

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 53

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1900

PRICE 25 CENTS

## IS PANIC STRICKEN!

### England Calls for Volunteers for the First Time.

### OVER ELEVEN HUNDRED MEN WERE LOST AT TUGELA.

### A Second Contingent Will Be Sent From Australia.

### Democrats Announce Their Filipino Policy—The President Sends Message of Respect for the Memory of Gen. Lawton—\$500,000 for Lighthouses on the Alaskan Coast.

Special to The Klondike Nugget, 3 p. m. London, via Skagway, Dec. 30.—3 P. M.—England is panic stricken over the news from the Transvaal of the disaster which attended Gen. Buller at Tugela river. Details of that most disastrous affair are just beginning to come in and the first dispatches which but briefly outline the result of the battle are more than fully confirmed.

The total loss to the British forces will more than reach 1100 men in addition to a large number of distinguished officers. The Boers, according to their long established custom, took special care to cover the British officers with their rifles, the result being that the proportion of officers who met death is very large.

Lord Roberts, with Kitchener acting as chief of staff, has been ordered to the Transvaal and will immediately assume complete control of affairs.

**BULLER SUCCEEDS IN CROSSING.**  
London, via Skagway, Dec. 30.—After the heavy loss which attended his attempt to cross the Tugela river, Gen. Buller gathered his scattered forces and renewed the attempt on the following day. Meanwhile the Boers had drawn themselves up in a strong position awaiting developments.

The latest reports are to the effect that Gen. Buller succeeded in crossing the river and opposing forces are now face to face. Buller's intention is to attempt to outflank the Boers and join White's forces by a flank movement.

Much uneasiness is felt over the lack of news from Gen. Methune now on the Orange river.

**YEOMANRY CALLED UPON.**  
London, via Skagway, Dec. 30.—For the first time in history the yeomanry of England have been called upon to serve as volunteers in a foreign war.

The gravity of the situation is fully realized and the war department is making every effort to increase the strength and effectiveness of the army.

The late news from the seat of war

### ARCTIC SAW MILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

**SLUCE, FLUME AND MINING LUMBER**  
At Lowest Prices. Order Now.

At Mill, OFFICES: Upper Ferry, Klondike river. Boyle's Wharf. **J.W. Boyle**

has cast a mantle of gloom over London, and in fact over all of England.

Appeals to the country have been made by the government and volunteers are flocking to the recruiting offices by the hundreds.

The reverses met by the British arms have seriously affected the queen's health and her majesty's annual visit to Osborne has been postponed.

A second contingent is being organized in Australia.

**TO GEN. LAWTON'S MEMORY.**  
Washington, D. C., via Skagway, Dec. 30.—Tributes of respect to the memory of Gen. Lawton, who was shot dead while directing an attack upon the Filipinos, have been sent to Manila by President McKinley, the secretary of war and the cabinet members.

All American prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos have been re-captured. This includes Lieut. Gilman, whose fate has been for a long time very uncertain.

**DEMOCRATIC FILIPINO POLICY.**  
Washington, D. C., via Skagway, Dec. 30.—The policy to be pursued by the Democratic members of congress with reference to the Filipino islands has been announced. The Democrats will favor retaining no portion of the islands and was asked that treaty rights shall be granted to the Filipinos and to the Cubans alike.

**LIGHTHOUSES FOR ALASKA.**  
Washington, D. C., via Skagway, Dec. 31.—Senator Foster of Washington, has introduced a bill appropriating the sum of \$500,000 for the construction of lighthouses and channel improvement on the Alaskan coast.

**FAILURE OF A TRUST CO.**  
New York, via Skagway, Dec. 30.—As a result of the recent tightening of the Wall street money market, the Produce Exchange Trust Company, one of the most important concerns doing business on the street, was compelled to suspend. Its liabilities amount to \$11,000,000.

**EN ROUTE TO DAWSON.**  
Skagway, Dec. 30.—Many people are waiting here until after the first of the year when they will start over the ice to Dawson. Thirty Dawsonites arrived today on the steamer Topeka. All expect to go inside very shortly. Included in

these are Fred Monte, Alex Ranke, Carl Miller.

**NUGGET EXPRESS TEAM.**  
Skagway, Dec. 30.—Another Nugget Express team left today for Dawson. Two passengers are being taken to Dawson together with 200 pounds of express matter.

**An Early Morning Fight.**  
Durban, Dec. 4.—The report of the fighting near Willow Grange is confirmed by the Natal Advertiser, which says:

"Five thousand British left Estcourt Wednesday afternoon for a reconnaissance. They surprised the Boers at 3 o'clock Thursday morning and occupied their position, bayonetting 6 of the enemy. At day break the Boers opened with quick-firing guns. The British artillery was unable to reach the Boers and the British position therefore became untenable and was evacuated. Subsequently the artillery was brought into action and the Boers fell back. Their object having been attained, the British returned to Estcourt."

**Bath House Innovation.**  
Bert Ford, the new proprietor of what has formerly been known as Brand's club and gymnasium, has changed the name "Brand's" to "Ford's" and now has a force of mechanics at work remodeling the establishment throughout. Additional bathing facilities are being added, and in a very few days Mr. Ford will be able to furnish patrons with as fine plain, club and Turkish baths as are to be had in any city. A large, warm and well furnished rubbing and massage room has been fitted up adjacent to the baths, thus doing away with the custom of chasing the bather all over the house as was formerly done.

Mr. Ford intends to have the two front rooms upstairs fitted up as club rooms, reading and smoking parlors. In addition to several well furnished rooms upstairs, others will be fitted up. In the gymnasium Mr. Ford has put down an exceptionally fine mat 18 feet square and has added other attractions for the benefit of the athletic club now being organized.

Mr. Ford has started in the right channel and his establishment bids fair to soon become the most popular resort in Dawson.

A Happy New Year to all. Cribbs & Rogers, the leading druggists.

A few outside moccasins \$2; Indian moccasins \$1. Yukon hotel.

**Brown-Freeman.**  
Dr. J. N. E. Brown, chief clerk of Governor Ogilvie, also clerk of the Yukon council, and Miss Alice Freeman, better known by the literary nom de plume as Faith Fenton, were united in marriage at the Episcopal church Monday, New Year's, evening at 8 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by Rev. C. W. Naylor. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Cormon Brown, and the bride by her sister, Miss Freeman. Only a few intimate friends were present. Both are well known and very popular in Dawson society circles. They both resided in Toronto before coming here.

**Take Out More Gold.**  
The Nugget Express has two thawers left out of the seventeen they brought in last fall. These boilers were designed and built by one of the best steam men on the Pacific coast, and come nearer to the ideal than any other pipe boiler on the Yukon. To close them out immediately they will be sold for \$100 per horse power, with pipe, steam hose, points, etc., complete for working.

## TOTAL RECEIPTS, \$14,465.

### That Is the Amount Shown by Bazaar Secretary's Books.

### Net Profits Will Reach \$11,000—Was Successful in Every Way—Aftermaths.

The bazaar held for the benefit of St. Mary's hospital, the most gigantic affair, both from social and financial points, ever held in the city of Dawson, terminated in a halo of glory Saturday night, or rather at about 4 o'clock Sunday morning. During its life of eight days there was not one off or tame night. The interest of the public was wrought to the highest pitch of both expectation and anticipation at the opening and that interest never flagged nor wavered until the end of the final night, and again the Nugget is constrained to say all honor and all hail to the many good ladies whose continual efforts and untiring energy served to crown with glorious success the big undertaking.

From a social standpoint the bazaar was of incalculable benefit. People met, became acquainted and felt that life in the Yukon held more of cheer and good fellowship than they had ever before supposed. At the bazaar friendships were formed that will serve to sweeten the future of many lives.

From a financial standpoint the bazaar was all that its most ardent promoters could have wished. The total receipts were \$14,465. Of this amount the door and sales receipts were \$12,908 the remainder having been cash donations to the cause from the outside. While all the expense bills have not yet been handed in, it is known that they will not aggregate above \$3000, which will leave a profit of \$11,465, to which will be added amounts received from the sales of various articles after the amounts from the various booths had been turned in at the close of Saturday night's business.

The contest for the most popular lady was the source of more clear cash than was any other feature of the bazaar. The votes were 50 cents each and there were the names of four ladies proposed for the contest, although it is but justice to state that Mrs. West forbade the use of her name and was at no time a candidate for the honors, but notwithstanding her protests she received the compliment of 87 votes. The other three ladies in the contest were Miss Croft, Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Alex McDonald. When Saturday night's session opened Miss Croft was about 50 votes in the lead of Mrs. Spencer, who then had 611, while Mrs. McDonald had not yet reached the 200 mark. But Saturday night being the last opportunity the sour dough element rallied to the support of their favorite, Mrs. Spencer; the strings of Alex McDonald's purse were loosened in behalf of his wife. The friends and admirers of Miss Croft rallied to her support to the tune of nearly 700 votes and when the polls were declared closed at about 2 o'clock Sunday morning the bulletin board read as follows:

Mrs. Spencer, 3026; Mrs. McDonald, 2719; Miss Croft, 1304; Mrs. West, 87; total vote, 7136; amount received, \$3568.

Mrs. Spencer, the fortunate candidate was presented with a beautiful toilet set, the prize offered for the winner. And thus closed an era which will forever mark a brilliant page in the history of Dawson, which page will be a

(Continued on Page 8.)

*The worker and earner, the plodder and frugal, the thrifty and poor and the prudent rich are personally and supremely interested in our unrivalled prices.*

*...The Ames Mercantile Co.*



## EIGHT THOUSAND MILES.

### Distance Traveled by Geo. E Storey of the Nugget.

Left Dawson Sept. 9 for Nome—Rough Weather and Hard Luck—Will Try Again—Long Ice Trip.

When George E Storey resumed his old seat at Editor Geo. M. Allen's table at the Nugget mess house Sunday at dinner, he had, since the time previous he sat at that table, breakfast of September 9th, made a round trip of nearly 8000 miles.

Mr. Storey came to Dawson in the fall of 1897. Being a printer by trade, he made up the "forms" for the first issue of The Nugget, on which paper he held the position of foreman until his departure from the city last fall. On the 9th day of September he left Dawson on the steamer Tacoma, en route to Nome going in the interests of the proprietors of the Klondike Nugget and taking with him a printing plant with which it was proposed to start a daily paper in the new mining town. The plant taken was the one used during the early life of the Nugget.

The long trip down the Yukon from Dawson to St. Michaels was without incident. At the latter place, river boats not being safe to attempt the trip on the open sea from St. Michaels to Nome the printing plant was transferred to a large steel barge owned by the Empire Company and used as a freight packet in carrying freight across from St. Michaels to Nome. In addition to the paper plant and material there were also on the barge \$100,000 worth of liquors taken from Dawson by a man named Parsons, 500 cases of kerosene and 150 tons of provisions. The barge was laden and ready to start and was lying at anchor in St. Michaels harbor, if it can be dignified by the name of harbor, the steam schooner Lackme having the contract to tow her to Nome. A heavy southwest wind sprung up and delayed the starting. The wind increased in violence and the big barge, on which were 23 men, nearly all of whom were interested in some portion of her cargo, began to roll heavily. The heavy seas rocked and rolled the big craft until she began to ship a large quantity of water with nearly very roll. The men on the barge, realizing their precarious condition, and fearing that every succeeding wave would cause the barge to flounder, hoisted distress signals. The U. S. revenue cutter Bear was anchored within half a mile of the imprisoned and imperiled men, but not for one second did her commander show any signs of seeing the signals of distress, nor did he take any action whatever, although with the naked eye the danger to which the men were exposed was very apparent. The master of the steamer Lackme, however, saw the signals and went to the rescue, but being short of life boats, she also attempted to solicit the aid of the revenue cutter Bear by blowing the distress whistle, but no attention was paid by the cutter. Every minute the conditions on the barge were growing more precarious. Her hold was fast filling with water and it was apparent that she could survive the rolling billows but a short time longer. Lowering a big life boat from the Lackme the second mate and two seamen breasted the storm and waves, reached the rolling barge and succeeded in landing every man aboard the Lackme, although it was a most perilous undertaking. In appreciation of their heroic efforts the mate and seamen were each presented with a substantial purse by those rescued. A few minutes after being relieved of her human cargo, the barge filled and sank in several fathoms of water. All the cargo was lost with the exception of liquor in kegs, which was washed ashore and Mr. Storey says it was then a contest between the soldiers stationed at

St. Michaels and the Indians as to which could drink most and cultivate the most lurid jags.

During the same storm which foundered the barge two small steamers sank near St. Michael two men being lost. It was only the day previous, but a few hundred miles further south, that the big steamship Laurada, en route from Seattle to Nome, was hopelessly wrecked, all her cargo being lost, but all passengers saved.

Although his occasion for going to Nome no longer existed his outfit having been lost, Mr. Storey went on with the Lackme, arriving there on October 4th. He satisfied himself of the existence of gold there by digging to bed-rock on the beach and panning out a few dollars' worth of dust. Four days later he again took passage aboard the Lackme and after 15 days, during which another terrific storm was encountered, he reached Seattle in very bad physical condition, having contracted a severe cold on the downward trip from being nearly drowned in his berth on the Lackme from water shipped by her during a heavy storm in the neighborhood of the Aleutians.

On reaching Seattle, Mr. Storey consulted a physician as to his ailment, and was informed that he was bordering on the first stages of quick consumption. Thinking that he could leave Dawson for the Great Beyond with less compunction than any other place on earth, Mr. Storey hastened to catch the first steamer for Skagway from which place he started for Dawson on December 4th, making the trip by easy stages and arriving here last Sunday. The trip over the ice was not an eventful one other than that the pilgrim fell through the ice on Lebarge a few times and further along had his nose, cheeks and one of his big-toes quite severely frozen. However, when he arrived, all symptoms of quick consumption had departed from his system; and aside from his nose, which he is still forced to wear in a sling, he looks the personification of health and youthful vigor.

From Selkirk to Dawson Mr. Storey says the weather was very cold, but that to persons coming this way it was not nearly so hard as to those going out, the wind being strong from the south. On Friday and Saturday of last week Mr. Storey says it was almost impossible and very dangerous to attempt to travel up the river. The trail he reports as being in very good condition, although when he started and until the foot of Lebarge was reached there was considerable open water and thin shore ice, making travel laborious as well as, in many places, dangerous.

On being questioned farther regarding Nome, Mr. Storey said: "While there I saw sufficient to convince me that there is abundance of gold there, and it can be gotten from the ground at less than one-third the expense employed in getting the same quantity here, and the gold is finer in quality, that from Nome being worth in Seattle a fraction over \$18 per ounce. There were 320 passengers on the Lackme from Nome to Seattle and two days after reaching the latter place I visited the assay office, where I was informed that 260 of the Lackme's passengers had already called and deposited gold, some of the lots being small, white others ran far up into the thousands. That fact alone, in my opinion, is conclusive evidence that there is gold and lots of it in the Nome country.

"Nome will be quiet this winter, but next spring it will be the liveliest and hottest mining camp in the history of the world. It is not nearly so orderly and quiet as Dawson. There are more street and barroom fights in a week than occur in Dawson in a year. I own property here on Gold Run, but will endeavor to sell it as I want to get to Nome with the opening of navigation. And that reminds me, steamers will get to Nome in the spring before they can get to St. Michaels, for the reason that the latter place is situated on something like a slough, and the water being shallow, will freeze thicker and the

ice will be longer in breaking up, and I will take chances in getting there from Seattle in preference to waiting here and following the ice down the river."

As an indication of the amount of business done in the saloon trade at Nome, Mr. Storey says that Geo. Murphy and his partner, "Tex," both former Dawsonites and now proprietors of the Northern at Nome, took in \$13,000 during two days while he (Storey) was there.

Storey was in Central America when he first heard of the Klondike finds in '97, and at once started for this place. During his nearly two years residence here he made hosts of friends, all of whom welcome his return to the city. Armed with a mallet and shooting stick he will, for a few months at least, resume his old position as foreman in the Nugget office.

#### A. B. C. Murder.

Kamloops, B. C., Nov. 29. — John Hayes was arrested here last evening on the charge of having committed one of the most diabolical murders in the annals of crime. Hayes is only an assumed name, the prisoner's right name being Alva Quigley. He is also known by the alias of John Hayes Boxten.

Early in 1898 a family named Quigley, consisting of father, mother, two daughters and two sons, removed from Missouri to Lacomb, a small place on the Edmonton railway, in the province of Alberta. One of the daughters was married to Nelson Hagel, who accompanied her to Alberta. The Quigley family and the Hagels took up ranches and for a while all went well. However, one day in June, 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Hagel and Alva Quigley were seen to drive out of Lacomb, and about five hours later Mrs. Hagel and her brother returned without Hagel. They then gave it out that Hagel had gone to the Peace river, via the Edmonton trail, and six weeks later, Mrs. Hagel showed her neighbors letters purporting to come from her husband on the Peace river. This aroused the suspicions of the authorities, as Hagel could not possibly reach Peace river in less than two months. Another suspicious circumstance was the fact that Mrs. Hagel and her brother, Alva Quigley, lived together, the union resulting in the birth of a baby girl.

Matters then became so hot that Alva Quigley suddenly left Lacomb. Mrs. Hagel's father then induced a wealthy old man named Stewart to take up Mrs. Hagel. The two, however, quarreled, but not before Stewart had learned from Mrs. Hagel that her husband had been murdered. She had Stewart arrested on the charge of assault, and then Stewart "p. a. head" on her.

Mrs. Hagel, two weeks ago, was arrested on suspicion of having murdered her husband. She then confessed and went with the authorities to a swamp thirteen miles from Lacomb and pointed out where her husband's body was buried. The body was uncovered and identified.

Mrs. Hagel, in describing the murder, said her brother placed the lines around Hagel's neck. She then held them while her brother took a hammer and broke Hagel's skull. They then buried the body in the swamp.

When Alva Quigley left Lacomb he made his way to British Columbia and three months ago came to Kamloops, where he secured work. The authorities discovered his whereabouts through intercepting a letter to his sister and yesterday arrested him.

Quigley is 27 years of age, clean shaven, with dark hair and prominent nose. He takes his arrest quite coolly. Quigley's father, mother and brother are also to be arrested as accessories to the murder. Letters have been secured which show that they knew of the murder of Hagel—in fact, helped to plan it.

#### Puzzled.

"Papa."  
"Yes?"  
"Does the fall of night have anything to do with the break of day?"

#### Notice.

Until further notice the office of the undersigned will be located in the small building north of the S. Y. T. warehouse, formerly occupied by the B. L. & K. N. Co. ORR & TUKEY, Packers and Freighters.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

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

## HO, FOR NOME!

### AUCTION!

\$15,000 Worth of

## GROCERIES

At a sacrifice. No reserve.

We Have the Fever! We're Off for Nome!

FIXTURES FOR SALE!

Commencing at 2 o'clock, January 24, until stock is all sold, we will close the entire business, selling to the highest bidder, in SMALL or LARGE lots, an immense quantity of first-class Groceries.

AUCTION AT 2 AND 7 P. M.

Put in Your Winter's Supply!

Buy at Your Own Price!

## S. ARCHIBALD,

Second Ave., Bet. 2d and 3d Sts.

## 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, Waterfront, 1st Building North of S. Y. T. Dock.

Barns and Corral, Second Avenue and Fifth Avenue South

### For the Holiday Trade.

A NEW LINE OF

## SUITS, PANTS, SHIRTS & NECKWEAR

## SARGENT & PINSKA,

Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

THEATRES.

## 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.

## 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.

## D. A. SHINDLER,

Hardware Building Material

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, LAMPS.

Front Street, Dawson

## ANOTHER

Donaghue knelt at practiced ear to was a faint sound of that Donaghue pres still closer to the door and listened ev His small eyes glist hallway like the eye been nicknamed "v very peculiarity), b in the house to see th save the servants, fa above, and the occu room. He had w three preceding days knew that it was oc man and his wife married and beyon knew that the servan maids and a butler most worked out in the pretty wife p when she went to floor room and ju hand took to secure filled purse.

When one is in t social calls of the d aghue was making find husbands awa servants and occupi asleep and the poi quite out of hearing

The fact was, D Donaghue was not by the window w possible, and dep card nor anything e and at the same tim Donaghue was not fellow that most c contrary, he was spare, slouchy, and pearance that wis possessing. He wa polite society.

"Dead easy," sa self. "A young r thought, and hust loose. She's calli sleep. But I need morning, and whe he'll probably be d fall dead easy.

He turned the k opened it the frac small eyes glisten found that the doo that in all prob squeak.

Slowly and wi opened the door a Four feet from h breathless, with h the knob of the form of a woman from the window melted the pink cream of her th night press, and wrapped her into The undulation c made her look swayed by the g "Great heaven!

faintly mutter th at intervals, and ousness of a cert whoever he migh a brute to leave night. He ling though. Beauty value to Donag was hardly curs beauty, and she other wives. F quickly to the d eal of the roo, fumed lace hand away impatiently youthful days

he would have c mean value. Below it he fo expected—a lock watch, a heavy what seemed to He held them a and noticed ho trembling hand, light.

He turned an felt like addi other jewels he laughed aloud a man as he ki beauty as the w bed before him, to depart as pea when suddenly of the front doo

"Her old ma getting that he man," and I'n glary—ten year him. But I'n him or not, a could have got hadn't stopped. Again he step and listened. the hall beneath into the back p ever it was.



# ANOTHER MAN IN THE HOUSE

I  
Donaghue knelt at the door and put a practiced ear to the keyhole. There was a faint sound of breathing, so faint that Donaghue pressed his rough ear still closer to the brass aperture in the door and listened even more intently. His small eyes glistened in the dark hallway like the eyes of a cat (he had been nicknamed "The Cat" for this very peculiarity), but there was no one in the house to see those glistening eyes save the servants, fast asleep two stories above, and the occupants of this one room. He had watched that house three preceding days and nights. He knew that it was occupied by a young man and his wife—evidently newly married and beyond doubt rich. He knew that the servants were a cook, two maids and a butler; and he had almost worked out in his mind just where the pretty wife placed her jewelry when she went to bed in the second floor room and just what means the husband took to secure his probably well-filled purse.

When one is in the habit of making social calls of the description that Donaghue was making it is much better to find husbands away from home, the servants and occupants of the house all asleep and the policeman on the beat quite out of hearing.

The fact was, Donaghue shrank from notoriety. He preferred a quiet entrance by the window wholly unobserved if possible, and departing, left not his card nor anything else that was of value and at the same time portable. Indeed, Donaghue was not the tall handsome fellow that most heroes are. On the contrary, he was of medium height, spare, slouchy, and had a general appearance that was anything but prepossessing. He was not a member of polite society.

"Dead easy," said Donaghue to himself. "A young married couple, as I thought, and husband's away on the loose. She's calling his name in her sleep. But I needn't expect him until morning, and when he does come home he'll probably be drunk. That's what I fall dead easy."

He turned the knob of the door and opened it the fraction of an inch. His small eyes glistened in the dark as he found that the door was not locked and that in all probability it would not squeak.

Slowly and with infinite care he opened the door and entered the room. Four feet from him, as he stood almost breathless, with his hand still clasping the knob of the door, lay the sleeping form of a woman. A flood of moonlight from the window fell upon her and melted the pink of her cheek, the cream of her throat, the lace of the night dress, and the white sheet that wrapped her into one semi-golden hue. The undulation caused by her breathing made her look like a drooping lily swayed by the gentlest of breezes.

"Great heaven!" thought Donaghue, "what a beauty!" He could hear her faintly mutter the name "Paul—Paul" at intervals, and he had a vague consciousness of a certain disrespect for Paul, whoever he might be. A man must be a brute to leave such a woman alone at night. He lingered but a moment, though. Beauty was a thing of little value to Donaghue. His own Maggie was hardly cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, and she was quite as jealous as other wives. He stepped softly and quickly to the dressing case at the other end of the room. He picked up a perfumed lace handkerchief and threw it away impatiently, although in his more youthful days a lace handkerchief he would have considered a prize of no mean value.

Below it he found what he wanted and expected—a locket and chain, a jeweled watch, a heavy bracelet, a pin, and what seemed to him a handful of rings. He held them all up in the moonlight and noticed how they sparkled in his trembling hand, and he smiled with delight.

He turned and looked at her. He felt like adding a stolen kiss to the other jewels he had taken. He almost laughed aloud at the thought of such a man as he kissing such a peerless beauty as the woman who lay upon the bed before him. And he was just about to depart as peacefully as a social caller when suddenly he heard the slamming of the front door in the hall below.

"Her old man," said Donaghue, forgetting that he was probably a young man; "and I'm caught. Caught—burglary—ten years at the least. I'll kill him. But I'll be caught whether I kill him or not, and"—self-unraveling—"I could have got away easily enough if I hadn't stopped to look at her."

Again he stepped quickly to the door and listened. He heard footsteps in the hall beneath. The man had stepped into the back parlor, or library, whichever it was. Perhaps the man had been

out on business and would stop there for a minute or two, at his desk. Perhaps there was, after all, a chance for escape. He was cool and careful. He dropped the jewels on the bed. It would not do to be caught with them about him. And he went out.

## II.

The door squeaked this time and the young wife started in her sleep, awoke, and half rose in her bed.

Donaghue at the same time heard the shuffle of feet in the room below. He paused and listened at the top of the stairs.

Even though the man had heard the door squeak, he had not left the back room.

Donaghue tripped down the stairs as softly as a cat. He had been in a tight fix before, and he was never cleverer than when he knew that he was in danger.

But luck was against him. There was a fur rug at the foot of the stairs. The floor beneath was polished. He slipped and fell, and in spite of himself, he uttered an exclamation that was profane enough to be unmistakably masculine.

He heard the man come from the library, and how it all happened he hardly knew, but some way or other he managed to dash into the dark parlor, to throw open the window and jump out. He expected to fall at least eight or ten feet. He did not fall two. He had jumped out on a porch, evidently, for he could see the railing in the moonlight. There was one thing to do—to hide directly beneath the window in the shadow and wait. He knew his pursuer would be there in a minute. He knew there would be a hue and cry. Still, there was a chance.

True enough, the man came to the window—but, to the infinite surprise of Donaghue, he made no outcry. He heard the man utter a half-articulate "Heaven! has it come to this?" He heard him walk a few steps and strike a match. He saw the light of the gas jets from the window—and then he knew that he was safe, and he cursed himself for a fool for leaving the jewels behind.

He heard a woman's step in the room. The man at the window turned.

"How dare you look me in the face?" he cried. "How dare you come to me after this?"

Calmly the woman raised herself to her feet, and, looking at the man, said in a forced whisper:

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? You know what I mean," answered the man. "He has been here at last—perhaps not for the first time. But I have found it out. I have found you out."

Donaghue heard a little stifled moan and the crash of a body as it fell on the floor. He began to gather a crude idea of what it was all about. He had had some experiences with Maggie. He had been jealous himself once. He raised himself a little higher and peered over the sill of the window.

The woman was not moaning now, but in a dead faint, and with her face as white as the sheet that had covered her in the room above, she lay motionless at the feet of the man who accused her.

The man stood over her with burning cheeks and clenched hands.

"And the cur ran away from you? He didn't even stay to fight me like a man! He's a coward. I knew it when we met him in Baden. He's a villain. I knew it when he followed us to London. He can take you now. I don't want you. And some day he'll run away from you, poor, beautiful, miserable fool, just as he has run away from me."

There was considerable human nature in Donaghue, even though he did make his living in a peculiar way. This was a little more than he could stand. He jumped up and leaped through the window.

"Look here!" he shouted, and then was suddenly silent, for a pair of strong hands were clasped about his throat, and the heavy weight of the larger man had borne him to the floor in a moment.

"You, such a being as you, my wife's lover! roared the man.

"No, screamed Donaghue, making a desperate effort to free himself.

"Well, who are you?" said the man.

"Let me sit up and I'll tell you, answered Donaghue.

The man released him, still keeping him within arms reach in the corner of the room. Donaghue felt his throat tenderly.

"Well?" said the man, peremptorily.

"I'm the man that was in the house," said Donaghue, sullenly.

"What do you mean—why were you here?" asked the man.

"Well," said Donaghue, regaining some of his customary bravado.

wanted to add some of your jewelry to my collection. See? If you don't believe me you'll find it where I threw it away, up in your wife's room."

The man turned and dropped to his knees by the side of the prostrate woman. He put his ear to her heart, and when he raised his head again Donaghue saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Thank God, she has only fainted!" said the man. "Bring me some water from the library." Donaghue brought the water in a solid silver pitcher that made him sigh with a vain wish that he had got away with it and the jewels above.

"She will be all right in a moment," said the man "and you may go."

"Thanks," said Donaghue, nonchalantly, going toward the window.

"Perhaps it is I who ought to thank you," said the man, "for, after all, you have proved that my wife is true to me."

"Don't mention it," answered Donaghue, as he disappeared—"at least, not to the police."

## Wise Plain Girls.

A lady who had seen much of the world was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome girls; to which she replied that it was mainly owing to the fact of the plain girls and the vanity and want of tact on the part of the men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity, while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

It is always safe to risk a little flattery.

Happy is the wooing  
That is not long a doing.

says the old couplet, but a modern counsellor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice, "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days and at a pic-nic."

In this as in other matters it is always desirable to hit the happy medium. Marrying in haste is certainly worse than too protracted courtship, though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether and prevent what might have been a happy union.

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, once asked him regarding a lady of their acquaintance, "Will she make a good wife for me?"

"Well," replied Mr. Hall, "I can hardly say. I never lived with her." Here Mr. Hall touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see ladies on "dress" occasions, when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amid the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life.

## Plump and Comely.

As a rule, the Cuban woman is round in figure. Her face is seldom vivacious—one looks in vain for the beauty of expression. Her hair is often a "glory" to her and is sometimes of that blue black shade only possessed by the daughters of southern Europe and their descendants, though occasionally the Cuban girl varies the programme by being a blond and, too be plain, rather fat. This lady is often a woman at 12 and the mother of a large family at 19 or 20. So pretty in her youth, in age she becomes either lean and dried or fat and unwieldy. She fades early, and for want of strength of character, is apt to lose control of her husband, who nevertheless still continues to need such control as badly as any man of his times. But, whatever she may grow or seem, her eyes never fade. To the last, through all vicissitudes, they are big and black.

## Test of Sincerity.

"No, I don't think she ever will marry. You see, she insists upon testing the affection of every one who proposes to her, and the test is too severe."

"What is it?"

"She asks him to teach her mother to ride the bicycle."

## Glad They Were Fluzzled.

He (telling a hairbreath adventure)—And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves.

She (breathlessly)—Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

## Specific.

"How about the hip pockets?" asked the tailor.

"As to the hip pockets, sah," answered the gentleman from Clay county,

"I want the left; one made quart size and the right one seven shooter size, sah."

## Seattle's Favorite Sun.

What do we care for meteors,  
That blind the watching eye,  
And in their flashing flying  
Irradiate the sky;  
That sweep athwart the heavens  
In iridescent foam  
Amidst a sea of comets—  
Since out Jim Ham is home?

The sun has doffed its dazzle,  
And its diminished head  
Is hidden by the luster  
Of those wondrous whiskers shed;  
The stars have stopped their sparkle,  
And sought a spot to rest  
In some sequestered silence  
Since Jim Ham struck the West.

The lofty lone Olympics  
Have hung their silver shrouds  
Upon the rusty hooks in  
The closets of the clouds;  
For what is their apparel  
But somber shades of night  
And black Egyptian darkness  
When Jim Ham is in sight?

Mount Rainier, Queen of Beauty,  
And Empress of the Snow,  
In all her regal radiance  
And royal purple glow,  
And opalescent colors  
That rainbow-tint the Sound,  
Ain't in it for a minute  
When Jim Ham is around.

The flowers, that make the city  
A million tinted bloom  
Of tropic light, are wearing  
A garniture of gloom;  
Upon the wilted willows  
They've hung their harps to stay  
In faded efflorescence,  
Since Jim Ham came their way.

Hail, Jim Ham; hail and welcome  
Home once again, and we  
Have watched your trail of brilliance  
Beyond the briny sea;  
We know that in your neckties  
The amethystine West  
Would find a place, and others  
Would settle in your vest.

While your rufescent whiskers  
And sunset shining head  
Would light your way to glory  
And paint all Europe red;  
Hail, therefore; hail and welcome,  
With brand-new honours crowned,  
Seattle greets her Jim Ham,  
The Sunburst of the Sound  
William J. Lampton in Seattle P-I.

## His Little Joke.

"John," said the politician's wife, waking him up about 2 a. m., "what's that noise?"

"That noise?" echoed John dreamily.

"Oh, I guess it's some rats holding a ratification meeting in the attic!"—Chicago News.

## Conclusive Evidence.

Miss Oldgirl—Oh, Mr. Policeman! Save me! A horrid man tried to kiss me.

Officer—That must have been the man that escaped from the lunatic asylum this mornin.—New York Journal.

## An Intentional Compliment.

"Would you rather be deaf or be blind?" she said; "I think that, than either, I'd rather be dead."

"It is hard to decide," he replied, "but, in case I were really condemned to a choice, I'd be deaf when I looked at your radiant face. And be blind when I heard your sweet voice."

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

## A. E. CO.

Sole Agents  
FOR

## Schlitz Beer

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

BUY A BARREL.

## 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.



# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY  
On Wednesday and Saturday

ALLEN BROS. Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| 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                             | 25      |

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1900

### 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.

### OUTCLEANING THE GLEANER.

While the quarrel now going on between the News and the Sun is of no concern to the Nugget, we feel impelled to take exceptions to a special issue of the second named paper which was published on Saturday night last. Ordinarily it might be considered outside the legitimate province of a third newspaper to comment upon a case such as the one under discussion, and we should certainly feel some delicacy in the matter were the circumstances other than they are.

We are free to confess that we have never heard of a more outrageous violation of the decencies and courtesies of professional journalism than was contained in the columns upon columns of scurrilous personal abuse published in the special issue of the Sun referred to.

There was a continuous vein of personal animosity of the most malignant type running through the entire sheet which removes the Sun and its editor entirely outside the field of respectable journalism in Dawson.

The thin coat of veneer which, in the past, has been used to lend a tinge of decency to the Sun as the government spokesman has been washed off, the mask has been torn from its face and its true character at length shines forth to become a thing for by-word and scoff among all intelligent men of the community.

And this same Sun, let it not be forgotten, is the self same sheet that long has held itself out as a shining example to the other papers of Dawson; claiming for itself a virtue which it never possessed, assuming a knowledge of the ethics of journalism, of which it is entirely ignorant, vaunting itself abroad as the one paper of Dawson which never would or could depart from the strict lines of journalistic etiquette, yet demonstrating in its own columns how far it lacked in knowledge of what the code of journalistic honor requires.

How, now, indeed are the mighty fallen. When has there been such a revelation of character or rather lack of character as in that special issue of the Sun.

We ask, in the name of decency, of the Canadian citizens of Dawson if they approve and support such disgraceful exhibitions of insane and malignant fury. We do not believe they do. We believe the Canadians of Dawson blush with shame for the paper, and the man who claims to be their official mouth-piece.

We believe they repudiate his sentiments and discredit his utterances, and in doing so they command the respect of every man who has any idea of what constitutes the line between repu-

table journalism and sensational balderdash.

In point of reckless assertion and genuine blackguardism the special issue of the Sun out-gleams the late Gleaner in its palmiest days.

### WHAT HAS IT IN STORE?

With the ushering in of another new year the question naturally arises what has this last milestone in the century in store for the Yukon territory?

There is no escaping the fact that there is very large room for improvement in the condition of affairs in business circles in Dawson at the present time. Notwithstanding the large exodus of people to Nome in the closing days of summer, there are still more men in the country than can find employment.

The unusually long continuance of soft weather left matters on the creeks in an unfortunate condition. Many claims have been able to work during the past few weeks only and in consequence there has been a considerably less amount of work accomplished at this time than was the case at the first of January, 1899.

There is also an uncertainty of affairs, due to a well established conviction that a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Klondike will burn their bridges behind them with the opening of navigation and silently steal Nomewards.

The whole root of the somewhat gloomy feeling which apparently pervades the country lies, however, in the fact that the Dominion government has assumed an attitude toward this country which leaves but little to be expected for the man who has nothing but his own strength of mind and body to work out success for himself. It is useless and needless to continually repeat the details of the various acts of injustice to which this country has been subjected. Some of them will stand comparison with grievances which were the primal cause of the war now in progress in the Transvaal. At any rate the Klondike's grievances are sufficiently great to convince the average man that his chances for success are much better along the sandy beach of Alaska than in the Klondike vale.

The only hope we see for redress will be through a change in the administration of affairs at Ottawa. The present government has made itself obnoxious in many ways to the people in Canada and the result of the Manitoba elections may fairly be considered as a straw which points the direction of the wind. Should the closing year of the century ring the death knell of Siftonian rule, then we may say that the Klondike country has indeed been doubly blessed.

### THE NUGGET ON THE CREEKS.

The Nugget is not much given to "tooting its own horn" or singing its own praises, but on the first of this New Year, 1900, it desires to call the attention of its many readers to an important item which will show something of the enterprise and what the Nugget is doing to serve the public.

The Nugget is issued twice a week, going to press on Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 2 o'clock. Red hot from the press, it is taken by the Nugget Express dog teams up the creeks and delivered at the cabins of its hundreds of subscribers on Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Sulphur, Gold

Run, Quartz and various other places tributary to the above named creeks.

The messengers on Bonanza and Eldorado cover considerably more than 100 miles each week delivering papers and letters. The messenger on Hunker makes weekly 120 miles. He delivers the papers, letters and express packages to the mouth of Gold Bottom, where two other messengers meet him, the one crossing the divide going down Dominion with a weekly record of 120 miles, while the other one, after crossing the divide, goes down Sulphur, Gold Bottom and Quartz, making 135 miles.

Besides delivering letters and papers, each of the carriers takes orders for small packages, express matter, etc. Meals at road houses cost from \$1.50 to \$2, which the messengers have to pay, and bunks \$1 per night. Thus it can be readily seen that the cost of delivering the Nugget to its many creek subscribers is something enormous. The Nugget is well pleased with the way in which this service is received and the paper patronized. The management has shown its faith in the people by putting its money into this twice a week service and the people are showing their appreciation by their patronage.

While the News and the Sun are clawing at each other's throats and calling all the bad names imaginable, each endeavoring to discredit the other's news service, The Nugget goes on the even tenor of its way, publishing all the news both local and telegraphic and making no boast about it. The Nugget possesses a news gathering service which reaches from Skagway to the farthest creek on the Klondike. It prints all the news and furnishes its patrons with the best digest of local and outside happenings published in Dawson. In consequence, it has experienced a steady growth in circulation and advertising patronage for which the publishers are duly grateful and which they will spare no efforts to deserve.

### Wrestling Match.

The people who witnessed the wrestling match on Monday night at the Monte Carlo were given two hours of sport as exciting as was ever witnessed anywhere.

The contestants were Reilly and Krelling, with Mr. Norman referee and J. M. Donaldson timekeeper. It was 11:30 o'clock when the contestants entered the ring. Considerable time was spent in preliminaries. Referee Norman announced any hold goes, including straight hold, hammer lock, etc. It was 11:45 when "time" was called and the contestants squared for the fray. Reilly was the aggressor in the start and until Krelling was put on his back at the expiration of 22 minutes the bout was fast and furious.

Space forbids detailed mention of the next two rounds, but Reilly, having won the first fall, appeared confident of success. He reckoned without his host, for the second and third falls were both won by Krelling, who was declared the victor and awarded the purse of \$1000 by Stakeholder Heron of the A. C. Co.

### NOTES.

Frank Slavin and many other old time sports were conspicuous figures at the ring side.

No one present could question but that the contest was on the square. Both men were out for blood.

Ike Rosenthal had a bushel of money to lay on Krelling, but takers were leary.

Dick Butler of the Forks has a promising protege in Reilly.

All the Forks sports came down and their money was all up on their favorite, Reilly. It was all down after the contest, but the Forks boys are game and stood defeat like men.

The mat was too small and the stage would not permit of its being larger. The fair sex in the boxes were all too much interested to even ask their

escorts to "please buy a small bot." The girls cheered for Krelling. The bar association was well represented both in the boxes and dress circle.

Krelling showed that he had been on a mat before.

Both the "licker" and "lickee" deserve credit for the splendid contest. Both men are gentlemen, both on or off the mat and their efforts Monday night were an event in Dawson athletic circles.

### The Theaters.

At the Opera house the new year was auspiciously opened and at 9 o'clock and before the curtain had been rung up the "Standing room only" cards were displayed for both down and upstairs. The program opened with a new and highly interesting three act comedy, "A Circus Girl." All the old favorites are on this week, including in the long list Borden and Blossom, Rooney and Forrester, Frank Kelly, the ragtime singer and buck and wing dancer, Misses Lorne, Hightower, Lamore and half a dozen others. Under the co-operative plan the Opera house bids fair to enjoy an era of unprecedented success. Monday night's crowd was the largest that has assembled there in many weeks.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

E. E. Sampson, formerly with the B. L. & K. Co. here, left Tuesday morning for Skagway, where he will accept a clerical position with M. J. Henry, contractor for the White Pass & Yukon Ry.

William Quamme, of Quamme Bros., extensive wholesale merchants of Victoria, B. C., will leave this week over the ice for his home. He brought over Dawson last fall the largest consignment of liquors ever shipped to the interior, the remnant of which stock was sold recently to the A. C. Co. for \$17,500 cash, the sale being consummated by George Pears.

Jack Connolly has sold his lay on 5 below lower on Dominion to W. C. Lyle, former purser on the steamer Nora. The claim is being worked by a large firm and bids fair to yield good returns. Connolly left for Skagway Tuesday morning, where he will resume his positions as passenger conductor on the White Pass & Yukon road. He ran the first train on that road and is, therefore, the first railroad ticket puncher in Alaska.

Most complete line of ladies' purses ever shown in Dawson. Nugget office.

Arctic Brotherhood buttons, native gold, \$4. Sale & Co., jewelers.

A few outside moccasins \$2; Indian moccasins \$1. Yukon hotel.

The swellest present in town—one of our Russian leather pocketbooks. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

## The P.P.Co.

Wish You a

Happy New Year

And invite You and Your Friends to Attend the Opening of Their

Branch Store

Front St. Opp. S.-Y. T. Dock

Saturday Morning, December 30

Nothing Old  
Everything New  
Prices Right

Your kind favors solicited.

Parsons Produce Co.

## Storage...

Cheapest Rates

in the City

## Boyle's Wharf



MISS



### Some of Dawson's Ladies Who Assisted in Making St. Mary's Bazar a Success



MISS COMER.



MRS. CALDERHEAD.

NOTE: A second series of portraits will be published in our next issue.



MRS. HOSTETTER.



MRS. STEWART.



MISS HUGHES.



MISS HECHT.



MISS CROFT.



## EXCELLENT NOME LETTER.

R. O. Lazier Graphically Depicts Conditions There.

Country Is Unquestionably Rich—Fuel and Lumber Scarce—No Supplies of Provisions.

William Boyce, a well known pioneer resident of Dawson, employed by the Yukon Mill Company as saw-filer lately received the following letter from another former resident and well-known Dawsonite. As the letter is complete in news of the kind that is most in demand by the hundreds who contemplate the trip to Nome in the spring, we take pleasure in giving it to the readers of The Nugget in full:

Anvil City, Oct. 18, '99  
Mr. Wm. Boyce, Dear Friend:  
I arrived here just 12 days out from Dawson; had a very pleasant trip down the river to St. Michaels, but a very rough one to this point on the steamer Sadie. Here, Bill, is as I find it, a town of 4000 people all in a hustle to do one of two things—build a place to live in or secure a passage out of the country. And I figure that at least one-third of the people will go out, as there are steamers sufficient to carry them. The fare is \$100 first-class, \$75 second-class. I have been out on the creek twice and up the beach 12 miles and down six miles, and the entire 18 miles has produced gold, and it is estimated that \$1,000,000 has been taken out of the distance. I have mentioned. I watched a man pan out three pans of dirt taken of bedrock three feet from the surface and he secured \$28. A friend of mine claims that he and his partner took out an average of \$68 each for 17 days. One day they got \$487. Ten dollars a day is considered very ordinary. The creek diggings where it has been developed, has turned out very rich. No. 2, Anvil creek, showed up \$100,000 in less than two months' work and the deepest diggings was seven feet. The only creeks that have been developed up to date are Anvil, Snow and Glacier creeks, that empty into Snake river, and Dexter creek that empties into Nome river. All these creeks have showed up very rich. Fine prospects have been found on many other creeks and in fact it is stated not a creek in the district but has shown up gold more or less. Nome river and Snake river empty into the sea about four miles apart. From what I have seen, this is by far the richest district I have ever looked over, and it can be worked at one-third the expense of that at Dawson. It is estimated that 18 miles of this beach has produced \$1,000,000 in a little over two months. I have secured a claim since my arrival, and was asked to put a price on it, but when I refused the party told me I had been lucky, as they have struck it rich just below me.

As a sample of this being a poor man's camp, just a few days before I arrived a ship sailed out of here with 160 passengers and they tell me that no one had a hard luck story. All had money—from \$1000 up. This of itself will recomend the camp, as no camp has ever produced such a thing. Now the other side of the situation: I had a camp almost destitute of fuel of any kind, aside from drift wood which has accumulated on the beach for years, and most of which is useless from the fact that the salt water destroys the life of it. Then I had a scarcity of lumber, even at \$125 per thousand. One half of the buildings are partially completed, and more lumber needed to make them inhabitable. And again, there is only enough provision to hold them up for about three months. Now for the amount of goods in sight: Steamer Bertua is expected every day from Frisco with 500 tons of provisions. The Sadie will probably bring over from St. Michaels, say 500 tons more and the steamer Portland just arrived from Dutch Harbor with 700 tons of coal, all for the A. C. Co. The steamer Roanoke has just arrived with 250,000 feet of lumber and 300 tons of provisions for the N. A. T. Co., and the A. E. Co., expect 500 tons more of provisions. But with all this there will be none to spare. As it is, dear boy, you are just as well off where you are, so do not be discontented, as many who are here wish they were in Dawson for the winter, as there is no visible show of earning anything this winter here, as the diggings are practically closed for this season. The only thing you could do if you were here would be to watch your chance to get hold of something and catch the sucker in the spring.

I saw McKenny on my arrival here

and am now sitting in one of his cabins writing on my knee. Mac arrived here, he claims, with less than one dollar, and now has ten lots that he has refused \$2500 for, two cabins and a winter supply. Not so bad for the old boy, is it?

I am feeling fine and eating my allowance with fair prospects. I will write you again on the first mail up to Dawson or before if the opportunity presents itself to get it to you. Believe me as ever your sincere friend.  
R. O. LAZIER.

### Big Run of Luck.

All the faro players in Dawson are striving to follow the smoke of an old man known as "French Paul"—not Oom Paul of South Africa fame, but plain "French Paul," who for, perhaps half a century, has followed the humble though praiseworthy calling of cook. Being of a festive disposition the aged knight of the kitchen frequently, whiles away a dull hour at tables where they use such terms as "markers," "coppers," "highcard," etc. Of late the manufacturer of delectable pastry and Dame Fortune have been swinging adown the lane of life hand in hand. For a full month he has had most phenomenal luck at faro, and has added from \$100 to \$250 to his exchequer nearly every day during that time. Not being of a selfish disposition, he divides his patronage among the several gambling-houses, and when he has held down a stool for an hour or so it is pretty safe to bet that house is out the price of several "stacks." Strange to relate, it is not reported that any prima donna has yet attempted to win Paul for her onlyest own.

### Fate.

"Oh George!" wailed the maiden as she met him in the darkened hallway, "we can't be married tomorrow! It will have to be postponed!"  
"What is the matter, darling?" said George, his knees trembling under him. "Is any relative dead? Has your Uncle Hiram failed in business?"  
"Worse than that!" she sobbed. "There's a b b-boil coming on the end of my nose!"

### His Modest Request.

"I am your friend," said the doctor to the sick citizen, "and I must not deceive you. You have only two hours to live."  
"Only two hours?"  
"Only two."  
"An you say you are my friend, doctor?"  
"I am—I am!"  
"Then do me one last favor."  
"Name it."  
"Pay off the mortgage on my mule an boss an take care o' my wife and 13 children."

### Cold Times in Billville.

Don't forget—a load of wood will give you the paper for six months. Please see that it is cut stove length, as we have no ax.

Thanks to Colonel Jones for a gallon of maple syrup. As soon as we can get a loaf of bread we will be able to utilize it.

We have padded our linen 'uster with an army blanket and stuffed all the broken window panes with last year's newspapers. Let the cold wave come!

Our relatives in the Redbone district had no almanac and, mistaking the cold wave for Christmas, have come, 15 strong, to spend the holidays with us.

Our paper now circulates in five counties, for five families, having made enough money to leave town, carried copies with them.—Atlanta Constitution.

### The American Girl.

She aired her French knowledge at Paris in vain, Although she essayed it again and again, Until with a toss of her proud little head, "They don't understand their own language!" she said.  
—Helen Chauncey.

### Take Notice.

That under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage of a ship, which said mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold at public auction, by William Furnival, auctioneer, at his premises in the Victoria building, Second street, Dawson, Yukon territory, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on the first day of February, 1900, a stern-wheel steamer called the Gold Star, of 168 gross tons burthen, containing a 100-horse power engine registered at the port of Dawson as No. 107,856.  
Dated, Dawson, Y. T., Dec. 20, 1899.  
CLARK & WILSON,  
Advocates for the Mortgagee.

# Four Special Leaders

JUST THE GOODS FOR THIS WEATHER

- 60 Double-Breasted Corduroy Reefer Coats—  
Extra quality, plush lined; actual value, \$15;  
Per garment..... \$5.00
- 50 Double-Breasted Blue Beaver Reefer Coats—  
Extra quality, plush lined; actual value, \$20.  
Per garment..... \$7.50
- 50 Double-Breasted Chinchilla Ulsters—  
Extra quality, flannel lined; actual value, \$35.  
Each..... \$15.00
- 200 Pairs English Camel Hair Blankets—  
Weight, 14 pounds; actual value, \$20.00.  
Per pair..... \$8.00

## H. HERSHBERG & CO.,

Seattle Clothiers. First Ave., Next to Madden House.

## 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.

## LESS THAN 24 HOURS, Skaguay to White Horse

The White Pass AND YUKON RAILWAY will be completed to White Horse by June 1st, 1900, after which date only one handling of all freight will be necessary between Skaguay and Dawson.

For rates and all information apply to

S. E. ADAIR,

Commercial Agent, Dawson.

A. C. Co. Office Building.



Hardware, Groceries & Miners' Supplies

Best brands and qualities. Get our prices. Money refunded if goods are not as represented.

H. F. 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.

## Don't

Wear out your moccasins chasing around town looking for stationery. Come to the "Nugget" office and save time. We have a complete line of

- |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Writing Tablets          | Pocket Memorandums       |
| Writing Paper, Envelopes | Rubber Bands             |
| Legal Cap Paper          | Ink Erasers              |
| Journal Paper            | Bill Files and Spindles  |
| Pens                     | Bill Clips               |
| Ink, Mucilage            | Dating Stamps and Pads   |
| Pencils                  | Ink Stands               |
| Blank Books              | Ladies' Purses           |
|                          | Gents' Pocket Bill Books |

In fact, anything in the stationery line.

The Klondike Nugget, Third Street, Bet. Third and Fourth Avenues.

AIR-TIGHT HEATERS AND—  
—ROADHOUSE RANGES

McLENNAN, McEELY & CO., Limited  
Front Street, Dawson.

MOHR & WILKENS,

DEALERS IN  
The Finest Select Groceries  
IN DAWSON  
S. E. Cor. Third Street and Third Avenue AND Klondike Bridge

ALONZO WILKINS

Tenement House

Man With Head generals Tea Asserted H

Alonzo Wilkins man, who likes to as little annoyanc have been imma his goods were ta back way, had i tention was call lease specifically goods and chattel door. Furtherin somewhat aggress lieved in a man's in his dealings w not in controver half.

Wilkins knew ahead when the first load. His to be firm, and him that if sh wouldn't have a matter at all. authority, and t it. She'd be a kins didn't like was resourceful occasion he wen "You'll have the back way, n For why?" van. "Because building," repl "What's that the men. "Yo So long as we flat, what figur how we get the around the blo and leave this j "But the ja insisted Wilkin There was a s three of the me "Where is the driver. "We h today, and we "Alonzo' cal window, and st stairs to get a l nerve.

"Why do y you?" she dem teach them to as they are to strong man fil ers talk back to ashamed of yo lease and you' stick to the ru man for a tew "You leave turned Mr. W I'm about and I'm through w Wilkins star rush to meet t "My orders things to be way," said "I don't stop th "How will kins in despair "I'll ring f plied the jam rested for d you'll be resp for any troubl lation of the r "Well, do about it," r running this j ing it. Thos the rear way. "But they' front," protes "Of course Kins. "Wha pen when you tion in the ve your den and matter to me "Wilkins w camly as his and the fact and his wife would let hin one side.

"I don't you take the back way, ar concerned I rather like to of him. I d But one thi sibly may be a box of cig going on the while. It's know, and n ing in the h



## ALONZO WILKINS' STRATEGY

### Tenement House Rules May Be Overcome.

### Man With Head for Scheming Out-generals Teamster and Janitor—Asserted His Authority.

Alonzo Wilkins is a mild-mannered man, who likes to go through life with as little annoyance as possible. It would have been immaterial to him whether his goods were taken in by the front or back way, had it not been that his attention was called to a clause in his lease specifically binding him to have all goods and chattels delivered at his rear door. Furthermore, his wife was a somewhat aggressive woman, who believed in a man's asserting his authority in his dealings with all other men, but not in controversies with his better-half.

Wilkins knew that there was trouble ahead when the men drove up with the first load. His wife had cautioned him to be firm, and had further informed him that if she were a man she wouldn't have any controversy over the matter at all. She would assert her authority, and that would be the end of it. She'd be a man, a real man. Wilkins didn't like to be disagreeable. He was resourceful, however, and on this occasion he went in to win.

"You'll have to take those things in the back way, men," he said.

"For why?" asked the driver of the van. "Because that's the rule of the building," replied Wilkins.

"What's that to you?" asked one of the men. "You don't own it, do you?"

"So long as we get the things in your flat, what figure does it cut with you how we get them there? You just walk around the block or turn your back and leave this job to us."

"But the janitor won't permit it," insisted Wilkins.

There was a scornful laugh from all three of the men.

"Where is the janitor?" asked the driver. "We haven't licked a janitor today, and we are getting rusty."

"Alonzo" called Mrs. Wilkins from a window, and Mr. Wilkins went up stairs to get a lecture on manhood and nerve.

"Why do you let those men bluff you?" she demanded. "Why don't you teach them to know their place and do as they are told? The idea of a big, strong man like you letting day laborers talk back to you! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You signed the lease and you've got to make them stick to the rules. Oh, if I were only a man for a few minutes!"

"You leave them to me, Maria," returned Mr. Wilkins. "I know what I'm about and they'll do as I say before I'm through with them."

Wilkins started downstairs again in a rush to meet the janitor at the door.

"My orders are not to let heavy things to be brought up the front way," said the janitor, "and if you don't stop those men I'll do it myself."

"How will you do it?" asked Wilkins in despair.

"I'll ring for a patrol wagon," replied the janitor, "and have them arrested for disorderly conduct, and you'll be responsible under your lease for any trouble that comes from a violation of the rules of the building."

"Well, don't you worry yourself about it," returned Wilkins. "I'm running this job, and I'm capable of doing it. Those things will be taken in the rear way and don't you forget it."

"But they're already unloading in front," protested the janitor.

"Of course they are!" retorted Wilkins. "What do you suppose will happen when you engage me in a conversation in the vestibule? You go down to your den and stay there and leave this matter to me."

Wilkins walked out to the van as calmly as his perturbed state of mind and the fact that he knew the janitor and his wife were both watching him would let him, and called the driver to one side.

"I don't care particularly whether you take the things in the front way or back way, and so far as the janitor is concerned I don't know but I would rather like to see the tar knocked out of him. I don't like janitors, anyway. But one thing occurs to me that possibly may be of interest to you. I have a box of cigars in the flat, and I am going on the back porch to smoke for a while. It's cooler out there, you know, and my wife objects to my smoking in the house. So I'll be out there

with the cigars, and every time a man comes up the back stairs with any of my things he's welcome to a cigar out of my box."

Then he went back into the building. "What are you going to do?" asked the janitor.

"They'll take the things up the back way," answered Wilkins.

"How did you arrange it?" asked his wife when he got up stairs.

Oh, I just asserted my authority," he replied. "They were quick to see that I was a man who wouldn't stand any foolishness when I got to talking business with them." Chicago. Inter-Ocean.

### Marriage Proposals of Noted Men.

Lord Byron in 1830 seriously turned his thoughts to matrimony. He confided to a friend his intention of proposing to Miss Milbanke, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. The friend thought some other lady more suitable and agreed with Byron to write a proposal for him. One day as the two were sitting together Byron received a refusal from the lady. "You see," said he, "that after all Miss Milbanke is to be the person. I will write to her." Accordingly he did so, and the friend, who was still opposed to his choice, on reading over the letter, remarked: "It really is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go." "Then it shall go," said Byron. It went, and the result was the miserable marriage which is now a matter of history.

The manner in which Edison, the great inventor, secured unto himself a wife was a peculiar one. A friend insisted to him one day that his establishment needed a woman at its head, but Edison asked whom he should marry. Disgusted with the great scientist's lack of sentiment, he replied, "Oh, any one." Not long afterward Edison was standing behind the chair of Miss Sitwell, a young woman in his employ, when she turned to him and said: "I can always tell when you are behind or near me." To her astonishment Mr. Edison replied: "I have been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I should like to marry you."

This exceedingly business like proposal has resulted in the happiest of unions.

A lady who had once rejected an offer of marriage from Hume, the historian, intimated to him, through friends the fact that she had changed her mind. "So have I," said her whilom lover, laconically. He lived and died in single blessedness, and the lady had to recover from the snub as best she could.

### Notice.

All persons indebted to the late Andy Young for newspaper subscriptions or on other accounts are requested to call at the office of W. H. P. Clement, public administrator and pay same.

### Government Sale of Mining Property.

Upwards of 100 properties formerly owned by persons now deceased will be sold by public auction at the rooms of Vernon & Story, Front street, five doors south of postoffice, on January 24, at 10:30 a. m. For full particulars see Nugget of December 9th and 30th; also posters.

W. H. P. CLEMENT,  
For the Minister of the Interior,  
Postoffice Building.

### Record for Travel.

Dawson, Dec. 26.  
Editor Nugget: To settle once and for all the doubts as to who holds the record for travel in this northern land, the palm must fall to one Charles Walker, mate of the whaler Orca, and a resident of Seattle whose performance eclipses all journeys heretofore accomplished in the history of arctic travel, as far as this country is concerned. His ship was frozen in during the early winter of 1897 at Point Barrow, the most northerly point in Alaska, and running short of provisions, this brave man, in order to save his companions, set out over the ice for Edmonton, thence in haste to Seattle, skirting the shores of the frozen Arctic ocean till the McKenzie delta was reached, and thence up the McKenzie and Athabasca rivers till his arrival at Edmonton, during the latter part of March, 1898, a distance of over 3000 miles. This will doubtless be a revelation to all who are at present unacquainted with the fact. Has a greater journey ever been accomplished? If so we should like to know by whom and for what purpose.

ALPHONSE WATERER.

### Candy, Candy, Candy.

I have Lowney, Gunther and Huyler, candies, beside an immense assortment of Victoria, Seattle and San Francisco makes. I can please any one in prices, quality and quantity. Assorted nuts, 50 cents per pound. I carry also the finest line of cigars in the Yukon territory, and will make special rates by the box. Gandolfo, First ave.

## "CARIBOO BILL" IN SEATTLE

### Story of a Well Known Dawson Character.

### French Hill Magnate Now Visiting His Old Home—Detering Tells of Work and Wealth.

A somewhat belated copy of the Seattle P.-I. contains the romantic account of the success of a well known miner of this section:

Nine years ago William Detering, a German youth then in his teens, left his home at Evanston, Ill., for the Northwest territory. He was a poor lad, and six years of mining in the Cariboo district did not make him a rich man. Then he quit to seek fortune further north in Alaska. He arrived in the Klondike district in the nick of time, and reached Seattle on the City of Topeka with Joe Staley, his partner, the two men bringing with them over \$150,000 in gold dust and cash. They are worth in mines almost this sum each.

"Cariboo Bill" is the name by which Detering is known on the Yukon. He is short, slight, with blue eyes, light hair and German cast of countenance. With all his wealth he is modest and retiring. "I'm going back to Evanston to see my folks, if they are still alive," he said. "I have not seen them for nine years, nor heard of them for a very long time. I don't know whether they are living or not—I only hope they are," and a wistful look came into the blue eyes of "Cariboo Bill."

Detering is famous in Alaskan annals as the discoverer of French hill, a high plateau at the intersection of Eldorado creek and French gulch. This is where Lippy's famous Eldorado claim is located.

One day in March, 1898, Detering made up his mind that Lippy's golden stream had its origin in the steep bluff behind the creek benches. He followed his opinion up with hard labor. The result must have been good, for it took four men with all their strength and a stout fir scantling to carry into the Butler one of the two boxes of gold brought out by Detering and his partner.

Romances have been written of the Klondike and its millionaires made in the turn of a card or in one panning of a gulch claim. Many of these romances were written only—they existed in the minds of the people who wrote them. But Detering's tale is rounded on actual fact. There is plenty of romance about it, plenty of hard luck, hardship and a dogged perseverance, all crowned at the last by magnificent fortune.

"Others had gone before me in prospecting French hill," said Detering in the Butler lobby last night. "They did not go high enough. Where I saw a group of men working on the morning of March 19, 1898, the dirt was but a little over a foot deep on bedrock. The ground was frozen and the weather cold. I went to the top of the ridge and sunk a prospect hole. At seven feet I and Joe Staley, my partner, struck pay gravel. At night we took three pans in a sack to our cabin on the banks of the stream. We melted it out and panned it. There was \$189 in gold in the three pans."

"We filed before anyone was the wiser. I had exhausted my right on Skookum, but Staley got discovery claim and another. Then he divided with me."

Detering would not tell how much he brought out. One box which it took four men to carry weighed 350 to 400 pounds. Another weighed 200. There was at least \$150,000 in gold in the two.

Besides, Staley had two envelopes chock full of bank bills and a sack of shining twenties which he gave to the clerk to deposit in the hotel safe.

Both Staley and Detering are roughly dressed, hardy men. They are not college graduates. They are quiet and say but little. French hill is known as one of the richest spots in the Klondike. Detering and his partner were only rich enough to own a prospector's outfit each when they struck the golden trail that led them both to independent fortune. This is "Cariboo Bill's" first visit to the states since 1890.

"When I get fixed up here in Seattle, I'm going home," said Detering again. "I want to see my folks first. I can help them the balance of their days now. After that I may go back to see our men take out the balance of that gold in French hill."

Look out for the little ones at this time of the year. A cold may prove fatal. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

## Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.

OF SEATTLE, WASH.  
Mining Machinery of all Descriptions.  
Pumping Plants a Specialty. Orders taken for early spring delivery.

Chas. E. Severance Gen. Agent.  
Room 15, A. C. Building

## 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.  
BUCKE & HALL, Props.

## EWEN MORRISON,

### Mines and Mining.

#### QUARTZ A SPECIALTY.

Properties wanted at once. Parties having claims recorded may have samples tested free of charge. I have cash customers for several prospected placer claims at once—either creek or hill claims. Options wanted on groups of claims for the Toronto, Montreal, New York, Boston, London and Paris markets. List your properties now for quick sales at Room 3, Hotel McDonald.

EWEN MORRISON

### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an act to incorporate a company with power to construct and operate a line of railway from a point at or near Pyramid Harbour, on the Chilkoot Inlet near the head of Lynn Canal, or from the International Boundary line at or near the village of Kluckwan, northerly to Dalton's Post on the Dalton trail, and following the Dalton trail to Fort Selkirk, thence continuing by the most feasible route to Dawson City; with powers to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines; to mine and deal in mines; to crush, smelt and work ores and minerals of all descriptions; erect smelters and other works and carry on a general mining business; to construct roads, tramways, wharves, mills and all necessary works; to own and operate steam and other vessels in the Yukon and all its tributaries and upon all inland waters in the Yukon district; to erect and operate all electrical works for the use and transmission of electrical power and to acquire and use water power for that purpose. Also to erect and maintain trading posts and carry on a general trading business in all merchandise in the Territory, and to acquire all other necessary rights and privileges, and to do all necessary things in connection with the business of the company.  
LOGAN & JENKS, Amherst, N. S.,  
Solicitors for Applicants.

### A Good Reason.

Petted Daughter—They asked me to play at Mrs. Highup's this evening, and I did; but—  
Fond Mother (proudly)—Were not they entranced?

Petted Daughter—Hum! When I played "Life on the Ocean Wave" with variations half of them left the room.

Fond Mother (ecstatically)—That is wonderful! They must have been seasick.—New York Weekly.

### Vale, "Jimmie the Goat."

James Kane, known as to the sporting fraternity of Dawson as "Jimmie the Goat," is soon to be an ex resident of this city. Jimmie has not been beating rose strewn paths or been reclining on flowery beds of ease lately. The cause of his vicissitude is that several weeks ago he sat down at the faro table in the Northern Annex where he played on the strength of a well filled sack which he deposited on the table in front of him. Fortune proved fickle and soon \$1000 was charged up to the "Goat's" account. Then he stopped playing, but instead of paying his losses, pocketed the sack and walked out. Of course the house was not, but what could it do? Evidently it thought it could do something for last Friday night at the instigation of "Count" Spitzel, one of the proprietors of the game at the time the play was made. "Jimmie the Goat" was arrested and taken to jail. Friday morning he was brought before Magistrate Perry on the charge of gambling, to which he plead guilty, and was fined \$50 and costs. "But," said the arresting officer, "he is accused of being a dishonest gambler. It is charged that he plays a sack and refuses to cash in when he loses." To this charge the "Goat" also plead guilty and the decree of the court was that he withdraw his physical presence from the city within the next seven days.

Jimmie accepted the decree without a whimper and it is probable that today or tomorrow will witness his departure from the scenes of his former triumphs and many frequent adversities. "In der meanvile der h use lose dem onish."

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

Get your eyesight fixed at the Pioneer drug store.



## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

### What They Will Do and Will Not Do.

#### Every Man Strives to Change Some Trait—Resolves Formed Today, Bent Tomorrow, Off Saturday.

Since there has been a calendar by which to gauge and divide time, and since there have been men to observe the calendar, New Year's resolutions have been formed, adhered to for perhaps a day, then, in the majority of cases, broken, leaving the maker just a little bit ashamed of himself. But such shame wears away very quickly and the middle of January usually finds the nine-tenths of resolvers just where they were the middle of the preceding month.

Humanity is much the same wherever found and Dawson is no exception to the rule. As a very natural consequence of the new year many resolutions were formed by our people, and in a great number of the cases The Nugget is willing to accredit the maker of the resolution with being really in earnest at the time. But in Dawson, as elsewhere, resolutions, like friendship, are formed but to be broken—how soon only time will tell. Among the many New Year's resolutions made were the following:

Emil Mohr, grocer—To have a smile for my customers and quit talking to newspaper men.

Murray Eads, Pavilion—That when a man gets anything from me I will get the money for it.

W. M. Cribbs, druggist—To smoke only three cigars each day and refrain entirely from drinking black coffee at bazaars.

Lew Craden, broker—Not to make any resolutions. Never made one yet that stuck.

Stephen Brown, Nugget salesman—To be a better man.

J. A. Williams, electric power house—To quit swearing because a roof leaks.

Tom Collins, Board of Trade—To get rich and quit talking to common people like you.

Tom Rooney, actor—Wont make any resolution until I see whether or not I have a job.

Sam Bonfield, Dominion club rooms—Nothing out of the ordinary.

Captain Bliss, gold commissioner's office—Quit making resolutions long ago. Don't believe in making and breaking. No, I am no relation to Major Bliss.

M. A. Pinsky, clothier—I have no bad habits to reform.

Cap. C. F. Griffith, mariner and miner—To do the very best I can for myself.

Eddie O'Brien, actor—To swear off. Let me give you the receipt: Just ask the gang up to any bar in Dawson and then pay the bill. It will make any man swear off and stick to it.

Comptroller Lithgow—To be a better man and deal kindly with all men.

C. C. Kelly, Monte Carlo—Haven't made any resolutions yet, but she'll be a good one when I take time to frame it.

John Wiley, W. P. V. Ry.—Made all my good resolves some days ago so as to be ready for today.

H. H. Fazon, the Bank—To keep prices steady and handle better goods.

L. R. Fulda, manager A. E. Co.—Me make New Year's resolutions? I quit long ago.

F. A. Ames, Ames Mercantile Co.—To mark prices down and push business all the present year.

Dr. W. G. Cassils—To work harder this year than ever before.

Postmaster Hartman—To have mail arrive every day, if possible.

Dr. L. O. Wilcoxon—Not a one.

C. J. K. Nourse, Canadian Bank of Commerce—My resolutions never amount to much. The bosses have not showed up lately, but suppose they would tell you they have resolved to not loan any money without gilt-edged security.

Col. Samuel Word, Dawson Water Company—Me make a New Year's resolution? I quit such foolishness 40 years ago.

#### Recent Fires.

Scarcely had the new year reached the tender age of 15 minutes when the deep intonations of the fire bell were heard to float out on the cold midnight air, the occasion being the burning of a cabin in Klondike City, which was totally destroyed. The structure was owned and occupied by Geo. Hoyt, A. Saunders, W. E. Begey and H. Walters.

An overturned lighted candle

caused some commotion at the Dawson drugstore Sunday, but timely action prevented what would otherwise have been a destructive blaze.

Monday evening at 4:30 o'clock a cabin owned by Thos. F. O'Malley, known as "Tourist" O'Malley, was destroyed with all its contents. O'Malley, who was delivering a load of wood down in town at the time, chanced to look up and see his home wrapped in flames. Unlike most people would have done under similar circumstances, he did not rush frantically toward the scene of destruction. On the contrary, he stepped calmly into the Royal Cafe bar and sat down to warm his toes at the fire. He said it was no use to go up as his home would be destroyed before he could reach it. O'Malley built the cabin last summer at a cost of \$600. The contents, consisting of clothes, jewelry, books and his winter's provisions were valued at \$500.

## THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Editor Klondike Nugget—Dear Sir: The firemen of Dawson are regular subscribers to your newsy and pitby journal, the "Dear Little Nugget," and each issue is received by them with welcome pleasure. Nevertheless, you will not be surprised to learn that they take exception to an article in the Stroller's column of your issue of the 30th, referring to the burning of the building lately occupied by the V. Y. T. Co.

The bowels of commiseration, of which the writer of that article appears to be possessed ad. inf. (when struck in the right chord), seem to have been deeply moved—not so much by the "\$20,000 blaze" as by the fate of the stock of hardware next door, to which, with all the energy of sarcasm at his command, he calls the attention of the public.

The building containing this stock presented to the street a large square front—levelled with the peak of an acutely sloping roof. This front covered the principal seat, at that time, of the conflagration, preventing the action of the hose stream and placing the building itself in certain and immediate danger. In removing this superstructure, the entire front of the building (a rat trap affair) from gable to stringers, came out with it—exposing to the street the whole of the interior. After this the firemen could reach the seat of the flame by playing the stream through the very narrow angle between the roof of the store and the side of the burning building, which required a steady aim.

Now, in the Dawson fire department there are only nine men available for the handling of the hose, hook and ladder, and the general working of the fire. Many of these had, for an hour, been soaked from head to foot by water in a temperature 45 degrees below zero. Playing the stream in question were three men, their water soaked mitts frozen to the nozzle, their hands frozen to their mitts, and their arms paralyzed by the cold. The writer had not the use of his hands, but with his arms around the nozzle, with the others, endeavored to hold it in position, under a very high engine pressure. Is it to be wondered that, under these circumstances, a few stray shots sufficed the unintentional flooding of the little hardware store.

Now, Mr. Editor, if the compassion of your Stroller had taken anything of a practical turn he could have lent a hand at that nozzle with his warm mitts, assisted the frozen firemen in their struggle, and possibly have prevented this disaster. But no! On the contrary, one long reporter placed himself so much in the way of the men working, and with his questions and his actions became such a nuisance, that the chief was under necessity of ordering him from the vicinity.

This is what we wish to know: Is it necessary for the department to supply reporters with a complimentary private box at all fires, in order to escape the censure of the press? Or is it merely the wish of the Stroller to determine, at as early a date as possible, the hydropathic effects of a cold shower bath taken under a pressure of 260 pounds to the square inch of journalism, and at a temperature of 60 degrees below zero? In the former case it will be impossible for the department to escape press censure. But if the latter is the height of his erratic ambition, accident may very probably place it in our way, at an early date, to accommodate the gentleman. (This is no dream.)

In the meantime, you will find none among your readers more sincere in their sympathy for the owner of the hardware stock than the firemen. I am, sir, yours truly, A FIREMAN.

Now, may the Gods pity us and vul-

tures gripe the "bowels of compass'on" from which a chord was struck that offends the timid ears of the D. F. D.

The firemen have turned the nozzle of their displeasure upon us and the Stroller is smothered in a sea of watery similes.

Above will be found a frozen mitt handed us by the firemen and the Stroller stands reproved. There is one inference in the communication that gives us joy, however, for the "long legged reporter" is in for a ducking. Shoot him full of ice cakes, my boy, he owes us money, and his ways are evil.

#### THE STROLLER.

Some years ago a calf born in Montana with only two legs was considered to be the greatest wonder of the age. But the Nugget office devil has discovered another wonder. In all confidence he informs the Stroller that one night recently he saw at the Monte Carlo a leg with with two calves.

Sargent & Pinsky have outdone all competitors, in town, for rapid traveling. New Year's eve these gentlemen were suddenly aroused from sweet and holy meditation by the sound of a shotgun outside the door of their cabin, which, with thunderous report, started these gentlemen on a dead run to their down town store, they thinking the alarm was given for a grand conflagration and of course that their place was in a blaze.

When they learned that the clamor was a salute to 1900 they broke all resolutions they had made for the year, for the gang gave them the merry ha, ha, and each took a turn in kicking the other.

#### Notice.

Party advertising yellow collie dog in Nugget of Dec. 23d is hereby directed to bring the said dog to the town police station.

(Signed) F. F. M'PHAIL.

The attractions of our store are the low prices. The Ames Mercantile Co.

A new year's resolution—accuracy and absolute purity in our drugs. Cribbs & Rogers.

Irresistible values at the Ames Mercantile Co.

Kellogg's steam laundry takes the cake on flannels; try him and be convinced. On scow, foot of Second street, south.

Your druggist for the new year. Cribbs & Rogers.

"Put money in your purse." See the fine line of pocketbooks at Cribbs & Rogers.

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.

## TOTAL RECEIPTS, \$14,465.

(Continued from Page 1.)

lasting monument to the glory of her philanthropical and charity loving citizens.

#### AFTERMATHS.

Mrs. Mahoney who was in charge of the Palace of Sweet feels greatly indebted for the excellent assistance and support rendered her by the ladies who assisted in conducting that most important establishment. Associated with Mrs. Mahoney were Mrs. Timmons, Mrs. F. N. Smith, Mrs. S. H. Stewart, Mrs. Hostetter, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Merman, Mrs. Calderhead, Mrs. Crowley, Miss Bodge. The ladies contributed nearly all the various dainties offered for sale in the booth the total receipts being \$2000. Mr. Gordon, the candy manufacturer, comes in for a share of praise.

On all sides praise was heard for the executive ability displayed by Mesdames Starnes, Cabill and Hammell. It is the general opinion that these ladies could conduct an international exposition most successfully.

To Capt. Donald Oleson, manager of

the electric light plant of Dawson, is due the thanks of the many ladies and others connected with the bazaar, and of all persons interested in the welfare and prosperity of that most excellent institution, St. Mary's hospital. Captain Oleson magnanimously furnished for the bazaar the necessary light free of all charge and on one or two occasions had that particular circuit turned on before the usual time for the bazaar's exclusive benefit. Regular charges for the light supplied would have amounted to \$35 per night, which amount the genial captain generously caused to be a net saving to the bazaar treasury.

## Palace Grand Theater

### Sacred Concert

Sunday Evening, January 7th

Orchestra  
20 MUSICIANS 20

Under the Direction of

HERR CARL LEUDERS

Assisted by

MISS BEATRICE LORNE

SOPRANO

HERR ZIMMERMAN

TENOR

The Programme consisting of the prison scene from Trovatore, Miss Beatrice Lorne as Leonora and F. W. Zimmerman as Maurice, and male quartette. Also Overture and Cavatina from Cavalliera Rusticana, with operatic selections.

Admission to Balconies, \$2. Reserved seats on main floor, \$1.50. General admission, \$1.00. Tickets for sale at REID'S DRUG STORE, Front between 2d and 3d Streets. Doors open at 8, Performance at 8:45.

Full Line of Choice Brands of

## Wines, Liquors and Cigars

### CHISHOLM'S SALOON

TOM CHISHOLM Proprietor

#### NOTICE.

Owing to the Fire which occurred at our store Christmas day, we have closed the place. Baysliss can be found by anyone interested, at the Regina Hotel.

BAYLISS & CO.

Wholesale Cigars.

FOUND—Black mare, on the Yukon, about 50 miles up. Owner can have same by paying costs and calling on James Murphy, Tramway Ferry.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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VOL. 3 No. 54

# WILL

# Ex-Crow

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