according to some accounts by compulsion, and intends to devote the remainder of her life to leisure and authorship. Mrs. Leslie has surely earned a rest, for her life has been filled with endeavor and work.

Frank Leslie, to which name, without the "Mrs.," she is legally entitled, has been prominently before the public since 1880, when she took up the work of her husband, recently deceased. He left his publishing business to her in an insolvent condition with an injunction to clear his name by paying off an indebtedness of over \$300,000. She was, as she still is, a woman of marvelous business and executive capacity, and not only succeeded in paying off the debts of the concern, but in winning a new fortune for herself. Some five years ago she turned over the business to a syndicate, which failed, and about two years ago she again resumed its management. Her present retirement may be regarded as permanent.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Mrs. Leslie is a woman of wonderful ability and knowledge of men and affairs. She is a fluent writer and speaker and has written much for publication.—Ex.

Lower River Trail

Capt. W. H. Scarth and Wm. McKay, who returned New Year's day from a visit to Chas. Hall, manager of the A. C. Co.'s interests at Fortymile, are not favorably impressed with the condition of the river trail between here and that point. Mr. Hall had invited the above mentioned gentlemen down to spend Christmas with him and two days previous to that time, seated in a neat cutter and closely wrapped in furs they started on the trip. All went smoothly for a few minutes, but shortly after passing Moosehide the trail began to show symptoms of not being suitable for a race course. The farther they went the worse it became, and when seven miles had been covered the travelers were forced to leave the cutter which they exchanged for a seatless Yukon sled on which, after a wearisome journey they reached their destination and kept their engagement with their host.

The return trip, as Capt. Scarth stated this morning, was even more difficult than the journey down owing to the fact that the trail is badly drifted and in many places is badly broken up. About five miles below Dawson Capt. Scarth says the original trail has been almost destroyed by the ice crumbling where the water has receded from beneath, and that in one place not more than a 15-foot strip of ice is left along the bluff. He says that a new trail will necessarily have to be made before there can be either speed or safety connected with travel between here and Fortymile. The captain speaks highly of the entertainment accorded himself and Mr. McKay by Mr. Hall who is well known as a princely host.

Dewey and Von Diederich.

Gold Run, Dec. 24, 1900.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—A question has recently been sprung as regards what actually occurred between Admiral Dewey and the German admiral at Manila during the Spanish-American war. Will you kindly explain in your next issue what Dewey said and did; German admiral's answer; position of the British admiral, also what did the German government say. READER.

(The incident referred to resulted from the refusal of the German flagship to refrain from entering the lines occupied by Admiral Dewey in Manila harbor. A semi-official account states that, "The German flagship in Manila declined to stop when signalled to do so by the American commander and steamed within the waters where non-combatants were not allowed and the Olympia promptly dropped a shell just ahead of the German battleship. Admiral Von Diederich protested, but retired to another position."

The popular account of the affair as published throughout the United States is to the effect that Admiral Von Diederich disregarded Admiral Dewey's orders with respect to entrance of non-combatants within the waters held by American vessels and a shot as noted above was dropped across the bow of the German flagship. Admiral Dewey thereupon asked of the German commander to define his attitude so that he might shape his course accordingly. Von Diederich inquired of Capt. Sir Edward Chichester commanding the British squadron as to what position he would assume in case of German interference with the bombardment of Manila. The reply was that only God, Admiral Dewey and himself knew. The incident thereupon closed. The German government's position is defined by the following language of Emperor William: "It is important that America should not think that either I or my government entertains unfriendly feelings toward the Union in consequence of the war with Spain. The millions of Germans in America would not understand it if their fatherland did not entertain a friendly feeling in this conflict toward their new home."—ED.)

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The Klondike Nugget

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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, JANUARY 6, 1901.

VALUES ARE STEADY.

From Saturday's Daily
Valuations of real estate in Dawson have maintained a steady rise for six months past. At the present time, despite the fact that business generally is quiet, there is nothing to indicate a slump in the real estate market. Values remain steady and, if anything, are looking slightly upward. Dawson has fully warranted all the confidence which investors have shown in the town in the past, and the future beyond question will do equally as well.

It is a noticeable fact and something worthy of remark that our successful mine operators are now beginning to seek investment at home for their spare capital instead of sending everything to the outside. The original idea of taking out of the country every dollar that a man could make has begun now to disappear. It is apparent that investments are offered in Dawson which are equally as safe and will pay larger returns than can be expected from ordinary financial ventures on the outside. This fact has been more and more forcibly demonstrated as Dawson has grown and expanded and gradually thrown off the atmosphere of the frontier camp and assumed the appearance of an up-to-date town.

It is eminently proper that men who have made their fortunes in Klondike mines should give first consideration to opportunities offered for Klondike investment. It is a pleasure to note that recognition is being given to this fact in a good and substantial manner. Much good dust direct from the creeks has been turned into Dawson real estate in the past year, with results which have in most instances proven very satisfactory.

A Seattle ship-building concern entered a bid for the construction of one of the big warships which Uncle Sam is about to add to the United States navy. The amount involved in the tender is several millions of dollars, and the Scotts and Cramps merely smiled in disdain at the audacity of the Seattle firm. The result has shown, however, that the latter possessed resources of which their rivals knew nothing. Every man in Seattle who possessed any influence at Washington exerted that influence to secure fair consideration for the bid from his city. The Chamber of Commerce took the matter up and wired the secretary of the navy a guarantee of the firm's financial responsibility. Investigation satisfied the government on that point and the growing metropolis of the Sound will have the coveted honor of constructing the big ship. Seattle certainly possesses the spirit that never says die.

Briefly summed up, the situation with respect to the matter of incorporation may be described as follows. The great body of business and professional men of the city, as also nearly all property owners, lease holders and rent payers are opposed to incorporation at this time and have so placed themselves on record. C. M. Woodworth is in favor of incorporating and Joe Clark is yet to be heard from. The News doesn't

know what it thinks, but thinks that it may know what it thinks if given sufficient time to think the matter over. As the result will not be affected in any event, the News is at perfect liberty to take all the time required—and more, too.

The matter of constructing the approaches for the new bridge across the Klondike was considered by the Yukon council at the last meeting of that body. It is none too early to make preparations for this work, as it is essential that the bridge should be in readiness for use before the break up. The failure of the authorities to furnish a public bridge across the Klondike during the past three years has been most exasperating. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the work will now be undertaken and completed in time to prevent any further complaint.

Live on a Dollar a Week.

Fifty-two dollars a year for two persons is the sum which ex Judge Talcott of Valparaiso, Ind., sets apart for living expenses. What is more remarkable, he succeeds in keeping within this limit, and both he and Mrs. Talcott profess to be more than satisfied with the amount of food they allow themselves.

Moreover, their figures are six times as impressive as those of the Chicago university economists, who have recently provoked wide discussion by declaring that a man and his wife can subsist at a cost of \$300 a year.

The \$1 a week expense limit is more startling in view of the age of the experimentalists. Judge Talcott is 85 years old, but is strong, well and active. Mrs. Talcott, who is some ten years younger, has an almost girlish freshness of complexion and does all the work about their home. As the judge has an abundance of means the \$1 a week dietary regimen is adhered to purely from choice.

Households that have difficulty in making both ends meet on ten times the sum that affords this aged couple so great contentment are invited to study this simplest of regimens:

Breakfast—Oatmeal mush, milk and sugar.

Dinner—Bread and milk and sugar.

Supper—Cornmeal mush and sugar.

Once a month this is varied by a meal including a small amount of meat.

As to quantity, one coffee cup full of the cereal at each meal quite suffices the judge, while his wife eats even less.

Judge Talcott was willing to tell how it feels to live on 50 cents a week.

"Plain living is the secret of contentment and of economy as well," he said. "I used to be a pretty greedy eater when I was young. My first wife and I gradually left unnecessary things out of our table regimen and during the 60 years in which we lived together reduced it to the simplest terms.

"During the last two or three years of her life I kept a close track to see what our expenses amounted to, and they were less than \$52 for 52 weeks for both of us. We had no rent to pay, however, and no milk to buy. But I raised a large quantity of garden stuff. We used practically none of that, but gave it to my sons and to the neighbors.

"My first wife died a little more than a year ago, and I married again last September. My present wife shares my notions of economy and plain living, and our expenses are not greater than before.

"I eat lots of sugar and find it an excellent food. When I was a boy, sugar was worth 25 cents a pound or more and I never got enough, and I am making up now. Sometimes one or both of us feel meat hungry, and we get a slice of ham or some sausage or beef and eat that.

"Look at me and tell me if I am not in fine health for a man away past 80. I stand straight, walk often five or more miles a day and within the last ten years have made three trips to California, living there two years. I work about the yard, cut all the wood for the winter, keep the hard wood trees trimmed and do other things of that sort without difficulty. I can still swing my ax to fell or lop a tree."

Mrs. Talcott is equally contented with her triumph over the pleasures of the palate and supplemented her husband's statement.

"I have been living on plain diet for half a century," she said. "Fifty years ago I was ill, and the doctors said I could not recover. I took to dieting, lived on graham bread and milk and other simple things and began to gain."

"There are two things for people to do to be healthy. They must live plainly, and they must sleep at night

instead of half the daytime. In our opinion an expenditure of \$300 a year for two people would be great extravagance. We have no rent to pay, and we have milk sent us by Mr. Talcott's son, but even if we had these things to pay for we would not need to spend \$300 a year."—Ex.

The Prisoner Was Fined.

She was a New York Irish girl in court as the prosecuting witness against a prisoner arrested for disorderly conduct, and the court was getting at the true state of the case by asking the usual number of entirely relevant questions.

"What did the prisoner do?" he inquired, after the preliminaries had been settled.

"He coom alahing by the area where I was standin an begin to address remarks to me," replied the witness.

"What did he say?"

"He said 'Good ave'nin.'"

"There was nothing very bad in that, was there?"

"But, sor, there was no introduction previous."

"Oh, yes, I forgot that."

"So he did, sor."

"Did you speak to him when he spoke to you?"

"Yes, sor, I towid him to gwahn about his business."

"Did he do so?"

"No, sor. He sthood there tockin to me."

"Did you talk to him?"

"No, sir, not wid politeness, sor."

"What did he do then?"

"He sthood over closer, sor, an takin my chin in his hand wid his t'umb in wahn cheek an his fingers in th' other, he held my face up sor, an tried to kiss me."

"Oh, he did."

"Yes, sor, he did."

"And what did you do then?"

"Oi jerked me hid away, sor, an towid him Oi wud have him arrested fer personathin a policeman, sor."

"Ten dollars and costs," interrupted the judge, while everybody laughed, except the witness and the policeman.

—Ex.

CREEK NOTES.

Mr and Mrs. John Hering spent New Year's on Gold Run.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, of 2 above lower, Dominion, spent New Year's with Mrs. Murdock, on 12 Gold Run.

Weaver, Oleson and Burke have located good pay on 22 above upper discovery, Dominion, and are setting up a plant.

Many of the Dominion claims will start work the latter part of the month. Business has already picked up and the store keepers and hotel men are wearing a broader smile.

The Gold Run hotel at Carrihou has been renovated and wears a very pleasant and cosy air. Mrs. Willard Scott, well known on Dominion as a culinary artist, has charge of the dining room.

The second pay streak still holds out and the claim operators are lining up with the Rutledge drifts and getting on to it in a hurry. Three to five feet of pay gravel is not to be overlooked.

The Palmer property on Gold Run recently purchased by J. J. Rutledge, has been let out on lays. Bert Epler, the well known Sulphur mine owner, will place a large plant on 32, and Slippey Brothers, of the Gold Run saw mill will operate machinery on 38.

Very heavy wind storms prevailed on Dominion, Gold Run and Sulphur creeks the last day of the year. Trails were obliterated and traffic almost suspended. The government men stationed at the Dome had their time well occupied shoveling snow.

Messrs. McCarty and Chase have opened their new roadhouse at the head of Bonanza on the cutoff trail and are hauling their guests' freight up the hill gratis. Two houses are kept at the lower roadhouse and the weary musher or overloaded freighter is helped up the hill to the ridge McCarty hotel, to go his way rejoicing. The Bonanza trail is in fine condition and is largely used.

New Century apples \$10, at Meeker's.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Notice.

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

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon-bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory.

GANDOLFO,
Third st., opp. A. C. C.

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

Celery at Meeker's.

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

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.

LEFT ON WAKE'S ISLAND

The Strange Story of the Hardships of Robert Westfall.

Left on a Deserted Island by a Mutinous Crew on His Own Ship, He Lived Alone Three Years.

If you had a chart before you, you would see that Wake's Island is a bit of a dot in the Pacific ocean, lying a little south of the regular sailing route between Honolulu and Yokohama. Now and then it is sighted by steamer or sailing vessel making the passage, but the great majority pass it by 200 miles to the north. The traders call there occasionally for water or fuel, but as there are no inhabitants there can be no trade. It is an island three miles long by one and a half broad, and it was thrown to the surface by an earthquake. There is but one spot where a landing can be made even in the calmest weather, as its shores are rocky and rise to a height of from 30 to 100 feet. Much of the island is wooded, and bowlders lie about everywhere, and it is probably one of the loneliest spots in the universe. For some reason which no one can explain no birds are ever found there, nor is there any animal life. The only living things are land crabs, and they are of such size and fierceness that traders have had to flee before them.

In the year 1861 the bark Restless sailed out of San Francisco on a voyage to Japan and China. She had just been purchased by a man named Robert Westfall, who was little known, but had suddenly made a lot of money, and the cargo was also mostly his. He went with his ship, and a fate befell him which reads stranger than fiction of the sea. He was a landsman, knowing nothing of ships and sailors, and it transpired that the captain he selected was a thoroughly bad man, while the mate was little better. It was probably the captain's idea from the outset to get possession of the ship, but Westfall's suspicions were not aroused until after they had called at Honolulu and resumed the voyage. Then he overheard observations among the crew which alarmed him, and he went to the captain with his statements. He was told without any beating around the bush that the bark was to change hands. He was to be marooned on Wake's Island, and she was to pursue her voyage as captain and crew decided. It was one man against 15, and of course he was helpless. Neither threats nor promises had the slightest effect, and when he stormed he was cautioned to hold his temper, or he would be set afloat in a small boat to perish of thirst and starvation. When the island was finally reached, Westfall was ordered into a boat to be rowed ashore. Not a pound of provisions or an extra article of clothing was to go with him. He was not even to have the means of kindling a fire. Rendered desperate by the situation, he made a fight for it, but was soon knocked senseless by the blow of a capstan bar, and while in that condition was rowed ashore and dumped on the beach. When he recovered consciousness, the Restless was sailing away and was already miles distant.

Jules Verne has told how a sailor cast away on a desert island almost naked managed to live almost luxuriously and provide for his every want. The difference between imagination and reality was exemplified in Westfall's case. He tried for days and days to produce fire by rubbing dry sticks together, but he never succeeded. He constructed a hut in the woods, but his food consisted of shellfish, roots and wild fruits, and there was no way to replace his clothing. He soon found fresh water, and he also made the discovery that the spot seemed accursed of all living things except the land crabs. As a rule these loathsome creatures did not bother him during daylight, but as soon as the sun went down they swarmed over the whole island. They were gigantic in size, and his only way of escaping them was to climb a tree. He built a platform among the limbs ten feet from the earth, and every night during his long stay he resorted to it. About once a month, generally at midday, the crabs would swarm by the million and hold possession of the island for two or three hours. At such times the noise made by their claws as they passed over rock and soil was almost deafening and gave him a great scare. While the man speedily recovered from the blow on the head given him on shipboard, his lonely situation soon began to tell on his mind. One day, at the end of three months, he found that he had forgotten his own name. It was two hours before it came to him, and then, fearful that it might go out of his mind for good, he carved his initials on the bark of a tree with a sharp stone. After making the circuit of the island three or four times he settled down near the landing place, and every day for weeks and months and years he hoped that some trader would put in or some ship send in her boat. Traders did call on three or four

occasions, but he missed them. Once he was asleep in the tree top; again he was ill. On a third occasion the crabs were out in such numbers that the trader grew afraid and put off as soon as he had touched.

You will wonder how a man could have lived for a month as Westfall lived for three years. For eight months there was a species of wild fruit something like a plum. Now and then a fish was left by the tide for him to capture, but he had to eat them raw. There were oysters and mussels and limpets clinging to the rocks, but after awhile he could hardly force himself to swallow them. In six months his boots were gone and his clothing was in tatters, and as the days dragged away the man had it on his mind that his memory was falling him. When a year had gone by, he could no longer recall his identity. The initials on the tree stood for a dozen different names to him. Six months later he was little better than a wild beast. During his second year, had he thought to erect some sort of signal at the landing place—some such signal as a sailor would have made—he would probably have been rescued, as two or three traders came in for water, but he did not even heap up stones or set up a bush to attract attention. He had existed on the island three years and two weeks when the American whaling ship Jonathan touched there for water. I was in the boat first sent ashore, and while waiting for the water casks to arrive I followed a path up into the woods and discovered Westfall asleep on his platform. I believed him at first to be some monster gorilla. The weather had turned him almost black, his hair was long and matted, and he was without clothing. As he came tumbling down I ran away and gave the alarm. That frightened him, and seven men of us spent half a day in his capture. He fought us with the greatest ferocity, and for a long time we could not make out his nationality. He chattered a queer jargon or sulked, and we had put in at a Japanese port before we could keep clothing on him.

I was one of the apprentice boys on the ship, and, as the wild man had taken a great liking to me and I seemed to be the only one who could control him, the American consul advised that I be left behind with the man while the ship made a three months' circuit. Quarters were provided for us, and I was instructed how to go to work in an effort to restore the poor fellow's memory. By this time he had let fall enough to satisfy us that he was either English or American. We had also connected him in a way with the missing ship Restless. She had been reported as leaving Honolulu, but that was the last of her. I put up a blackboard and turned schoolmaster. I chalked down the letters of the alphabet, made figures, drew pictures and tried to start his memory to work. For a month I had no luck. The man's mind was as blank as night. He tried hard enough, and he used to break down and weep almost daily, but he could not get hold of the end of the string. I had about given up all hope when one day as I was going through the usual performance memory came back to him like a flash. He suddenly uttered a shout and sprang to his feet, and as I turned on him it was to find a new look on his face and to hear him shout:

"It has come! It has come! My name is Robert Westfall, and I can remember everything!"

So it turned out, but the shock of recovery brought about an illness that confined him to his bed for weeks. When he could relate his story, the consul went to work to find out what had become of the Restless. Inquiries were made at all the ports of China and Japan, but no news was obtained. The search was still being prosecuted when a sandalwood trader from one of the Philippines brought the consul some wreckage picked up three years ago which proved that the bark had gone to the bottom in a gale encountered soon after sailing away from Wake's Island. To this day there have been no tidings to alter this belief. The wretches who so coolly and deliberately planned the death of the shipowner by starvation did not live beyond a few days to enjoy their triumph. The three years spent on the island made an old man of Westfall before his time, and he never was clear headed again, but he lived for 15 years after and managed to get together quite a little property and to spend his last years in peace.

For Rent.

Store adjoining Savoy theater; splendid location; opposite postoffice. Apply Wm. Germer for particulars.

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.

Dawson Society

The holidays of 1900 have come and gone, and many are the pleasant memories they have left with Dawson people.

There is a newness of life here, and lack of restraint felt in home cities that adds zest to all one does. There's a sharpness in the crisp air that keeps one moving, brightens the eye and adds color to the cheek, and I doubt not that many of Dawson's people will say that the past holidays are among the pleasantest of their lives. It is pleasant, too, to feel that the world is so large, and that it holds so many nice people that we had never dreamed of until we met them here. All, too, on the same errand as ourselves, chasing fortune, the fickle goddess, into this far north land, lying proud and cold, and white as death at the very feet of the far famed northern lights.

It was the golden nuggets that grew in Klondike soil that dazzled our eyes and lured us away from home and friends. Homes where turkey and cranberries grew, where purple grapes melted into sparkling wine, where acres of orchard trees swayed and were broken in the summer breeze 'neath their weight of sun kissed luscious fruit, where vegetable gardens and berry bushes were as common as to pass unnoticed.

Lo, these too, were touched by the golden magnet and made to travel over many miles of land and water, and to rest with a "quite at home" look on our holiday tables. There was feasting and merrymaking and sunshine in many hearts. Through the bitter rain and scurrying clouds that wrapped about some other hearts I saw within cheerless hospital walls a fair young mother near to death, a husband in whose face there was no gleam of hope, and a wee bit of a babe reaching out its roseleaf hands to a world that knew it not.

Everybody, that is, nearly everybody, kept open house and received their friends on New Year's day, and a glorious good time was had by all.

Mrs. Alex McDonald, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Chisholm, received their numerous friends on New Year's day in their elegant apartments at the McDonald hotel.

Among the many who kept open house and received their friends on New Year's day were Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Starnes, Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Donald B. Olson, assisted by Mrs. Chas. McPherson; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Healy, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Hulme, Mr. and Mrs. O. Finstad, assisted by Miss Emma Burt, and many others whose names failed to reach ye society editor. Mrs. Major Wood's illness of the past week prevented her from keeping open house.

Mrs. Capt. Donald B. Olson's watch party for brides proved a most gratifying success. To begin with Mrs. Olson has one of the daintiest and most comfortable houses in Dawson, the rooms are all en suite and were most tastefully decorated. One room was all in crimson, one in pink and blue, and one in pink and green, bright streamers and dainty strings of many colored hearts reached across from the four corners of the rooms. One crimson cozy corner was lighted by a crimson shaded electric light. The cluster of electric lights over the piano were in the form and color of the fuschia flower. An electric light in the form of a lone fisherman stood guard over the cushion covered divan. In each room the shaded lights were in harmony with the different colored decorations; add to these the costly rugs, dainty portiers and imported furniture and you have an elegant setting for the guests, who came in evening dress.

The game of the evening was whist, the trump was hearts, the score cards were handsome pen and ink etchings by Mrs. Olson. At 11 o'clock Honnen's stage called and took the merry party for a sleigh ride up the Klondike, then into town in time to hear the new year ushered in by the blowing of whistles and firing of guns, then back to the house where a dainty lunch awaited them.

The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. McPharland, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Humé, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Scouling, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Healy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maltby, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. E. Brown.

The ladies' first prize, a handsome calendar with Klondike views, was won by Mrs. Frank Maltby. Mr. Chas. Milne won the gentlemen's first prize,

a pack of souvenir cards. The booby prizes were won by Mrs. Chas. McPherson and Dr. Brown.

One of the many delightful Christmas dinners given in Dawson this year, was the one offered to a few of their friends by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stingle.

The feature of the evening was a Christmas tree, very beautifully decorated, which stood near the table, waiting with its lights and gifts while dinner was served.

The table was handsomely decorated in a way befitting the occasion, and the hostess outdid herself in the preparation of the splendid dinner.

At the close of the repast, a Christmas gift for each of the guests was taken from the tree, after which cards and music filled the balance of the evening.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bush, Ben Bennett, Miss Clifton, Mrs. Bronson, Jack Ray, Miss Maynard, J. Hines, C. W. Tenant, J. Vashon and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stingle.

The Snowy Range Dancing Club, of Gold Run, gave a grand ball New Year's eve at Wheeler and Allen's hall, No. 36. Although "claw-hammered" coats are not in evidence at the club's gatherings and moccasins are more common than patent leathers, the wearers manage to enjoy themselves immensely.

Among those who enjoyed the club's hospitality were: Mr. and Mrs. James W. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hering, Mr. and Mrs. John Hering, Mr. and Mrs. Ad Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Van Wart, Mr. and Mrs. Petersou, Mrs. Dailey, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Godtel, Mrs. Sloggie, Misses Ness, Evanson, Peterson, Keeny, Sloggie, Sullivan.

The gentlemen residents of the creek were well represented and the old year passed merrily away.

The new year was welcomed by the people of lower Gold Run in a way befitting the time and place, and the well known jovial character of the people.

Mrs. Nolan, assisted by numerous lady friends, whose names are at present unobtainable, entertained many friends very pleasantly by giving a dance.

Good music was in attendance and dancing was continued till a late hour.

The Hotel Portland at 25 below lower on Dominion, was the scene of a most enjoyable New Year party, Mr. and Mrs. John Buland, the proprietor, exerting themselves to make the dancing party on that occasion a success.

A New Year dance and social was given at Graham's Dominion hotel New Year's eve. The dance was a grand success and the social was rendered particularly enjoyable by many musical selections and old country dances, separate mention of which limited space will not admit.

The watch party given by the Misses Latimer at the home of their parents on Third avenue, was most thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The rooms were tastefully decorated with evergreens. Music and cards whiled away a delightful evening.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, Miss Millicent Latimer, Miss Marchia Latimer, Miss Lucille Latimer, Mr. R. K. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. White, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Grace Turner, Mrs. Dormer, Mr. and Mrs. Hemen, Miss Emma Burt, Mr. Jack Chisholm, Miss Ethel Beede, Mr. Geo. Storey, Mr. Reginald Wilson, Mr. G. E. Daniels, Mr. R. A. Crimes, Mr. Geo. M. Allen, Mr. W. P. Allen, Mr. Ben Randal, Mr. A. L. Smith.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Healy entertained at dinner their friends Mr. and Mrs. McFarland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thornburgh entertained their friends, Capt. Donald B. Olson and wife, and Mr. Dave Schindler at dinner on New Year's day. Mrs. Thornburgh's dinner of six courses was served in a most artistic manner.

During holiday week Mrs. De La Pole, of 21 Eldorado creek visited her friend Miss Beede of Dawson.

The tea given by Mrs. J. N. E. Brown on Monday was a pleasant feature of the week's entertainment, being a little out of the usual line of dinners and card parties.

Much merriment was caused by the

few lines of "true fortune telling" given to each lady with her cup of tea.

Those present were Mrs. J. N. E. Brown, Mrs. Dugas, Mrs. D. W. Davis, Mrs. Ward Smith, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Hulme, Mrs. Fulda, Mrs. Alex McDonald, Mrs. Rinfret, Mrs. Pattullo, Mrs. Fysh, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. Healy, Mrs. Hammill, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Jephern, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. McRae, Miss Marjorie Wade, Miss Richardson, Miss Edwards, Miss Larsen.

New Year's eve being the first anniversary of the wedding of Dr. and Mrs. Brown they entertained at dinner their friends Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Davis and Mr. Thomas Fuller, and Miss Edith Freeman. Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Brown were old time friends in Ottawa.

The dinner given on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. O. Finstad at their home on Second-street, was in honor of Mr. Finstad's birthday.

Mr. Finstad's many friends will be happy if they can persuade him to have a birthday once a month. Those present were Messrs. Chisholm, Rudy Kalenborn, McGovern, McIntosh, Dormer and Smith; Mrs. Dormer, Master Jack Dormer, Miss Burt and Mr. and Mrs. Finstad.

A Bold Defense.

"An enlisted man once put the president of a court martial in a difficult position," says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. "The court martial was trying the soldier for some fault or other. When the evidence—and it took an unusually long time—had been given, the president asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defense.

"Well, sir," said the man, 'I can't see how this 'ere court can sentence me, for Major Jones 'as been reading a paper under the table the 'ole blooming time, and 'Capt. Smith 'as been making me into a caricatur on the blotting pad, and as for Lieut. Brown, 'e 'asn't 'ad his commission a year, and don't count anyways!'"

Eggs 75 cents at Meeker's.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Notice.

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

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

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

Eastern Washington new timothy hay at Meeker's.

Watch Repairing...
By skilled Artisans
...At...
J. L. Sale & Co.

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

The Nugget

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

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

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"No tabs taken here!" "That," said a prominent Dawsonite, as he pointed to a sign bearing the above four words and hung up on the wall over the cashier's desk in a well known restaurant, "would prevent most men from endeavoring to leave a tab for a bill, while to others it would prove only an incentive to try their faces.

"You remember Major Bliss! Of course you do! Everybody remembers him! Well, talk about systematic tab writers, he was a past grand master at it. Seeing that notice over there about tabs not being taken puts me in mind of an incident in which the fertile brain of Major Bliss did him a good turn. The major was being entertained in a theater box by one of the female attaches of the place. You will remember that being a ladies' man was the major's long suit and he usually led the ace.

"Well, on the occasion to which I refer, the major's friend in the box said something about the remark which passed between the governors of the Carolinas and the major took the hint and rang the bell for the waiter. 'Here, fellow! Bring us a bottle of wine,' was the order given. The waiter disappeared, but came back shortly afterwards without the wine. In a few words he explained to the major that the house refused to allow him any more credit until a number of tabs previously given were taken up.

"What!" exclaimed the indignant major, 'can I not get what I want at this house? Sir! I am insulted! Go right down and get those tabs and bring them up at once. I will settle them right now and withdraw my patronage from this house! I never was so insulted in my life.'

"The tabs were brought up; the major took them and added them up. Then he made one tab for the total amount with an additional \$20 for a bottle of wine at the time. Handing the new I. O. U. to the waiter he said: 'Here, fellow! Bring us a bottle of wine now and bring this tab to my office at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning and get your money! I will not owe this house a day longer! I never was so insulted in my life! Now hurry up with that bottle of wine.'

"And do you know," continued the Stroller's informant, "the bluff worked like a charm. Not only was a bottle

carried up at that time but it was followed by several others later."

"Well, were the tabs presented the next day?" queried the Stroller.

"Oh, yes, the tabs were presented; but presenting tabs and having them paid are two different matters. It is like traveling for a commercial house; any fool can travel, but it takes a business man to sell goods. Anybody can present a tab, but getting it paid is another matter. The man who was proprietor of the house at the time still holds the tab. He was in hopes the major would make such a record in South Africa as to make the tab valuable as a souvenir, but the last time I saw him he offered it to me for the last two inches of a cigar I was smoking."

"Do you know that this thing of a man masquerading as a woman always get him into trouble?" said a merchant to the Stroller last night.

"Now, I remember a case in Georgia when a young negro man of slim, spare build dressed up as a woman and by that means was admitted to a masquerade ball which was attended by the best people of Coffee county. Of course he mingled with the ladies in the dressing rooms and no one ever suspected but that everything was all right. At 12:30 when the time came for unmasking there stood Mr. Coon on the floor dancing as the partner of the county sheriff. Well, the next dance on the program was the Centennial Lancers and by the time the dancers had reached the saluting part the committee of ten which had taken the coon out and hung him was back and ready for the minuet which was next on the program."

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

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

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

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

HILLSIDE CLAIM—Lower one half left limit No. 27 Gold Run creek, in the Indian River mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T. under No. 19083 by C. S. W. Barwell, D. L. S. First published October 14th, 1900.

"White Pass and Yukon Route."
A Daily Train Each Way Between
Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.

SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager J. H. ROGERS, Agent

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

Just a Few of Our Retail Prices

Flour, per sack	5.50
Oat Meal, per pound	.12
Best Japan Rice	15c per lb., 7 lbs. for 1.00
MEATS	
Roast Beef, Roast Mutton, Club House Sausage Meat, per can	.60
BUTTER	
Coldbrook, 1900, 2 1/2 pound can	1.75
Coldbrook, 1900, 1 1/2 pound can	1.00
Pickled Roll, 1900, per roll	1.00
MILK AND CREAM	
Eagle Milk, 3 cans for	1.00
Reindeer Milk, 4 cans for	1.00
Highland Cream, 5 cans for	1.50
St. Charles Cream, " "	1.50
Oysters, 2 pound cans, per can	.50
Sugar, 15c per pound, 7 pounds for	1.00
FRUITS	
Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extras, per can	.50
Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can	.50
All other can vegetables, 3 cans for	1.00
All kinds of Dried Fruits, per pound	.25
Macaroni, per pound	.22
All other goods at proportionally low prices	

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

MONSTER PETITION

To the Council Sounds the Death Knell of Incorporation Scheme.

WILSON WILL TAKE ANYTHING

He Can Get at the Hands of the Council, and Wants Peace.

JUSTICE DUGAS SEES A SLUR

Aimed at the Government in the Preamble to Mr. Wilson's Wage Resolution.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. The Yukon council met last evening in the courthouse, and much matter of interest was discussed, although little action was taken because the matters coming before the body required so much time in discussion.

The first matter coming before the council was a communication from Tabor, Walsh & Hulme, attorneys for the water company, asking for relief from their present painful condition respecting the ordinances governing their operations.

The letter set forth that under the ordinances referred to the company found it impossible to transact business. It could not interest capital in its schemes because the law governing it did not even permit it to use the public highways to lay pipes without getting permission from the council.

Attached to the correspondence was the draft of an ordinance which the company believed, if enacted by the council would give them the desired relief. It was especially stated that nothing in the draft was intended to have any bearing on the litigation now pending between the company and Mrs. McConnell. The matter was referred to the proper committee for action.

A long petition was received, signed by many citizens, praying that some action be taken by the council for the removal of houses of ill-fame from the midst of the city, where their presence tended to produce a bad moral effect, increased the danger from fire and lowered the value of property generally. The matter was referred to the police and action recommended.

Drs. Edwards and Duncan petitioned to be appointed vaccinators, but owing to the statement made by many that vaccination acted as a hardship upon those who were compelled to work right along after the scraping of their arms just the same as before, and also that smallpox has disappeared, it was decided not to take any action till after a board of health conference could be had today to ascertain whether it were absolutely necessary to carry out the plan of enforced vaccination.

Justice Dugas pointed out the fact that the expense of maintaining six vaccinators at \$30 per day would cost \$180 every 24 hours, and while he was in favor of vaccination, if necessary, still the expense was heavy, and unless amply justified by the demands of health he did not think it advisable to incur the expense.

The all absorbing topic of city incorporation was introduced by a petition, which, though short in itself was very lengthy in its list of signers, there being several hundred names attached to it.

The petition set forth that the signers did not believe as good a government could be provided under a municipality as is enjoyed under the present government, and therefore prayed that the council would take no action looking towards incorporation, and was practically a vote of confidence in the council. It was signed by a list of names covering nine or ten pages of type-written paper, and it is believed sounded the death-knell of incorporation so far as present action is concerned.

The report of the committee appointed to examine into the working and deserts of the Salvation Army, in view of the fact that that institution had asked for \$500 as assistance in their work of harboring and providing work

for the destitute, showed that there are 13 inmates of the shelter who are being provided with work at \$5 per day, and that they pay the army 50 cents for meals and 25 cents for beds. This work is to saw wood.

After some discussion, during which it was said that the action of the council must not be taken as establishing a precedent, \$250 was voted for the purpose.

Many applications were on hand for the position of inspecting flues, and they were finally all referred to the committee on public works.

In the matter of investigating the manner in which mails are being handled, it was reported by the commissioner that the explanation of Mr. Pulham, of the C. D. Co., concerning delays earlier in the winter, went to show that there had been difficulty in getting the trail in condition, and that considerable trouble had been experienced in getting horses on the ground. Now, however, there are 17 mail stations between Dawson and Whitehorse and 23 head of horses, used exclusively in transporting mails. The explanation was deemed satisfactory and the charge was denied that any freight whatever had been hauled by mail teams.

Commissioner Ogilvie stated that the season had now come when it was desirable to begin laying the foundations for the new bridge across the Klondike, and he thought it advisable to call for tenders for supplying the timbers which are to enclose the two iron piers.

Considerable discussion was heard concerning the relative merits of contract and day labor in public work, and it was finally decided to call for tenders in the matter of timber and allow the actual construction work to remain open for further discussion.

The commissioner replied to two interrogations by Mr. Wilson, made at a previous meeting, one covering the present standing of the royalty question, and the other about what took Mr. Girouard to Ottawa. To the former question he said he hoped a little later to be in a position to report something, but that just now there was nothing. As to why the member referred to had gone to Ottawa he stated that Mr. Thomas O'Brien had represented to the government that by reason of the court orders growing out of the suit brought by the Nugget, he had been unable to collect tolls for a certain length of time on his tram road concession, and that thereby he had sustained a very heavy loss, and inasmuch as the order had eventually been reversed he thought he was entitled to reimbursement. Report after report on the matter has been forwarded, and the mails had failed to give the necessary relief sought, and consequently the council, not being of the belief that it owed Mr. O'Brien anything, it had been deemed advisable to send a member of the council to Ottawa to lay the matter before the government. In view of this statement it is interesting to call to mind the statement offered gratis by Mr. Girouard on the streets the morning he left, to the effect that such was not his mission.

A communication was read from the Liberal Association, asking that it be furnished with a list of the names of federal employes and their salaries. The communication stated that this request could not be complied with without the consent of the government, and a motion was made and carried to the effect that the matter be referred to the federal government.

After this came the feature of the evening; a passage at arms between Justice Dugas and Councilman Wilson. This grew out of the notice of a motion made by the latter at the last meeting, and resulted in victory for the justice.

The preamble and somewhat ambiguous wording of the notice was what caused the difference of opinion, the older member believing that the preamble contained a slur on the government, and resenting it accordingly.

The motion contained a resolution which, briefly stated, was to the effect that all employes of the territorial government receive not less than \$5 per day with board for their services, and the preamble set forth that the government had set a bad example to corporations and others in the matter of putting wages under the prevailing standard. It also set forth the fact that wages had been reduced out of keeping with the comparative cost of living, and that if this condition continued it would result in forcing labor to organize to resist the encroachments of capital.

After Justice Dugas had asked what the resolution really meant, and pointed out the slur on the government, and denied the charges concerning the reduction of wages, Mr. Wilson said it seemed plain enough to him what the resolution meant, and so far as the preamble was concerned, well, it was

only a preamble anyway, and cut no figure.

"It cuts a figure here, sir," replied Justice Dugas, "because we want to understand you. Does that resolution mean that the territorial government is to pay those wages, or that everyone will have to?"

"Certainly it only means that the government is to pay that, and in so doing to set an example to others and acknowledge the justice of it by so doing."

"Do you withdraw the rest of it? If so we can discuss the matter."

Mr. Wilson said he would withdraw the rest of it, in fact he would do anything he could and take anything he could get at the hands of the council, and wanted it generally understood that he had no notion of running the council. After that the bird of peace once more went to roost and harmony reigned again, and further discussion was postponed.

Mr. Wilson wanted to know if it would not be well for the council to meet fortnightly instead of weekly and have longer sessions, and the commissioner replied that owing to the fact that the only available place at present in which public meetings could be held was the courthouse, and as many of the members of the council were officials who had other and imperative duties to perform, which would render it impossible to hold prolonged meetings. Later, however, it was his opinion that the constitution would have to be amended in such a way as to admit of the council's meeting once or twice a year, and the work in the interim being done by committees empowered to act.

The meeting then adjourned till the next regular meeting night.

Chief of Mormonism.

Lorenzo Snow, the head of the Church of Latter Day Saints, commonly called Mormons, is perhaps the most influential man in Utah. He is very wealthy, and the church of which he is "first president," or virtual chief, likewise has great holdings of property in the state.

As one of the old school of Latter Day Saints President Snow believed in plural marriages. This fact is causing some comment now, for it is alleged that the venerable elder is neglecting three of the women who bear his name. They are said to charge that he is living with one wife in luxury in Salt Lake City, while they are neglected and treated in a niggardly manner in a small Utah town named Brigham. It is alleged that the elder is greatly under the influence of his latest wife, who is also said to be a younger and fairer woman than her predecessors.

The old man is nearing the end of his days, for he is about 86 years of age. His faculties and mental powers are, however, undimmed. He is of New England stock and Ohio birth and a graduate of the famous Oberlin college. When quite a young man, more than 60 years ago, he was attracted by the preaching of some of the founders of his church at Kirtland, O., and since then he has been one of its most devoted followers. He early grew into favor with the elders and was sent to Europe about the middle of the century to propagate the faith. Snow and his work soon attached him to Brigham Young, the late head of the Latter Day Saints, and he became one of Young's most devoted adherents and trusted lieutenants. He is enthusiastic in his praise of Young and devotion to his memory. Snow succeeded the late William Woodruff as head of the church in 1898.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Remarkable Contest.

Cincinnati, Dec. 11.—A remarkable contest over the \$5000 estate of Miss Mary Strauch, of Tacoma, Wash., began in probate court here today. Miss Strauch, who is 21 years old, is a daughter of the late Adolph Strauch, a famous landscape gardener. She is a member of a religious sect known as the "Church of the Living God," and was accompanied here by an elder. She declares she will turn all her estate over to her church. Her guardian, Leopold Burckhard, objects as does her mother.

Tacoma, Dec. 11.—Mary Strauch left Tacoma in company with 30 others for the Shiloh Home, in Maine, in June last under the charge of Evangelist Sanford. The girl's mother strenuously opposed her going and there was a sensational scene at the depot in the mother's effort to keep her daughter back. It was charged that the girl was spirited aboard the train. Mrs. Strauch McCall, the girl's mother, claims her daughter was hypnotized by members of the Shiloh party. N. H. Harriman and others allege Miss Strauch went of her own free will, carrying out a choice she had held for three years.

Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinks's.

STORY OF COLONIAL DAYS

When the King's Men Make Trouble in New England.

A Marriage That Was Believed by the Girl to be Off Forever, Took Place on Time.

Well, as I was saying, this is the way it came about: I was a young thing then, just turned 18. Your grandfather had been my playmate, hero and protector from the time that I was old enough to go to school. I had never thought of marrying any one but him, and so when he asked me to be his wife, why, of course, I said "Yes."

Well, it was in the spring of 1775 that we were to be married. Mother and I spent the winter getting my things made up, and I had as fine an outfit as a girl could possibly have in those days. The day set for the wedding was the 19th of April—yes, the very day on which the battle of Lexington occurred, as I have good reason to remember.

Those were anxious days for us. I remember how serious my father and brothers used to look as they discussed the events which were then taking place. Their only conversation was about rights, taxes and taxes.

When the towns began to raise "militiamen," why, of course, we raised a company in our town, and your grandfather and my brothers were members of it. We girls could not stand guard, of course, so in order to show our patriotism we all signed a paper in which we agreed not to have anything to do with the men of the town who refused to join the company.

The 19th of April was a beautiful day, though a warm one for the season. We were all up early that morning, for there was a great deal to be done. It was about 9 o'clock in the forenoon when my mother, who had been looking over some linen, suddenly raised her head, exclaiming as she did so, "Why, Mary, was that the meeting house bell?"

"What can it mean?" I cried, and, running to the window, I caught sight of our neighbor's sons, Joe and John Eaton, running down the road with their guns. Across the way Harry Wright was plowing the field. The boys called out to him as they passed, and, without stopping to unhitch the horse, he seized his gun and was off across the fields.

"It is an alarm, mother!" I cried, and, "The boys are down by the brook," she said. "The sound will not reach them. Run and tell them!"

Without delay I hurried to the kitchen, and, seizing the horn, I ran out of the house and started for the brook, which was some distance from the house. I blew a blast on the horn as I ran, and as the boys caught sight of me I pointed toward the road, where several men could be seen running with their guns. The boys understood, and, waving their hands to me, they were off across the field to the road.

"What do you suppose the matter is?" asked mother when I returned to the house.

"I do not know," was my reply, "but I am going to find out." And I ran out of the house and took a short cut across the fields to the meeting house, which was to be the gathering place if the alarm should ever be sounded. I, for one, had never expected to hear any alarm, for at home we hoped for a peaceful settlement of the difficulties. But when I reached the church and saw the whole town gathered on the green the men's stern air and the women's pale faces frightened me, and I began to fear that something serious was the matter.

"What is it? Where are they going?" I asked. And as I spoke the men came hurrying out of the meeting house, where they had heard a few words from Parson Smith, and, mounting their horses, rode off as fast as they could go. I looked for your grandfather, but he was not there. Catching sight of my father, I ran to him. "Have you seen Henry?" (that's your grandfather) I asked.

"Henry was at the tavern when the messenger rode through here," replied my father, "and, as he had his horse with him, he rode away without waiting for the company to assemble."

You may imagine my feelings as I turned to go home. This was my wedding day, and the man who was to marry me had ridden off without a word, knowing, too, that he might never return, if all they were saying about fights and resistance was true.

My father had reached home before me, and as I opened the door I heard mother ask, "Do you think it is anything serious, father?"

"I am afraid it may be, wife," he said. "The messenger said that Governor Gage has sent some of the king's

troops to destroy the supplies which have been stored at Concord. If the report is true, there will be resistance, and if it comes to that it will be very serious business for us."

My mother kept her fears to herself and did her best to make me feel that it would come out all right, but those

hours were the most anxious I ever spent. So through the day we watched and waited for news.

The first news that came to us from the fight at Lexington and the other doings of that day arrived about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when some minutemen from another town stopped at the tavern on their way home. They told the story of the day to the little crowd of anxious women who eagerly questioned them for news of some dear one.

My father would not let me go down to the tavern, but went down himself and brought us the news. I can see him now hurrying along the road.

"Something unusual has happened, Mary!" exclaimed my mother. "I never saw your father look so excited."

I hastened down the path to meet him.

"Bad news, my child; bad news!" he exclaimed. "There has been an encounter with the king's troops." And then, reading the question in my eyes, he continued, "But they brought no news of our men."

The hour set for the wedding was 8 o'clock, but it began to look as if there would be no wedding, for it was now after 7 o'clock, and none of our men had returned home.

Mother and I sat in silence in the kitchen while father walked back and forth in the room above.

At last we heard steps outside, and then my brother Arthur, who was among the first to reach home, staggered into the room. I sprang up and ran to him. He sank into the nearest chair, and his gun fell to the floor with a thud. Arthur was only a boy of 15, you must remember, and the day had been a terrible one.

When he had recovered a little, my father spoke. "What news do you bring, my son?" he asked.

Now, I had felt from the first that he had brought bad news, and by the way he hesitated and glanced from father to me and still did not speak I felt sure of it. So I put my worst fears into words.

"Arthur," I said, "is it Henry?"

"Listen," he said, speaking rapidly. "The king's troops were in full retreat when we reached the road. We did not keep with our companies, but each one found shelter as he was able behind trees, walls or fences. I met Henry as I was crossing a field, and we took shelter together and awaited the coming of the troops. We had just got settled when Henry caught sight of a flanking party coming right down on us. He called to the men near us to run for their lives, and at the same time we both jumped the wall and ran for a house which stood in the field just opposite. I reached the opposite wall in safety and turned round to look for Henry, but he was not with me. At that moment the troops came round a sudden turn in the road and sent some shots in our direction. At the risk of being shot at I stood up and looked across the road. He must have been hit by the flanking party, for he lay just by the wall."

"Are you sure it was he?" asked father.

"Yes; I knew him by the green on his powderhorn," replied my brother.

"You staid by and looked after him?" asked father.

"I tried to, sir, but the troops came down on us, and we were obliged to move on. I went back to the place as soon as I could, but I must have mistaken the spot, for I could not find him."

Meanwhile I sat in my chair, feeling as if I had just awakened from a bad dream. I did not fully realize what had happened, for it seemed impossible.

"Here are some people, Mary," said mother. "You would better go up to your room and lie down."

I did as I was told. There on the bed lay my wedding gown. I could not bear to look at it, and, picking it up, I placed it in the large chest in which my linen was packed and pulled down the lid; then I threw myself on the bed, and tears came to my relief. So I lay there thinking over the events of the day, my wedding day that was to have been. How different from what I had anticipated!

Suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming up the road at a furious pace. I sat up and listened.

"Somebody is riding on an important errand," I said to myself. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the rider, whoever he was, drew rein at our door. Then there were a murmur of voices and an opening and shutting of doors and then my mother's voice calling to me: "Mary, Mary; child, come down! Henry is here. He's come!"

Scarcely believing that I heard aright, I got up, and ran down stairs and into the kitchen, and there before me, his face pale as death, with a blood stained bandage bound about his forehead, stood your grandfather.

"Mary," he cried, holding out his hands to me. "I am in time! The clock has not struck yet!"

Then Parson Elder, who had come over to hear the news from Arthur, came forward and said, "Shall I perform the ceremony now?"

So right then and there your grandfather, in his working clothes, all stained with dust and blood, and in my morning calico, were married.—Forward.

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

EFFECT OF BLOWS ON HEAD

Being Struck With a Water Pitcher Reforms a Crook.

The Use of a Policeman's Club Makes a Crook Out of an Honest Shirt-maker.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

I am something of a reformer not only in theory, but in practice, and when I discovered the man up a tree I determined to try my hand at elevating his moral standard. I hold that no man is so bad that he can't be reformed to a certain extent, and I hold that any way to bring about a betterment of his moral character is justifiable. I mean by that, to speak frankly and plainly, that, while some men can be reformed by sympathy and encouragement, others need a rap on the head with a baseball bat to arouse their dormant integrity and ambition.

I had extended sympathy and more or less financial aid to this man up a tree. In a burst of confidence he had confessed to me that he had been a swindler, a gambler, a confidence man and a great deal more. He had been "laid away" in prison two or three times during his career, had sailed under a dozen different names, and he might have admitted a murder or two had I not cut him short. I draw the line at murder. I can set out with a great deal of confidence in the task of reforming burglars, highway robbers, incendiaries, perjurers, and so forth, but when it comes to murderers I hesitate. Having become interested in this man, I didn't want him to own up to anything worse than robbing a blind man or burning an orphan asylum. He had come to me as a man who had at last seen the error of his ways and sighed to take another track and be counted with the good and respectable. He had given me the name of H. Jones-Jones. It struck me that there was an extra amount of Jones about him, but the name is an honest one, and I didn't find fault about it. He was a man of about 45, with all the evidences of his career in his face, but I didn't look for babylike innocence in his eyes. When he threw himself upon my mercy, as it were—when he made a clean breast of his wicked career and added that if anyone would point out the path of honesty he would turn into it and travel on without a limp, I agreed to take him in hand. He had whiskers with which the police were acquainted, and I sent him to a barber shop. He had clothes which gave him away as a dead game sport, and I bought him a modest suit of blue. Then I gave him money for a week's vacation from crime, and when the vacation was over we were to see what further could be done. I took my week off at the same time and brought up amid the fresh buttermilk and dew kissed golden-rod of the country.

On the second night of my stay, as I sat by my open window at midnight to finish the last of my cigar and wonder if my Jones-Jones had kept straight during the last 48 hours, I suddenly caught sight of him on the ground below. It was a farmhouse hotel at which I was stopping. I had a corner room, and at that corner of the house stood a large apple tree. I had observed that a big limb branched out so close to my window that I could have descended by it. What you can descend by you can also ascend by. I had no sooner caught sight of Jones-Jones at the foot of the tree at an hour when everybody was supposed to be in bed than I understood that he intended to pay me a secret visit. How he had tracked me to my lair was of no consequence. Why he should imagine that I had brought along any great amount of boodle on my weeks' outing I didn't stop to figure. Indeed I am not sure that he had tracked me. In looking for country board he might have stumbled upon the place. He might have thought the open window belonged to another boarder. No matter how it was, however, Mr. Jones-Jones had no sooner begun to climb that apple tree than I made ready to receive him with all due hospitality. There was no club in the room, but the water pitcher had been filled for the night and made a good weapon. Armed with that I took my stand on one side of the window and waited. Jones-Jones was not an impetuous man. He had all night in which to climb and creep, and it was at least 15 minutes before he grasped my window sill with his hands and drew his body into the opening. I waited with patience until he had reached a particular position and then brought the pitcher down upon his

head. The idea was to administer an anesthetic, and it was a success. He pitched forward into the room with a long drawn sigh, and I lighted a lamp and took from his wrist the "billy" which he had bought in town with my money to use as a "cracker" in case in his sleeping victim woke up before being plundered. Then I forced brandy between his teeth, bathed his face with water, and in the course of a quarter of an hour my midnight visitor had so far recovered his senses that I ventured to remark:

"Well, Jones-Jones, why didn't you tell me that you were coming, that I might be on the lookout for you?"

Jones-Jones sat up. He didn't recognize me. He himself had a different look on his face. That dissipated but yet crafty look had disappeared, and in its place was wonderment if not honesty. It was my wicked man in the flesh, but not in the spirit. He got off the floor and felt of the bump on his head and sat down on a chair, and it was a long five minutes before he said:

"Sir, my name is Brown-Brown, and I don't exactly understand the situation. Am I in your room, or are you in mine?"

"I believe it's my room," I replied, "but being as you arrived late and the landlord is asleep you can stop until morning."

"Very kind of you, sir—extremely kind. As to this bump on my head—is it a bump or not? If it's a bump, how did I receive it?"

"You hit your head on the door in the darkness, I believe."

"Ah! Just so. Very stupid of me, but it's only a trifle. Now, then, Mr. Ashmere, as to the business in hand. If you think you can advance me \$500, I am sure I can make a go of it."

It took me a little while to catch on, but by and by I discovered that Jones-Jones had been knocked out and Brown-Brown had taken his place. Jones-Jones was a crook who wanted to reform; Brown-Brown was a poor but honest man who wanted to go into the making of shirts. He knew nothing whatever of Jones-Jones. He picked up the conversation as if he had been talking about the business when the accident happened. He called me by another name than my own, and it was plain to me that he was also another man. I sounded him about crime and state prison, but he solemnly assured me that he had never been arrested. He was Brown-Brown as far as his name went, but as for his past history he was rather hazy on the subject.

I had turned Jones-Jones, the crook, back into Brown-Brown the honest man, by a knock on the head. It was rapid transit reformation, and I looked upon the problem as solved. Having been willing to assist a crook, I could not refuse an honest man. When my week was up, we went back to town together, and I gave Brown-Brown money enough to set up in shirtmaking. He had on the clothes I had bought Jones-Jones. He had the hair, the eyes, the mouth and the build of the crook, but there had been a change of souls. As far as the present went he was bright and talkative, but when asked of the past he looked puzzled and could not figure it out. The doctors agreed with me that it was the whack on the head that had made Brown-Brown of Jones-Jones and that the police ought to be given full power to go around breaking water pitchers over crooks' craniums; but, alas, that was a twist of the business we hadn't the foresight to discover and prepare for.

My man prospered wonderfully well. People said he was a little eccentric, but he was honest and a hard worker. In one year he had paid me back half my money and built up a good business. One day a detective entered the store to make a purchase. He had known Jones-Jones as a crook. He knew that Jones-Jones had a crooked finger on his right hand and a mole on his left cheek. When he discovered that Brown-Brown had these same identification marks, he began to look at him more closely, and by and by he made up his mind that the old crook stood before him. He was so sure of it that he set out to make an arrest. Brown-Brown was an honest man, but in his surprise he started to make a bolt of it. As he ran out of his shop and down the street, pursued by the detective, he encountered a policeman who tapped him on the head with his club. Brown-Brown went down like a log and was carried off to the station. I was present when his senses returned, and you can imagine my feelings when he sat up and said:

"Well, you've got me at last, but I gave you a run for it. You fellows ain't half sharp."

"You are Jones-Jones, the crook," said the sergeant.

"Of course I am, and the slickest crook in the country. Is it that bank business you want me for this time?"

"Mr. Brown-Brown"—I began as I

stepped forward, but the crook stopped me with:

"Who in blank is Brown-Brown?"

Then I realized how it was. I had smashed Jones-Jones, the crook, over the head with a water pitcher and changed him into Brown-Brown, the honest shirt constructor. The policeman had smashed Brown-Brown with his club and changed him back into Jones-Jones, the crook. The taps on the head had done the business. My tap was all right, and I had founded a new theory upon it, and invested \$500 in cash. But I hadn't foreseen that a second tap might come any day, as come it did and my theory had been knocked into a cocked hat, and I was \$250 out.

M. QUAD.

He Knew all About It.

A well dressed, rotund and kindly appearing old gentleman happened to pass by a vacant lot on North Twenty-fourth street while a lot of small boys were engaged in playing a match game of baseball. It was a game between the Parker street Bohunkers and Blondo street Geehilikers for the championship of the election precinct, and a warm game it was.

The old gentleman watched the game with great interest and applauded every good play.

"That's the stuff!" he shouted as the Bohunkers' catcher nailed a base runner at second.

"Lead off! Lead off!" he shrieked as the Bohunkers' base runner on third showed a disposition to hit the base.

"Ginger up! Ginger up! Now you're off! Slide! Slide!"

"You're quite excited," remarked a young man who was also watching the game.

"You bet!" said the old man. "I used to catch for the old Peoria Red Socks in 1872, and I guess I wasn't the poorest that ever happened. Say, I've got a record as a back stop. Ding me if I ain't going to ask the boys to let me catch an inning!"

The Geehilikers kindly consented to let the old gentleman catch an inning for the Bohunkers, and he grabbed a mitt and stepped into position. Of course you who have wasted valuable time in reading this little story are prepared to exclaim:

"The old duffer got the ball on the fisser the first flop out of the box."

Well, that's just where your thinker doesn't track. The old man froze fast to every curve shot over the plate, slammed the ball down to second and caught a base runner by ten feet and made a long sprint and nailed a pop-up foul that looked as if it were going to drop outside the lot.

"I guess I ain't lost my old catching eye yet," he exclaimed as he laid down his mitt at the end of the inning and made a run for his car.—Omaha World-Herald.

A Shrewd Deal.

"It is all right to talk about the robber railroads, but we get robbed once in awhile ourselves," said the right of way agent. "The railroad that I am working for has been engaged for some time in straightening out the curves on its line, and the work has kept me busy getting the necessary right of way of the farmers whose land we run through. There is nothing that will increase the value of a farm so much as an impression that a railroad will need some of it. But I got along fairly well until last week, when to straighten out a bad curve I found that we would have to buy a few feet from the farm that adjoins our right of way. The moment I set eyes on that piece of ground I saw that I was going to have trouble with the owner, for upon it was a newly made grave. I hated to approach the man, but a railroad can't afford to be sentimental, so I put the case before him.

"What," he cried, "disturb those hallowed bones?"

"I am sorry," I answered, "but it is absolutely necessary that we have the land that the grave is on."

"Well, the old man protested with tears in his eyes and threatened to take the matter into court, the last thing that I desired to do, as I wouldn't care to say what a jury would do after a lawyer was through with them. I argued with him and finally got the land that we desired by paying him five times what it was worth.

"Now," said I after the papers were passed, "I suppose you will remove the remains at once?"

"Guess not," said he.

"Well, I guess you will!" said I sharply. "That land belongs to us now."

"Well," he drawled, "I don't suppose the old hog what's buried there cares whether he is removed or not."

"Say, that old sharper had buried nothing there but a measly hog and then shed tears over the hallowed bones till I weakened."

"Well, it was on me. So after advising the old fellow to be careful in the future and not bury any more of his relatives near our right of way I left."

—Ex.

DAWSON'S WATER SUPPLY

The Only Plant of the Kind in the World.

Successfully Operated in Extreme Cold Without First Heating the Water.

"A prophet never acquires honor in his own country." There is much philosophy in that expression. The same lack of recognition is noticeable, for instance in unusual enterprises which if maintained in any other city but our own would attract our keenest interest, while those which are carried on in our midst are taken as a matter of course. In this regard the water system now in operation in the city of Dawson is operated under conditions found in no other place in the world, and is the only city of the world in northern latitudes with the possible exception of St. Petersburg, which enjoys an uninterrupted water service during the winter months. As far as is known the feasibility of sending water through mains of a city during intense cold without being first artificially heated has never before been proven until successfully demonstrated right here in the city of Dawson.

So far, however, the enterprise is not a paying one, as the revenues derived by the water company is in no wise a compensation for the capital invested.

In an interview with the manager of the water company Mr. Dan Matheson, he furnished the following information relative to the plant:

"The water is taken from a well near the Klondike river sunk some 36 feet in depth, the flow of water entering the well in an entirely opposite direction from the course of the Klondike or Yukon rivers which leads me to believe that the supply does not come from those streams, but from a subterranean spring.

"The capital represented is some \$55,000 and the cost of operating is from \$70 to \$75 per day. The water is pumped direct into the mains from the well under such pressure that the pipes are kept open by that means, the outlets or taps being within inclosed houses in which fires are kept constantly burning. There are eight of these houses maintained.

"We have one mile of pipe laid at present and we have several more miles of pipe which will be put down next spring. One of our mains now extends the full length of Second avenue, but the terminus of flowing water is at the corner of Third street. Another pipe line extends down Third avenue from Mission to Harper street and Second avenue.

"Next season we will lay pipes along First avenue its full length to a point beyond St. Mary's hospital, also along the full length of Second and Third avenues. The line along First avenue will be a six-inch main, Second avenue will be eight inches and Third avenue four inches. There will be another four-inch main extending up Mission to Tenth avenue, and along the hillside to the extreme northerly end of the city. This main will be tapped with smaller pipes on all the streets which intersect, thereby inclosing the city in a complete and thorough system. It is our intention to pipe direct to the houses next season and we will run that system all of next winter."

Housekeeping in Dawson.

The woes attendant upon housekeeping in Dawson while, not to be compared for a moment with those of the sour dough miners, are still real enough to the ambitious housekeeper, and if she happens to be inexperienced and of a social turn, given to a love of social dinners, etc., some of the trials which fall to her lot become positively pathetic.

A young wife not long resident in Dawson, has learned to her sorrow that keeping house in Dawson and entertaining a few friends occasionally, is one thing and that doing the same thing in her former home in another. The whole difficulty lies in the matter of competent help, and by no means in the market, where about everything can be procured that goes to load or grace the table anywhere.

Not long since the lady in mind had arranged for a certain number of friends to take dinner at her home, and thinking to lighten her burden, she thought-ful husband sent her a woman to help in the preparation of the meal. The person sent was supposed to know all about cooking a dinner, and have some ideas as to the amount of the various component parts of the meal necessary to prepare for a stated number of peo-

ple, and, therefore, her coming was hailed with delight by the prospective hostess, who, because of her short residence in Dawson and her inexperience with cold winter weather was not getting on as well as she could have wished, although she and those who know her are quite sure that she could have done better without the help.

"How much coffee do I need," was one of the first things she asked of the woman who knew all about it.

"Just leave that to me," was the answer "I'll make the coffee," and she did. She made coffee not only for a few guests, but enough to last the whole neighborhood for a week. The next day after the affair was over, there was enough coffee to fill every available dish in the house.

After the question of coffee was disposed of there came the question of salad. If there was anything in the world that this walking encyclopedia of cookery knew about it was making salad. She therefore assumed the burden of the great responsibility and made salad. About the time she got ready to make this dish, the mistress was called away to another part of the house where she was detained for some time, and upon returning found that enough salad had been made to feed the Yukon Field Force. A case of canned jobsters had been purchased and the person of exhaustive culinary knowledge had got at it with a can opener with the result that every tin in the box was opened and mixed with the previously prepared sauce.

However, there was one redeeming feature to all this; everything prepared was good, and the entertainment a consequent success, although the hostess thinks in future she will be able to dispense with the services of help in arranging her dinners.

Dawsonites Warned.

Editor Daily Nugget: In order to insure protection for Dawson people who intend making a trip to American territory by way of Forty-mile river, I wish simply to state the treatment we received at the hands of the American customs collector at Boundary.

The law provides that each miner shall be allowed \$100 worth of American goods free of duty, which Mr. McCarty, collector, allowed us, but when it came to our dogs, three of which came from Seattle in October, it was a different proposition. He told us when it came to valuation that we were to place value upon our own dogs, which we did, placing them at \$125. Then McCarty said that he would not put the dogs in at any such money. We suggested for him to place the value on them, but he stated that he could not under the law appraise the dogs himself, but that he would not allow us to perjure ourselves and that he would not value the four dogs at less than \$200. We told him that the dogs were not worth that money and that they would not cost us that in Dawson, to which we were willing to make affidavit, but all to no avail. He arose and in a high-keyed voice said he would show the people from Dawson they could not run his office and that if we did not like those values he would appoint appraisers at our expense.

McCarty while in Fortymile made the assertion, which I am prepared to prove, in language not permissible here, that he would show them this winter; he would make them pay duty on the lash ropes on their sleds. To say the least, Mr. McCarty is one of the greatest hindrances to the development of the Fortymile country that could be placed in any country, for instead of acting as a servant to the people who pays him his salary he is acting the part of a czar, and from his ruling there is no appeal, as there is no one to whom one can appeal nearer than Eagle, some 70 miles distant.

Anyone contemplating the trip should get a consular certificate, being very sure to express definitely the exact date of the shipment, if American dogs, and have everything right, for it there is the slightest possible chance McCarty will turn it down. During my stay one man came up from Eagle City, but McCarty refused to let him pass without paying duty, so the party left his dogs and mushed on foot to the creeks. McCarty formerly gave three days in which to make the trip to the creeks, and if one returned inside that time duty was returned, but even this he denied us.

In justice to McCarty I will say that last year it seems that he was quite lenient but he charged some Dawson man more than he thought right and he reported McCarty at Washington, and since that time McCarty has, like all narrow-minded people, Indians included, wreaked out vengeance on all Dawson people.

C. L. LA PLANT, Washington.

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

NOT WANTED IN THE KITCHEN

He Could Exercise His Social Nature in the Bunk House.

Story on a Dawson Man Published in Seattle and San Francisco Papers.

From Saturday's Daily.
A good story was recently published in the Seattle and San Francisco papers, concerning the last trip out of J. R. McGovern.

Mac, it appears stopped with his party at a roadhouse, and when he entered the main room, he glanced into the kitchen, the door of which was standing open, and recognized a lady whom he had met in Bennett the year previous. She recognized him and he stepped into the kitchen where he sat down and fell to chatting with her.

He hadn't been there very long before her husband, whom he had never met, came in and said:
"Now I'd like to know what you are doing in here?"

"Oh, I just dropped in for sociability's sake," replied McGovern, who felt a little queer, although he is not generally easily taken aback.

"Well, you can just drop out then, and be as sociable as you like in the bunk house."

"Ever since then," said Mr. McGovern, in telling the story, "I have refrained from visiting roadhouse kitchens unless by special invitation of all the members of the firm."

Rose to the Occasion.

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany, Grunewald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. Besides himself there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in English books and an English family of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They laughed a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displeased the haughty British matrifamilias greatly.

To the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and "leggy" girl of the typical elongated English variety—they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans!"

A pretty young American looked up and swept Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches.

"Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"—Ex.

Believes in the Kougarok.

A. H. Melville, one of the proprietors of the Nome Nugget, who has been in the city for the last week, believes that the Kougarok district will be the chief center of interest in the north next spring, and that Port Clarence will eventually supersede Nome as a port of entry, because of its safe and commodious harbor. He is going north again by the first boat next season.

Mr. Melville is a veteran newspaper man, his training having been received in the larger cities of the East and Middle West. In speaking of Alaska, he said:

"There will be a big rush to the Kougarok district next season, especially to the Bluestone region, which undoubtedly is very rich. The population of Nome will hardly exceed 30,000 people next year when the movement north is at its highest point, because of the number who will go on to the new district.

"Another effect of the development of Kougarok will be the creation of Port Clarence as a port of entry instead of Nome. The former place is more convenient to the new gold fields, and in addition has a splendid harbor where ships may safely lie at anchor during the roughest weather. At Nome, as you know, ships are compelled to remain a long distance out from the beach, which is strewn with wreckage of all kinds.

"If any man takes a good supply of

first-class merchandise to Nome, he should clear a handsome profit. There are enough saloons there already and it would hardly be a safe investment to take liquors north next season. Taking a broad view of affairs, Nome has turned out very satisfactory. I should estimate that about 15 per cent of the people who went there have come back well pleased. About 50 per cent cleared expenses and the other 35 per cent lost money by the venture. Many of the third class are still up there, while the others as a rule have come out for the winter and will return in the spring.

"From present indications I believe a municipal government will be organized next year and that a regular police force will take the place of the soldiers, with the latter as a sort of auxiliary protection. One result of this should be the lessening of petty offenses against the law, which, under present conditions, are very rarely punished. It is expected also that another season will see Nome established with a \$50,000 electric light plant and other municipal improvements."—P. I.

DAWSIE SHULTZ.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ever been paid by him for the support of the child, and that he has never so much as written to explain his conduct. The closely written sheet closes with the statement that unless he is heard from immediately his child will be sent to a foundling's home, as the writer can no longer maintain her, living as she does with her daughter who already has a large family. The other letter merely makes necessary explanations to the friend who is asked to deliver it.

The gentleman who has the letters says that at the request of the writer made in a former letter he hunted up Schultz and talked to him about the matter, and that he told him at the time that he had never heard from Mrs. Hume concerning his child or its welfare, but promised to write at once and send some money.

Just where Schultz now is, or what he is doing is not known. Whether or not the statements made in Mrs. Hume's letter are wholly or in part true, is, of course open to doubt, and there may be other circumstances thus far not of record, which would place a different aspect on the matter were they known. But so far as little Dawsonie Klondike Schultz is concerned, the present result is alike true or false.

She is just a poor little waif who no one seems to want or care for, and she is Dawson's first born.

His One Reason.

When asked for his views concerning the matter of incorporating the city a short time since a prominent citizen and rather heavy property holder said:

"I am in favor of incorporation for one reason, and only one. It is a pretty well known fact that when the river opens in the spring the gambling houses will be required to close, and when that time comes rents will come down and naturally when they do there will be a noticeable depreciation in property values. Now, if by incorporating the city and by that means keep property values up to their present standing I, for one, am in favor of incorporating.

"I do not say this because I am in favor of gambling, because I am strictly opposed to it on general principles, and personally never go near a game, but if this can be used as a means to an end I am in favor of it."

Following up this clue to see if there might possibly be anything in favor of incorporation in the argument advanced, it was found that the gentleman's grounds for believing that incorporation as a means of perpetuating gambling and thereby maintaining the present real estate values, was but an empty dream. The facts in the matter are that gambling and prostitution is, strictly speaking, diametrically opposed to the laws of the Dominion of Canada, and, therefore, no civic government could prevent the enforcement of that law. Whether or not the action of municipalities, were one formed; would act in such a way as to accord with the theories of the citizen referred to is a matter of speculation altogether and from all the present indications must remain so for some time to come at least, as the petition presented to the council at its last meeting was signed by over 350 names, and all are rate payers.

Have your watch cleaned, repaired and adjusted by an expert. E. A. Cochran, Second st.

Goods sold on commission at Meeker's.

Men's fur lined gloves and mitts. Sargent & Pinsky's.

Outside fresh cabbage at Meeker's.

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

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.

When in want of laundry work call up 'phone 52.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meeker's.

Fine line of 25c goods. Rochester.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

COMING AND GOING.

The A. E. Co. is sending a special messenger to Eagle City today. He will carry with him a file of the Semi-Weekly Nugget of the past few months.

Harry Edwards is said to be at work on a new masterpiece of art concerning the subject of which he is very mysterious.

Freight rates from Whitehorse this winter are materially lower than last, as heavy freight is now being contracted for at 25 cents, and light bulky freight slightly higher.

The case of Albert Northup charged with assaulting Geo. E. Ames was heard in police court this morning, judgment being reserved by Magistrate Rutledge until this evening. The trouble occurred on Chechako Hill over the possession of a claim which is owned by Northup's uncle, but on which Ames has a lay.

Mr. W. H. Parsons, of the Ames Mercantile Co., is to be given a full dress dinner tomorrow by his employees prior to his departure to the outside. He leaves for the coast next Tuesday morning.

A miniature stampede was started yesterday for a creek immediately below the lake near Moosehide. Pay was reported to have been struck on discovery, from 25 cents to 35 cents a pan.

The sun today shone on the high cabins near the big slide for the first time in many days. Yesterday Old Sol was visible for a few minutes by residents of Dawson.

The signs which were ordered removed last spring by the police are gradually making their appearance again on First avenue.

The Dr. Bettinger mystery is occupying the attention of the police all along the trail to Whitehorse. No new developments have been reported.

Another Dog Story.

"Talk about the intelligence of dogs," said a local dog fancier a day or two since, "I have one that thinks and reasons from cause to effect.

"Flossie, that is her name, has been raised in the house, a pet, and is just as sensitive when reproved for any canine misconduct as a child would be.

"A few days ago she was guilty of some breach of manners, and was led to the door and told that she had been a very bad dog, and that she must go away, as she was no longer wanted. The poor little thing tucked her tail and slowly went down from the piazza. Little thought was given the matter at the time, but an hour later when Flossie was called she did not come, nor could she be found about the place.

"During the afternoon a little girl who lives near by came in leading Flossie by a string, saying she had brought her home. The dog had gone there, scatched for admission on the door, and on being admitted had gone to the stove and lay down as if she had been raised there.

"Now, she had never been to the house before but once, and was then taken there to play with the little girl. You can say what you please about dogs not thinking, but to me it is quite evident that Flossie thought when she was turned out that it was for keeps, and deliberately chose her future home."

Masonic Temples.

"An interesting comparison concerning Masonic temples may be drawn between England and America," said a master Mason recently, in speaking of the different customs of the two countries.

"In America the order builds great and expensive temples and halls for its own use, while in most of the cities of England they build none. The work is done for them without expense in this way.

"Those who put up buildings for cafes, build a hall overhead which is furnished and maintained for the purpose, and all that is expected of the members who attend the meetings held there, is that they will buy a cup of coffee or a lunch of some sort on leaving.

"In this respect, the custom observed in America is much the oldest, as temple building began in Egypt, and the practice spoken of in England is an innovation."

Not All.

Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny?
Johnny—My father.
"What, all of it?"
"No'm. I helped him."—Truth.

A real scene of troops in action hardly exists. Pictures of them are taken at odd spells and out of danger's reach, guns and troops being used for the purpose.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

WOMAN'S VOCATION.

With woman's nimble fingers
Awake life's beauty everywhere;
Things small and unregarded
Beneath thy touch shall change to fair.

With woman's tender insight
Unspoken sorrow understand;
The watcher's aching forehead
Shall yield unto thy cooling hand.

With woman's noble purity,
Be as the snow white lilies are,
Their glowing heart shall beckon
And be the wanderer's guiding star.

With woman's strength eternal,
Thy life, for others freely given,
Shall shine afar, translucent,
Clear as the crystal gate of heaven.
—Carmen Sylva in North American Review.

Powers of Endurance.

"When my grandfather was a young man," said the boy with a snub nose, "he could run ten miles without stopping."

"I heard my grandfather make a prayer 25 minutes long once at a prayer meetin'," responded the boy with the dirty face, "an it didn't feaze him."—Chicago Tribune.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge (U. D.) A. F. & F. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte 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.

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

HENRY BLEEKER FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLEEKER & DE JOURNEL Attorneys at Law Office—Second street, in the Joalin Building, Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel, Dawson.

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

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

TABOR, WALSH & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers. Telephone No. 49. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

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

MINING ENGINEERS.

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

WANTED.

WANTED—Experienced woman cook. For a few weeks only. Apply Nugget Office.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinsky's.

"HIGH GRADE GOODS"

Start the New Year Right

Buy Only First-Class Goods

GIVE US A SAMPLE ORDER

S-Y.T. CO., SECOND AVENUE.

TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY - THEATRE

Grand Sunday Concert

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1901.

Misses Walthers & Forrest	Madam Lloyd	Miss Edith Montrose	Mons. D'Aulais	Tenor
Mr. Sutherland	Bass	S. P. Fremuth	Violin Solo	C. Rennie
Rube Lyon	Saxophone Solo			

SAVOY ORCHESTRA

The Standard Theatre

WEEK OF JANUARY 1st, 1901.

A revelation in neatness, positive appearance of the famous dancing wonders CARRIE WINCHELL TWINS JULIA Positive appearance of the celebrated Singing, Dancing, Acrobatic and Knock-about Comedians, GEO. TROXELL and BILLY EVANS.

The only DOLAN. EDWIN B. LANG, Character Comedian. GRAND MIKADO MASQUE BALL. New Year's Eve. Magnificent Japanese Costumes, Pretty Girls, Multicolored Lights, Standard Theatre Orchestra.

Mail Is Quick

Telegraph Is Quicker

'Phone Is Instantaneous

YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE

SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD

RUNION

And All Way Points.

Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.

Business Phones, \$25 Per Month

Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month

Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.

DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER

Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.

The Orpheum

THEATRE

ALEC. PANTAGES, MANAGER.

WEEK COMMENCING JAN. 7th, 1901.

Nat. E. Goodwin's

Great Success

"Our Strategists"

Thursday Night, Immediately

After the Play,

Grand Cake Walk

Prize \$50. Everybody Invited.

The Old Favorites are all at The Orpheum

Fresh Stall Fed BEEF

All Kinds of Meats

Game In Season

Bay City Market

Chas. Bossuyt & Co.

THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.



An Appropriate Illustration...

Says More Than Many Words

If you were a sign painter a cut like this published in the right way would help your business.

AT THE NUGGET SHOP

we make all kinds of

ENGRAVINGS

The only plant in this territory.