

son of the victory James Hamilton... light, a fire broke... the evening of 1901... the premises occu... like Thuring M... The building is... the most densely... Third avenue and... the timely ar... and the... under the direc... a very serious... have occurred... is noticed by Co... no turned in an... The big chemical... quickly fol... of hose that wa... engine. Nothing... first seen as th... beneath the roo... le was not in o... with the hose. Th... tively used be... oments play w... engine poured i... in the roof wa... necessary to rem... damage was sligh... \$500.

"Niobe."

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The Ladue
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FULL LINE
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Roast Beef,
Mutton,
Sausage,
Lunch Tongue,
Chipped Beef,
Pork and Veal
Cutlets,
Chicken (Roast
and Deviled.)

Get Our Prices

The Nugget Circulates
From Skagway to Nome

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

Nugget Advertisements
Give Immediate Returns

Vol. 7, No. 292

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

TO CONTROL THE GUSHER

Contract Was Signed at Noon Today—D. A. Matheson Gets It and Says He Will Control the Flow in Four or Five Days. Supply a Boon to Miners.

D. A. Matheson this morning covered the contract from the territorial government for handling the "gusher" on No. 3a Eldorado. It was signed at noon today, and it arranged for the following: The shaft is some 220 feet deep and is four feet in diameter, and is cribbed. The shaft is to be put in "two pipes of six inches in diameter, with proper valves. A centrifugal pump in connection therewith, it is believed, will give enough pressure for from ten to six stanzas, or, if necessary, double this quantity. It is not known just what the pressure will be on the shaft, but the idea of putting in the two pipes is to allow of a constant drill being run down one of them, or both, and sinking another shaft by this method. What this will prove in the way of the second shaft proposition for which the shaft was sunk is a matter of conjecture, but it is believed that such a shaft will, undoubtedly, increase the flow of water.

With this additional sinking it is hoped to increase the flow to ten or twelve shafts, and this being done over and over again by the miners the creek will give a water supply to them which will be a great boon. Valves will be placed at the top of each of the 8-inch pipes so as to regulate the flow.

When the pipes are down the shaft will be filled in. First there will be a layer of rock, so that the water may percolate freely and from its higher temperature not be able to disintegrate the filling. Above this will be a strata of gravel in sacks; then a layer of loose gravel and then a course of concrete. And so on until a sufficient filling has been made in the shaft to force the water to rise through the pipes.

A small building will be erected over the shaft and pipes, to protect the latter from freezing, and if found necessary there will be an arrangement for a continual overflow, so that the water may freely circulate and thus avoid the chances of becoming frozen up.

As soon as the contract was signed today Mr. Matheson sent men up to the Forks to begin work at once. He says that he hopes to control the flow in from five to six days, but as to the rights to use the water he has at present no knowledge what will be the decision of the authorities.

"Niobe" at Auditorium.

TITLES NOT GOOD

Best Area of Philippine Friar Lands Involved.

Washington, Nov. 12.—Gov. Taft of the officials of the war department propose to observe every precaution in the settlement of the friar land claims in the Philippines. The late Gov. Taft left Rome it was reported that negotiations relating to the transfer of the friar lands to the United States would be resumed on October 1. It was thought at that time that the settlement was taken for the purpose of allowing the vatican time to work out the Spanish friar lands on the island.

It is still the purpose of the administration to demand that the titles be withdrawn before there will be any purchase of their lands by the government. Reclamations now being made by the authorities at Rome to have ample time to replace the friar lands by priests from this country, who will not be objectionable to the natives or to the Spanish residents of the islands.

It is practically admitted by the department officials that two or three years may be consumed in the pending negotiation. It is thought that the titles to the friar lands are badly involved. While the titles have possession of vast areas of territory it is not clear in many instances that its titles are by any means perfect. Gov. Taft and the department officials made an effort to have the titles guaranteed by the vatican in consideration of a lump sum of money to be paid to the government. This proposition was declined and it is now necessary for the representatives of the United States to satisfy themselves of the sufficiency of these titles. Spanish records in the islands have very generally been found to be incomplete and unsatisfactory. Department officials realize that the titles will be a long and tedious. They propose to have the titles and will consist of a tract of land as a separate case. In many cases run back several hundred years and are under tenures unknown to English common law practice and their

CHILLED THROUGH

Assayer Beraud Has a Narrow Escape From Freezing.

Gustave Beraud, the assayer of the government free quartz mill, had a narrow escape from freezing last night. He was returning home from the quartz mill, which is near the Ogilvie bridge, and had taken the route along the Klondike river instead of the road. He began to feel chilled but took no notice of it, and continued to walk on until he got past the fire hall when he attempted to scramble up the bank and found that he had not the physical power to do it. He called out and was taken into Kilgore's store. From there he was removed to the Klondike hotel, and he was so evidently chilled through and through that Dr. Alfred Thompson was sent for. Remedies were applied and Mr. Beraud was later on able to proceed to his home.

POLICE COURT QUIET

Charge Against James Condon is Withdrawn.

Contrary to expectations police court was very quiet today. There were no drunks, the usual aftermath of an election, and the face of Sergeant Smith bore a look of disappointment when queried by the reporters as to the number of stories in sight. The only case to come before his honor was that of James Condon, charged with having assaulted James Grant, the aged caretaker of the Ross committee rooms, on the night of the alleged attempt at robbery of the voters' lists. Mr. Grant with considerable magnanimity withdrew the charge and the case was dismissed.

City Water Supply

Mr. Matheson is felicitating himself upon the fact that with sixty degrees of temperature above and two to three hundred feet of frozen matter below, the Dawson water works is able to serve its customers through pipes several feet below the frozen surface, with water at a moderate temperature. He thinks that the water company is entitled to a bouquet of encouragement.

Will Develop Property

Guthrie, O. T., Nov. 12.—Michael Cudahy, president of the Cudahy Packing Company, has just leased two sections of oil land in the Osage and Cherokee nations, and is quoted as saying that his company will spend \$2,000,000 in developing the property.

"What do you consider domesticity in man?"

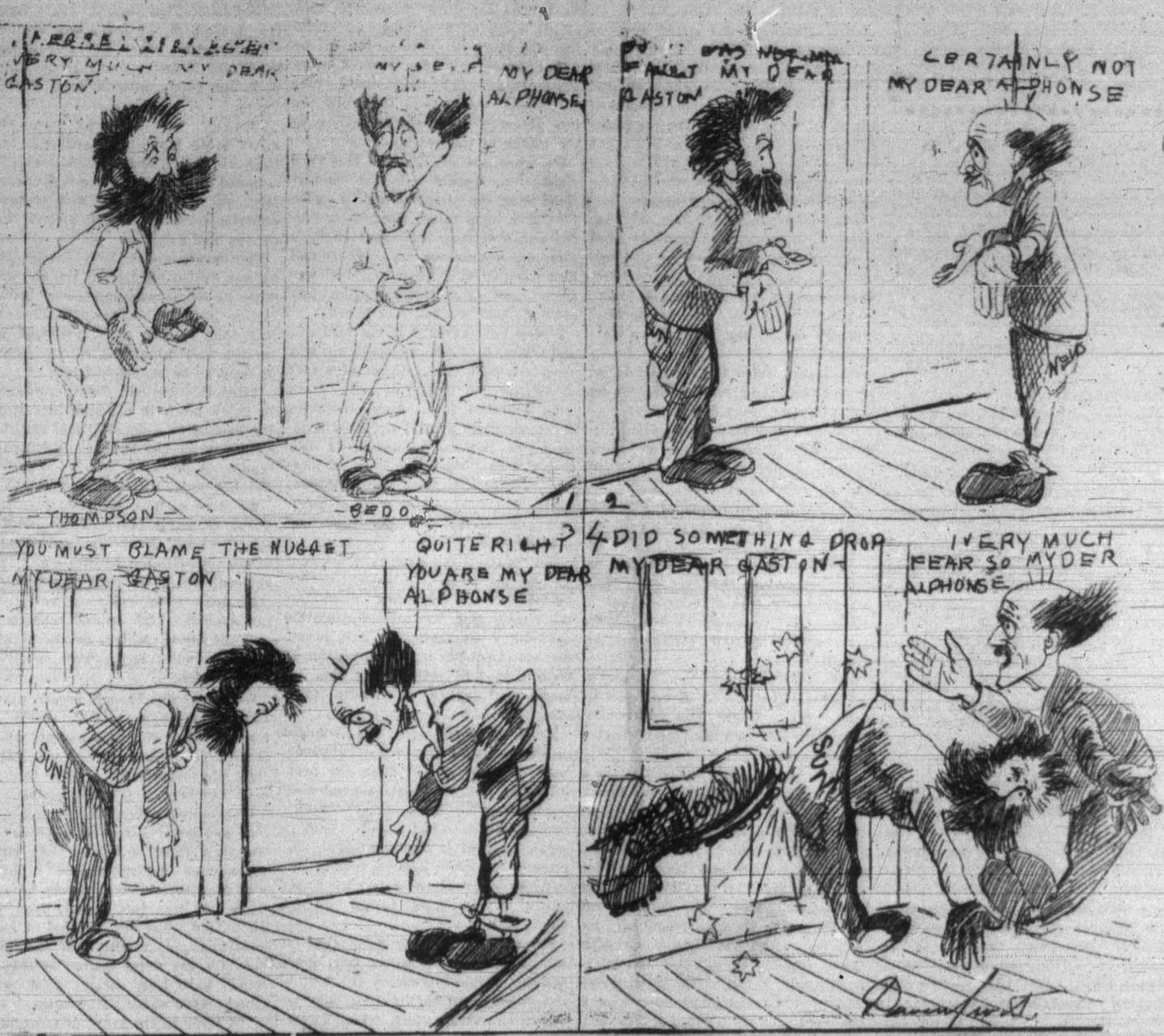
"It is the trait of wanting to stay home when his wife wants him to go out with her."

"And what is domesticity in woman?"

"That is the trait of being willing to stay home when her husband wants to go out without her."

Chicago Post.

At Auditorium—"Niobe."



ALPHONSE AND GASTON CONSOLE EACH OTHER.

BUDGET OF SKAGWAY NEWS GOSSIP AS TO CANDIDATES

Mail Carriers to Atlin Lost—Great Snow Storms on White Pass—Moral Wave Against Gamblers—Schools Are Closed for Want of Funds.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Skagway, Dec. 4.—Melntyre and Abbey, the White Pass mail carriers on the Fantail Trail from Log Cabin to Atlin, are missing. They left Atlin nine days ago and since that time the carriers who have gone from Log Cabin to Atlin saw only foot prints in one place. Neither the dogs or the men have been heard from, and it is feared both have perished. Atlin has wired to start a search party, but the Atlin line is now down.

The grand jury at Juneau has indicted the five Hoonah Indian murderers of the witch doctor and the two men who held up the Douglas opera house.

Fishery Agent Coyle, who wanted certain Indians indicted for violating the law as to traps, was turned down by the jury, who threw the cases out.

It is thought that a moral wave is starting and that indictments against the gamblers may be expected.

The storm continues and the Juneau mail boat can not leave for Skagway.

General Greeley in a letter to the Skagway Chamber of Commerce, says that Alaska will be the home of a large and wealthy population, and that the development of the north is only just beginning.

The Skagway public school will close on the nineteenth on account of there being no funds.

At a meeting of the bar association of Alaska the following officers were elected: John R. Wins, Juneau, president; Thos. Lyons, Juneau, secretary; L. P. Shackelford, Skagway, treasurer.

The White Pass trains were nearly six hours late yesterday, and it is said no such snow storm has occurred in years. The drifts are fourteen feet deep on the summit.

Many Well Known Men "In the Hands of Their Friends"—Dr. Catto and Mr. Woodworth May Enter the Arena. Landreville May Also Run.

There is a good deal of talk around the city as to the campaign for members of the territorial council, but quite a number were disposed to keep their own counsel until the writ had been actually issued and some of those known to be candidates had shown their hands in the matter. The writ was to be issued at noon today, but Acting Commissioner Wood had difficulties in getting into communication with those whom he desired to appoint as returning officers at distant points, and at this writing it had not been issued.

As was said yesterday there is no doubt that Dr. Alfred Thompson will be an independent candidate from this city. And, in regard to this term independent, there seems to be a general idea that all the candidates will come out on their merits. In the campaign just concluded there were no party lines, and there is no need to be any in either the territorial or the municipal campaign. There was in the parliamentary contest a regular candidate and an opposition candidate, and the opposition candidate and his party were entirely wiped out, as a party. It is not expected that there will be an opposition party in either of the coming campaigns as they have no grounds for opposition.

With two elections in which each man stands upon his own record and merits, and which have no well defined lines of demarcation upon public policy, there are sure to be, especially in the beginning, quite a number of men mentioned by their friends as candidates, for the reason that there are so large a number of capable men to make a selection from. Hence there is an amount of gossip today.

This afternoon a deputization was to wait upon Mr. Woodworth and invite him to become a candidate. If he accepts he will run for the city, and upon the same independent lines as Dr. Thompson. Neither will rely upon the vote of the opposition party to aid them. Neither has any right to expect it, even if there should be anything left of that party in the city, which is extremely doubtful.

It was said last night that Mr. Prudhomme had decided to become a candidate for re-election, and no sooner had it been bruited about than a number of French Canadians waited upon Max Landreville and tried to persuade him to enter the lists. Max was reluctant, but he said with some force of expression that if Mr. Prudhomme dared to come forward again he would certainly enter the lists against him.

John R. Grey has a letter in another column that he is not a candidate for the city council. This will not weaken the idea of a number of his friends—that he would make a good candidate for the territorial council.

As to the Forks, it is admitted that had the opposition party scored a substantial majority it would have been a factor to figure with in this election. But as it did not, there are hopes that at least one French Canadian will come forward from the creeks in the mining interest. Arthur Wilson will again be a candidate and this morning the name of Dan McGilvray is conspicuously mentioned. Frank Slavin is also heard of occasionally, but it is not known whether he would run or not.

What Dr. Catto will do is another question. He was waited upon this afternoon by a delegation which invited him to become a candidate and he said he would consider the matter. He may be a candidate from this city, or he may run for the creeks on a mining platform. There will undoubtedly be lots of other candidates before nomination day.

The territorial election is fixed for the last day of this month and the city election will tread upon its heels and be held a week later. Therefore there will be the two together. In the latter there appears so far no particular lines of demarcation, but it is said that there is certain to be a large number of candidates for the majority and its salary of \$1000 a year. It is also said there is to be a "No Salary" party, and that A. Allayre Jones is to be at the head of it. Mayor Macaulay would undoubtedly like to be re-elected, but there are other candidates for the honor and the salary, among them Jefferson Davidson, Frank Johnson, Peter Vachon and James A. McDonald. There will be others in a few days.

FIRE AT GOLD BOTTOM

(Special to the Nugget by telephone)

Gold Bottom, Nov. 4.—At five o'clock last night a disastrous fire occurred at Gold Bottom resulting in the total loss of the Jerry house and some damage to the Gold Bottom hotel.

The fire originated in the first named establishment, presumably as the result of a defective flue. The fire brigade turned out but it was of no avail and the building was burned to the ground.

Between the Jerry house and the Gold Bottom hotel was a small shed which was soon ablaze. Willing hands turned in and soon had the shed torn down. This enabled the firemen to get the flames under control and no further damage resulted.

The loss of the Jerry house will amount to \$2000 and to the Gold Bottom hotel about \$500.

Dog Saves Child.

Marysville, Cal., Nov. 12.—The hero of the forest fire that raged along the border between Yuba and Butte counties is Bruno, a Great Dane dog, that fought his way through the living body of 3-year-old Florence Rogers. The parents of the child, when the alarm was given, hastened to assist neighbors, leaving little Florence on the kitchen floor. When the wind shifted Rogers and his wife rushed for their home, but when they reached the clearing it was to see the barn in a blaze. Rogers tried to get to the house, but was restrained. Just then Bruno burst through the kitchen window with the child, her garments knotted in his teeth. The baby's clothes gave way as the dog landed, but in an instant had her again in grip and reached safety. The child's face and hands were cut and burned, but she will recover.

No Sleep Tonight.

The temperature is so low that the managers of the Athletic rink determined to have no hand tonight, but the Mounted Police band will play there on Saturday night for the hockey match.

"Senator Lotman," asked one of the fellows on the other side, "will you tell me why you favor the ship subsidy bill?"

"Well, sir," answered the distinguished senator, "after you've got your Nicaragua canal dug you'll want to see some American ships go through it, won't you?"

VERY NEARLY A BIG BLAZE

Fire on Third Avenue—Thermometer at Fifty Below and Great Difficulty In Handling Water Supply—Firemen Barely Escape Freezing.

Twenty-five minutes delay in being served with water this morning became within a hair's breadth of being responsible for the most serious conflagration that has befallen Dawson for some time. Not in the past two years has the city been in such imminent danger as it was today and where the fault lies Chief Lester proposes to investigate to the fullest possible extent. It may be that the 50 below weather had something to do with it, but the suspense of standing calmly and seeing one's entire possessions, go up in smoke while the pipeman stands with the nozzle in his hands waiting for the water that was so long in coming is maddening to say the least.

It was 10:45 when the fire on Third avenue started. C. W. Larry, an employee of Barr & Murphy, the water men, had just delivered a barrel of water at the Old Glory restaurant and had seated himself to have a bite of breakfast. His order was no sooner served than the shouting of fire was heard on the street. Larry jumped up and ran out and observed that the barber shop in the Rystogi building adjoining occupied by J. W. Green was a mass of flames. A number of people were running up and down the street yelling fire, but no one appeared to know what to do and hastening over to box 21 at the corner of Queen and Third, Larry sent in an alarm.

The department responded quickly but a glance was sufficient to show that the flames had gotten beyond the scope of the chemical. A line of hose was laid from No. 2 engine and then came the delay. Minutes went by which seemed hours in length and by the time the water did appear it looked as though the entire building and possibly the block was doomed, the fire having spread to the second story and the flames were bursting through the upper windows and roof. Willing hands had assisted in removing such furnishings from the building as could be carried out before the heat and smoke became so stifling and the attention was then turned toward the adjoining property. Between the Rystogi building and Butler's corner there is a vacant store room, then came Butler. His stock was removed, though as it developed later there was no necessity for doing so. The fittings and outfit in the Palace restaurant on Queen street, adjoining Butler on the east were also carried out.

The stream from No. 2 engine upon its arrival was directed toward the front of the building, the firemen battling their way through the second story windows in a perfect volcano of smoke. The flames in the meantime had eaten their way backward and the rear of the building was upon a seething furnace. The second alarm was turned in and a line of hose was laid from No. 1 engine. A half hour's vigorous work and the fight was won, but not without having entailed no little suffering on the part of the firemen. When the last spark had been extinguished they resembled human icicles more than human beings. Their outer garments were a solid mass of ice while those underneath were ringing wet, the heat from their bodies preventing such from freezing, a most admirable invitation to pneumonia. In several instances their clothes had to be cut off, the fire in the department hall having died down during their absence, as there was no one to attend to them, and it was a risk of their lives to wait until they had been re-rolled in order to thaw out.

Strange to relate, no one was frozen, though the thermometer was 50 below. The firemen worked like Trojans and deserve all possible credit. Chief Lester was in the midst of it all the time and at the end looked like a stalagmite of ice into which life had been suddenly infused.

In regard to the manner of the fire starting, Mr. Green, in whose barber shop it originated, has this to say: "I was not in at the time the fire broke out, having just stepped up to the market hotel, but one of my employees has told me of it. The fire caught from the heating stove in the shop, the woodwork back of the stove first becoming ignited and in an instant it had run up the paper on the wall and communicated with the ceiling and then it was all off. The wall back of the stove was protected by a piece of zinc with an air space back of it and less than a week ago I called in Fire Inspector Bullock and had him examine it and see if it was safe. He made a careful inspection and pronounced it all right and I thought no more about it. I can't understand now how it could have caught fire, protected as it was. I saved but very little of my furniture and fittings as the fire spread so rapidly the boys did not have time to get them out."

Mr. Rystogi, the owner of the building, has been singularly unfortunate with his investment. About four months ago the same building caught fire, that time on the upper floor, and was damaged to the extent of \$1500. The place cost him \$5000 and it will take probably two-thirds of that sum to replace it as it was. He occupied the store room on the lower floor adjoining the barber shop as a candy factory and shop, from which he saved but little. It is that his loss is estimated at \$250.

The upper floor of the building was under lease to Mrs. Robinson who conducted a lodging house. Her six rooms were nicely furnished, the fittings of which are a total loss. Mrs. Robinson had been an occupant of the premises but one month and day before yesterday could have disposed of her lease and belongings to an excellent advantage.

Mrs. Fallon, of the Palace restaurant, had also been in her present quarters but a month. Her loss was caused principally by the breakage and freezing of perishables moved in to the street.

Butler's loss was also due to the same cause. He had a large stock of fancy, high priced bottled luxuries and they were well nigh totally ruined.

The following is the estimate placed upon the losses, some of which is covered by insurance. Mr. Rystogi had endeavored to secure some insurance on his building after his previous fire, but the risk was too great and none of the companies would accept it.

Rystogi, building	\$3,000
Rystogi, stock and fixtures	500
Mrs. Robinson	750
J. W. Green	500
Butler	1,750
Palace restaurant	250
	\$4,900

Both the Victoria and Flannery hotels made preparations to move, but at the last moment resolved to wait a little longer. Their delay saved them considerable expense and annoyance.

Early in the fire an alarm was

(Continued on page 4.)

Warm Coat Sale...

20% DISCOUNT

On all Fur Coats, Fur Lined Coats, Fur Trimmed Coats and Cloth Overcoats. Not a slaughter sale of old stock but

A Quick Turn in New Goods.

Sargent & Pinsky,

118 2nd Avenue

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To. NO CREDIT.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance, \$30.00. Per month, by carrier in city, in advance, \$3.00. Single copies, 25c. Semi-Weekly. Yearly, in advance, \$24.00. Six months, 12.00. Three months, 6.00. Per month, by carrier in city, in advance, 2.00. Single copies, 25c.

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

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Humker, Dominion, Gold Run.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1913.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Sowing the Wind." Auditorium—"Niobe."

BAD LOSERS.

The Nugget has stood between the public and a scheme hatched in the News office, which had for its object the formation of a local newspaper trust. It was part and parcel of the scheme to elect the "unworthy instrument" to parliament through the agency of the evening organ, and at the same time give half-hearted support to Mr. Ross through the morning organ.

The Nugget was to be crushed out of business and all printing patronage from both parties was thus to be kept beneath the News roof.

How miserably the scheme has failed the public well understands.

Charged by the Nugget with vested ownership in the Sun, the News first denied and then admitted the facts. An attempt was made to justify its position by the specious plea that capitalists often owned stock in competing railroads. The public laughed and a "sue" and "divorce" was arranged.

As predicted by the Nugget a part of the News machinery was moved to the old Sun office and the game went on—but the plans were badly disarranged.

Instead of electing the "unworthy instrument" he was turned down. The splendid and successful fight made by the Nugget for Mr. Ross as contrasted with the weak showing of the Sun was occasion for comment throughout the campaign. So far as newspaper work and influence is concerned the Nugget is credited by common consent with having won the day.

The Nugget went into the fight without a promise given or sought, a statement which can be substantiated with the utmost ease. The Ross banner was carried to triumph and naturally our contemporaries are feeling badly. They carefully concocted newspaper trust scheme has been knocked in the head. The Nugget has protected the public, has made an energetic and successful fight for principle and has put the enemy to complete rout.

The mutuality of interest which exists between the Sun and News is seen in almost every line of their editorial columns and may be read even by him who runs. They are bad losers and show the bitterness of their disappointment so plainly that there can be no mistake.

The Nugget invites and welcomes their hostility as tending conclusively to establish the truth of the statements we have from time to time made.

No one in Dawson will ever again be foolish enough to claim that a paced public meeting is a safe standard by which to judge of public sentiment. At some of the meetings where at least two-thirds of those present were Ross men, one might easily have imagined from the noise that it was unanimously a Clarke affair.

Dawson is promised a season of opera in the very near future which will aid materially in dispelling the gloom of the winter. The work of the Amateur Operatic Company last

winter was most creditable, and we are given to understand that an even more ambitious presentation will be offered this year. Dawson is fortunate in possessing a large number of musical artists of high talent, and we have no doubt that the operatic company will fully sustain its previous enviable reputation.

As will be noted in answer to a query in another column, ratepayers only are entitled to participate in the approaching municipal election. For the first election manhood suffrage was allowed. The vote at the approaching election will in consequence be largely under that of last year.

The immortal Abe's remark that all the people can not be fooled all the time, receives daily exemplification. There are a few people who thought it did not apply in the Yukon, but the result of Tuesday's election has served to change their views upon the subject.

The work of the fire department at this morning's fire calls for praise. There was an evidence of headwork and system about the way the fire was managed which betokened the fact that the situation was in experienced and competent hands.

The fact that the thermometer hovered around the fifty below mark did not abate the enthusiasm of election night in any particular. Dawson would have celebrated the victory had the weather been twice as cold.

There seems to be excellent reason for belief that a number of political boomsters, now in course of tender nourishing, will not outlast the cold weather.

The News takes its recent defeat with almost as bad grace as it did the sound trouncing it received at the municipal election last winter.

A man cannot be eternally knifing his friends and expect to have their continued support.

Cold weather has come early this year. May its departure be equally as speedy.

That awful "pull" of the News on the creeks, wasted away into thin air.

Some of the creeks made Dawson feel ashamed of itself on Tuesday.

The Royal Visit. London, Oct. 28.—A report cabled from the United States that the Prince and Princess of Wales would probably visit this country in 1914 created much interest here. The news occupied a prominent place in all the afternoon newspapers. Surprise was expressed in official circles at the question being publicly discussed at all. At York House, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, a representative of the Associated Press was informed that nothing was officially known on the subject. Front inquiries in other quarters, however, the Associated Press learned that while no official invitation has been extended, presented to the King, who returned a polite non-committal reply. It is pointed out that the question of acceptance or declination must, of course, await the transmittal of an official invitation from the United States government.

Port of London. London, Oct. 28.—A special conference, summoned by the Lord Mayor, representing the mercantile, banking and manufacturing interests of the capital, met at the Mansion House to consider the improvement of the facilities of the port of London. On motion of Lord Avebury, President of the Central Association of Bankers, the conference agreed to appoint a thoroughly representative committee to approach the government on the subject. The committee includes three representatives of the city corporation, which has a special committee investigating the same question.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office.

At Auditorium—"Niobe."

Standard Patterns And Fashion Sheets For December. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 100-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Communications for publication in this column are invited upon all questions of public interest. Correspondents are requested to be as brief as possible and to sign their names, which will be withheld if desired.

Dawson, Y.T., Dec. 3. Editor Nugget: Dear Sir,—I notice in your issue of Dec. 3 my name mentioned with that of a number of others as a candidate for aldermanic honors. I do not know on what authority this report is based, but I am not now nor will I be a candidate for the city council. By inserting this in your paper you will greatly oblige. Yours very truly, J. R. GREY.

Editor Nugget: Dear Sir,—Please give the qualifications for voters in the coming municipal elections, and oblige.

VOTER. (The qualifications are given in the following section of the ordinance of incorporation.)

QUALIFICATION OF VOTERS. 14. Every person rated upon property within the City of Dawson shall be qualified to vote at an election of Mayor and Aldermen who—

- (a) Is a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years or upwards. (b) Has been rated upon the previous year's assessment and has fully paid his rates and tax of all kinds before the day for nominating candidates.

How the Empress Entertains

Her august Majesty the Celestial Dowager Empress of China, and her worthy adopted son, his Imperial Majesty Kwang Hsu, offer a charming contrast to the angry passions of the Spanish royalties, says Harper's Weekly. Recently, to mark the renewal of perfectly good relations between China and the powers, the worthy Empress Dowager gave a "pink tea" to the ladies of the Embassies and Ministers at Peking. It is reported that her celestial Majesty was urbanity itself; there was something even kittenish and sprightly in her greeting to her guests. This dear old lady, who was so universally anatomized only two years ago, and who was reported by the veracious news-providers of Shanghai to have boiled two or three Ambassadors in oil, or filled them up with melted lead, was decked, it seems, in a magnificent gown of blue silk, embroidered with golden butterflies and birds. Her hair was done in the Manchurian fashion, with two huge bows, or butterflies, at the side, and her smile was sweet and winning. Emperor Kwang Hsu stood beside his adoptive mamma, sweet-tempered and affable, his olive face lit up with a playful smile. He allowed the dear old lady to do all the talking, through a charming Chinese damsel, the daughter of a former Chinese Minister to Berlin, who speaks German and English fluently. The Dowager Empress wore high-heeled shoes—a somewhat necessary precaution, if, as is credibly reported, she is even shorter in stature than was Queen Victoria, the two august ladies who, between them, governed half the human race, averaging something less than five feet in height. Most amusing was the end of this reception, for the Dowager retired to her bedroom, taking two of her lady guests with her, and all three climbed into a huge bed, where, it is said, they played cat's cradles. This particularly delighted Kwang Hsu, who came in white-gate when she was going on. Altogether, these royal personages, the world over, are very much in the public eye in this so-called twentieth century.

Not Alarmed

Liverpool, Oct. 26.—Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford arrived here today from New York on the Cunard liner Umbria. He was interviewed on his trip to the United States, and said he had had a splendid reception, and he could vouch for the genuineness of the kind sentiment entertained there for Great Britain. He said his investigations on the other side had convinced him that Great Britain had nothing to fear from the International Mercantile Marine Company. On the contrary, he believed this combine would benefit England commercially and otherwise. "The United States," said the admiral, "is certainly ahead of us in engineering and administration, and we need to adapt ourselves more to modern ideas." Continuing, Lord Beresford said he did not take a pessimistic view of the situation, and did not agree that Great Britain was going down hill. Public men ought to strive to bind the two great countries more firmly together. "If Great Britain and the United States," said the admiral, "were joined in the interests of universal peace, and if the rest of the world wanted to fight these countries, then let the rest of the world look out."

He—in matters of fashion women follow each other like a flock of sheep. She—Just so, and men follow each other like women.—Brooklyn Life.

The Double Peril

"Nonsense," said Uncle Hayward; "how people do like to be scared! If a real Bengal tiger had made his escape anywhere within twenty miles of here the whole country would have been up in arms before this time. I've no faith in the story."

"Well, they are not quite sure of it," replied the neighbor who had given the information, "but they think so. The steamer was sunk and some of the animals were drowned, but it is believed that the big tiger escaped in the darkness and got ashore."

"What sort of a show was it?" inquired Uncle, "a large menagerie?" "No, I believe not," was the answer. "Only a few animals that some company had hired for the season—a tiger, a jaguar, a pair of leopards, and a few monkeys—that's what they tell me. The steamer had a heavy cargo, and went down very suddenly."

"And they think the tiger made for the woods, eh?" said Uncle. "When did it happen, do you say?" "Night before last—about five miles down the river. 'Twas a small steamer going up to Macon. There was no one lost, I hear."

"Well," remarked Uncle, "a Bengal tiger would be an interesting neighbor, that's certain; and I don't believe he would be long in making his presence known. However, such stories generally require a good deal of allowance. As likely as not, there was no tiger aboard the steamer, after all."

"Oh, I reckon there was," said the neighbor, "but then, of course, we can't tell; people like excitement, and when such a rumor gets started, it grows very fast."

"Yes, that's true; we shall have a whole menagerie ashore here before night. When I was a boy in Maine, there was a story that a lion and an elephant had made their escape from somebody's show and taken to the woods. And, dear me, it spread like the scarlet fever! The children ran all the way to school and all the way back; and the big girls actually cried in the entry, they were so frightened. Some of the mischievous boys would make elephant tracks in the road, and this added to the panic. But we never could hear of any showman who had lost such animals, and all of a sudden the thing came to nothing. I guess the tiger story will end in the same way."

"Why, father," said Cousin Harold, "the fourteen-year-old boy of the family, 'I don't see why it isn't likely enough to be true. I almost hope there is something in it, though I shouldn't want him to be killing people's cattle and things. Just think of it—a big Bengal tiger, and right here in Georgia, too! How I should like to have a chance at him with my gun!"

"Why, Harold," said his mother, "how you talk. If I believed such a creature to be anywhere in the neighborhood, I'd shut you up in the smokehouse rather than let you go into the woods."

"What, and make bacon of a poor fellow?" replied the young lad, gaily.

Uncle Hayward and his family were New England people, who had settled in Georgia near the Ocmulgee river, where I was now paying them a really delightful visit. Harold and myself, being very fond of hunting, spent much time together in pursuit of the various kinds of game to be found in the region. Many an old "mammy" and many an "Uncle Remus" was made the happier by the gift of some fat coon or juicy possum which we brought down from the tall timber.

Inspired as we were with all the enthusiasm of young sportsmen, the thought of an escaped tiger had a pleasing excitement for us. We were, therefore, a little disappointed when another of our neighbors, stopping for a few minutes as he passed the house, made very light of the rumor, saying it was only a foolish story to frighten people.

"A tiger would soon make ugly work with the cattle," he remarked, "and it would be no joking matter to have one about the neighborhood."

"That's true," said Uncle Hayward. "I don't know, though," he added, "but I'd risk my big Jersey with him. I'm thinking 'twould be about 'which and 'otber' between the two, as the saying is."

Harold and I could subscribe to this opinion very heartily, for it was not more than a week since that dangerous old Jersey had chased us out of his pasture, bellowing at us as we ran. Nevertheless, he was a noble fellow to look upon—just as handsome as a horned creature could be. What a thick, strong neck he had! What flanks! Most of the time he spent growling in the large pasture some little distance from the house, and it required a good deal of courage upon the part of the trespasser to cross this area.

No wonder, then, that Harold and myself made a wide detour when, half an hour later, armed with our shotguns, we set out for the woods beyond the Jersey's domains. But it is needless to say that our minds were more taken up with the thought of the tiger than with the fear of our former enemy. It was just possible that a great, stealthy, tawny-shape might be prowling through the very timber in which we were, and I will

not deny that it required little in the way of sight or sound to set our hearts beating faster than usual on that day.

After killing a wild-cat, a raccoon, and a number of large fox squirrels, we turned our steps homeward, not at all sorry to have made no startling discovery in confirmation of the rumor which had so interested us in the morning. The truth was, that the deeper we were in the wood the less pleasure we found in calling up the image of that escaped tiger!

We were just nearing the Hayward plantation, Harold with the wildcat slung over his shoulder and I with the coon upon mine, when on a sudden our attention was arrested by a strange, long-drawn cry. It resembled the call of a great cat, but was deeper and more thrilling than that of a leopard, and a few monkeys—that's what they tell me. The steamer had a heavy cargo, and went down very suddenly."

"I need not say that it startled us; and when, in a few moments, it was repeated, with the addition of a sort of scream, we looked at each other with blanched faces, then, clutching our guns more firmly, we started in to a run. I think we had never realized till then that two boys of fourteen, armed only with light shotguns, could be no match for a royal tiger, just escaped from his cage and hungry for prey."

Our course took us directly across the pasture where the big Jersey had his range. He was lying down for the time—and we almost stumbled over him. Springing up and lowering his sharp horns, he took after us with a kind of yelling roar that bespoke anything but a friendly intention.

We dropped our game and bounded on like a couple of young greyhounds, but we were far out from the nearest fence, and saw that he must soon overtake us with his mad, thundering scrab. Right ahead of us stood a scrub oak, with branches near the ground, and into this we sprang just in time to avoid those terrible horns which would have tossed us like wisps of straw.

It was so close upon us that it was impossible to secure our guns, and we dropped them at the foot of the tree, where they fell rattling between two small rocks, which fortunately protected them from his trampling hoofs.

Then he besieged us in true form, walking all about our trousers, with a hoarse, frightful bellowing that sometimes grew to a shriek, and tearing up the earth with his horns till his whole body was coated with turf.

"Well," said Harold, "we are safe enough in this tree, but who wants to be kept here all night? He is so apt to roar that, even if father or any of the work-folks should hear him, they might not come to see what the matter was. Besides, it's a long distance to the house, and the hill yonder is right in the way."

So we remained watching our savage jailer, quite forgetting for the moment the sounds we had just heard from the woods. How long would the old fellow continue to bellow and fling up the dirt? I was asking some such question when my cousin uttered a quick exclamation.

"Oh, see! look yonder!" he cried; "there's the tiger now!" I looked where he pointed, and my heart gave a thump that was almost suffocating.

There, creeping close to the ground was a powerful yellow shape, marked with jet black stripes. The ears were flattened, and the long tail reached straight out on a level with the body and had a wavy motion that I distinctly remember to this hour. Warily, silently, and just upon the point of making a spring for his victim, the fearful creature was stealing up on the unsuspecting bull.

Though half paralyzed by the scene we still retained some presence of mind. Perhaps a shout might delay the attack, and we gave one with all the power of our throats.

The monster seemed to hesitate, raising his head a little, as he crouched in his tracks, and at that moment the old Jersey discovered him.

In an instant a change came over the scene. Tossing his head in a kind of fierce surprise, the horned brute faced his foe; then, dropping his sharp bayonets to a lower level, he plunged toward the intruder.

Evidently the tiger was unprepared for this, and with remarkable quickness he seemed to take in the situation, he bounded over to a large boulder which lay near by, and with the greatest agility leaped lightly to its top, where he stood regarding the Jersey with wide-open jaws.

"Now's the time," said Harold, excitedly, "we must hurry and get our guns." And down we went hustling through the thick limbs of the oak.

It was our first impulse to fire at the tiger from the ground where we stood, but, as the bull kept directly in the way, it was evident that this would not answer; and, besides, our very terror restrained us; it might be easier to fire than to kill.

Getting back into the tree with our guns; both of which contained heavy charges of buckshot, we quickly positioned ourselves so as to improve the first opening for a fair aim. The tiger still crouched upon his rock of refuge, roaring close in the face of the enemy, yet hesitating to spring upon him; while the strong-necked old

Jersey shook his curly head and fairly screamed at the yellow brute he was not quite able to reach.

A bull's voice in a rage is a strange mixture of frightful sounds, even more so than a tiger's.

We had our guns leveled, watching our opportunity. Presently the striped terror sprang up from his crouching posture, raising himself three-eighths of a yard, with his hind feet, with his tawny breast fully exposed. Since then I have often seen an angry tiger rear himself in the same way against the bars of his cage. There could not have been a fairer mark for us, and both our guns spoke at once with a "bang!"

Through the smoke we saw the great brute tip fairly over and fall upon his back. Then, convulsively, he bounded straight up from the rock two or three times, and at last, plunging forward, landed directly upon the bull's horns.

The next moment, heavy as he was he was hurled ten feet in the air, and when he fell it was only to be tossed again. A dozen or twenty times he was thus thrown aloft, although after the first minute he was evidently as dead as he ever could be.

After this the old Jersey appeared to enjoy much in pitching him along the ground to a considerable distance following up the body as it fell, and sending it on before him as if it had weighed no more than a dead cat.

We were glad to witness the old fellow's whole attention, and so gave us an opportunity to slip away unnoticed, which we very quickly did.

No grass grew under our feet as we ran over the high ground between us and the house, which, as the plantation was quite large, was nearly a mile distant.

With scarcely enough breath to relate our story we told it, to the astonishment of Harold's parents whose thankfulness for our escape, when they had learned how narrow that escape had been, was inexpressible.

It required a considerable force of men and boys to recover the body of the slain tiger in face of the bull's threatening demonstrations; but it was nevertheless secured and brought home. It was then found, upon examination, that our charges of buckshot had undoubtedly done the business for the fierce brute, so that he must have been nearly dead when caught upon those stout horns.

"A tiger in the state of Georgia!" said Uncle Hayward, "a true Bengal tiger! Well, I must own that I was wrong; I thought this morning it was only a silly story. Boys, you and the bull have done a great thing for the community!"

"But, oh, the peril!" said Harold's mother; "suppose we had known it at the moment! It was double danger."

"Yes, mother," replied Harold, "it was double, but it was that very thing which saved us. If we hadn't waked up the Jersey, the tiger would have had us very soon."

SIAM'S FLAG

White Elephant and Its Place at Court.

The flag of Siam is a curious one—a white elephant on a red field—and odd it must look when it is necessary to hoist it upside down as a signal of distress, says the New York Tribune, but a most effective signal, as anything more helpless or distressing than this clumsy quadruped can hardly be imagined.

Before Xacca, the founder of the nation, was born, his mother dreamed that she brought forth a white elephant, and the Brahmins affirm that Xacca, after a metempsychosis of eighty thousand changes, concluded his varied experiences as this white elephant, and thence was received into the company of the Celestial Deities. Hence the veneration of the Siamese for the "Chang Phook" or the sacred white elephant.

Such dignity makes his appearance in the forest there is great rejoicing and no effort is spared to capture him. The king is considered most fortunate who possesses one or more of these sacred animals. The present king possesses seven; hence the present prosperous condition of the country.

The so-called white elephant—for the color is really a bathbrick or Neopolitan yellow—is usually found in the northern province, and the governor of the province sees that he is comfortably escorted, by the cutting of a wide path through the jungles to the river. There a great floating palace of wood, ornamented with a gorgeous roof and hung with crimson curtains, awaits him. The fool is literally thatched with flowers and the floor covered with gilt matting.

The king with his entire court, in their elegant barges, multitudes of priests, both Buddhist and Brahmin, with banners flying and with music, go up the river, a two-days' journey, to meet him. When he arrives in the city he is welcomed with imposing ceremony by the members of the royal family.

A festival of a week is proclaimed, and a thanksgiving is offered up. The lordly beast is knighted by pouring water on his forehead from a conch shell and a title and name are given him, after which he is conducted with great pomp and ceremony to his own sumptuous apartment, within the precincts of the king's palace, where his own court officers and slaves await to robe and decorate him. First, he is placed on a hand-

somely built pedestal about a foot from the floor and is fastened by one hind and one fore foot to gilded posts with ropes covered with crimson velvet. The court jeweller rings his tremendous tusk with massive gold, crowns him with a diadem of beaten gold, and places heavy gold chains around his neck. He is then robed in a superb purple cloak of velvet, fringed with scarlet and gold. When he bathes, an officer of high rank shelters his noble head with a great umbrella of crimson and gold, while others wave golden fans before him. His food consists of the finest herbs, the tenderest grasses, the sweetest sugarcane and the mellowest bananas and other dainties, which are handed to him on gold and silver salvers by his attendants on their knees. His drink is perfumed with fragrant flowers. When he is attended by the most skilled of the court physicians and the chief priests pray daily for his recovery. If he dies there is universal mourning, the king trembles on his throne and the highest funeral honors are paid to his corpse.

The Irish Question. London, Oct. 31.—The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Geo. Wyndham, made a speech at Dover to-night, in which he dealt with the Nationalists' challenge of the government's Irish policy. The speaker expressed his belief that the end of the Irish question was coming soon, and said that the Irish land purchase bill, based upon sound business proposals, would be the principal measure proposed at the next session of Parliament. In the meantime, the government must vindicate law and order, the defence of which, Mr. Wyndham said, was "frontier politics."

LOST—Silver fox muff. Finder please return to Nugget office.

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No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington. PUGET SOUND AGENT. M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WASH.

RETURNS ARRIVING

Reports From All Gold and Livingstone.

Returning Officer and Clerk of the Election Will Canvass the Vote on December 22.

Since yesterday Sheriff Ellbeck has received returns from two more voting precincts, Livingstone and All Gold. The former gave Clarke a majority of 8, he receiving 9 votes and Ross 6. All Gold presented Ross with a majority of 1, the vote being Clarke 17 and Ross 18. This makes the total vote as far as received 4111 and reduces Ross' majority from 460 to 467. A man arrived from Indian river last night reported the vote at that point to be 21 to 1 in favor of Ross, but at 3 o'clock this afternoon the official returns had not been received.

The result of the election while accepted as absolutely correct will not be so officially until after December 22. On that date Sheriff Ellbeck, as returning officer, and his son, the deputy sheriff, as clerk of the election, will sit in the police court building and canvass the vote, counting each and every ballot that was cast. As soon as finished he will make an official announcement of the result which will declare the election of Mr. Ross.

Both the officers named were disfranchised on account of their positions, and in the event of the vote having been a tie Ellbeck, Sr., would have had the casting of the deciding ballot. If he had been ill the duty would have devolved upon his son.

Though returns have now been had from all the divisions with the exception of fourteen, yet but very few of the ballot boxes have been delivered to the sheriff with their contents, the news in so many instances having been sent in either by wire or phone. Those which have been received to date include Gold Bottom "A" and "B," upper Hunker, middle Hunker, Bonanza town "A" and "B," lower Hunker, Klondike city, Bear, one on Last Chance, West Dawson and all that were used in the city. The delivery and return of the boxes having been let by contract, it will probably be a week or so before they are all in.

FILED AN APPEAL.

Jacob Klein Not Satisfied With Gold Commissioner's Ruling.

There was filed this morning a protest against the ruling of the gold commissioner and an appeal against his ruling, with permission to bring the same before the territorial court as a court of appeal. It was the case of Jacob Klein against W. A. Oliphant and B. A. Sitz, and the plaintiff appeals from the decision of the gold commissioner in that he has erred as to the facts and as to the law; that the judgment was against the evidence and the weight of evidence; that the gold commissioner has erred in holding that the defendants have done sufficient work to obtain a renewal of the grant in question, which is for the Hood bench on the left limit of No. 2 Eldorado. The case is likely to be an interesting one on law points.

Coffee Zone Destroyed.

San Francisco, Nov. 18.—The entire coffee zone of Guatemala has been destroyed by flames and smoke from the volcano of Santa Maria. The eruptions threaten the destruction of every living thing within reach of the fumes and fire that pour from the burning mountain, according to a cable to Castle Bros., importers, of this city, received from their coffee plantation in Guatemala. Only meagre details are given. "Last Monday," said Louis Hirsch of Castle Bros., "I wired to our representatives there, asking for news of the eruption of Santa Maria, and last night I received in reply this cablegram: 'It is true. Enormous losses. Probable volcanic eruption. Coffee zone destroyed. Our lives are in danger. Further reports will follow.'" "The coffee districts referred to," said Mr. Hirsch, "are the Costa Cusa and Costa Granda. They are the finest plantations in the country. If the coffee district is destroyed, as the cable seems to indicate, one-third of the crop is most likely involved. The volcano of Santa Maria is located between Retalhuleu and Quezaltenango. The towns in the neighborhood most likely to be destroyed are San Felipe, Mazatenango and Quezaltenango."

Shipping Accident

London, Oct. 16.—A gale which began yesterday swept over the coast all night long. The Norwegian bark on the high seas and was totally wrecked near Whitehaven. The crew were rescued by the rocket brigades. The British steamer Hercules, from Rosario, for Liverpool, was driven ashore in the Mersey channel, and it is expected will be a total wreck. Thirty-nine of her crew were rescued. The cook was drowned.

VERY NEARLY A BIG BLAZE

(Continued from page 1.)

gent to the barracks and soon Captain Cosby and Sergeant-Major Tucker appeared with a detail of men who kept the crowds back and guarded the goods piled in the stacks. On account of the intense cold it was impossible for the firemen to use the check valve at the nozzle when moving the stream from one portion of the fire to another lest the water might freeze in the hose and become useless. The result was that the crowd was often treated to a shower bath, the water the instant it struck one's garments freezing as hard as bullets.

As if the excitement and hardships of the firemen in the morning were not sufficient, the building on the opposite side of Third avenue from Butler's, utilized as the Ross committee rooms, took fire just as the other was about subdued. Just what started it seems somewhat of a mystery, but it is presumed it caught beneath the roof from a spark coming from a defective flue. With considerable effort the firemen succeeded in carrying a very much alive boy to the roof and a few moments' play was all that was necessary to put out the miniature blaze.

Mr. Rystogi has about concluded to wait until spring before attempting to rebuild his badly burned and marred building.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

Festival in Which Americans Will Play Prominent Parts.

Berlin, Nov. 8.—An international musical festival will be held in Berlin from October 1st to October 7, 1903, in connection with the dedication of the Richard Wagner monument. One day will be devoted to American and English music. The committee expects Madame Eames and Madame Nordica and Walter Damrosch, Sousa, and perhaps Dudley Buck to take part. If genuine plantation music can be obtained it will be produced. Sacred music will also be a feature of the festival.

All the great military bands of the world are expected here for the occasion, and among them the Turkish Janissaries Music Corps.

An auditorium seating 7,000 persons will be erected on government ground. Emperor William has been invited to become protector of the festival. Prince Henry probably will be honorary president. The committee is desirous of having an adequate representation from the United States. It has not yet been determined who is the best man to organize the American end of the undertaking.

Happy Ending.

San Diego, Nov. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Lippincott, of Millville, N. J., were reunited here, after a separation of fourteen years. The case furnishes a romance in real life. Years ago they were well-to-do people. Mr. Lippincott being a druggist with an extensive business in Philadelphia. Fifteen years ago they sold out and went to Seattle, and from that time their fortunes began to melt away. Lippincott became despondent, because of reverses in business, and Mrs. Lippincott's health failed. At the end of a year she returned to her home in New Jersey. Lippincott remained on the Pacific coast, and has been knocking about from one place to another in the hope of getting up on his feet again.

Three years ago Lippincott came to San Diego county and entered the employ of Chris Johnson, who operates a lemon ranch at La Mesa. There he has prospered, and has been able to save money with which to send for his wife. Meantime she has been earning a living by doing missionary work for the Presbyterian church back in the old New Jersey home. Lippincott has built a cottage near the ranch. It was complete except the furnishings when he sent the telegram for her to come.

When she arrived the meeting was like that of lovers. The first day was devoted to buying furniture for the modest little home. The next day they took the irrepressible trip to Tia Juana. The more furniture was bought and now they have begun life anew at La Mesa. Mrs. Lippincott fears that the country will not agree with her, and she made many sacrifices to come, but she is anxious to try, for she says the happiest moments of her life have been spent in the company of her husband.

Went Home to Marry

Hugh Robinson, who for nearly two years was the principal purveyor of water in the city, and managed in that time to save up quite a tidy pile, sold out at the close of navigation and went back to Ontario to buy him a farm and settle down. The news comes that he found his old love awaiting him, Miss Martin, and that he led her to the altar on Nov. 30th. Hughie made many friends in Dawson who will be pleased to read this.

Steamer Ashore.

St. Johns, Nfld., Oct. 18.—The schooner Lillian was driven ashore at Grates' point last night, and is a total wreck. One woman and two men lost their lives. The schooner Rosebud rescued the remainder of the crew. The schooner Pretoria with a crew of seven, is missing. It is feared that she has foundered.

BRILLIANT GATHERING

Odd Fellows Entertain Their Friends

A. B. Hall Thronged With a Merry Crowd of Smartly Gowned Ladies and Escorts.

The Odd Fellows proved themselves royal entertainers yesterday evening on the occasion of their first annual ball. Approximately 500 invitations were issued and those who failed to accept of the hospitality tendered were either ill or a previous engagement must have interfered. Never has the A. B. hall held a larger gathering for similar purposes with the exception of the last St. Andrews ball. Both galleries were full of spectators who came to see rather than to dance.

A pretty innovation put into effect was the dressing of the stage as a drawing room. The drop curtain was rolled up and disclosed a parlor set made all the more inviting by the luxurious furniture and draperies kindly loaned for the occasion by Lowe & Sickinger, and between dances many couples availed themselves of the perfect rest afforded, at the same time being where an unobstructed view was had of the dancers.

The hall was prettily decorated, the same hangings and draperies being in place that were arranged for the last A. B. ball. In the center of the stage over the prominent hung the three connected links made of evergreens, the emblem of the order. At the farther end of the hall two white aproned waiters dispensed lemonade to the thirsty revellers. The floor was in excellent condition and the music spirited and inspiring, such as Fremuth alone can produce. Full dress was worn by nearly everyone, some in toilettes appearing in honor of the event.

Bruce did the catering and so large was the crowd that four tables were required before all could be accommodated. The lunch was the delectable and most appetizing ever served in the hall, a fact which was best proven by the manner in which the viands disappeared.

Only one disagreeable feature appeared, and that was a matter that could be easily overlooked when one considers the number of invitations that were issued. The floor was really too crowded in the early part of the evening for comfort and more than one of the ladies who risked wearing a gown en train paid the penalty before the evening was over, some clumsy fellow whose eyes were in his heels tramping upon the delicate fabrics and reducing what a moment before was a triumph of the fashionable modiste to a thing of rags and tatters. With the beginning of the collation the number came somewhat reduced and then the devotees make their most gallant offerings to the goddess of their choice.

Award for Valor

London, Oct. 28.—Private William House, the latest recipient of the Victoria Cross, is a Berkshire man and belongs to the 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment. He was born in the Royal county, in the village of Thatcham, near Newbury, and enlisted into the Royal Berkshire Regiment at Reading in November, 1896, when eighteen years of age. He proceeded to South Africa with the 2nd Battalion of the regiment from Aldershot in February, 1898, and continued to serve in that country until invalided home in June, 1902.

The heroic act for which his majesty has been graciously pleased to decorate Private House is thus described in the London Gazette: "During the attack on Moshikwase Nek on August 2nd, 1900, when a sergeant who had gone forward to reconnoitre, was wounded, Private House rushed out from cover (though cautioned not to do so, as the fire from the enemy was very hot), picked up the wounded sergeant and endeavored to bring him into shelter, in doing which Private House was himself severely wounded. He, however, warned his comrades not to come to his assistance, the fire being so severe."

Men are the architects of their own misfortunes.—Chicago Daily News. At Auditorium.—Niobe.

Men of the Day

Sir Edward Bradford has been for so long at the head of England's metropolitan police that the news of his impending retirement gives rise to a sense of the disappearance of a familiar landmark, says The Chicago Tribune. For the one-armed, grey-haired veteran, in his picturesque uniform of blue and silver, has been one of the most familiar figures in metropolitan life for twelve years past. He has controlled some of the biggest crowds that London, the biggest city in the world, has ever seen, and has engineered several most impressive public pageants, such as the two jubilees and the funeral of Queen Victoria and the coronation and state visit to London of King Edward. He had a distinguished career in the army before he became Chief Commissioner of the London police. So far back as 1853, when "John Company" still swayed the destinies of the India peninsula, he joined the Madras army, took part in the Persian campaign and in the mutiny, and afterwards as the general superintendent of the Thuggee and Dacoity department at Calcutta, virtually suppressed those roving bands of professional murderers who at that time infested the entire Indian Empire, spreading terror in all directions by the extraordinary mystery with which they accomplished their crimes. Subsequently he became chief of the political secret department of the India office, and it was while thus employed that he lost his arm during a tiger-shooting expedition. One day while out after this fierce game, which he stalked on foot instead of hunting it from the relatively safe eminence of an elephant howdah, he shot at a tiger, which, only wounded, charged upon him and bore him to the ground. Never losing his presence of mind for a moment, Bradford, with a view of preventing the infuriated animal from attacking his head or throat, thrust within its jaws his left arm. The tiger simply gnawed it off, but the life of the cool Nimrod was saved by his companions, who arrived in time to shoot the creature before it could inflict any still more serious injury upon Sir Edward.—Globe.

First Beet Sugar

Berlin, Oct. 30.—The Ontario Sugar Company, Limited, established in 1901, for the purpose of making sugar from sugar beets, started the erection of a plant just six months ago, and this morning the first beets passed through the various channels, preparatory to being turned out into sugar, which takes about twenty hours. This is the first sugar from sugar beets grown in Canada, and to Berlin especially this honor belongs.

The plant is a \$600,000 one, and the Town of Berlin and the County Waterloo are indebted to Mr. S. J. Williams, managing director, for the efforts put forth by him in securing this enterprise. Mr. Shuttleworth, analyst, lately of the Royal Agricultural College, Guelph, has also put in a lot of hard work, and has the confidence of Waterloo County farmers. The factory's capacity is six hundred tons of beets daily, and 100 tons of coal and 40 tons of limestone are used every 24 hours. This produces 425 barrels of sugar, and from 250 to 300 men will be employed. The main building is five stories, 323 feet long, with cooper, machine shops, seed and engine house, 400 feet long. There is also a pump house at the Grand River, 2,300 feet away, with a capacity of five million gallons daily. There are three wagon sheds, two railway sheds, 250 feet long. There are now 7,000 tons of beets stored.

Sharp Advance in Lumber

Vancouver, Nov. 15.—Lumber men of this province and of Washington and Oregon are confronted with conditions this fall that have never heretofore been experienced in the Pacific northwest. On the American side there are the dire results of the fire-swept timber limits to be contended with, and there, as in British Columbia, the question of haulage is becoming more and more a serious problem. The timber available along the line of salt water is getting scarcer every year, and the big mills have now to depend on the more extensive railway facilities for the transportation of their logs. Furthermore the Great Northern railway is reported to be about to carry logs to the Puget Sound mills, and their action is taken to indicate a policy of boycott which will compel millmen to operate farther inland where the railway operators could have the haulage of the timber in its raw and manufactured state all to themselves.

Add to these conditions an increase of demand, and it will be seen that the mill men on the American side are face to face with what might almost be termed a crisis. On this side the demand for lumber in the northwest and Manitoba is unprecedentedly large, and is keeping several of the mills in this province running night and day to keep up with orders. The lumber is required for building purposes, and the demand is indeed a wonderful commentary on the rapidly with which the Canadian northwest is being settled.

Hoax.—"Sunday's such a slow day. Why, I was in bed and asleep by 3 o'clock last Sunday night."

Stoax.—"Hugh! I was asleep at 7.35." "Come off! You never went to bed that early." "Oh, no, but I was in church at that time!"—Philadelphia Recorder.

"Niobe" at Auditorium.

ELECTION OFFICERS

Are Named for the Approaching Election

New Mayor and Board of Aldermen Will Take Their Seats January 12th.

The city council met in special session yesterday afternoon for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the approaching municipal election which occurs January 5. That was the only business considered. A by-law providing for the appointment of a returning officer, six deputy returning officers and six polling clerks was introduced and given its first reading. Later the rules of procedure were suspended and it passed the remaining stages in order that it might go into effect immediately. The old court house, now occupied by the police court, was selected as the place where the election will be held. There will be six sub-divisions with a polling booth for each, all, however, to be located in the same building. A deputy returning officer and a polling clerk will be in charge of each. The six sub-divisions were made in accordance with as many parts into which the alphabet has been divided. Those whose surnames begin with the letters A, B and C will vote in No. 1 booth; No. 2 will take in D to G inclusive; No. 3, H to L; No. 4, M to O; No. 5, P to S and No. 6, T to Z.

George Calvert was chosen to preside over the election as the returning officer and for such services as compensation he will receive \$50. T. Ross Moulton, Pierre Ledieu, Robert Bogel, Dougal McMurray, J. Strong and John Cameron will serve as deputy returning officers and will each receive \$15. The poll clerks selected include Frank Fletcher, Louis Martin, John Bruce, Daniel Buchanan, J. K. Campbell and George Hutchinson. They will be paid \$10 each. Nomination day is on Tuesday, December 30.

No other business was brought before the council with the exception of the receipt of a communication from the city health officer who reported the existence of two more cases of scarlet fever. Both were isolated and a rigid quarantine will be maintained.

The present council will have four more sessions and those newly elected will meet for the first time on Monday, January 12. The first work of the new council will doubtless be the appointment of a city attorney, clerk, chief of police, city engineer, license inspector, etc.

"Why did they operate on that poor man when they knew the moment he was pulled out of the wreck that his injuries were fatal?" "I believe they wished to make sure that their diagnosis was right."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Berkeley Boys

San Francisco, Nov. 3.—The Berkeley boys held their celebration at Fischer's last night, and an hour before the doors opened hundreds were begging for standing room. As high as \$6 was paid ticket holders by some of the belated who had made up their minds to join in the jollification.

Blue and gold fluttered all over the packed house, but not a scrap of cardinal could be seen. College yells and songs kept the audience keyed up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm until the curtain went up on the burlesque "Doradora," by Earle G. Anthony and Arthur L. Price and presented by the college students.

What little plot there was to it was located on the mythical island of Doradora in the Philippines. The period was A.D. 1913. Three of the Stanford football team visit the island to procure some of the marvelous perfume of the beautiful Princess Delirious, which will put the Berkeley team to sleep and give the cardinal a chance—just a bare chance—of victory. They are foiled, of course, and in the sequel the three Stanford men appear with black eyes and plastered faces.

Berkeley students filled all of the roles from the flower girls to the princess, with the exception of the three young women from Fischer's who made up the sextet.

The skit was well presented and kept the audience roaring. Here are a few of the jests.

Princess Delirious.—Palo Alto! Palo Alto. What's that? I don't understand.

Hesa Dedvon of the Stanford team (sadly).—No, nobody stands for it any more.

Princess.—I had a dear brother once.

Dubby Flea, captain Stanford team.—Did he die?

Princess.—Worse—far worse. He went to Stanford.

Flea.—Ah, Princess of this beautiful island, I lay my heart at your feet.

Princess.—I didn't know you knew any feel but deceit.

Kindheart, painist and hypnotist.—It is ordained by nature that Princess Delirious can never marry a

IN NEW QUARTERS

Telegraph Transferred From the Postoffice Building.

Local Manager Brownlow of the Dominion telegraph, and his assistants, moved into their new quarters in the rear of the postoffice yesterday afternoon and are now doing business in apartments much more commodious than those formerly occupied. The site was originally used by the Dominion architect, but as that office is no longer in existence, another story was added, a new front erected and the building turned over to the use of the jokers of chained lightning. The operating room is in the upper floor and the business office on the lower. Mr. Brownlow is much pleased with the change as not only is more room afforded but the office is segregated to itself. The line was switched from the old to the new last night.

Alaska Wrongs

"In Alaska the flag that we all glory in is an emblem of tyranny and oppression. Still we are loyal to it. The constitution does not apply to Alaska. That grand document is a dead letter as applicable to the Northland." The foregoing observations were made last night by the Hon. A. P. Swineford, an ex-governor of Alaska. Gov. Swineford is just from the north. He is a guest of the Hotel Northern.

"I am in favor of a territorial form of government," he said in discussion of the needs and conditions of the north. "None but purely selfish interests in Alaska oppose the territorial movement. There is not a single thing the country wants that would not come to it through territorial government. Our distressing condition is not the result of any fault of congress. It is because the people don't act together and request something."

"We have more resources and double the white population of any other territory ever organized under the United States flag. Besides, we have better means of transportation, and it stands to reason that some selfish interests in Alaska are any form of local government. I am not speaking in a partisan sense. But I do say that Alaska needs self-government."

"Again I repeat that the constitution does not apply to Alaska because of the decision of the supreme court of the United States in what are known as the insular cases. By that decision Alaska becomes mere property—chattel as it were."—Post-Intelligencer.

Peculiar Sect

Of all the peculiar sects that have recently sprung up in the west, St. Louis boasts the most striking—a community of dirt eaters. William Windsor, native of Wisconsin, some time lawyer, college student, student of natural science, is their Moses. Seventy-five men and women form the community. Dirt eating is their only aim and object in life so far as their existence as a community is concerned. They seek to make converts to their belief and practice, and "Head Dirt Eater" Windsor holds forth in earnest and convincing manner every night to his class at his lecture hall, at Eighteenth and Olive streets, in the old Merchants' League Building.

The dirt eaters take every day a spoonful of dirt. They believe that grit is necessary to every animal, and that many of the stomach troubles to which human flesh is heir are due simply and entirely to the absence of grit in the stomach. In support of this unique theory the dirt eaters cite the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the serpents which crawl, asserting triumphantly that none of these share mankind's foolish aversion to good, pure dirt, and none of them have stomach troubles. The dirt eaters maintain their argument is unanswerable.

The dirt eaters, declares Leader Windsor, soon become accustomed to his diet and craves it! The daily allowance of one teaspoonful is washed down with a half glass of water and the dirt eater smacks his lips with relish and winks one eye, in much the same manner as the Kentucky "Colonel" does when sipping his mint julep or his morning toddy.

Mr. Windsor's disciples are epicurean in their tastes. They are very particular as to the kind of dirt they eat. This article of their singular diet is technically a sand, it comes from the river bottoms and is made up of many little particles of granite, marble, quartz, and flint well rounded with age. The chief dirt-eater collects the sand and sterilizes it; then it is put up in little bags and sold to the disciples for twenty-five cents a bag.

Destructive Fire

Shediac, N. B., Oct. 15.—Shediac was the scene this morning of the most disastrous fire ever recorded in the history of the town. The fire raged five hours before it was subdued, and the following buildings were destroyed: Mrs. A. Corrier's grocery, Bishop's tailorshop, Masonic hall, T. B. Bourdeau & Co.'s store, O. H. Melanson's store and storehouse, Val Landry's saloon, A. McNeill's grocery, Bank of Nova Scotia brick building, also containing postoffice, L. Beaudreau's house and pool room, Dr. Belliveau's office, W. A. Russell's office, Mrs. Byron's office. Nearly all the insurance on the burned buildings is written through St. John. The loss is estimated at from \$80,000 to \$100,000.

Escaping Prisoner

Reno, Nev., Nov. 1.—Sheriff Hayes was shot in the shoulder tonight by J. Bentley, a prisoner-charged with burglary, who escaped from the jail. The prisoner jumped through a window, carrying the cash and glass with him, and succeeded in making his escape. Doctors who are in attendance upon the sheriff fear his wounds may prove serious. A posse is in pursuit of the escaped prisoner.

BIG LOAD ON STAGE

Legal Adviser Newlands to Meet Mr. Ross

Other Government Men Who Let Today to Spend the Winter on the Outside.

The White Pass stage which left at one o'clock today had a full load of passengers in addition to a large consignment of mail and some express matter. There was Legal Adviser Newlands, who is going to Ottawa, and from there to the Northwest Territories, where he still holds a position. But on his way he will meet the parliamentary representative of the Yukon, James Hamilton Ross, at Victoria, and will probably have the pleasure of being the first to announce to him the very satisfactory majority by which he was returned to parliament. For the through wire is still down, and no sooner is it patched up in place but it goes down in another place. J. C. Noel, the eminent attorney whose speeches both in French and English so materially aided in the great victory, is also in Vancouver. He goes to Montreal and afterwards to Ottawa to see Mr. Ross take his seat in the house.

Charles Macdonald, the clerk of the territorial court, is going to join his wife and family and to meet them in again in the spring. A. Brauffette, the Dominion mining engineer, is going to California to make a study of certain new engineering developments in the mining there.

H. S. Congdon, the late editor of the Sun, is going back to Nova Scotia to devote his future to the propagation of the apple, for which that section is already famous.

A. Nerland is of the well known firm of Anderson Bros., the painter who is going out on a vacation and will return in the spring.

Edward D. Yonahaga is an ardent Japanese who is going to spend Christmas, and Mrs. C. A. Gill is being assisted out of the country by government aid.

Stubb—I tell you, old man, I would like to be over in the Philippines and see a town sacked.

Penn.—You don't have to go to the Philippines; just be in St. Louis when the hoodlars are at work.—Chicago Daily News.

Best hot drinks in town.—The Sun board.

"He's a queer chap."

"Yes, just now he was saying that nothing was certain in this world but the uncertainty of things, and you couldn't bank on that."—Detroit Free Press.

N. C. Co. TEMPERATURE

Table with 2 columns: Date and Temperature. Rows for Dec 4, 1902, Dec 5, 1902, Dec 6, 1902.

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