

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 43

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

GERMANS AID BOERS. STRIKE ON GOLD RUN.

The British Plan of Campaign and One Hundred Men Drop Their Shovels and Quit.

Emperor William Is Hobnobbing in England. Refuse to Sign Contract Required by Owners.

A Telegraph Cable to Be Laid at Once From Seattle to Skaguay.

Contract Called for Payment at the Time of the Clean-Up.

And On to Manila—Cost to Be \$3,000,000—British Troops to Recapture Ladysmith and to Be a Combined Attack of All British—Dewey's New Wife Precipitates a Scandal—Gen. Michoff Accused of Murder.

It Was Left Optional With the Owners to Retain or Discharge Their Men Without Paying Back Wages Until the Clean-Up—Nearly All the Men in Dawson.

SPECIAL TO THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

London, via Skagway, Nov. 21.—The Boer forces are being reinforced by German volunteers. Numerous companies in the Boer regiments are under command of German officers, while the best artillerymen in the Boer service are the German volunteers.

BRITISH ASSUME THE OFFENSIVE.

London, via Skagway, Nov. 22.—The British forces in three divisions are preparing for a general invasion of the Transvaal. The first objective point will be for the relief of Ladysmith. A strong detachment under Cleary has been detailed for this purpose, and is all ready for an advance.

Simultaneous with this movement an invasion of the Orange Free State will be begun under Gatacre, whose regiments are among the best and most thoroughly equipped of any in the English service. At the same time Methune, by forced marches, will hasten to the relief of Kimberly. When the Boers are driven back from the great center of the diamond industry, Methune will in all probability make an advance into the interior.

It is believed at the colonial department that in the event success attends the simultaneous movements of the three divisions, that general demoralization among the Boers will result and the beginning of the end will be reached.

LADY SALISBURY DEAD.

London, via Skagway, Nov. 21.—Lady Salisbury, wife of Lord Salisbury, died last evening from a stroke of paralysis. Her death was entirely unexpected.

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN ENGLAND.

London, via Skagway, Nov. 21.—Emperor William is paying a visit to England and everywhere is meeting with a most enthusiastic welcome. All the London papers comment very strongly upon the political significance of the emperor's visit at this particular juncture. The Times in a vigorous edi-

ARCTIC SAW MILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME AND MINING LUMBER

At Lowest Prices. Order Now.

At Mill, Upper Ferry, Klondike river. J.W. Boyle

Boyle's Wharf.

torial, extends felicitations to the German people, and predicts an era of good fellowship between the two nations resulting from the emperor's visit.

The Berlin press are unanimous in asserting that the visit is merely a pleasant family affair and is without other significance.

PACIFIC CABLE.

Seattle, via Skagway, Nov. 21.—A gigantic plan for the laying of an inter-Pacific electric cable has at length reached practical proportions. The scheme embraces the laying of a cable from Seattle to Manila in the Philippine islands. Also a cable will be extended northward from Seattle along the coast, connecting at Skagway, Sitka, Kodiak and Dutch Harbor.

The estimated cost will reach \$3,000,000. Work has already been begun.

DEWEY'S HOME.

Washington, D. C., via Skagway, Nov. 21.—Admiral Dewey has transferred the home presented to him by the American people to his wife. The action has aroused considerable acrimonious newspaper criticism.

TWO BATTLES.

London, via Skagway, Nov. 21.—Two battles between the Boers and British occurred near Ladysmith between the 15th and 20th of the month. The British made a sortie and attacked the Boers, who were besieging the town. In both engagements the Boers sustained heavy losses, while the British casualties were comparatively light. Estcourt, where the main force of the Boers is mobilized, is now the center of interest in the war.

CONGRESS READY.

Washington, D. C., via Skagway, Nov. 21.—All preparations are ready for the meeting of congress, which takes place on Monday, Dec. 4.

Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine, who for so long has wielded the gavel from the chairman's desk has retired to the practice of law in New York, and will be succeeded by Congressman Henderson. The new speaker has a reputation as a parliamentarian second only to that of the great Reed himself.

(Continued on Page 8.)

One hundred men working for Messrs Chute & Wills on claims No. 15, 16, 17, 27 and 28, Gold Run struck and quit work on Sunday last.

The strike was the result of a contract which the owners of the claims required the men to sign.

O. A. Staner, one of the strikers, states that the contract specified that no money should be paid the men until the clean-up in the spring. That all

wages would be paid in commercial dust at \$16 per ounce. That, according to the terms of the contract the right was held by the owners to discharge the men at any time without cause, and make no payments for services until the clean-up. The men considered the contract too one-sided and quit in a body. Nearly all have come into Dawson.

Nugget jewelry to order at Sale & Co.

VICE PRESIDENT HOBART DEAD

Special to The Klondike Nugget, 2 p. m.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 23.—Vice-President Hobart died at the family residence last night. The funeral will take place December 2.

AT THE THEATRES.

The theaters have not abated by one jot the excellence of their performances.

"Camille" is put on at the Opera house by special request. The dainty little "Blossom" is super-excellent in the many gentle passages of the play. Hillyer, of course, takes the part of Duval, a character in which he has been seen several times in Dawson and in which he is strong. Paul Bordman takes the part of the ancient father, who only appears once in the play. Lucy Lovel acts as Nichette, Julia Wolcotte as Madame Prudence, with other characters by the company.

The mounting of "Camille" is better than ever before. There is an energy and "go" in the play as prepared by Manager Bordman, which shows him to be heart and soul in his work. Nothing like the plays he is presenting has been seen in Dawson before.

In the Opera house olio must be mentioned the trombone solos of Martin Hobbs; the combination of Mullen and

Bouthelair; the charming contralto of Nellie Forsythe, the specialty work of Bordman, the team work of Rodney and Forrester, together with the retention of all the old favorites.

THE MONTE CARLO.

The Monte Carlo maintains the high standard set for this house. The opening play is "The Miner's Daughter," with Conchita in the title role, Eddie O'Brien as Zuba Hall, J. B. Shaw as Bummer Smith, Dick Maurettus as Alfred Moor and John Mulligan as Judge McKinley, are a whole show in themselves.

The Monte Carlo specialties are great. The O'Briens are reproducing their "Sheeny" turn which made such a hit two months ago. Annie, in the role of a "sawed off" Hebrew must be seen to be appreciated. Mulligan and Linton are as popular and as good as ever in one of their many rollicking sketches.

Conchita gives us the "Lime Kiln Club" as few Dawsonites have ever seen it, unless indeed they saw Conchita outside.

Manager E. C. Allen, of the Nugget Express, has received another message from Tritton the first messenger to leave for the outside over the ice. Tritton passed Selkirk several days ago in advance of the first mail, which left Dawson seven days ahead of him.

Great care is taken by us in preparing our prescriptions. Reid & Co., chemists.

The cleanest, most modern, comfortable house on any creek. Louis Co-ture's Northwest roadhouse.

'Twill Pay You.

....To Deal With Us....

BE YOUR ORDERS LARGE OR SMALL.

The Ames Mercantile Co.

A NEW SECRET SOCIETY.

To Be Established in Dawson on Wednesday Night.

An Order Distinctive to Residents of the North—The Arctic Brothers Put Themselves in Working Trim.

What is probably to be the banner camp of the Arctic Brotherhood was born in Dawson on Friday night last.

Members of the order from Skagway camp No. 1, Bennett camp, No. 2, and Atlin camp No. 3, were present to drill in the ritual and paraphernalia for the formal installation of Camp Dawson, No. 4 on the evening of Wednesday, November 29th. Between 30 and 50 applicants have signified their desire to enter the order on that occasion as charter members, their names to be duly inserted in the forthcoming charter from the Skagway home camp.

Camp Skagway had 500 members at the closing of navigation. It is believed Camp Dawson will have 1000 before navigation opens again.

The camp meets in McDonald hall. With locked doors the new order tried the newly built paraphernalia on the person of Mr. C. E. Severance, a member of Skagway, who escaped without initiation. Mr. Severance started in at the toll gate, braved the thousand and one terrors of the trail, demonstrated his fitness to graduate from the caterpillar stage of the Cheechahko and is now a full-fledged Brother Arctic.

While the plans for Wednesday night are not all completed, it is believed they will include a spread for the old and new members present.

The Dawson camp of the Arctic Brotherhood has the unique distinction of being the first and only duly authorized secret organization in the Yukon territory other than the Pioneers.

Deputy Chief George will on Wednesday impart the secret work, administer the obligations and start the Dawson camp off on its own feet—right foot first. Mush on.

The objects of the order are purely social and benevolent. No religious beliefs are antagonized. Brotherhood, fellowship and kindly encouragement under the many adversities incident to a life in this region, are the lessons inculcated. No man could make a passage over the trail without learning the lesson of mutual help.

At His Brother's Grave.

At the request of a reader we publish the famous oration of Robert Ingersoll, delivered at the grave of his brother. Many hold that in it he admits the doctrine of immortality. His adherents have ever claimed that the expressions were only those of a breaking heart reaching out for the hope of a future life:

"My friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, he laid down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while the eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar a sunken ship. For, whether in mid sea or in the breakers of the father shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man, in every storm of life, was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave aims; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged

all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: 'For justice, all place a temple and all season summer.'

He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshiper, humanity the only reason, and love the only priest.

"He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man."

LAUGHLETS.

[By Othmar.]

A beer in the hand is worth two in the bottle.

Many a would-be poker player makes a mistake in his calling.

A divorced woman is a widow, but she can't keep off the grass.

If I should ask a man to "smile" at my expense he will always smile at my jokes.

The man who bets may be doing wrong, but the one who doesn't is no better.

"Silence is golden." Did you ever notice the scarcity of female millionaires?

One man up here always admires another man if he says the right thing in the right place—especially if he is thirsty.

Kings are not always as good as they should be—especially if aces are out against them.

A tramp in this country has an advantage over a bicycle, his tire never punctures.

Ice is about the only thing in this country that I have found what it is cracked up to be.

A divorce, that epitaph carved upon loves tombstone, has not yet been granted in the Yukon.

Widows are females who have lost their husbands; old maids are females who never found them.

Clothes may not make a man, but lack of them made a living picture of Nadga before the police took a peep.

Have you noticed that some Dawson actors—like the egg—go on the stage when they are no good for anything else.

A woman goes to church to see what the women wear. A man attends a Dawson theater to see what they don't wear.

Some men came to this country near-sighted and read the old adage "never put off until tomorrow the man you can do today."

They may, at Ottawa, limit the output of whisky to the Klondike, but they can never regulate the input after it gets here.

Fortune no longer knocks at a Yukoner's door, as it did in 1897. You must now have the electric button to be in the push.

There is no use of any of our girls trying to lace themselves as tight as some of their gentlemen friends can drink themselves.

If some of the Dawson cooks were to cast their bread upon the waters (of the Yukon) it would be pretty hard on the fish that gobbled it up.

Let a woman set her cap for a miner in this country and it will not be long before he will be furnishing the dust to pay her millinery bills.

This weather is a surprise even to the "oldest inhabitant," and Chief Isaac. After all, in this country as well as others, all signs fail, the only reliable weather report being thunder.

The woman who does the human fly act in the circus is supported by suckers—and so are a number of women in this country for that matter. If you don't believe it ask—but, then, they are numerous.

LORD KITCHENER.

Impressions Which the Soudan Hero Made on a London Observer.

Throughout the entire Kitchener debate as everybody knows, Lord Kitchener sat in a most conspicuous spot in the Peers' gallery of the house of commons. Let me say at once that I heard his presence at this debate, in which his own name played so important a part, debated very vehemently and that the general verdict I heard was that it was not in good taste. However, I pronounce no opinion on that point. For myself, I was rather thankful that Lord Kitchener was present; it gave me an opportunity of studying a very remarkable personality at a very illuminating moment in his life; and the study of man and woman is my chief joy in life. And the study of Lord Kitchener was so absorbing and fascinating to me that I could not keep my eyes off his face throughout the whole evening.

And what did I see? In the first place Lord Kitchener, whatever he may do on the battle field, was not able to effectually or entirely, conceal his feelings while he was listening to the debate in the house of commons. Though it is a face that is set in lines too rigid to be altogether mobile it yet changes a good deal. For instance, when Mr. Balfour said anything that was especially pleasant, Lord Kitchener frankly smiled; and again when Mr. Balfour cleverly explained some of the things in the treatment of the Mahdi's remains the smile grew broader; and Lord Kitchener nodded his head in delighted assent.

But somehow or other the grim face never looked to me grimmer than when this smile passed across it. The large strong mouth heavily covered with the typical military and brush-like mustache; the strong square jaw; the tremendously heavy brows; the strange glittering eyes; and even the red-brick complexion—the complexion that told so many tales of hard rides for many hundreds of miles under blazing Egyptian suns; all the features of a strong fierce dominant nature were really brought out into greater relief by that strange smile. The smile as it passed over the forehead seemed to bring out into even greater prominence the bulging forehead—a forehead that has what looks like cushions of flesh or bone just above the eyes. The smile gave an additional glitter to the eyes; it seemed to impart a more deadly curl to the heavy and mustached mouth. Through it all the face seemed strangely familiar to me. I could not make out why but in the end it all at once struck me; it was the typical face of the Irish resident magistrate.

I saw Lord Kitchener again and under very different surroundings. He was one of the guests at the splendid entertainment which Lady Rothschild gave in Piccadilly one night last week. He was then in ordinary evening dress surrounded by beautiful women on whom he seems to exercise a strange fascination though he is said to be indifferent to their charms; a statement I very much doubt. The general impression left upon me was practically the same as in the house of commons except that I think the eyes far finer and more beautiful than one gathers from the photograph. There is just the least cast in them, which perhaps adds to their impressiveness; their color is quite beautiful—as deep and as clear a blue as the sea in its most azure look—and they look on the world with the perfect directness of a man that sees straight to his end.—Mainly About People.

Not an Aguinaldist.

E. T. Dunne, one of the most prominent democratic orators in Northwest Ohio, and nominee for congress in the eighth district in 1895, is out in an open card to the Hancock county democratic committee, saying he swallowed the war sentiment of the state platform under protest, but when Congressman Lentz, ex Governor Altgeld, and others praised Aguinaldo as a hero, he could keep quiet no longer, and, therefore, he repudiated the state platform and the democratic party. His action created a big sensation.

The London Klondike Development Co., Ltd.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. W. Joel is no longer connected with the above company and the undersigned is the sole representative for the Yukon territory.

F. C. LIDDLE,
Hotel McDonald,
Dawson, Nov. 9, '99.

Fine line of Christmas cards. Nugget office.

Frank Buteau's own make miner's picks for sale at A. C. Co. or Frank Buteau's blacksmith shop, Klondike City; thirteen years' experience, \$5.25 without handle, \$6 with handle. Name stamped on every pick.

THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.

NEW PEOPLE. NEW PEOPLE.

The Latest Songs and Dances. Entirely New Sketches.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. SUPREME JOLLITY.

Every Monday night a complete change of program. Come early and see the fun. Under management of

OPERA HOUSE COMPANY.

THE Monte Carlo

...THEATRE...

Crowded to the Doors Each Night.

Entire Change of Program Every Week.

SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.

The Monte Carlo has recently been newly refitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the northwest. Drop in and have some fun.

A. E. CO.

Sole Agents FOR

Schlitz Beer.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

BUY A BARREL.

Runkel Patent Steam Thawing Point

JUST ARRIVED. Something New. Perfect Working.

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Also at 3d ave., cor 1st st.

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Second Ave., Bet. Second and Third Sts.

Fresh, finest, fattest beef, pork and mutton in Dawson. Wholesale and retail. Special prices to restaurants, steamboats and hotels.

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D. A. SHINDLER,

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MRS. C. F. BOGGS,

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Alaskan Views, Outdoor Portraiture. Finishing and Supplies for amateurs.

Third Avenue, Opp. Dr. Bourke's Hospital

Dawson, Y. T.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Goes the hammer on the anvil.

Blacksmithing by blacksmiths, horseshoeing by horseshoers, wagon making by wagon makers.

J. STANLEY & CO.,

Second Av., Near Fifth St.

MAX O'RELL

How the French Up the

Thinks That Of a Diplomat Ready to Die

Max O'Rell, author, visited

1894, and upon book entitled "The work he has in sketch of and dent Kruger:

Mr. Paul Kruger Transvaal, is a is one of the m Africa. One m ures of President Rhodes all the p country is center the pioneer of Br and enterprising the old Boer, patriotic, the la interests, a will head of a little about 20,000 me holds his own a foiled them mo macy, and once on Majuba hill who drives the African chariot; acts as a drag on

His honor, the African Republic surnamed by h (Uncle Paul), is below the midde his seventy odd head is narrow, large and wide blinking, like th his voice so gruf ya is almost a ru the thumb is wa self, when a ch day hurt this clean off with a He barely know: speaks in that Dutch patois spe can farmers: is, you is, they half veiled, but it is the eye th on the English. does not speak of English. I a although the j late. I had the duced to "Oon Aubert, French It was in the p ing the few mi to the presiden smoke between him to give me view in his own ly made an app that evening. T Press very kind acted as interper

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"They fear i "that the vict arrogant"

"That is abe easily have r crushed us. T of annihilatin shown that the last drop of independence."

"Johannesbu given over to years have pass have attracted ish population the Boers. An 40 miles from

"The Englis nesburg. They sources of the

MAX O'RELL ON KRUEGER.

How the French Humorist Sized Up the Boers.

Thinks That Oom Paul Is Very Much of a Diplomat—18,000 Boers Ready to Die Any Time.

Max O'Rell, the famous French author, visited Kruger's country in 1894, and upon his return wrote his book entitled "John Bull & Co." In the work he has the following interesting sketch of and interview with President Kruger:

Mr. Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal, is a man whose personality is one of the most striking in South Africa. One may say that on the figures of President Kruger and Mr. Cecil Rhodes all the political interest of the country is centered. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the pioneer of British civilization, alert and enterprising; President Kruger, the old Boer, cautious, slow-going, patriotic, the last defender of Dutch interests, a wily diplomat, who the head of a little republic composed of about 20,000 men able to bear arms, holds his own against the British, has foiled them more than once by diplomacy, and once beaten them in battle on Majuba hill. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who drives the wheels of the South African chariot; "Oom" Paul, who acts as a drag on these wheels.

His honor, the president of the South African Republic, or of the Transvaal, surnamed by his people "Oom Paul" (Uncle Paul), is a thickset man, rather below the middle height, who carries his seventy odd years lightly. His forehead is narrow, his nose and mouth large and wide, his eyes small and blinking, like those of a forest animal; his voice so gruff and sonorous that his ya is almost a roar. From his left hand the thumb is wanting. It was he himself, when a child, who, having one day hurt this thumb badly, took it clean off with a blow from a hatchet. He barely knows how to write, and he speaks in that primitive language, the Dutch patois spoken by the South African farmers: I is, thou is, he is; we is, you is, they is. Uncle Paul's eyes are half veiled, but always on the lookout; it is the eye that he is obliged to keep on the English. The wily one says he does not speak nor understand a word of English. I am willing to believe it, although the joke is hard to assimilate. I had the pleasure of being introduced to "Oom" Paul by Monsieur Aubert, French consul in the Transvaal. It was in the parliament, or raad, during the few minutes' interval allowed to the president and members for a smoke between the debates. I begged him to give me a few moments' interview in his own house, and he willingly made an appointment for 5 o'clock that evening. The editor of the Pretoria Press very kindly accompanied me, and acted as interpreter.

I do not know if President Kruger took me for some spy in the pay of the English, but I seemed to inspire him with little confidence, and during the 20 minutes that the interview lasted he never looked me once in the face. Whenever I asked him a question he took some time to think over his answer; and then it would come out in a weighty manner, the words uttered slowly, having been turned over at least seven times in his mouth. Here, in a few words, is the gist of the conversation: "I suppose, Mr. President, that since the victory that your brave little nation gained over the English on Majuba Hill, the Boers bear no animosity to England?"

"Tomorrow is the 24th of May, and, in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday, I have adjourned the parliament."

Here, to begin with, was a response which, for caution, I thought worthy of a Scot.

"They fear in England," I went on, "that the victory may have made you arrogant."

"That is absurd; the English might easily have repaired their defeat and crushed us. They recoiled at the idea of annihilating a people who had shown that they were ready to shed the last drop of their blood to save their independence."

"Johannesburg is, I see, completely given over to the English. Before ten years have passed the gold mines will have attracted to the Transvaal a British population greatly outnumbering the Boers. And Johannesburg is hardly 40 miles from your capital."

"The English are welcome in Johannesburg. They help to develop the resources of the Transvaal, and in nowise

threaten the independence of the country."

"That is true, Mr. President; but the Transvaal seems to be now surrounded on all sides. I hear of troubles in Matabeland, and it the English take possession of that vast territory (they have taken possession of it since this interview) you will be completely encircled."

"That is why I claim Swaziland, which will allow us to extend our country toward the sea."

"Toward the sea, yes; but to the sea, no."

"I can count upon 18,000 thousand men, sir, who will die to the last man to detend the independence of their country."

And the only reply that I could obtain to one or two more questions on the dangerous position of the republic which he governs may be summed up in these words: "We are ready to die, every one of us."

But they will not need to die; for if ever the English invaded the Transvaal in their search for gold, and succeeded in getting the government of it into their own hands, they would keep it an independent republic; that is to say, they would take into their own hands the reins now held by "Oom" Paul, and the change would only be a change of coachmen.

The Stroller is like the general public in that he is interested in all forms of excellence, whether it be in a thoroughbred malamute or a superior pugilist. Dawson now has an excellent rink at West Dawson, and all sorts of plans are being talked of to put it to good use. Dawson has some phenomenal skaters—as of course would be expected in this land of ice, which has drawn much of its population from Scandinavia, lower Canada, Finland and Iceland. It is being whispered about that little George Martin has nothing to fear from any of them, so the Stroller has been "rubber necking." Martin is neither big nor athletic, but nevertheless was a skater years ago. He doesn't think he has forgotten the mysteries of the "outside edge," and since "straight away" skating is impracticable, is not averse to cover anything worth competing for that he can score more points in a contest than some of the fellows who think they can skate. George is tending bar in the Board of Trade and from inactivity is grown heavy and possibly soft. It may be a snap for some of our athletic skaters—and then again it may not. The Stroller confesses a hankering desire to see someone put up about \$500.

Jack Thenley, working on Sulphur, was badly hoaxed last week. Jack, like

low-cut and knee high. Then the audacious dealer sold the timid miner certain dainty articles of lingerie with which the Stroller is unfamiliar, all 100-fine with certificate of assay attached.

The bill was paid and the goods ordered delivered to an address to be furnished presently. In passing the post-office Jack called in. A letter was given him from the recently arrived mail. It was from his sweetheart. She wrote from her home in Taney county, Missouri, and mentioned nothing of coming in. Indeed from the letter Thenley discovered he had been hoaxed by his friend. That night there was a man making the rounds of the dance halls with wrath in his eye and a "jag" tearing at his insides. Some of the girls he approached laughed at his offer of a "job lot of lady's wear dirt cheap," and as far as the Stroller's information goes the stuff is still unsold and laid carefully away in a miner's cabin on Sulphur.

The local and editorial force employed upon our genial contemporary, the Daily News, comprises an aggregation of as good fellows as ever got together in a newspaper office. Like all newspaper men they enjoy a good joke even if it happens to be turned in the end on themselves. This being the case the Stroller cannot forbear relating a little circumstance, which doubtless will prove of interest to the general public as well as to the individuals concerned.

It happened the other night that "copy," particularly telegraphic copy, was rather shy in the News office. The telegraph editor had done his best to supply the deficiency by means of the shears, paste pot and sundry other devices well known in the News office, but still there was a yawning vacuum in the columns and time for closing the forms was close at hand. In this extremity Brother Wishaar, well known for his resourcefulness, conceived the idea of inventing a telegram which would not only serve the purpose of supplying copy for the News, but might also, in the end result in turning a good josh on The Nugget.

With this end in view the following "telegram" under a staggering double column caption, surmounted by the head line, "by telegraph," was placed in the News.

(Special to the Daily News.)

London, Nov. 18.—A dispatch to the Chronicle from Capetown says that a party of Boers numbering about 250 attacked a small detachment of Cape mounted rifles near TEGGUN, but after a short engagement were forced to retire, leaving 27 dead and wounded on the field. Lieut. DEKAF, who was in command of the rifles, was badly wounded. A sub-officer of the Boers, Cornet SWEN, was captured and is now a prisoner at Kimberly.

If the reader will note carefully the prominent words in the "telegram" he will quickly secure the key to this beautiful piece of strategy, which cost Brother Wishaar the expenditure of a very considerable amount of mental effort. All he need do is spell the words in capital letters backwards and the whole plan is before him. Instead of "Teggun," which does not appear on any of the maps of Africa, he will have "Nugget." In the place of "DeKaf," who is not enrolled on the roster of the English army, he will have the plain, common every-day word "faked," and in the place of "Swen," the unfortunate Boer prisoner he will have "News."

The point to the plot lay in the assumption on the part of Brother Wishaar that The Nugget might get caught in a predicament similar to that in which the News had been placed, and would copy the bogus telegram, thus giving the News the opportunity to give The Nugget the "grand ha! ha!"

Brother Wishaar's work, however, lacked its accustomed fineness in this particular instance and failed of realization, for the reason that The Nugget pays for its own telegraphic service and does not as does our contemporary, rely upon its scissors, paste pot and inventive faculties for telegraphic news. The joke, however, was altogether too good to pass unnoticed, so the following "telegram" appeared in the last Nugget, for the special benefit of our contemporary.

"A dispatch from Capetown says 250 Boers attacked a detachment of Cape mounted rifles at DARHGIB, a small place near SWEN, but were compelled to retire to EKORBSI."

The reader will easily translate the message without further explanation.

So the Stroller will pass it. It is said around that when The Nugget's "telegram" was read in the News office, several new words of a more or less emphatic character were added to the language, but of the accuracy of this statement, deponent sayeth not.

Eagle milk, Highland cream, 99 cream, St. Charles cream, corn, tomatoes, peas, string beans, 3 cans for \$1, at Mohr & Wilkens.



MAX O'RELL.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Ed Brown, the painter, takes a "jolly" like a philosopher. The latest emanation of his brush are some Arctic scenes showing Nugget Express dog teams in service. The pictures are in silhouette. The amusing feature which occasions the present "jolly" is the fact that while the scene is good, the sleds are drawn by just two dogs and a half. The pictures are conscientious reproductions, showing the two dogs and the government fraction in the attitude rampant of actual service.

The Stroller, like his fellows, can only judge by comparisons. When he arrived in Dawson he found a city of dilapidated tents and tumbledown shanties. By comparison the police buildings of the rectangle were palatial. Dawson is now a city of two and three story buildings: hotels of finished lumber; houses of sawn logs; plate glass windows and painted fronts. By comparison, the same buildings of the rectangle appear squat; depressingly antediluvian, cheerless, diminutive, ramshackle, uncouth, cheap, primitive, dark, forbidding, rough, uneven and fallen from the perpendicular, sunken into the ground, low roofed, ports for windows—indeed have apparently retrograded because of the vast progress which has been made in other public buildings and the town of Dawson in general.

many another Klondiker, left a dear little girl behind him when he started for Dawson two years ago. He never reads the papers and knew nothing of the wreck of the Stratton until a few days ago, when an acquaintance from Dawson called on him on the creek. The friend (?) found Jack so deliciously ignorant of current events that he indulged in a fiction at his expense. Knowing the name of the girl from whom Jack gets occasional letters, he informed the hard working young miner that she had been wrecked on the Stratton, had lost all her clothes and money, was in Dawson in destitute circumstances and didn't know his creek address.

In less than 15 minutes Thenley was on his way to Dawson with a well filled "poke" and a heart beating high with a combination of pity and happy anticipation. He traveled all night by post dog team, reaching Dawson about 10 a. m. the Tuesday of last week. He stopped for naught until the suburbs were reached—and then he paused. Alas he didn't know her address any more than she knew his. Never mind; there were not over two score hotels and he would inquire at them all. Going from one hostelry to the other he passed one of the big stores.

"Why not buy a feminine outfit and present it to the girl when he found her as part compensation for the ills she had endured?"

No sooner thought than done. Inside he went. With a blush he bought all the materials for a dress, a sacque, a pretty hat and—yes the smiling clerk had the audacity to sell him a sleeveless thing of white and lace without form,

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY
 On Wednesday and Saturday
 ALLEN BROS. Publishers
 A. F. GEORGE, Associate Editor

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1899.

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

STUPENDOUS IGNORANCE.

The beautiful innocence and stupendous ignorance of the cheechahko publication calling itself the News was never more fully exemplified than in a Saturday editorial in which it gravely instructs the old timer of the country as follows:

"It is of course generally known by this time that the ice in the Yukon goes out first at its mouth, and gradually works up to the lakes, Bennett being the last point cleared."

The ignorance displayed in the above is sublime in its immensity. One of the most universally known facts of this land is that the upper river opens from one month to six weeks before the ice goes out on the flats below and the numerous channels of the delta. How anyone could have been a single week in the country without being told of this well-known peculiarity is some thing beyond finding out. For a would-be educator of the people to be guilty of such appalling stupidity is akin to the Massachusetts man who went south to publish a paper and advised his readers that the best way to harvest "grubbers" was to climb the tree with a sack.

The next thing we know the News will advise the old timers here that using fire is all a mistake, since the ground is not frozen, but only seems so; that the Yukon never freezes on the bottom; that the current does not exceed one mile an hour; that the Yukon is but 500 miles long; that she freezes first at Bennett; that the winter temperature is colder at Hootalinqua than 500 miles north at Fort Yukon, and that therefor the ice is thicker; that the northern end of the Yukon breaks first owing to a beautiful provision of nature, which makes the climate warmer each 100 miles you proceed northward.

The News had better confine its attention to such subjects as "How to make your hair curl." Its article on that subject is destined to world-wide fame.

Its article on "Bald spots on the head and how to cure them," is full of wonderful information, and besides has the additional advantage of containing statements of fact with which the people of the Yukon are not familiar. "How to make your mustache stay in curl" is a beautiful subject for the News to handle, for so few people care how incorrect are the statements made.

Subjects with which Yukoners are familiar should be left alone by a journal which believes the Yukon opens first at the mouth and works back to Bennett.

The frank and simple innocence of our contemporary is childlike and bland as that of a heathen Chinese. Its trustfulness in the ignorance of its readers is colossal. Its presumption is stupendous, and its carelessness of facts appalling.

JAMES MORRISON.

Sometime ago an article was published in The Nugget wherein was set forth certain matters concerning James Morrison, late owner of No. 39 below discovery on Hunker creek.

It was stated in the article referred to that Morrison had in earlier days been guilty of a certain crime, the details of which were published, and that for some years he had been a fugitive from justice. Also it was stated that he had sold out his interests in the Yukon with the intention of returning to the States and giving himself up to serve a sentence passed upon him some years ago.

The material from which the article in question was prepared, was all gleaned from the most reliable sources; no step was left untaken to verify or disprove the story.

Now comes a letter to Mr. Thomas McMullen, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce from Mr. Morrison, dated Oct. 7, making no reference to the above matter and stating it as being Mr. Morrison's intention to return to Dawson next spring. We are hardly prepared to be believe that so colossal an error could possibly have occurred as this circumstances would seem to suggest. At the same time we should be pleased to be able to record as a fact that an error was made and that Morrison is not the ex-convict he has been represented to be.

ABANDONED SHAFTS.

We wish again to emphasize a point which has been raised before in these columns relative to the condition in which abandoned and unworked shafts are left on many claims. In the course of a trip along any of the creeks numerous holes may be seen of unknown depth, filled to a greater or less extent with water.

We submit that shafts left in such condition are a constant menace to life and limb, and some means should be taken to compel claim owners to so protect unused shafts that the unsuspecting wayfarer will not be endangered of his life when he passes along the trail. At this season of the year these shafts are particularly dangerous, owing to the snow which in many instances covers the mouth of the shaft to such an extent as to render it very difficult under some circumstances to determine one's proximity thereto.

It would do no injury should an ordinance be passed making it an offense to abandon a shaft without in some way covering it in order to protect travelers from this unnecessary source of danger.

THE EMPEROR IN ENGLAND.

As will be noted by the dispatches in our telegraphic columns the Boers are receiving assistance from numerous German officers and artillerymen.

It is easy to suppose that the German government gives its tacit approval to this action despite the fact that Emperor William is now on a visit to England and is being given a most generous reception everywhere he goes. England has not forgotten the message that Emperor William sent to Kruger after the Jameson disaster and every German officer who enlists in the Boer service doubtless has the same incident in mind. The mere fact of the Emperor's visit to England during the present crucial period does not of itself indicate anything. The emperor's well-known idiosyncracies lead him to the

most unexpected actions, none of which, however, are taken without a purpose in view. The real meaning of his trip to England will become apparent later on.

Without regard to the particular date upon which it is celebrated, Thanks giving day is a day dear to the hearts of every American citizen, whether he be by his own fireside or cached in a lonely cabin on a creek in the Yukon territory. If fortune has smiled upon his efforts of the preceding year he has genuine cause to give thanks and if he has happened to play in hard luck he is thankful that it was no worse. Thursday of the present week is the date which most Americans in the Klondike will observe and we are glad to know that preparations for a general recognition of the day are being made.

No fear need be felt as to the future supply of fuel for the Klondike. Before another 12 months have gone by Dawson will be supplied with good coal at a rate much cheaper than now obtains for wood.

The present weather is pleasant for outdoor amusement, but is hardly cold enough to suit the boys on the creeks.

Six-Day Foot Race.

The go-as-you-please six-day race commenced at 5 p. m. Monday afternoon last with six starters. Ford, Taylor, Martin, Kisner, Earle and Thoerner were on hand at the Palace Grand in racing trim and waiting for the word. It was easily seen that all of the men had submitted to more or less training. The hall is the largest in town, but careful measurements show it to be 29 laps to the mile, this fact alone precluding anything like record breaking time on the part of the racers.

At the start off Ford, Taylor, Kisner and Thoerner struck out at a good clip and at the end of the first hour had covered nine miles. Martin jogged easily along and let the other four pass and repass him as the laps were counted off with careless equanimity. Earle made two miles with a very painful sprained foot and then climbed out of the ring. The second hour it was seen that the four nine-mile sprinters were lagging seriously. Martin who had not joined in the nine-mile sprint, was now seen to be gaining lap by lap. At the end of the four hour race, the day's results were summed up and bulletined as follows:

	Miles.	Laps.
Ford	27	3
Taylor	27	3
Martin	28	12
Kisner	27	6
Thoerner	23	23
Earle, out.		

At the end of the four-hour race, experts on athletics pronounced Martin the leader for the day, to be in by far the best condition and showing the least distress. On the floor, Ford looks well and proved a sturdy walker. Martin's headwork in resisting the temptation to spurt at the go off with the rest shows cool judgment, which may win him the race. Big, good-natured Thoerner, proved erratic and the limited space in the hall proved small for him. He believes himself possessed of staying qualities which will win him back the four miles advantage which the other four men have already secured over him.

Taylor—"Old Horse" Taylor—is evidently a veteran, and though showing more distress at the end of the first day than Martin, is undoubtedly an old hand at the business and may develop recuperative qualities which will make him dangerous at last.

The best record of 28 1/2 miles in four hours is nothing astonishing, and many a "musher" regrets not having put up the hundred dollar forfeit and joined in the contest. But allowance must be made for the slowness of the track. One hundred hand sixteen corners to turn in a single mile; a thousand and forty-four square corners in the first hour's run is enough to make the head swim to read, let alone to run it.

Patent medicines, all the popular brands, at Reid & Co., chemists.
 Old fashioned Thanksgiving dinner at the Cafe Royal next Thursday, \$1.50.

THE FIRE BUGS WERE SEEN.

Two Cans of Coal Oil Poured Into a Hay Stack.

Coal Oil Stolen From Pearl Hall's Cabin—Tops Slashed With a Knife to Make the Oil Flow Fast.

On Saturday night about 8 p. m. some knave or knaves set fire to a stack of excellent hay piled up on the vacant lots bounded by Second and Third streets and Third and Fourth avenue. The hay was loosely baled and being covered with snow could not have taken fire spontaneously.

The hay belongs to Messrs. Morrison and Ronan and was undoubtedly set fire to by malicious incendiaries. Two cans of coal oil were taken by the fire bugs from the outhouse of Pearl Hall's cabin on Third street.

Just about 15 minutes before the alarm of fire, Pearl was busily engaged in housework in her cabin. In the afternoon the case of coal oil had been delivered and left outside. She heard the can "pop" as they do when lifted by the handle. Outside she went and saw a man walking away. No reply was vouchsafed to her inquiries as to what he wanted. As he passed the News building the lights showed him to be carrying two cans. Then she discovered her loss and in 30 seconds the police were on his trail. That he had a companion in crime is surmised from the signal whistles which warned the man with the cans that some one was after him. In the darkness the men dodged around the hay stacks and with consummate boldness set the fire and escaped. The heads of the cans were gashed with a knife and they were found placed on their sides in the hay, with the contents rapidly running into the burning horse feed. Blondinette, one of the inmates of the Fourth street houses of ill-fame, was in her doorway when the fire was set. She saw one man running about with what she took to be a can of coal oil. He took across Third street, along the side of the Nugget office towards the town station of the N. W. M. P. and is then believed to have turned towards the hill back of town.

Meanwhile the fire in the hay, encouraged into a blaze by the coal oil, was beginning to pour out dense volumes of smoke and sheets of flame. Before the arrival of the fire department the almost empty coal oil cans had been discovered and removed by the men moving the bales. A liberal application of snow held the outer flames in check until the appearance of the chemical engines. Owing to the fact that a liberal application of chemical would spoil what hay the fire left undestroyed, as little as possible was used while a line of hose was laid from the fire engine.

The arrival of water soon suppressed the blaze and the damage is estimated at about \$1000.

It is believed the police have a clue to the perpetrators of the outrage.

McGovern Strikes a Lead.

"There are some marks in this town that gives me a chill," said McGovern. "You go into one of their joints and it looks like a funeral. I mean these guys that run stores and never sell anything. They make me think of those sky sailing vultures on a lay for a still. I fell into one of them the other day and kicked the boss on the shin. He was asleep by the stove, and what do you think the cuss said: 'G'way, we ain't selling anything; nothing here; prices raising; going to hold on for big dough.' He was half asleep then, but you bet I woke him up."

"So what does I do but take a skate down to the Ames Mercantile Co. and the way they were hustling around would give you a fit. That looks good to me, I says, and when Ames came around I gave an order for a whole outfit, and now I am enjoying the pleasures of life. Come out and see me. I've got good things till you can't rest."

Bartlett Bros. have inaugurated a new departure in the shipment of perishable goods to the creeks. They have fitted up a warm storage sleigh arranged by building the vehicle with a closed box shaped body in which is kept a constant fire.

Call and see our line of all-leather pocket bill books. Nugget office.
 Most complete line of ladies' purses ever shown in Dawson. Nugget office.

TO ROB S

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TO ROB SULPHUR CREEK.

Creek Men Claim a Certain Application Is a "Job."

Items of Interest From Various Claims—Paystreak on the Left Limit.

"Sulphur's a daisy," say the "horny handed" miners from that creek, whenever they come to town. (By the way to call a Klondike miner "horny handed" is a misnomer, since the thick mittens which are worn keep even the grimmest hands from accumulating callouses.)

As a matter of fact, the same stream from which 200 badly disappointed laymen filed into Dawson a year ago, is today looked upon as the coming bonanza stream of this season.

A letter from a foreman to an owner in Dawson says:

No. 8 below shows between 4 1/2 and 5 feet of pay gravel.

Ten buckets of dirt were rocked on 8 and yielded \$48.25.

A run of 16 buckets of dirt and a cleanup afterwards gave \$30.25.

No 18 below reached pay gravel last week after none of it having been seen for months.

Miners are leaving the line of the creek and digging on the left limit with astounding results.

Thawers on 8 and 18 are doing excellent work.

Jonas and Eppler, of 21a below are in Dawson purchasing steam fittings, etc.

A pan of dirt from 22 below was sent to town last Thursday, which washed out \$4.

The company operating from 19 to 25 above are hard at work. The procedure is to start at the lower end of the ounce and work up stream, taking everything clean as they go.

An accidental perusal by a Sulphur creek man of the thousand and one bulletins posted over one another in the outer room of the gold commissioner's office revealed to him last week that the miners on Sulphur were being seriously threatened. An application was there by one Chas. E. G. Powell for 200 miners' inches of water to be taken from Sulphur at 16 below, conducted along the hillsides to 23 and 32 below, and then returned to the creek.

The notice bears date of November 16. A protest by the creek miners between 16 and 32 is dated November 26. It sets forth that 200 inches would in summer take every drop of water in the creek; that the creek runs little more than a sluice head with none to spare; that the miners on the creek below 16 where the water was taken, would absolutely be without the water needed for the operation of their claims; that by the regulations they are entitled to such of the water running through their claims as they may need.

The probability is that the applicant does not realize what 200 miner's inches means. On the face of it, to deprive a mile and a half of creek claims of needful water would be an insupportable injustice. Some of the signers of the creek protest are Alex McDonald, E. Méizner, C. Perkins, Dr. Wilcoxon, Humbert Gates, W. C. Strong and J. J. Healy.

The hillsides of Sulphur, compared with other creeks, are strangely unoccupied. Though considerable staking and prospecting has been done, the developments so far have not warranted any extensive workings.

Call and see our stock of playing cards, leather pocket case with each pack. Nugget office.

Before starting for Nome stop at Yukon hotel. Warm, clean beds, 50 cents and up. J. E. Booge, Prop.

A Retort.

The following appeared on a menu card at a banquet given in honor of Mrs. Alexander McDonald:

Up from the South Land to Dawson shore

She cometh, a winsome bride;

With stately mien, that enchants us more

Than the silvery fox's glide;

Tresses of ebon and dainty smile

Sweet blending of lily and rose.

A venus who all nature beguiles

And gladdens our "Lady of Snows."

The banquet, served at Lynch the caterer's, was all that could be desired, and went off with considerable eclat.

A contemporary reported the affair and quoted the pretty lines as if coming from Jerry Lynch himself. Then another contemporary remarks as follows of the lines:

"They are certainly very choice and although they appeared without quotation marks, they are, if we mistake not, from the pen of Rudyard Kipling, with a very slight change of one or two words. Credit where credit is due."

Now, The Nugget poetry machine is set to work with the following result:

And is it thus you treat the bard

Who, song inspired, seeks to show it.

By adding to a menu card

The graceful tributes of a poet?

Who asked that you its author tell

Or what permit had you to note it?

Who cares, so long 'twas written well,

If Jerry Lynch or Kipling wrote it?

FIRED OFF HIS CLAIM.

Ordered to Quit and Let Other Fellows Work.

John Robinson is another man who considers that he has been imposed upon at the hands of officers of the Dominion government. Robinson is only one of many who have been affected with exasperating annoyances sufficient to drive multitudes away from the Yukon country for all time. Robinson staked a claim—No. 5 on Hester creek in 1897.

When the time came for him to represent the ground he went onto his claim and performed the amount of work required by the regulations.

Having fulfilled all legal requirements he applied for and was granted renewal papers for the claim. This year he went on the ground again to represent the claim. Everything went all right and Robinson was progressing nicely with his work, having two holes down and another started.

He was not, however, to be left in undisturbed possession of the ground and on Tuesday last was served with the following notice, which, by the way, is a verbatim copy:

Hunker Creek, Nov. 21, '99.

To the owners of No. 5, Hester creek:

Kindly take notice that you are working down on No. 4 claim.

No. 4 was prior to that of No. 5. When down on your claim yesterday I could not find you. You will please let the laymen on No. 4 work.

And oblige yours truly

WM. MADDIN,
Ins. of Mines.

Robinson states that this action was taken by Maddin without any survey of the ground being made, or any explanation given, further than what is contained in the notice, which to an average reader is not any too clear in its terms.

The stakes on claims 3 and 4 have all been removed, and nothing is left to show the original boundaries except the lower stakes on claim No. 2. Now a man, after being in full and undisputed possession of a claim for a period of a year and a half can then be summarily ejected without any process of law is a mystery.

The peculiar part of the transaction lies in the fact that the boundary line, as fixed by Inspector Maddin's edict, leaves all of Robinson's work on No. 4, and the laymen on this claim are now in possession and working the shafts which Robinson sunk. The Nugget will probably have more to say of this case at a later date.

Queries.

Eldorado, Nov. 21, '99.

Editor Nugget—Dear Sir: Will you please inform me in your paper (a) when the twentieth century begins; also (b) if we are living in the 1899th year or the 1900th year, and oblige a subscriber,

S. S. CATCHING.

(a) The twentieth century begins January 1st, 1900.

(b) We are living in the 1899th year.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

Mrs. Ladue, the proprietor of the Hotel Ladue, at No. 69 below on Hunker, will furnish her patrons with a splendid Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday next. The well-known reputation of this house guarantees that the dinner will meet all the expectations of the most fastidious Thanksgiving epicure.

Familiarity doesn't always breed contempt, as for instance a man's love for liquor.

New Rex ham and bacon at Mohr & Wilkens.

\$1.50. *Best Turkey dinner in town, Thanksgiving day at the Bank Cafe.

The Nugget Express will start a dog team for Cape Nome and intermediate points after the freeze-up. Letters and small packages may be left at office on Boyle's wharf.

COLONEL EVANS LEAVES.

Departs for the Outside Over the Ice.

Goes to Assume New Duties in Toronto—May Possibly Be Ordered to Africa.

At 8 o'clock this (Tuesday) morning, Col. Evans, who has been in command of the Yukon field force ever since the contingent was brought into the Yukon left Dawson for the outside in company with J. E. McAlpine and Julius Marion.

Col. Evans came into the Yukon over the Teslin route with the original force which was detailed for the Yukon service. Despite the dangers and difficulties incident to the trip into Dawson by the Teslin route, Col. Evans successfully landed his detachment at Selkirk,

which in the wisdom of the powers that be at Ottawa, had been selected as the capital of the Yukon territory. Barracks were erected during the summer of '98, and before the winter set in a model military station had been established. The Ottawa authorities had acted upon the presumption that the military and civil capital of the Yukon should be somewhere near the center of the territory without regard to the fact that nineteen-twentieths of the population is centered around Dawson.

Orders had to be obeyed, however, and the Selkirk barracks were constructed.

Later on a large proportion of the soldiers were detailed for service at Dawson, and still later about half of the entire Yukon field force was withdrawn.

Col. Evans personally has made a reputation as a courteous and agreeable gentleman and an able commander, although owing to the peace loving nature of the inhabitants of the Yukon he was never called upon to display his capacity as a military genius during actual hostilities.

Col. Evans' headquarters hereafter will be in Toronto, where he will be in command of an important detachment of the Canadian forces. It is not beyond a possibility that he will eventually be detailed for service in South Africa.

The best wishes of all of Dawson's citizens go with the colonel on his trip over the ice to his new service.

A Charming Resort.

To a vigorous and healthy man or woman there is no greater pleasure than the intoxicating exercise of skating.

Barring accident there is a vigorous life ahead of the vigorous skater. On the West Dawson bank of the Yukon has been prepared an excellent rink 175 feet long by 75 feet wide. Banked up with snow, sustaining a solid row of 10 foot spruce trees, with the ice swept and sprinkled to a transparent glare; with a stove-warmed tent for attaching or removing skates, the de Lion rink presents features of fascination for every over of the sport.

On Thursday (Thanksgiving day), the rink will be formally opened to the public. In the evening the tree-enclosed space will be brilliantly illuminated by Chinese lanterns and some 15 reflectors. The route across the river from Dawson proper will be marked by a string of lamps. The Villa de Lion will be both illuminated and decorated.

George de Lion is both energetic and enterprising. His resort in West Dawson has grown to be one of the established features of Dawson. No pains have been spared to render the Villa both homelike and comfortable. A splendid Aeolian organ playing hundreds of the finest selections; rocking chairs for interested listeners; a well stocked refreshment counter containing everything which can be found on the Yukon; a small but perfect bowling alley; a hotel of excellently furnished rooms—these are a few of the many comforts of the Villa. On Thursday there will be coupled to this all the attractions of a first-class, well-kept rink; music for the skaters furnished by a brass band; skates for such as have none of their own; light in abundance and good cheer for all. Those who haven't yet been to the Villa should avail themselves of the occasion offered by the coming holiday. Healthful exercise coupled with wholesome recreation will go much to make cheerful the darkest and shortest days of winter. Try it.

Turkey dinner at the Cafe Royal on Thursday, \$1.50.

Remarks on the System of Bondsmen.

A remark of his lordship in open court Friday is fraught with good sense on the question of bondsmen. The occasion was when Thos. Forrest, accused of cheating at black-jack, was found to be under bonds with a technical defect. The bondsmen were Tom Chisholm and Harry Edwards. His lordship was asked whether the same names would be acceptable. In signifying his assent, the justice, after noting the frequency with which the same gentlemen have been on various bonds for all sorts of offenses for the past summer, took occasion to remark that possibly it might be doing those gentlemen a favor to fuse their bonds; that possibly they might be in a position where they could not refuse to go bonds for every applicant, and that therefore they might really be glad to be refused. The new bonds were accepted.

Don't forget the big feed Thanksgiving day. Turkey dinner \$1.50. Bank Cafe.

1900 calenders, very swell. Nugget office.

Souvenir Xmas presents at Sale & Co.

STORAGE—Boyle's wharf, under the management of the Nugget Ex. res.

THE BOARD OF TRADE
Under New Management.

For Drinks or Cigars. Our Liquors are the finest money can buy.

25c CAFE ATTACHED.

Games Run in Connection With The House... NEWLY FITTED THROUGHOUT

Remember the Location.

North of Monte Carlo, First Avenue.

EWEN MORRISON,
Mines and Mining.

Properties in this territory placed on the markets of Vancouver, Toronto, Boston, London and Paris.

Two sacrifice sales of prospector hill-sides between discoveries, Dominion; also one creek claim on Bonanza; must be sold. Options wanted at once.

EWEN MORRISON,
Room 3, Hotel McDonald

Jingle Bells.

Take the Girl for a Sleigh Ride. GIVE YOUR WIFE AN OUTING.

GET A CUTTER AND ENJOY LIFE

White Horse Stables
New Rigs, Modern Cutters, Speedy Horses.

Third Avenue, nr. First Street.
Call on us for freighting.

ARCTIC MACHINERY
DEPOT.

Second Ave., South of Third St.

Mining Machinery
Boilers, Engines, Pumps,

Hoists, Sawing Plants, Belting, Piping, Fittings, Etc

Sole Agents for the McVICKER Pipe Boiler.

Geo. G. Cantwell,
TAXIDERMIST.

Birds, Mammals and Game Heads Mounted to Order. Specimens Bought and Sold.

Third Ave., Bet. First and Second Sts., Dawson, Y. T.

THIS MEANS YOU

We want your trade and we guarantee that if we get it we will keep it. Try us the next time.

CASCADE STEAM LAUNDRY,
24 Ave., near 4th St.

STUMER & JOHNSON, Proprietors. Abbott & Curtis, agents at the Forks.

MOST REMARKABLE GULCH.

Men Thick as Bees and Pay Like a Streak of Honey.

Two Kinds of Gold—High Assay Value—Steep Hills—Thick Pay-streak—No Wash Gravel.

And now the holders of claims and interests on Gay gulch are made glad by the corroborated reports of the wonderful doings on that only recently appreciated "pup" of upper Eldorado.

Coming in, as it does, on the right limit of No. 36 Eldorado, Gay gulch was staked from end to end during the first wild staking of 1897. When upper Eldorado was losing ground in public estimation, much of Gay gulch was left unrepresented and was afterwards relocated in vari-sized claims to fit the occasion. Nothing much was thought of the pup until last summer when an upward tendency was noticeable in the prices at which claims were held. Billy Chappel's claim at the mouth proved to be the last highly valuable claim on Eldorado, and it was whispered around that it was Gay gulch had fed the main stream with much of its gold.

Today Gay gulch is established on a firm footing as a remarkable producer this season. The 5000 feet of ground from the mouth to the forks is crowded with men and claims all in sight of each other. Claims have been subdivided and 125 men are sinking and burning and piling out dumps with an earnestness never exceeded even in the richest parts of Eldorado. The gulch is narrow—not wider than a house—with precipitous sides. This piles everybody into the center with their cabins and dumps, making a scene of activity rarely equaled anywhere. It is a remarkable sight, and would enthrall a man of iron even were he left uninformed of the quality and quantity of the pay.

The pay has been located almost the entire length of the pup, the ground being so narrow as to almost render it impossible to sink to bedrock without striking the yellow. The gravel is angular to a singular degree, showing little or no wash or gravel. In the center of the gulch the bedrock is "hog-backed," with a pay streak on either side. On the left limit is found the coarser gold. On one side the gold is bright and on the other dull. The hills are precipitous and would appear to have let their gold down into the narrow bed below, for gold is found in most satisfactory quantity and quality below. Assays have been given out of over \$19 to the ounce. Whether this is or is not true, the fact remains that it is of excellent quality and runs high. In spots the bedrock has yielded \$23 to the pan.

On No. 2, \$23 pans have been found. On No. 3, as high as \$20 has been washed out.

No. 4 has given good dirt. Soggs has excellent pay on lower 6. Nat Lyons is in clover on the upper 6. From comparisons with abutting claims he is yet 17 feet from bedrock and is already in three and a half feet of pay.

Baptist owns No. 5 and is working men on the pay as thick as they can work comfortably.

No. 8 is a remarkably fine claim and was the one which last year discovered the pay streak which has resulted in the present activity.

Everything is being worked. Values have soared and everyone is cheerful and happy.

Gay gulch on Eldorado heads with Victoria gulch on Bonanza, which has also proven one of the Klondike's valuable streams. The intermediate ground has been covered with quartz claim locations, the belief being prevalent that the unwashed gold and gravel of Gay gulch is lying very near its source. The hillsides of Gay have proven too steep to invite location of placer mines, excepting at the mouth, where several are being prospected.

The owners on Gay, who have held on through good and bad report, are wearing a cheerful smile these days. The world looks bright and nothing is too good for them. When they come to town they can be picked out of a crowd of mushers by gait—they step high, you know. Past failures and disappointments are being happily forgotten in the satisfaction now experienced, and the castle building which goes on in Gay gulch cabins would furnish material for a novelist.

Well, boys, we congratulate you, and

hope your most sanguine anticipations may be realized.

American Gulch.

American gulch, which comes into Bonanza on the left limit of No. 19 below, is crowded with men and cabins.

American did so remarkably well last year that no surprise is occasioned by its being occupied now by 100 men and 28 cabins. The pay has been uncovered in the gulch for 2000 feet, and on both hillsides for 1500 feet. The pup is owned entirely by 48 people. Laughton Brothers, Holmes and Roberts own 12 and 3 in company. Brown, McNeeley & Fletcher are actively engaged in disem-boweling No. 4. Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 are all occupied and working and the best of feeling prevails.

The Bazaar.

At a meeting held on Friday evening last of the committees of the Bazaar in aid of the St. Mary's hospital, it was decided to hold the Bazaar in Chas. Meadows' Grand opera house. The Bazaar will open Saturday, December 23d, will remain closed on Sunday and re-open Monday, December 25th, and will continue till Saturday evening, December 30th.

The following were present at the meeting: Mesdames Stearnes, Ham-mell, Clayton, French, Davis, Morrison, Cahill, Spencer, Seely, McDonald, Senator Lynch, Dr. Barrett, Messrs. Griffith, Chisholm, Nourse, Brown, Lindsay, Misner, DeLobel, McDonald, Scarth, Major Hemming and Capt. Stearnes.

Remarkable Escapes and Peculiar Wounds.

The number of escapes also border on the domain of the miraculous. Comrade McInnes, of my company, who fell at Mariquina, in addition to his belt of cartridges carried a small pasteboard box of 20 cartridges in the bosom fold of his blue shirt. While withdrawing a cartridge from his belt a Remington brass bullet passed through the back of his hand, through the first of the two layers of cartridges in his bosom, and doubled up a cartridge in the second layer so firmly as to still retain the brass missile in the fold. As the cartridge box was directly over his stomach his close call can be appreciated. Private Glazier, of my regiment, at the same fight was also struck by a Mauser in his cartridge belt four inches internal to the point of the left hip. The bullet bored a clean little hole through the Springfield cartridge, passed through his groin, and struck another shell in his belt on the other side, passing through and exploding it. He was confined to bed ten days. Private Martensen, of our regiment, at the same fight was struck with a Remington brass bullet in the left foot. While waiting for medical aid a Mauser bullet hit the other foot in almost the same identical spot.

Col. Hawkins, of the Pennsylvania, in the advance on Coloacan, received a bullet in the handle of his revolver, passing through it, exploding a cartridge in his belt and glancing off. A Kanaka who joined the Californians at Honolulu peeped over the trenches at San Pedro Macati, with his head inclined slightly backward. A Mauser caught him just over the left eye, plowed over his skull under the scalp for six inches and out again. He did not quit his post, but he had only one "lamp" to peep with for two weeks. A Washington boy on March 2 had his scalp furrowed right where he parted his hair. The hospital corps bandaged his head, and he returned to the trench. The bandage worked down over his eyes in the course of time and he sat up to adjust it; it was a fatal moment. A Mauser passed through his body from right to left, passing through his heart, and he fell over dead.—Manila Correspondent in Leslie's Weekly.

For Sale.

For Sale—Two story business house, located in excellent business section of city. For further information inquire at this office.

A wire from up river shows the Nugget Express to be well ahead of the government mail, which left a week before. The second Nugget Express team starts out Monday, Nov. 27th.

Warm offices for rent in the A. C. Co. office building. M. I. Stevens, Room 3, agent.

Pocket ink stands, the very latest. Nugget office.

Juno burner nickel stand lamp, \$7.50, at Mohr & Wilkens.

Solid silver toilet sets at Sale & Co.

Dawson's only qualified horse and dog doctor. Dr. Stroug, D. V. S., Pioneer Barber shop.

HOW IS THIS?

The Nugget will print you 1000 BUSINESS CARDS on Fine Cut Stock, Round or Square Corners, for

\$10.00

Our immense stock of job printing material has reached Dawson in safety. We have the most complete line of office stationery in the city. Let us stock you up with Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, Hand Bills or anything else in the printing line.

OUR FACILITIES ARE THE BEST.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

...The Klondike Nugget Job Printing Department...

S. Y. T. Co.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT
OUR STOCK IS NEW
LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF GOODS
IN DAWSON TO SELECT FROM.
Your Patronage Solicited. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

H. T. ROLLER, Resident Manager, Seattle-Yukon Transportation Co

ANY OLD THING FOR SALE

From a Needle to a Steamboat

ARTHUR LEWIN

Finest Liquors. Our Cigars are famous for their excellency. Front St., nr the Dominion.

WIFE MURDERERS ARE HAPPY.

Becker and Rollinger Rejoice Over Their Stay of Execution.

Chicago, Oct. 20. — Michael Emil Rollinger and August A. Becker, the condemned wife-murderers, who were to have been hanged today, were congratulated by their fellow-prisoners in the county jail during the morning over the stay of execution granted them by Gov. Tanner.

Both were in good humor and hopeful of getting their case before the supreme court and securing a supersedeas which will again delay execution. The date for the execution of Becker is now fixed for Nov. 1, Rollinger is now booked to be executed on Nov. 17.

"Well, we are not going to send you away today," said Guard Knecht, as Rollinger and Becker appeared in the exercise corridor.

"No, you can't lose us," responded Rollinger, smiling.

"You bet I will be here for a long time yet," remarked Becker. "All I want is a new trial. I will get it, too, I believe."

Rollinger was less communicative than Becker. But he did not hesitate to express the belief that he, too, would be granted a new trial—although he has been twice tried.

A Dawson Novelty.

A "nickel-in-the-slot" machine is in contemplation for Dawson, which beats the world for novelty. In the absence of nickles and dimes, brass checks will be sold. With a check and a pail a Dawsonite will be able to repair to one of the many water houses around town, drop his nickel in the slot, and the machine will measure him out just five gallons of pure water and will then shut off until another check is forthcoming. The machines are already modeled and work to a charm. If Manager Green will invent another machine which for an additional nickle will carry the pail into the house and empty it into the boiler or bath tub, he will be conferring a great favor on this community.

Railroad Dodges a Farm.

Did you ever know of a railroad going around a man's farm? Well, there is one in Fountain county, and it is only a few miles south of Veedersburg, says a writer in the Veedersburg, Ind. News. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois, when it was the old "Dolly Yarden" as you no doubt remember, was first extended to Yeido. They surveyed a line through the east line of a farm and through a man's house. He objected and wanted a fancy price, which it looked as if he would get, and they curved around his land into his more liberal neighbor's, and after passing his farm curved back into line. It is quite

ORR & TUKEY,

Freighters and Forwarders

Pack Trains and Freight Teams.

TEAMING IN TOWN.

DEALERS IN WOOD.

All kinds of freight contracted for to any of the creeks and removed safely and quickly. Prompt and reliable.

Office, Second Ave., near Second St. Barns and Corral, Second Avenue and Fifth Avenue South

One Dollar

A splendid course dinner served daily at

THE HOLBORN

Ask the boys what they think of it. Short orders a specialty. Connecting with the Green Tree. BRUCE & HALL, Props.

noticeable, and every passenger going south notices the peculiar short-curve, wondering why they were made.

To Our Creek Subscribers.

We have just placed in stock the largest and most complete line of stationery in Dawson. Give your order to our creek carriers if you are in need of anything in the line of pencils, pens, ink, writing paper, tablets, account books, pocket books, or anything else in the stationery line. We also have the best line of legal blanks, including bills of sale, lay contracts, deeds and mortgages, carried in the city. These blanks were prepared and approved by the ablest attorneys in Dawson. Remember that all orders placed with our creek carriers will be filled as though the purchase was made by yourself in person.

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

Send your friends on the outside a special edition of The Nugget. It will tell them more about this country than you can.

Bargains—Watches and diamonds at reduced prices. Uncle Hoffman.

The Salvation Army holds services in the new barracks, Second Avenue, as follows: Tuesday, 8 p. m. (barracks time); Thursday, 8 p. m.; Saturday, 8 p. m.; Sunday, 3 and 7:30 p. m. Free reading room in same building; open every day. Also in the evenings of Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Nugget Express has established an office at 28 below upper, Dominion. Orders for expressage on the creeks or to the outside may be left at any branch office or given to messengers.

THE EDN

True Account
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Eighteen Flor
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THE EDMONTON ROUTE.

True Account of a Trip Via McKenzie and Porcupine.

**Eighteen Months of Terrible Travel
—Fearful Rapids—Exposure—
Starvation—Scurvy.**

(The following is compiled by a traveler from a diary kept for a year and a half, which was required to reach Dawson. The matter of fact way in which the story is told carries conviction with it. Many of the matters treated are entirely new, as for instance, the abundance of coal oil in certain districts. The length of the article requires its publication in several chapters.)

CHAPTER III.

It now became necessary to exercise the utmost care. We had passed from the lee of goose island, and between us and the mainland were two small islands. Knowing that it meant destruction to attempt a landing on the mainland owing to its rocky nature and the huge billows which were breaking thereon, I determined to run for shelter under the lee of the nearest island. On nearing this island we saw a Peterborough floating bottom upwards, and on getting alongside of her we found her to be the "Mabel." For our own safety we could not take her in tow and we left her drifting fast to leeward with her long painter attached to an empty box. When close on the island we began to ship a considerable amount of water, but we succeeded in bringing up safely under its lee. A description of this island will give the reader a fair idea of what the many islands in this lake are like. We landed on the island in blinding sheets of rain and it was bitterly cold. The island was composed chiefly of dark granite, streaked here and there with veins of white quartz.

From a few patches of surface soil here and there the spruce and cottonwood tree were growing. On making a closer search I found several different kinds of mosses and at least a dozen different sorts of wild flowers, among which I noticed the wild raspberry, the strawberry, the snowy mesphalis, or amalanther canadensis. The texture of some of the mosses was exceedingly delicate and fit to adorn the palace of a king, while the stones and pebbles on the shore were of every conceivable color, among which were many agates. The wind having abated toward evening, we ran into a small sheltered bay on the mainland. My companions being anxious to know our exact whereabouts set out in the Peterborough in an easterly direction in search of Fort Chipewyan. They were gone the whole night and returned at 5 o'clock next morning. I knew our actual position was east of Fort Chipewyan some 13 miles, and I persuaded them to go west, but it was of no avail. They had no sooner returned than it came on to blow again with great force, and during the night the water receding, our scow was left high and dry on the rocks. Bad weather continued and we were obliged to remain here for two more days. Sleep was out of the question, for the deluge threatened to wash everything away. We managed to keep a fire burning all the time, using up every piece of driftwood we could find on the shore. We found that much of our provisions was damaged, losing half of our sugar. I made a hasty survey of the shore hereabouts and found that among other things there grew the Chinese honeysuckle, and juniperus virginiana or common juniper which was everywhere loaded with berries. Another boat was in company with us here, called the "May Ella," containing three men. We were visited here by three husky dogs, evidently on the prowl for something to eat. To make our position more desolate the sun obscured himself for 60 hours. At 9 p. m. on the third day we left this inhospitable place and steering west arrived at Fort Chipewyan at midnight. We brought up alongside of Trader Nagles' boats, which we learned were leaving at 2 a. m. for Great Slave Lake. We decided to pull out with them. Between here and Smith's landing the rain poured down in torrents. The wind being ahead we made fast to the bank. On jumping ashore the first thing I noticed was a squirrel perched on a log. I could see that he was busily engaged devouring something. I discovered this to be a mouse. I mention this fact, as I was not aware that squirrels were carnivorous. We arrived at Smith's landing June 26th. It is difficult for me to

express what relief I felt on arrival here, for several days had now elapsed since I had taken any sleep. But, that rain; it continued to descend for two weeks longer from the time of our arrival. Here was a place wretched in the extreme. No firewood and no water fit to drink. An Indian camp and two or three traders' cabins are located here. Here were also a few cattle and horses. Bulldog flies, mosquitos, sand flies and other poisonous insects were flying in myriads, stinging and biting every living thing. I wondered how man could exist in such a place, but men there were, or rather what remained of them. The approach to this place is not dangerous, but care should be exercised in sighting the landing to keep in close to the left bank, otherwise the boat would be drawn into one of the numerous large eddies which exist here, entailing a great amount of unnecessary work.

There are two ways of reaching Fort Smith from here. One by way of the Hudson Bay trail, 16 miles, and the other by way of Smith's rapids. The Hudson Bay Co. were carrying freight over this trail at \$1 per 100 pounds. By way of Smith's rapids there are four portages averaging one-half mile each, thus avoiding the most dangerous places through which man has never passed. These rapids are claimed to be the most dangerous in existence. The approach to the first portage is by a most intricate passage, winding in and out of rocks, over which the water rushes at lightning speed. In making this passage one bad rapid has to be run, the channel being on the right hand side. Here is the shortest portage of this series, the distance being only about 300 yards. After the outfit is portaged over come the boats. Here, as at the other three portages, all parties double up and help one another with the boats. This is accomplished by means of rollers laid at short distances apart all along the trail. Some of the Indian packers take enormous loads over these portages. I have seen them going along with 300 or 400 pounds with comparative ease. They bargain beforehand to carry so much stuff over the four portages. A white man on the average takes 100 pounds. This is quite sufficient, seeing that one has to fight against the millions of mosquitos all the time.

The various channels connecting all the portages are of the same tortuous and intricate nature, and none but the most daring and skillful can navigate them in safety. To attempt such an undertaking without the aid of a guide would mean certain death. The second portage is the longest, being over one-half mile long, and is up and down hill. Two creeks have to be crossed. Like the first one the formation is red granite. The third is Mountain portage, over a very steep sand hill. From the summit of this hill is obtained the finest view yet seen on the journey. Looking from the summit we see some of the dangerous rapids which we have avoided and others, through which we are destined to pass. Pelicans may be seen in great numbers flying around or perched on the numerous rocks among the breaking waters bent upon catching fish. The carcasses of several of these birds were to be seen, lying about, having evidently been shot by Klondikers. The fourth and last of these portages is about one-half mile long by a narrow trail through the bush. On reaching this portage the largest boats are unloaded while only a part is taken out of the smaller ones. The boats here are not taken overland, but are taken round a winding and rocky channel to the end of the portage. The mosquitos here were terribly numerous. The boats being again loaded no time is lost in crossing over to Fort Smith, a distance of two miles through much breaking water. One of my companions and myself were the first to run these rapids in a Peterborough canoe, taking 1200 pounds of the outfit along with us. Fort Smith is situated high up on the left bank at the foot of a great rapid. Here is the usual Hudson Bay post and a Catholic mission. The Hudson Bay factor entertains the Indians here at Christmas time with a substantial dinner and dance. On New Year's Day the Indians return again, shake hands with everybody, while the squaws kiss all the men on both cheeks as a token of good will. Many parties remained here to caulk and repair their boats after the battle with the rapids just passed.

Our boat on arrival here was in a very bad condition, and half full of water. The dogs here are trained thieves. I saw one swimming close to the canoe. Suspecting him of theft I seized the rifle which, lucky for him, was not loaded. This is the last place north of the N. W. M. P. Early the next morning the 15th, we left Fort Smith behind, my two companions taking charge of the Peterborough, while I remained the sole occupant of the boat containing the main part of the outfit. The next place we call at is Salt river, 18 miles below Fort Smith. Several islands are passed in this distance and

on rounding the bend in close proximity to Salt river an uninterrupted view of Slave river is obtained for some 35 miles in a straight reach. On reaching Salt river we found all the Indians there were busy fishing. The conney was the principal fish caught, but the jack fish were very numerous. Having previously heard from Hudson Bay Indians that much salt existed some 35 miles up Salt river my two companions set out with the Peterborough with the intention of securing some. They were absent nearly three days. I was left entirely alone, my duty being to pitch and caulk the boat and get everything dried out. Here a most unpleasant incident occurred to me. On the second night after my companions' departure I lay down to rest, with my back against the roots of a large tree which had been washed up on the shore. It was between lights, a dim twilight, for no real night existed at this time. When half asleep and half awake, for sleep was out of the question in this wild place, I was suddenly aroused by a jarring of the log, and on looking around my worst fears were realized. There stood a huge brown bear fresh from the bush. He had walked over the log, having, no doubt, been attracted hither by the smell of the bacon which I had laid out on a sail to dry. My companions had taken the rifle along with them and I knew I dare not attack such a formidable foe with a shotgun. I was at my wits' end to know what to do. It was no time for thinking, so I grasped hold of the gun and decided to remain on the defensive. This was my only hope, as I knew what a dreadful weapon a shot gun was at close quarters. Instead of attacking me he walked quietly away in a half circle toward the river and wheeling round he made his way again into the bush. I told the first Indians who came down to haul their nets and they set off on his trail but whether they ever overtook him I was unable to learn. My companions returned on the evening of the 18th bringing with them 250 pounds of salt and 50 pounds of jack fish, which I cleaned and smoked. The salt is found in large quantities on the banks of the small creeks flowing into Salt river. It is of excellent quality. Some distance from Salt river and 40 miles from Fort Smith, in a southwest direction, is a creek rising in swamps and flowing into Great Buffalo river. This creek opens as early as February. Thither the Indians repair, where they catch immense quantities of fish, which are dipped up by bushels in scoop nets. This is a providential provision for these poor people, many of whom at this time of the year are bordering on starvation. It is supposed that the salt held in solution is the cause of this creek opening so soon, for the rivers here do not break up before the end of April. On the 19th we pulled out from here for Fort Resolution. In running this distance down we encountered strong gales dead ahead, which often caused us to tie up our boat. On Sunday, the 23d, we were obliged to lay up all day owing to the fierce wind which threatened to blow us up stream. On making a general survey of the place I found a beautiful and remarkable flower. I gathered some of the blooms and showed it to other Klondikers who all said it was quite new to them. On the 25th, we had made the entrance to Great Slave Lake, but were obliged to lay up for the greater part of the day owing to a strong head wind. Here we fell in with a trade's party just returned from Fort Rae, a trading post on the north shore of the lake. They were driven in here to seek refuge from the storm before proceeding to Fort Resolution. They were bound for Edmonton and were gathering up their fur from the various trading posts en route. The wind moderating toward evening, and another party of Klondikers having joined us, we left for Fort Resolution. After getting out a few miles in the lake the wind freshened, causing high waves to run. The rocky nature of the shore would not permit us to land. At 8 p. m. we had the Fort well in sight.

The wind had now become so strong that the seas were breaking over the boat. We were making about one mile an hour and arrived at the fort at midnight. This place commands a splendid view of the lake, but stands on a bleak and wind-swept spot. Here are a Roman Catholic mission, Hudson Bay post, one or two traders' quarters and a Protestant mission, the latter of which has fallen into desuetude.

During three days' stay here the weather became gradually settled and on the evening of the 28th we pulled out for Fort Providence, distant about 120 miles on the northwest shores. The safest plan to adopt in crossing this great inland sea, is to make from headland to headland, of which there are seven always keeping the west shore on the left. Some follow the chain of islands lying to the east of this course, but it is not admissible. We were fortunate to get such fine weather for the crossing of this lake is most treacherous, and heavy storms sweep down be-

fore one is aware of their presence, and the seas at times run mountains high. The Sunday before our arrival at Resolution one of these great storms was raging and a boat containing two men and a woman was swamped. The boat drifted broadside on and the woman's husband was washed away in front of her eyes, never afterwards to be seen.

If the course which I recommend is pursued the greatest dangers are avoided, as one is enabled to run into one of the many small bays which extend the whole distance to Hay river. We called in at Great Buffalo river. On going a little distance up the shore with the intention of fishing, I came to an Indian encampment, but owing to the menacing attitude of some sixty or seventy fierce husky dogs I was obliged to beat a retreat. I learned afterwards at Hay river that one man had narrowly escaped with his life from these brutes.

The shores of this lake are thickly strewn with a very small shell much resembling the East Indian corrie. Enormous quantities of driftwood and loose rocks are here piled up and at night when storms are raging, this driftwood is set on fire to act as a beacon to any unfortunate wayfarer who may chance to be on the lake. Our next point of call is Hay river, which we reached on the night of August 1st. I had the pleasure here to witness two of the most gorgeous sunsets it is possible to imagine. They occurred on two consecutive nights, July 31st and August 1st. I have seen grand sunsets in the tropics, but none to equal either of these. The one of August 1st was the most magnificent, not a cloud was to be seen while the sun which was blood red, seemed to be falling into the lake, and the whole of the heavens were pink.

(To be Continued.)

DIPLOMACY OF LITTLE TOBE.

How He Settled a Dispute Concerning Gen. Shafter's Color.

Three newspaper boys, one undoubtedly black, the others presumably white when the dirt was washed off, stood in front of a store window yesterday and feasted their eyes on a gaudily colored lithograph of the capture of San Juan hill, in which a company of negro soldiers were depicted as gallantly storming a blockhouse which literally belched smoke and flame. With rapt faces they gazed. At length the little son of Ham broke the silence:

"Say, dem colored fellers was brave, wasn't they?"

"What did dey do, Slim?" asked the smallest of the white boys, in immeasurable scorn.

"Do? Why, dey took San Jew'n hill, that what they did!"

"Oh, hully gee! Hear der kid! Took nawthin'. Why, de niggers wasn't roun' w'en San Jew'n was took; was dey, Tobe?"

The eldest lad maintained a discreet silence. The negro took courage.

"Yah! What was Gin'ral Shafter? Wa'n't he a colored gen'man?"

"Oh, say, Slim, you're dead crazy; yu'se a stiff, dat's wat you'se is! Why, nigger, Shafter's white man, Shafter is!"

"No, sir," cried the other, excitedly. "Shafter is de colored gin'ral. Guess I know!"

"I leave it to Tobe," yelled the white boy. "Wasn't Shafter a white man, Tobe?"

"Wa'n't he colored, Tobe?" echoed the little black boy.

Tobe was plainly disconcerted. His eyes shifted uncertainly up the street and he remained gazing at a beer sign in deep abstraction while you might have counted ten. His reputation was at stake, and he knew it.

"Wa'n't he a nigger, Tobe?" anxiously repeated the negro boy.

Then Tobe's gaze drifted back and rested scornfully on the faces of the two contestants. He sniffed loudly.

"Gin'ral Shafter wan't a nigger," he pronounced, calmly.

The smaller white lad danced a step.

"An' he wan't a white man!"

The dancer paused and the negro yelled in triumph.

"Den w'at was he, I'd like ter know," cried the former, suspiciously. Tobe's reputation trembled in the balance, but he was equal to the crisis.

"Gin'ral Shafter," pronounced Tobe, with judicial serenity, "Gin'ral Shafter was a merlatter!"

There was a moment of intense and audible silence. Then, "Yah!" yelled the white boy, and "What I tol' yer?" cried his black mate.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A valuable and appropriate souvenir of the country is The Nugget's special edition. Send one out by Nugget Express. Well written articles, finely illustrated, thoroughly authentic.

You can get stationery in big variety at the Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

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TOOK EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

A Cock and Bull Story Told by the Accused.

Claims He Bought Some Stuff Like It From a Man at Nome and by Mistake Took the Wrong Tent.

H. W. Bracken is particularly unfortunate. Of considerable renown in the United States by reason of certain mining and hoisting devices now in use, he came to Alaska in time to be frozen in on the down river route. A brother was sick on his hands and finally died and was buried. Coming to Dawson last summer he found himself without funds, and, being of middle age, not able to readily get into the rut which leads on to fortune. Indeed until last Thursday night he was occupying a tent on the beach when not engaged in traversing the creeks.

On the Thursday night in question he returned from a long tramp both tired and hungry. His tent struck him as so cold and cheerless he determined to invest one of a few scant dollars at a good restaurant. At 7:30 he went to the tent ground to light a fire. To his utter astonishment he found the tent and everything it contained had disappeared as if swallowed by the earth. Sleeping bag, blankets, clothes, supplies, cooking utensils, stove—indeed everything had gone excepting the few clothes actually worn by Bracken at the moment.

Next morning he repaired for breakfast to a second hand store and restaurant kept by a Mrs. Cecilia Johnson. He related the story of his loss. Mrs. Johnson was astonished and wondered if some goods purchased by her the night previous were not part of the stolen articles. Bracken identified the sleeping bag, blankets and a shirt, and the police were called on to discover the whereabouts of the Frank Rogers who had sold them.

In court on Saturday Rogers called for a summary trial before his honor, Major Perry, "to get through with what they were going to do with him," as the prisoner remarked. The identification of the goods was most complete, the shirt pocket containing letters and bills bearing Bracken's name.

Rogers really attempted no defense except a most ingenious story given on his own supported word. He said he bought a tent and contents from Ed McKay, since gone to Nome. He paid McKay \$15 in the presence of Mullen, but does not know where he is. He thought this was the tent and the other night took out the sleeping bag, blankets and shirt and sold them for \$8 to Mrs. Johnson. Didn't take the tent nor any of the other things which had gone and didn't know of their whereabouts.

His honor told the ill looking prisoner flatly that he didn't believe a word of the story, and sentenced him to six months at hard labor. The goods were returned to Bracken, who now has neither house nor tent to receive them. The prisoner still persists in disclaiming any knowledge of the whereabouts of the other goods, but may think better of it after a while.

Later.—The police report the stolen goods have now all been recovered and returned to Bracken, excepting some underwear and the tent, among other things recovered being a coat found to have been left by some stranger at the Grotto saloon.

There is an immense amount of petty thieving taking place in Dawson and vicinity just now. For some unexplained reason but a small percentage of the thefts are reported to the police, or it reported, are not reported at the town station, where the men detailed for such work are kept. The results are somewhat curious. People have called at the town station some days or a week after they have been robbed and found their goods had been captured by the police, but the thief had not been detained because no owner for the goods could be found.

The police of the town patrol suggest that while the pile of recovered stolen goods in their possession is large and constantly growing, much more of the lost property could be secured and the thieves unmasked if complaints were laid promptly of the theft. To allow a robbery to go unreported for weeks enables the property to be disposed of and the thief to disappear among the 35,000 people thronging the creeks.

Three Days in a Police Court.

In Burns vs. Hopkins, the latter admitted owing \$50 in wages. "Pay up

by Tuesday or seven days," remarked his honor.

Brown says Parks owed him \$155.06. The magistrate thought so, too. Result, Parks doesn't owe it any more. Wages.

Charles McDougall wanted to climb a telegraph pole and stand on his head. Only one cure is known for this peculiar complaint on Sunday nights—\$10 and costs.

Gus Russell was cold nights. Dr. John Brown had a nice warm wolf skin robe. Then Russell had it, along with some other goods. Now the police have it—and Russell, too—until the higher court shall dispose of the case.

In Queen vs. Thos. Oliver the charge was dismissed. Cunningham, ex member of the crew of the Yukoner, complained that the said Thos. Oliver did actually harm him bodily in the Pavilion dance hall. The evidence did not bear him out, with results as above.

The same Gus Russell was in want of a ride. King's dogs are good "mushers" and appeared to Russell to be leading an idle existence around King's cabin. This is wrong, where a dog team's board costs as much as a man's. But then, a man who borrows a dog team without the owner's knowledge should not sell the team afterwards. His lordship will be asked to decide this fine point in social etiquette.

GRAND FORKS ITEMS.

Mrs. White is disposing of her personal property, preparatory to her trip out on the ice.

There is quite a joke on some ladies on Gold Hill. They had prepared a turkey dinner last Thursday, Nov 23, thinking it was the last Thursday in the month.

The Y. M. C. A. held the liveliest debate of the season on Saturday evening, Nov 25th. The house was packed to the doors. Standing room was at a premium. The subject was "Resolved, That it would be beneficial to the United States of America to form an alliance both offensive and defensive with Great Britain." The names of the speakers in the debate were: Affirmative side, Mr. McDougall and Mr. Graff; negative, Mr. French and Mr. Wills. Messrs. Hayward, Ask, Difen and Steel rendered vocal selections. Mr. Johnson gave a reading, then the chairman gave the floor to the debaters. The gentlemen of the affirmative opened the debate with a very strong argument in favor of such an alliance. Mr. French of the negative side rebutted Mr. McDougall in a fine manner. Next came Mr. Graff. He only occupied the floor a short time and closed with the remarks that he did not think there was much need of argument, as his side would win hands down. Mr. Wills, of the negative side, the strongest speaker of the evening, arose and all were as quiet as a mouse. He went on to explain the fundamental principals of the two governments and things commenced to get rather warm. At this stage of the debate the chairman, Rev. Cock arose and debarred the speaker from the floor on these lines, so there was a general upheaval, and a motion was made to close the debate. The motion prevailed, and thus the question still stands undecided. M. C. F. B.

SHIPWRECKED AT NOME.

Small Boat Plying Between Nome and St. Michael.

Had on Board the "Nugget's" Newspaper Plant—Extent of the Damage Not as Yet Known.

Special to The Klondike Nugget.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25.—The steamer Roanoke on her last trip from Cape Nome reports the wreck of a small steamer plying between St. Michaels and Nome. On board the steamer was the printing plant owned by the Klondike Nugget of Dawson, which had been sent to Cape Nome for the purpose of establishing a newspaper. A portion of the paper stock was damaged.

(No further details of the above accident have as yet been received, other than contained in the dispatch. The plant was sent from Dawson in September in charge of Messrs. Geo. E. Storey and Cole Burke, two experienced newspaper men, both of whom had been connected with the Nugget for a considerable length of time.

They left Dawson on the steamer Tacoma of the Empire line and were last heard of as having reached the Yukon flats in safety. No further word was received until the arrival of the dispatch, via Seattle.

DR. BOURKE'S HOSPITAL.

Construction, equipment and staff equal to any hospital outside. Scientifically heated, especially to maintain an equable temperature. Trained nurses in attendance. Inspection invited. Terms from \$10 a-day, including medical attendance. Cow's milk and other delicacies required by patients administered. Separate room for each patient. Medical and surgical advice at hospital, \$5. Medicines and stimulants extra. Yearly tickets, \$50.00.

FORREST AND CUNNINGHAM.

Major Perry Submits to an Interview on the Subject.

A Gambler Accuses a Policeman and a Policeman Accuses a Gambler—Before the Territorial Court.

Major Perry, in command of the mounted police in the Yukon territory, was interviewed on Saturday by a representative of The Nugget regarding the sensational charges floating about that Policeman Cunningham attempted to blackmail the proprietors and operators of the Aurora saloon and gaming rooms during the past month.

"Major Perry," said the knight of the pencil in introducing the subject, "the public of Dawson is strangely interested in learning your attitude toward Constable Cunningham, who is accused in certain quarters of having attempted to extort money from the gamblers and proprietors of the Aurora by trumping up a charge of cheating with marked cards."

"Very well; what do you wish to know?"

"We would like to know if anything is being done toward sifting the matter. That the charge is being bandied about unrebuked is taken by many as proof positive of its truth. That the constable, thus accused remains apparently uninvestigated must derogate from the past prestige of the force, and is certainly losing for that body much of the high estimation in which it has been held."

"The delay is rather apparent than real," replied the major. "You may say that the matter will be properly aired. The fact is that pending the trial of Thos. Forest, our hands are bound. To anticipate that trial by examining the very witnesses who are to be called would be improper. The trial of Forest is set for the first of December, which is but a few days longer, after which our task will be simplified. It is possible that much of the evidence will be right to the point at issue. To show you the impossibility of our taking up the case of Cunningham before the trial we will hazard an instance. Suppose a jury should find to its satisfaction that no marked cards had been used by Forrest. That would somewhat conclusively prove the guilt of Cunningham, would it not? And then vice versa. Should Forrest prove to be guilty as charged, our task with Cunningham will be much simplified."

"True; but proof of the guilt of Forrest would not necessarily imply the innocence of Cunningham," was urged.

"You mean that both might be innocent or both might be guilty?" The reporter admitted that was what he meant.

"Well, of course that could be so. You will recognize my reasons when I tell you that I cannot tell you the evidence which will likely come up at the trial. That evidence may be of such a character as to set all doubts at rest as to the guilt or innocence of either party. Till then I can only say I can do nothing."

A fine Thanksgiving dinner will be served at the Cafe Royal on Thursday, \$1.50.

Get a chest protector if you are subject to colds. Reid & Co., chemists.

City Editor—Well?

Reporter—Can I have fifteen minutes off this afternoon?

City Editor (frowning)—For what?

Reporter—I'm to be married.

City Editor—Well, hurry up. And (absently) get the name of the bride and all that, and if there's anything sensational, enlarge upon it; I shall expect half a column. Get a hustle on.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Saturday night, between Cafe Royal and A. C. warehouses, ladies' gold watch, initials L. M. on back of case; marquise ring, opal and diamond setting, attached to chain. Leave at this office. Reward.

FOUND—Pocket memorandum book containing valuable papers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. Apply at this office.

FOUND—Brindle hound, on bench 21 above Bonanza, right limit. Pay for advertisement. R. Smith.

FOUND—The right place to stop. Warm, clean beds, 50c and up. Yukon Hotel.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Ten first-class work or driving horses, with or without sufficient feed for winter; 30 tons hay and oats, harness, cutters, sleighs, robes, etc.; stock all young and in good condition. Apply W. D. Bruce, over Bonifields, or at Whitehorse livery, back of Fairview hotel.

FOR SALE—Steam thawer. Apply at office of Nugget Express.

BLACKSMITHS.

OSBER & HAWLEY, Third st. south, near 5th ave; blacksmithing, machine, wagon and sleigh work done promptly at low prices; scientific horseshoeing a specialty.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

MINING ENGINEERS.

TYRRELL & GREEN, Mining Engineers and Dominion Land Surveyors. Office, Harper st., Dawson.

JOHN B. WARDEN, F. I. C.—Assayer for Bank of British North America. Gold dust melted and assayed. Assays made of quartz and black sand. Analyses of ores and coal.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

J. H. KOONS, M. D.; A. C. Building.

LAWYERS

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, Bonifield building, opposite A. C. Store, Dawson.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building. Safety deposit box in A. C. vaults.

TADOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors; Advocates; Notaries Public; Conveyancers. Offices, Green Tree Bldg.

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

OYSTER PARLORS.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! Every style. Eastern coast and oyster, prepared by scientific oyster chefs at "The Kozy," Second avenue, between Second and Third streets. Turkey dinner Sunday, \$2.00. Wm. S. Hawley, Prop.

GERMANS AND BOERS

(Continued from Page 1.)

He has all his plans laid for the organization of the session and will be ready to announce the committees immediately upon the organization of the house. Reed's rules will be retained for the government of the house. This leaves the speaker practically in control of legislation as he is enabled to give precedence to any measures which he may favor. Owing to the heavy drains on the government resulting from the pension rolls and foreign war expenditures, the financial bill will be reported from the ways and means committee at a very early date.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Two new patients were received at Dr. Bourke's hospital during the week. Mrs. A. Black and Harry W. Agner. Mr. C. J. Wagner was discharged as cured.

A movement is on foot looking to the compulsory registration of all dogs at police headquarters. The theory is advanced that such registration will aid largely in detecting dog thieves who are expected to be much in evidence when the expected stampede to Nome begins.

Give the girl a swell dinner at the Cafe Royal on Thursday. Turkey dinner \$1.50.

The Nugget Express has made a special rate of 50 cents for carrying the Nugget's special illustrated edition to the coast.

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