

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 47

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

MCKINLEY TO CONGRESS.

He Makes Important Recommendations.

Asks for Recognition for Alaska—Outlines What He Would Have Done in the Philippines.

Special to The Klondike Nugget.
Washington, via Skagway, Dec. 11. President McKinley has addressed to congress one of the most important messages yet delivered from the pen of an American executive. The message goes exhaustively into the question of increasing the effectiveness of the navy. It reviews the Spanish-American war and the results which have grown therefrom. The present status of the United States with reference to foreign powers is clearly defined and a recommendation is made that a substantial increase be made in the present strength of the navy. The message goes somewhat extensively into Alaskan matters. It recognizes the fact that Alaska has made enormous strides the last few years and recommends that such legislation should be introduced into congress as the growing needs of the territory require. The ultimate disposition of the Philippines forms an important theme. The present status of the situation is clearly defined.

The president believes that owing to the peculiar conditions which prevail in the Philippines, some mode of military government is absolutely essential. The Filipinos must be raised to a higher standard of civilization before they can be granted civil government, as it is ordinarily understood.

Editor George, Stand Up.

Editor A. F. George of the Sunday Gleaner, has been notified by Judge Dugas to appear before his lordship this (Wednesday) morning at 10 o'clock. The fact that Editor George wrote and published in his paper an open letter to his lordship a few days ago is doubtless what prompted the invitation extended to him to appear in court. The result will be anxiously awaited by all and especially by the newspaper fraternity of Dawson.

Married and Happy.

Monday night at 8 o'clock Mr. James Hall and Miss Lillian Green, known in the vaudeville world as Grace Anderson, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. Father Naylor officiating. The bride was attended by Mrs. Hillier (Nellie Forsythe) and the groom by his partner and business manager, Thomas Lloyd. With the marriage of the couple there was connected an element of romance, a previously written account of which appears elsewhere in this paper. But, "as all's well that ends well," The Nugget joins the many friends of the newly made man and wife in wishing them bon voyage adown the sea of matrimonial life. May their joys be many and their troubles little ones. Mr. Hall and his bride are now living in pomp and animated splendor in a cabin in the rear of the Green Tree saloon.

ARCTIC SAW MILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUCE, FLUME AND MINING LUMBER
At Lowest Prices. Order Now.
At Mill, Upper Ferry, Klondike river.
Boyle's Wharf. J.W. Boyle

"Uncle Andy" Injured.

Everybody knows and likes "Uncle Andy" Young, the Nugget salesman, and it will be learned with regret that he almost met death in his cabin at an early hour Tuesday morning. While he slept fire broke out from his stove and by the time the old gentleman awoke nearly the whole interior of the room was ablaze. In his efforts to extinguish the flames he was fearfully burned on the head, face and, in fact clear to the waist. All his hair was burned off and in many places on his arms, chest and back the burns are very deep. His outcries aroused his neighbors, who rushed to his assistance and extinguished the fire, but not until "Uncle Andy" was so injured as to cause him several weeks, possibly months, of confinement to his bed. He was taken to the Good Samaritan hospital, where every possible care is being given him. His sufferings are intense.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Fairview hotel closed its bar and dining room Friday night the business not being sufficient to justify the managers, Cox & Gates, in continuing these features of their business. Mr. Cox left Saturday for Sixtymile to look after a consignment of goods which were enroute, and which were stopped at that place by the closing of the river.

Messrs. J. Christian and J. Kreneh, owners of a claim on Gold Hill, gave their employes a chicken dinner at Mrs. W. E. Comstock's. The occasion was the working out of their claim. It is one of the first of the large claims to be worked out. Those present were: George Keiler, Clarence Kelton, Mr. Zimmerman and John Rooney.

And now the latest is the advent of a genuine Santa Claus amongst us. The N. A. T. & T. Co., are to receive His Frostiness at their emporium on next Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m.; so get the children together and let them partake of the bounties of our Klondike Santa Claus. There will be nuts and candies galore, and it is rumored that all the little ones will receive some token of Kris Krinkle's affection.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"I have owned and run saloons in every state west of the Rockies, and I never saw a place where men generally take such big drinks of whisky as right here in Dawson." The speaker, a prominent local liquor dealer, stopped wiping glasses, looked straight into the eyes of the Stroller and continued: "Doctor our whisky? Of course we do. Why, do you think for a second that we could sell it straight as we buy it and make anything on it? The stuff costs us \$17.50 per gallon and we would not come out even if we did not doctor it. No, we don't put strychnine in it that is not much strychnine—just sufficient to create a wobble in the drinker. Why, if our glasses held a pint those fellows who come down from the creeks, as well as three-fourths of the drinkers in the city, would pour them to the brim. Won't you have a drink?" But after the above the Stroller took a cigar.

If anyone thinks life is all cakes and ale on the Yukon, he can be induced to change his opinion by writing a few Stroller yarns.

To every story which has appeared in this column there has been at least one frightful kicker, and the fighting editor has had to keep in constant training to stand the pace.

However, once in a while the writer of personal journalism will bump up against it and wonder why he was born, and curse the dogs that dragged him into this country, the home of the kickers.

In a recent issue we published a harmless yarn about two Germans, one of whom was called Buck.

The yarn simply gave a humorous account of the heroic extravaganzas of these disciples of "Me und Gott" charging Mein Herr Buck with the heinous crime of self-inflicted torture—pin sticking. Mein Herr Buck denies the allegation and says it was not he, but another fellow. So he writes a letter which the Stroller gladly gives place in this column.

Dawson, Dec. 11, 1899.

Editor Nugget—Dear Sir: Noticing

the article in the Stroller column of Dec. 2, '99, of your paper, I find my name connected with an unmanly performance late one evening, some time ago in the Pioneer saloon. I wish to say that I am in no way connected with that affair, can't be proud of daring deeds (only such as supporting a large family), and the person who was not ashamed of performing what was stated, should also not be ashamed of having his name given instead of using the name of another. Yours truly,
F. BUCK.

AT THE THEATERS.

All indications point to a gala week at the Opera house, which opened Monday with a first-class program and a fine list of picked artists. If care and hard work on the part of the management will bring about success, then will success crown the efforts of Walter Woodburn, the opera house manager, as he is especially careful in the selection of his casts and in the management of the business affairs of his house. This week's program opens with that great scenic production, Count of Monte Cristo, in which nearly the entire company cast appears. The play is not a new one to theater goers from the outside, but it is a good one and is destined to draw largely during the remainder of the week.

All the old favorites and several new ones are out with especially fine selections. Mamie Hightower still reigns a footlight queen, while Bessie Pierce, after a long and severe illness, is again smiling on her host of friends as of yore, and her original act of "Too late, or Who Will Pay My Fine," shows her to be fully up to the old standard. In "Another Bottle," Vivian is greeted this week by a throng of admirers. Alice Fairbanks is retained for the week and is justly entitled for the to the sobriquet "the singing and dancing travesty star."

MONTE CARLO.

Kelly and Holden, the latter having purchased the interest of Winkley, proprietors and managers of the Monte Carlo, are at the old stand with a better entertainment this week than ever before, even if the talked of "combine" did not combine. Kelly says "believe all you read and you get the facts, nit." The program at the Monte Carlo this week is prefaced by a laughable one act comedy entitled "The Coming Checkmark," the joint production of Dick Mauretus and Fred Breen. The opening play is followed by a long list of specialties in which appear Popular Florence Brocece, the descriptive and emotional vocalist, Caprice, the boys' favorite, Kitty Pierce, the Bonnie Scotch Lassie Sid, the popular and sweet-voiced Blanche Cametta, and the ever welcome Gussie-Lamore in her song and dance specialties. Mauretus and Hull are particularly strong in a German comedy sketch entitled "Mixtures." Fred Breen's return to the stage last week was hailed with delight, and he is none the less popular this week in his original Irish specialties. Conchita, who grows moe and more popular every week she appears on a Dawson stage, is this week producing by the request of her hundreds of ardent friends and admirers, the following specialties:

"The Flag that has never known defeat," "Let Me Off at Buffalo," "His Parents Haven't Seen Him Since," and the great recitation "Salvator and Tenney."

IS PUSHING DAWSONWARDS.

White Pass & Yukon Railroad Extending This Way.

Travelers to the Outside Next Year Can Go Nearly Half Way by Rail—Will Facilitate Business.

Lieut. S. E. Adair, who is the Dawson representative of the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company, does not credit the announcement lately published that his company is doing construction work on the proposed line of road between Bennett and Cariboo. Work is in progress between Cariboo and Whitehorse and it is proposed to have that division of the line completed in time to catch the spring exodus from Dawson when navigation opens. Lieut. Adair is in constant correspondence and in close touch with the officials of the road and with M. J. Henry, superintendent of construction, and in their various late correspondence with him no mention has been made of the inauguration of work between the points above named, and it is therefore probable that there is no truth in the published report. Until after the completion of the Whitehorse division the company will likely adhere to its original intention of conducting its business between Bennett and Cariboo by a fleet of steamers.

In line with the above a late issue of the Skagway Daily Alaskan says: "The White Pass & Yukon railroad began loading eight flat cars and a large modern locomotive on a barge at Bennett for transfer to Cariboo, Sunday. They are for use on the extension of the road, now being graded between Cariboo Crossing and Closeleigh, a distance of 45 miles. This marks the most northerly advance of the iron steed on the western hemisphere.

Track laying is just beginning on the extension, and it is expected to have down eight miles of track in two weeks, and all of the extension grade covered in time for the anticipated rush to Nome by way of the Yukon river in the spring. Eleven miles of rails have been delivered at Cariboo, and the company has enough rails in Alaska to cover the extension.

General Agent Jount predicts thousands of people will come by the way of Skagway on their journey to Nome.

He expects to see the rush open immediately after the holidays, and to continue by this route for several weeks.

He says his company will, without doubt, be ready to carry freight and passengers at that time not only from Skagway to Bennett, but also from Cariboo to Whitehorse by rail. The portage from Bennett to Cariboo will be made over the ice by sled until the lake opens, when cars will be run on barges and towed to Cariboo, and there again run on rails on mother earth."

Select Social Opening.

Mesdames Rothweller and Rose announce a "select social opening" at their hotel, the Magnet—18 below on Bonanza, to occur on Friday evening, Dec. 15th. A prize cake walk will be one of the features. Free stage from Dawson and Grand Forks and return at Pickett & Devlin's.

Notice.

Will T. Keenan or W. T. Miles call at Nugget office.

Bearlins for bald heads at the Miner's Drug Store.

Mittens....

\$5.00	Natural Seal, with Gannitlet	\$5.00
5.00	Dyed	5.00
3.00	Asbestos Tanned Buckskin, Wool Wrist	3.00
1.50	Calfskin, lined	1.50

The Ames Mercantile Co.

THE TRAIL TO THE COAST.

The Cut-off From Carmack's Landing to Le Barge.

**Shortens the Distance by 150 Miles—
40 Miles Saved Between Whitehorse and Caribou.**

The following is from a late issue of the Skagway Alaskan, which arrived on the last mail:

The new Dominion government trail on the winter route between Dawson and Bennett is completed, and mail has already been started over it. The news comes from J. J. McArthur, of the Canadian public works department, who has been in charge of the construction of the trail and who, with a party of 27 men that have been assisting him, arrived in the city last evening en route to Victoria. Mr. McArthur and his men are stopping at the Brannick hotel.

Mr. McArthur also brings word that the Dominion government has begun the work of removing obstructions from the Fivefinger rapids under the direction of Engineer Tache, and that he will soon begin the removal of obstruction from Thirtymile rapids.

When seen at the Brannick last evening, in speaking of the new trail, and the work required in building it, Mr. McArthur said:

"The new trail shortens the winter route 150 miles, 40 of which are eliminated by following the grade of the White Pass & Yukon extension between Caribou and Whitehorse.

"The work of my force was chiefly in cutting a road through timber. Pack horses were used for the conveying of supplies, but beyond that the men had no other help. The travel traverses a country that is not rough, but of course is hilly at places. The hills, however, are not steep, and only such as would be found in most western districts. The presence of the timber will shelter the traveler and make it more convenient for them to get wood. However, the numerous road houses scattered at intervals of every 25 to 30 miles, will make it convenient for the journey to be accomplished by fairly easy stages.

"We began work two months ago, starting at Carmack's landing, 22 miles this side of Fivefingers. Coming southward, we followed the valley of the Nordeskjold for 20 miles and then kept to the left, and by easy passes reached Lake Lebarge. The distance between Carmack's landing and Lebarge by our route is a little more than 65 miles, and by the river route 130 miles, meaning a cut off of 65 miles. The Thirtymile river is avoided by this part of the new route.

"Below Carmack's landing we opened the road to a point opposite Hutchiku bluff, a mounted police station, 33 miles from the landing. This trail helps the traveler to avoid the Fivefingers and Rink rapids, and is 15 miles shorter than the river route.

"This side of Lake Lebarge and between the lake and Tahkcaena, a trail was cut which gives a route several miles shorter than the old one. Then, coming southward again, the White Pass & Yukon route makes another saving of 40 miles over the old course between Whitehorse and Caribou.

"The Canadian Development Company is putting up roadhouses and preparing for the winter travel. How well along they are with their houses and how well stocked their places are, I cannot say. That is another story and one for them to tell.

"However, it may be depended on that the rail will shorten the time of overland travel to Dawson by many hours, and that it will be much used this winter.

"The Yukon route will be a popular one to Nome, and the new trail will be in condition and ready for the accommodation of those who come before the snows have left the interior valleys."

The exploration and location of the trail just completed by Mr. McArthur was made by himself in 1897.

Cheered for the Government.

London, Nov. 24.—The attempt to hold a pro-Boer anti-war demonstration in Trafalgar square, London, this afternoon, resulted in a drastic failure. Thousands assembled, but not to support the speakers. On the contrary the crowd waved union jacks and sang the national anthem and "Rule Britannia" like mighty invocations.

The list of speakers included none of special influence, most of them being labor leaders or socialists, the members

of the peace associations have no opportunity to address the crowd. They were saluted with execrations as soon as they mounted the platforms, and were obliged to stand, smiling complacently during the singing of the national airs and the wild cheering for Mr. Chamberlain. Their attempts to put their resolutions to a vote were the merest dumb show.

Henry M. Hundman, the socialist labor leader, was a particular object of animosity. He was menaced with a forest of walking sticks when he tried to speak. The shouldering of a soldier and a marine, their hands clasped, in a procession around the square, provoked frantic enthusiasm, and was altogether an impressive incident, the multitudes bursting into the song, "Soldiers of the Queen." On many of the passing omnibuses, which carry small union jacks, the passengers lifted the flags from their sockets and waved them vigorously.

There were several ugly rushes for the platforms, which were surrounded by opponents of the demonstration, who yelled fiercely. Finally the mounted police were telephoned for to clear the square. Batons were freely used, several persons were trodden upon by the horses and 30 arrests were made.

The opponents of the meeting finally proposed resolutions in support of the government's policy, which were carried amid wild enthusiasm.

This evening the promoters of the demonstration held a meeting in private, and after a long discussion carried the following resolution:

"In consequence of the interruption of the anti-war demonstration in Trafalgar square today, tormented by a section of the yellow and stock jobbing press, this committee resolves to hold a public meeting in one of the largest metropolitan halls at an early date.

An Enjoyable Social Event.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the season occurred on Saturday night last at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pickel on Sixth street.

The occasion was a reception given in honor of Mrs. Seesoltz of Tacoma, Wash.

The interior of the house was beautifully decorated, the prevailing color being pink, while soft lights gave added charm and brilliance to the scene.

A merry crowd of guests were present to do honor to the occasion and for hours the little cabin was the scene of pleasure and gaiety. With whist, dancing and other amusements the hours were rapidly whiled away. During the evening an elegant collation was served to which all present did ample justice.

At a late hour the guests departed, carrying with them the recollection of an evening of unalloyed enjoyment.

Change of Occupation.

Andrew Greener no longer pursues the humble but honest occupation of dishwasher. He now manipulates a buck saw and the fruits of his labor go toward keeping warm the powers that be in the barracks neighborhood.

Until Friday night Greener was employed at the Hoffman House grill as dishwasher, and at that time he was detected by Proprietor Stevenson in making away with a piece of beef from the larder. He was promptly arrested and Saturday morning was taken before Police Magistrate Perry, when he pleaded guilty to a charge of theft and was sentenced to six months at hard labor.

Greener volunteered the information that he had for the past month been stealing meat from his employer and disposing of it to outside parties. He had been in Mr. Stevenson's employ for four months.

Work for Freighters.

A prominent Dawson freighter, in a recent conversation with a Nugget representative, remarked that at present there are probably 300 tons of freight in this city to be hauled out on the various creeks, which, in addition to the large amount of freight on stranded scows up the river, will make business for teamsters for several weeks to come.

A few contracts for small consignments now at Stewart have been let at ten cents per pound, but on large lots the prevailing rate is from 7 1/2 to 8 cents per pound. The continued mild weather has not been favorable to the business of freighting from up the river.

Notice.

All persons are notified not to purchase any of the ground on No. 7 above on Bonanza for building purposes, as we intend to ground sluice the same.

JAMES TWRED.

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

NEW STORIES RETOLD.

Colonel Cody, the eminent scout, helped to build a church at North Platte and was persuaded by his wife and daughter to accompany them to the opening. The minister gave out the hymn which commenced with the words: "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing," etc. The organist, who played by ear, started the tune in too high a key, and had to try again. A second attempt ended, like the first, in failure. "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing my great—" came the opening words for the third time, followed by a squeak from the organ and a relapse into painful silence. Cody could contain himself no longer, and burst out, "Start it at five thousand, and maybe some of the rest of us can get in."

A mischievous youngster at the Mission, amusing himself with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family did its best to withdraw the fist of the luckless young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it. After a final attempt, he gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion. "Open your hand!" he commanded, "and then draw it forth." "I can't open it, father," declared the boy. "I've got my penny in my hand." "You young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!" The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

From the top of Lookout Mountain it is possible to see over seven States of the Confederacy. Bill Nye climbed the eminence with a party and the guide proceeded to point out the landmarks.

"Where's North Carolina?" he inquired. The man pointed to a place in the horizon to which distance gave a purple hue. "That's it over there," he replied. "I know that's not North Carolina," Nye declared. "Here is a map of the United States, and you can see that North Carolina is pink. I live in that state considerably, and I have helped to paint it red, but, of course, I go away sometimes, and it fades a little, leaving it a pink. The place you are pointing at, a color-blind man could see is purple."

J. Pierpont Morgan went to England recently to assist at the marriage of his late partner's daughter, Miss Burns, to young Harcourt. He cabled from New York for a special train to meet him at Southampton. Upon disembarking, the omnipotent millionaire encountered the superintendent, to whom he said: "Did you get my cablegram?"

"Yes," was the response, "but we never send special trains with less than twenty passengers." "But I offered to pay the full price," responded the banker. "Can't help it, you know," was the curt rejoinder, "we never break our rules." And Mr. Morgan went to London on the regular passenger train.

The superintendent of the Standard Oil Company's works at Whiting discovered an Irishman laying pipe in the customary excavation in a manner that displeased him. This superintendent was renowned for his command of language, and the Irishman was damned in a hundred different ways. Still he never looked up. The great man suddenly pulled up in his wild tirade. "See here, my man," he roared, "don't you know I'm giving you hell?" Slightly turning his head, the pipe-layer replied: "An' ain't I takin' it like a little mon?"—San Francisco Wave.

In Spite of Us.

A bank account is well to have Against the future's dawn; But, like a lot of lauded things, It's often overdrawn. —Brooklyn Life.

Superstitious.

"He proposed to me on Friday," but of course I wouldn't accept him then. "Why not?" "It's an unlucky day." "Oh, well, the chances are it would have been unlucky only for him." "Thus it was that a friendship of many years was broken."—Chicago Post.

A Radical Remedy.

Tangle—What is a good cure for corns, Jimson? Jimson—There's only one sure and certain cure. Tangle—And what is that? Jimson—Cut off your feet.—Harlem Life.

The Salvation Army holds services in the new barracks, Second avenue, as follows: Tuesday, 3 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.

THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.

NEW PEOPLE.
NEW PEOPLE.
The Latest Songs and Dances.
Entirely New Sketches.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. SUPREME JOLLITY.

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

OPERA HOUSE COMPANY.

THE Monte Carlo THEATRE.

Crowded To The Doors Each Night.

Entire Change of Program Every Week.

SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.

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

THE BOARD OF TRADE

Under New Management.

25c For Drinks or Cigars. Our Liquors are the finest money can buy.

CAFE ATTACHED.

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

Remember the Location.

North of Monte Carlo, First Avenue.

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.

AIR-TIGHT HEATERS AND ROADHOUSE RANGES

McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO., Limited

Front Street, Dawson.

D. A. SHINDLER,

Hardware Building Material

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, LAMPS.

Front Street, Dawson.

MRS. C. F. BOGGS,

...TYPEWRITING...

Office in Green's Grocery GRAND FORKS

A Good Bedee

Well Cooked Food and the Comforts of Home.

YUKON HOTEL

J. E. BOOGE, Prop.

A Gentleman

Is never well dressed without spotless linen. Try

CASCADE STEAM LAUNDRY,

and see what modern methods does. Abbott & Curtis, agents at the Forks.

To the Trade

WE HAVE IN STOCK

"Clear Havana Cigars,"

Also MEDIUM GRADES.

Do you want goods? If so, we can do business with you.

BAYLISS & CO. One Door North of Yukon Hotel.

BATT

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TRANS-ATLANTIC

Parliament Call Alliance Measures

(The following of the Transvaal by mail, and are time in Dawson. London, Oct. Glencoe camp s patch under yest Six thousand ant General Joul severely by a Symons and the are in full retre General Sym were aware that attack them. a within three m fore revealing known however advancing still fore unusual taken to guard a the night.

Just after da opened fire fr range was ill-ju the ammunition and a half scar within our line contrary, ma which soon be enemy. General Sym vance of the past seven. Th well to the fron fles well up on tershire regim men advanced age of every which they h weeks past. The advance bre from our t Boer guns were iljers began to time the Fusil within a thou teries had been own guns hav 2500 yards ran The Boers m a heavy fire w considerably. By 9 o'clock Rifles had sw the Boers were Meantime the all the Colon and the Lei been moved off the Boer between two fi At this min on, but the already comp looks as thou Our losses v wounded, an as many.

London, D submitted to front contain cerning Boer says: The fight Kimberly, in men than th held to prove so good as the general l ligence receiv ly attacked ed. Reports are regarded failed to scor on other eng says: A special says the ski quite lively. The armor

BATTLE OF GLENCOE.

Full Details of the Victory of the British Forces.

TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMERS IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

Complete Text of the Speech From the Throne at the Opening of Parliament.

Parliament Called Together in Extraordinary Session—A Franco-Prussian Alliance Is Among the Possibilities of the Near Future—Protective Measures for Railroads.

(The following details of the progress of the Transvaal war have just arrived by mail, and are published for the first time in Dawson.)

London, Oct. 21.—A correspondent at Glencoe camp sends the following dispatch under yesterday's date:

Six thousand Boers under Commandant General Joubert have been defeated severely by a force under General Symons and the enemy at this moment are in full retreat.

General Symons and his staff alone were aware that the Boers intended to attack them, and that they would get within three miles of this position before revealing their presence. It was known however, that the enemy were advancing still further south and therefore unusual precautions had been taken to guard against a surprise during the night.

Just after dawn the Boer artillery opened fire from Glencoe hill. The range was ill-judged and the quality of the ammunition bad. During two hours and a half scarcely a dozen shells burst within our lines. Our gunners, on the contrary, made excellent practice, which soon began to tell upon the enemy.

General Symons ordered a general advance of the infantry brigade, at half past seven. The Dublin Fusiliers were well to the front, the King's Royal Rifles well up on the right and the Leicestershire regiment on the left. These men advanced smartly, taking advantage of every bit of cover, tactics in which they had been exercised for weeks past.

The advance was covered by a terrible fire from our three batteries and several Boer guns were silenced before the Fusiliers began to climb the hill. By the time the Fusiliers and Royal Rifles got within a thousand yards the Boer batteries had been completely silenced our own guns having poured into them at 2500 yards range with crushing effect. The Boers meantime were keeping up a heavy fire which thinned our ranks considerably.

By 9 o'clock the Fusiliers and Royal Rifles had swarmed over the hill and the Boers were on the run. Meantime the Eighteenth Hussars and all the Colonial Mounted Infantry and the Leicestershire regiment had been moved northeast, and having cut off the Boer retreat the enemy, caught between two fires, lost heavily.

At this minute fighting is still going on, but the defeat of the enemy is already complete and crushing, and it looks as though few could escape. Our losses were probably 300 killed or wounded, and that of the Boers thrice as many.

BOER SHOOTING.

London, Dec. 1.—The reports now submitted to the parliament from the front contain much information. Concerning Boer marksmanship the Times says:

The fight with the armored train at Kimberly, in which the Boers lost more men than they did at Majuba hill, is held to prove that their shooting is not so good as it is reported to be. It is the general belief, from items of intelligence received, that the Boers actually attacked Mafeking and were repulsed. Reports of continued fighting there are regarded as proving that the Boers failed to score a success. Commenting on other engagements the "Thunderer" says:

A special dispatch from Capetown says the skirmish near Spytfontein was quite lively. The armored train with a detachment

of Lancashires approached unmolested until within range, when the Boers opened fire. The Maxims were instantly set to work and did great execution among the burghers. The latter also used artillery, but ineffectively.

The armored train returned to Kimberly unharmed.

The crew of the armored train say the Boers fired 13 shells, but their aim was wretched, and not a single shell struck the train, which then made bold to approach nearer and opened fire with Maxims. The burghers replied with heavy rifle fire, again shooting wildly. Only three or four bullets struck the train.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S APPEAL.

Capetown, Dec. 1.—The Archbishop has issued a pastoral earnestly reminding the clergy and laity that men of honor and integrity equal to their own may espouse opposite sides, seeing that warm friends and even families are divided in this crisis.

In concluding the appeal he says: "I beg you all to avoid rash talking and to endeavor to pave the way to a durable peace, and to friendly relations when, by God's mercy, the war shall be a thing of the past."

SITUATION IN NATAL.

London, Dec. 1.—The Dundee correspondent of the Standard telegraphing on Monday night says: "The Boers have brought artillery from Newcastle and are destroying the railway at Ingagani in order to prevent the approach of our armored trains."

New York, Nov. 17.—The British government is seriously crippling the trans-Atlantic carrying business, the World says, by snapping up a number of vessels to be used as transports during the campaign against the Boers. Seventy ocean carriers, it is estimated, including 32 trans-Atlantic liners, have already been chartered. The Cunard Steamship Company has already turned over the Aurania and the Servia, respectively 4030 and 3971 tons register, which are on the New York line as extra boats, and those steamers engaged in the Boston trade with Liverpool, the Tavonia, 3490 tons; Cephalonia, 3515 tons, and Gatalonia, 3093 tons. The Corinthia, 3623 tons, is now coaling in Boston, and from there goes to New Orleans to transport mules to South Africa. If necessary the Cunard Company must turn over the Lucania, Campania, Umbria and Etruria, to be converted into armored cruisers. The Britannia, Nomadic and Cinirio, of the White Star line, will probably be taken by the British government, and so far only the Nomadic, a freighter, has been chartered. The Allan-State line steamers chartered are the Mongolian, 3082 tons which has been taken off the New York service, and the Bavarian, 6722 tons, a new steamer. The Leland line have chartered the American, 5744 tons, and the Winifredin, 6816 tons.

It is reported the Columbian, 3323 tons, and the Chicago, 4123 tons, of the Wilson-Furness-Leyland line, running between Boston and London, have been taken, and that a number of steamers of the Elder-Dempster lines, running between England and New Orleans and Montreal, and of the Warren, Dominion and Atlantic transport lines have also been called upon.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

London, Nov. 17.—The following is the Queen's speech delivered at the opening of the present extraordinary session of parliament, which convened Oct. 17:

"My Lords and Gentlemen: Within a brief period after recent prorogation, I am compelled by events, deeply affecting the interests of my empire, to recur to your advice and aid.

"The state of affairs in South Africa made it expedient that my government should be enabled to strengthen the military force of this country by calling out the reserves. For this purpose the provisions of the law render it necessary that parliament should be called together.

"Except for the difficulties that have been caused by the action of the South African Republic, the condition of the world continues to be peaceful.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons: Measures will be laid before you for the purpose of providing for the expenditure which has been or may be caused by events in South Africa. The estimates for the ensuing year will be submitted to you in due course.

"My Lords and Gentlemen: There are many subjects of domestic interest to which your attention will be invited at a later period when the ordinary session for the labors of the session has been reached.

"For the present I have invited your attendance in order to ask you to deal with an exceptional exigency, and I pray, in performing the duties which claim your attention, you may have guidance and blessing of Almighty God."

O'BRIEN TALKS TREASON.

London, Nov. 18.—Immediately after the reading of the queen's speech in the house of lords, the speaker of the house of commons, the Right Hon. William Court Gully, returned to the house of commons.

The house adjourned at 4 o'clock. Mr. Henry Labouchere, liberal member for Northampton, will move an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne in favor of arbitration in the Transvaal embroglio even at this late day.

Mr. John E. Redmond, Parnellite member for Waterford, will move an amendment protesting against the war.

Mr. Henry Seton Kerr, conservative member for St. Helens, Lancashire, has given notice of a question for Thursday, concerning the alleged disloyal utterances of certain Irish nationalist members of the house, which he will contend is in violation of the oath of allegiance. He will take especial exception to an expression by Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Parnellite, of a hope that Irishmen in British regiments, instead of firing on Boers would fire on Englishmen. He will also refer to similar declarations made by Mr. Michael Davitt, nationalist, and Mr. William Redmond, Parnellite.

FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

New York, Nov. 17.—A dispatch to the Herald from Berlin says:

"The Berliner Tagblatt learns from diplomatic sources in London that the purpose of the visit of Count Muravieff to Paris was to seek with M. Delcasse an opportunity of profiting by England's embarrassment in South Africa. M. Delcasse wants to produce in the Palais Bourbon the exact text of the Russian alliance, in order to take revenge for the Fashoda affair. Therefore it is not an intervention in favor of the Boers, but the boiling of France-Russian soup on the Boer fire."

PROTECTING THE RAILWAYS.

Pretoria, Nov. 16.—As it has been discovered attempts are being made to tamper with the railway landrosts have been authorized to shoot on sight, all persons found near railways with dynamite.

Increase in Postage.

It is all due to the Stratton. People who have been in the country three years and during that time never received a letter are confident that important mail matter addressed to them was on the Stratton when that ill-fated craft went to Davy Jones' locker. One thing, however, connected with the sinking of the Stratton affects all the letter writers of Dawson, and that is that Postmaster Hartman's winter supply of postage stamps went down with the remainder of the mail matter, and the result is that there is now a two-cent stamp famine on here.

Requisitions for stamps are always made on the department at Ottawa in ample time to permit of their arrival before the supply on hands is exhausted, and had no accident befallen the Stratton the present conditions would not exist. On hearing of the sinking of the Stratton the postmaster immediately telegraphed to Ottawa ordering a second shipment of stamps which were confidently expected to arrive with the mail which came in last Sunday, but they failed to appear. There is still a large supply of three-cent stamps in the local office and those will have to be used until the arrival of the recent order. However, to the person who writes but one or two letters each year the additional cost in postage will not aggregate a large sum.

Ladies' gold and filled watches, diamonds and cluster jewelry at Albert Mayer, Monte Carlo building. Souvenir jewelry to order.

Disappointed Love.

The saying "the course of true love never runs smoothly" was fully verified Friday morning in the case of James Hall and Miss Lillian Green.

Every sour dough in the country knows "Jimmy" Hall. He first penetrated the wilds of this section in 1886, when the wild fox dug his hole unscared all along the line from Juneau via the Yukon to St. Michaels. Mr. Hall owns a half interest in 17 on Eldorado and is a rich man. His clean-up last season was \$163,000. But old age never cools the Douglas blood. James Hall is in love—deep and violently in love. The object of his adoration is Miss Lillian Green. Miss Green's name appears upon the program at the Monte Carlo theater as Gracie Anderson. Under the latter name she does some very clever stage work. She dances a break down in her bare feet, and in many other ways endears herself to theater going people of Dawson.

When it became noised abroad Friday morning that the festive James contemplated connecting himself by the matrimonial link with the footlights queen, Harry Edwards, proprietor of the Green Tree, and others went to Commissioner Lithgow, whose duty it is to issue marriage licenses and interposed objections, stating that James is not mentally capable of knowing what is best for himself. The official consequently refused to issue a license, and as Jimmy did not care to be married on a miner's license or a liquor license, the ceremony was necessarily postponed. Hall is frantic that outsiders should interfere in what he considers his own business. At last reports he was going around accompanied by the demure Gracie endeavoring to persuade his friends to withdraw their objections from the marriage license store.

When seen by a Nugget representative, Lillian Green, alias Gracie Anderson, said: "Why, my God, we are going to be married and if not now, we will be in three days or maybe a week. I can wait, but I think it real mean in those meddling men to interfere with our marriage."

Then James said "everybody have a drink," and everybody drank.

The foregoing was crowded out of the last issue of The Nugget, since which time there have been no startling developments in the case. Hall's friends won out and the marriage did not take place. James is disgusted with what he terms meddling meddlers, while Gracie, well, Gracie is not yet heartbroken.

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

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

1900 calendars, very swell. Nugget office.

The Woes of a Cook.

M. M. Jacques, head cook at the Madden house restaurant, is in trouble but not through, on his part, any breach of the laws of the land or of society. Like all other regularly ordained cooks, Mr. Jacques sleeps at night and arises in the morning, Saturday morning was no exception to the rule, but when it came to putting on his pants Jacques realized that they were seven or eight sizes too large for him. At first he thought he had shrunk during the night and as his room was dark he struck a match and looked at himself. He was all there and the fault was in the pants. During the night a trade had been made without the sleeper's knowledge, and there was nothing left for him to do but encase himself in the pants left for him. Jacques is strongly of the opinion that the present covering of the lower portion of his anatomy is a pair of pants left behind by J. D. Thaggard, erstwhile proprietor of the Northern hotel, and who went outside last year. Thaggard, it will be remembered, tipped the beam at 350 pounds.

The Eagles Screamed.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Eagles Club was held Sunday night in McDonald's hall, the regular meeting place. Forty-two applicants were elected to membership, many of whom were present at Sunday night's meeting. All the new members will be "goated" at the next meeting. The Eagles are the leading entertainers in Dawson.

Green.

His wealth will go to a blithe young wife.

Who says she'll keep his memory green;

The old man's getting the worst of it, In an ancient green-goods game, I ween.

—Puck.

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

HOUSE.
PEOPLE.
PEOPLE.
Dances and Songs.
New Sketches.
SUPREME JOLLITY.
Complete change of
the fun. Under
COMPANY.

lo
Every Week...
PEOPLE.
Recently been newly re-
somed theatre in
have some fun.

BOARD
TRADE
Management.

Books or Cigars.
They are the finest
you can buy.

CHED.
LY FITTED THROUGHOUT

Location.
o, First Avenue.

CHINERY
of Third St.

chinery
mps,
ants, Belting,
g, Fittings, Etc

CKER Pipe Boiler.

ERS AND

HOUSE RANGES

& CO., Limited

Dawson.

NDLER,

Hardware...
Building Material

LASS, LAMPS.

OGGS,

TING...
Grocery

GRAND FORTS

Bedee

ell Cooked Food and the
storists of Home...

J. E. BOOGE, Prop.

without spot.

LAUNDRY.
Methods does.
Agents at the Forks.

ade

IN STOCK

na Cigars,

A GRADES.
so, we can do business
BAYLISS & CO.
north of Yukon Hotel.

The Klondike Nugget

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

ALLEN BROS. Publishers

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1899.

NOTICE.

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

REASON FOR THE NOME FEVER.

The Nome fever is reaching out over the Klondike with daily increasing virulence. It is permeating all classes and conditions of people and bids fair to develop into a veritable epidemic before spring.

It is not difficult under ordinary circumstances to diagnose this peculiar disease, and in so far as its prevalence in the Yukon territory is concerned that is easily understood.

The Dominion government has assumed such an attitude toward the Yukon that it has already driven hundreds of men in despair out of the country, and a large portion of those who remain do so by reason of the fact that they are tied down by various interests and are simply unable to leave. Had Sifton and his advisers at Ottawa sought a means of depopulating the territory they could not have been more successful than the conditions at the present time show them to have been.

One blow after another has been struck at the Yukon until it is simply staggering from the effects. With malignant persistency laws have been passed which eliminate almost all possibility of a man single handed and alone accomplishing anything for himself.

On top of all the prior wrongs that have been heaped upon the head of this devoted country is the recent enactment prohibiting the relocation of any unrepresented ground. It all goes to the crown now, and the prospector, the man by whose efforts the fact that gold exists upon the Klondike was made known to the world becomes a past issue.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Nome fever has struck deeply in Dawson. Men who have worked and struggled and endured all manner of hardships in order that they might reach Dawson, watch in silent despair as they see closing in front of them by the iron hand of government one avenue after another of possible success.

There is no reason why men should talk of leaving the Yukon territory in so far as the territory itself is concerned. There is wealth here sufficient to sustain four times our present population. But fear lest some man might make a competence, and ignorance as to what was actually required from a legislative standpoint, have combined to place the country in the present deplorable condition. It is to be hoped that the master mind whose genius has so thoroughly solved the question of governing a mining country is satisfied with its work.

RIGHTS OF CANADIANS.

A great deal has been written and said concerning rights accorded Canadian citizens in Alaska. The following ex-

tract from a circular issued from the General land office at Washington is self explanatory.

Section 13 accords certain mining rights within the district of Alaska to native born citizens of the Dominion of Canada, and provides:

Sec 13—That native born citizens of the Dominion of Canada shall be accorded in said district of Alaska the same mining rights and privileges accorded to citizens of the United States in British Columbia and the Northwest territory by the laws of the Dominion of Canada or the local laws, rules and regulations; but, no greater rights shall be thus accorded than citizens of the United States or persons who have declared their intention to become such may enjoy in said district of Alaska; and the secretary of the interior shall from time to time promulgate and enforce rules and regulations to carry this provision into effect.

By the laws of the Dominion of Canada citizens of the United States are, with all other persons over 18 years of age, permitted to lease mineral lands in British Columbia and the Northwest territory upon the payment of a certain royalty to the general government, but the laws of that Dominion do not authorize the purchase of mineral lands in British Columbia or the Northwest territory.

The existing laws of the United States do not make any provision for the leasing of mineral lands in Alaska either to citizens of the United States or to others, but they do provide for and authorize the purchase of such lands in Alaska by our own citizens.

Since this section accords to native born citizens of Canada "the same mining rights and privileges" accorded to citizens of the United States in British Columbia and the Northwest territory by the laws of the Dominion of Canada, and since under the laws of the Dominion of Canada the only mining rights and privileges accorded to citizens of the United States are those of leasing mineral lands upon the payment of a stated royalty, and since the laws of the United States do not accord to its own citizens the right or privilege of leasing mineral lands in Alaska, and since this section also provides that "no greater rights shall be thus accorded" to citizens of the Dominion of Canada "than citizens of the United States or persons who have declared their intention to become such may enjoy in such district of Alaska," it results that for the time being this section is inoperative.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

The fate of the Moffat party brings forcibly to mind again the beauties of the Edmonton route as set forth by the government apologist and organ. The story of this party, although it involves almost every form of hardship and suffering to which men could possibly be exposed is yet only a little worse than what hundreds of others who miraculously escaped with their lives can relate.

The Nugget has stated before and repeats the statement now that no approximate estimate of the number of victims of this so-called route to the Klondike can now or ever will be made. Day after day letters from grief-stricken relatives and friends are received by the police and newspapers of Dawson asking for information of men who started for Dawson via the Edmonton route. The number of those who have been found is comparatively small, proving beyond a doubt that a large number must be

counted amongst the dead. It must not be forgotten that this enormous sacrifice of life was entailed by reason of the fact that the Edmonton trail was exploited throughout the Canadian press and from the platform as well as being the most feasible of all the routes to Dawson. If some of the editors and lecturers could come to Dawson today and see the emaciated, broken down victims of their alluring word pictures they might be troubled with very severe pang of conscience. It almost passes human belief that men could be so wrought upon by prejudice as to permit themselves to recommend their fellows to embark upon such a journey. But prejudice—and that is the only word that expresses it—prejudice against admitting the practicability of any route passing through American territory, lay at the bottom of the whole matter.

There is a peculiar fatuity in the fact that most of the victims of this Edmonton Tragedy of Errors were British subjects.

VIVE L' NEWS.

Our valued contemporary, the News, whose editorial utterances for the most part bear the earmarks of premeditated nothingness—to coin an expression suited to the emergency—has at length risen up with all the dignity of outraged innocence and purity and "gone and went and done it."

The News has squared itself around, planted both feet firmly upon the floor, rolled up the sleeve of its good right arm, dipped its pen in the vitrol bottle in place of the customary ink, and splashed the all consuming drops upon the Yukon council in quantities which certainly ought to make that august body feel that it has been struck by something. Bully for you, Brother News. You have at last, after many weeks of Rip Van Winklian slumber awakened to a realization of your surroundings. We had thought from a perusal of your recent issues that you had once more, in spirit, betaken yourself to the scene of your former activities mid the sylvan fastnesses of Tacoma, but we are now convinced that it is all a mistake. You are in the Yukon territory and you know it. You are in Dawson and you are aware of it. You are living in a country where laws and regulations are such fearful and wonderful contrivances that the whereness, and whatness and whenness and whyness thereof no man is able to say, and at length you begin to realize it. We are glad to see that the contemplated Yukon legislative experiment to regulate the newspaper business in Dawson has caused you to awaken from your slumbers.

For ourselves, we do not believe the experiment in question will become a

CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKE.

Throughout all Christendom the custom of celebrating Christmas by the presentation of gifts has obtained for ages.

Kris Kringle, St. Nicholas or Santa Claus—by one of which appellations the children's patron saint is known throughout the world—has for time immemorial, according to childhood's tradition, had his home in the frozen regions of the northland.

In the Klondike the greatest of all the world's holidays has heretofore been little more than a name, but this year thanks to the growth of Christian sentiment the good old customs of the outer world will universally prevail. Giving and receiving Christmas presents is to be the rule this year. The beneficent Klondikers will give full expression to his generous hearted sentiments and the Yukon will ring with joyousness on Christmas morn.

Perhaps the reader, animated by the desire to do good, credit to his bountiful impulses may be at a loss to know just what will be most appropriate. Let us help you. Call at the A. E. Co.'s mammoth store and examine our magnificent line of holiday goods. It will do you good, even if you don't want to buy.

law. It is a peculiar weakness of human nature that men who, when by themselves in their individual capacities are reasonable, sensible beings, are sometimes willing to allow themselves to become ridiculous when in the company of others—in which case they are able to console themselves with the reflection that at least "they are no worse than the other fellows."

We can scarcely believe that any single member of the Yukon council would care to shoulder the entire responsibility of such a measure as is contemplated. Whether the council, as a body, is willing to go on record as placing such a law on the statute books remains to be seen. Meanwhile we congratulate our brother newspaper on at length having seen an emergency and risen thereto.

The Sun reporter whose "popular comment" column is disavowed and repudiated by the Sun editor, endeavors to extricate himself from the mire into which he tumbled last week in quoting "a prominent American citizen." According to prehistoric custom on the Sun the reporter's desperate struggles during the extricating process only land him more deeply still in the mire. He starts out by saying that he published something which had been told him by a certain party in confidence, and which the party had no intention or expectation should be published. Having admitted, therefore, that he has openly violated a rule which every genuine newspaper man holds sacred, this reportorial phenomenon goes on further with his "explanation" apparently in an endeavor to pick a grammatical flaw in a recent Nugget editorial. Failing to make his point clear he stumbles around for a few more lines and then suddenly stops, presumably called down by the aforesaid editor for occupying so much space. You had better let the editor try it next time Mr. Reporter.

The Nugget suggests to the Yukon council the framing of a law whereby a duty shall be charged upon all imported ideas. In support of this proposition we submit to the council that ideas are bad things for anyone to have in his mind. Domestic ideas are bad enough, the Lord knows, but the imported variety certainly ought to be made to pay a little duty anyway. Here is a chance for revenue which the council has overlooked.

Oom Paul seems to be doing business at the old stand yet. Evidently Oom will be in the game as long as his chips hold out.

We are headquarters for musical instruments. Cribbs & Rogers, 3d ave., opp. Pavilion.

Time and money saved. Trading at the Ames Mercantile Co.

NOTES

Progress

Steam The Large Out-C

Upper D year's cle Numbers 1 being work ing can be above has Morris rep They have a dump is Messrs. I Bros are been taking very well, 1 The three 15 and 19 t er will only to open up E. J. Slat brother and above. Th much worl chinery abo good wint her small and are loc when nug dump.

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NOTES FROM DOMINION.

Progress of Work on Various Claims.

Steam Thawers Are at Work and Large Dumps Are Being Taken Out—Caribou Village Thriving.

Upper Dominion will figure in the year's clean up quite extensively. Numbers 19 and 20 above upper are being worked, although at present nothing can be said of the ground. No. 17 above has a thawer and Mr. W. H. Morris reports some very fair dirt. They have a thawer at work and quite a dump is already out.

Messrs. Lloyd Aylsworth and McKay Bros. are working 16 above and have been taking out pay dirt that shows up very well, for some time.

The three Sinclair brothers have 18, 15 and 19 to work out, and if the weather will only permit drifting they expect to open up on a large scale.

E. J. Slater has a contract for himself, brother and thawer to work out No. 14 above. The warm spell has prevented much work, but they have their machinery about up and wood ready for a good winter's work. Mrs. Slater and her small daughter are on the claim, and are looking anxiously to the time when nuggets can be picked off the dump.

Alex Anderson and party have had a steam thawer on 12 above since fall and is getting out some good dumps. Eleven, ten and nine above are not being worked, but eight has men busily engaged in hoisting the dirt and Mr. Ross is well satisfied.

Seven has had a thawer at work all summer and fall and Hindle & Co. will work quite a gang of men this winter. Six is just starting work and the operations will depend on the looks of the bottom of the two shafts now being sunk.

The few claims at the mouth of and just above on Lombard will be prospected this winter. Here is a very promising creek, but the glacier prevented work last winter, although pay was located on several claims.

Joe Beck is working one above upper with steam thawer and hoist, and has a very fine piece of ground. Mrs. Beck returned from California with him and now life is far more livable for Joe. Mrs. Beck is a friend to every newspaper man who traverses Dominion creek and like the ancients, has learned the way to a (newspaper) man's heart is through his stomach.

Frank Pederman has a few men working on upper discovery, but this ground will be worked extensively next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Ellinger of two below are expected in over the ice about New Years, and active work will be started on the claim. Wood is being hauled and other preliminary work being done by his foreman.

M. J. McNeil has a large gang of men at work on 3, and a thawer at work. Miss Julian has charge of the hotel and boarding house. The claim presents one of the liveliest scenes on the creek.

No. 4 has a large steam plant and is being very extensively worked, while 5 is waiting for spring and summer, when Messrs. McAlpine and Johnston will utilize steam in every way known to late mining.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Simpson are located on the bench on 5, where they were all summer. Mr. Simpson has recovered from his long illness of typhoid and is superintending the tunneling with his thawing machine. An incline and car is being utilized.

Andrew Holsted has just received his machinery on 6 and will soon have it in operation. Mrs. Minna Holmes formerly with the McNeil hotel, has charge of the culinary department and the satisfied smiles of the boys speak of her efficiency in that line.

CARIBOU CITY NOTES.

Albert Andrews has opened up a first-class barbership in the Caribou hotel.

Messrs. Smith and McLean have a blacksmith shop and are kept quite busy.

A new grocery store has just been opened up and two doctors have their headquarters here.

Mr. Fisher has just completed a two-story building and will open up a bakery and coffee house.

This young city is growing very rapidly. White Bros. have completed their two-story hotel and will soon be opened up for business.

Like all thriving towns the police

court is in evidence and last week Al Bartlett, a Mr. Cameron and Killington were fined \$10 for disturbing the peace. The trouble occurred after the grand masque ball Thanksgiving night.

The Nugget Express and Klondike Nugget have a local office and corresponding bureau on 27, and keep a nice stock of magazines, legal papers and novels.

Fountain pens, pocketbooks, china-ware and a fine—O, pshaw! come and see for yourself the Xmas stock of the Pioneer Drug Store.

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

New Rex ham and bacon at Mohr & Wilkens.

Nugget jewelry to order at Sale & Co.

A GENUINE SEA SERPENT.

A 17-Foot Monster Captured Near Vancouver.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 23.—The sea serpent, so long regarded as hardly more than a myth, can be held so no longer, for a creature that answers very well to the description so often given of it has been captured in Esqulatat rapids, not far from this city and exhibited, before its death, to thousands of people here.

Cover the body of a 17 foot serpent with scales, attach to it above and below and for its full length, a long, flowing mane, and to this creation add the head of a wolf, with rows of grinning teeth, and the result will be very much such a monster as has just died in this city, its body now being in process of preservation. It has been viewed by members of the Harlan Smith and Dr. Boaz parties, now representing the Smithsonian Institution in this vicinity, but they have not been able to classify it.

D. H. Forbes and Simon Ryan, two Vancouver fishermen, were its captors. They were fishing for cod in Esqulatat rapids when they first saw it in pursuit of a fish which one of the men was drawing to their canoe. Forbes threw a cod spear at it and succeeded in striking it.

But it was one thing to strike and quite another thing to capture it. The spear held, and the monster started away at a rate that threatened to capsize the boat dragging behind it. Finally Ryan succeeded in planting his spear in the creature's body, and by means of the double hold thus secured, they at last hauled their strange captive into the canoe.

But the question whether they were captors or captured was in abeyance for some time longer. For the hideous serpent made a desperate fight for life and liberty. With his paddle Ryan attempted to hold it down, but it seized the paddle blade between its teeth and splintered it into fragments. In the meantime, however, Forbes was beating it with his paddle and it apparently succumbed. It was then placed in a box of water and the men concluded that they were the victors in the struggle. This conclusion seemed subject to revision thereafter, as the monster once again revived and made another unsuccessful attempt to get at his captors.

Forbes and Ryan took their captive, still living, to Shoal bay, where the Indians regarded it with a mixture of fear and superstitious reverence, refusing to come near the sloop in which it was kept.

Thence it was brought to Vancouver, and in this city it was viewed by thousands before its death, four days later. Among these thousands, scientists and others, was not a person who had either seen or heard of such a creature except it might have been in the presumably fabulous narratives relating to sea-serpents. After the body has been preserved, it will be sold to the British Columbia Museum or to some similar British institution.

Arctic Brotherhood.

Dawson Camp, No. 4, Arctic Brotherhood, held an interesting meeting Friday night in the regular meeting place, McDonald's hall. Among other business transacted it was decided to reduce the initiation fee from \$20 to \$10 until the charter roll is completed. Applications for membership in the order are rapidly being handed in, and in the course of a few weeks the business man of Dawson who is not an Arctic Brother will be hard to locate.

Literal Interpretation.

Thirsty Thornton—Wot do yer understand 'n' public spirit?
Soiled Sammy—Openin' barrels fer de crowd.—N. Y. Journal.

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

NEW LAWS ARE IN EFFECT.

Posted in Gold Commissioner's Office on Dec. 9.

Two Hundred Dollars Will Represent a Claim—Unrepresented Ground Will Revert to the Crown.

The following is the full text of the new law governing representation and relocation of ground. The fact that the law had been passed was published in The Nugget some weeks ago. The complete order is published here for the information of all interested.

Order 39—Any free miner having duly located and recorded a mining claim shall be entitled to hold it from a period of one year from the recording of the same, and thereafter from year to year by re-recording the same, provided, however, that during such year and each succeeding year such free miner shall do or cause to be done work on the claim itself to the value of \$200, and shall satisfy the mining recorder that such work has been done by an affidavit of the free miner corroborated by two reliable and disinterested witnesses setting out a detailed statement of the work done, and shall obtain from the mining recorder a certificate of such work having been done, for which a fee of \$2 will be charged.

Provided, that all work done outside of a mining claim with intent to do the same shall, if such work has direct relation and be in direct proximity to the claim, be deemed, if to the satisfaction of a responsible government officer, to be done on the claim for the purpose of this action.

Provided, further, that any free miner or company of free miners holding claims not exceeding eight in number may, notwithstanding anything in the regulations to the contrary, work the same in partnership under the provision of the regulations upon filing a notice of their intention with the mining recorder and upon obtaining a certificate from him for which a fee of \$2 will be charged. This certificate will entitle the holders thereof to perform on any one or more of such claims all the work required to entitle him or them to a certificate of work for each claim so held by him or them. If such certificate shall not be obtained and recorded in each and every year, the claim shall be deemed to be abandoned.

The holder of a claim may at his option in lieu of the work required to be done thereon each year pay to the mining recorder the sum of \$200 for each of the first three years, but for the fourth and succeeding years the sum of \$400 must be paid in lieu of the work done on the location or in connection therewith, as provided by the regulations. A certificate from the mining recorder that such payment has been made shall relieve the person making it from the necessity of doing any work during the year.

If at the end of the year the annual amount of work has not been done, nor the commutation fee paid as above stated, the sum of \$250 shall be charged against the claim and the amount shall constitute a lien on such claim and no transfer of title to such claim shall be recorded until the said amount of \$250 shall be paid to the mining recorder.

If the lien is not discharged by payment at the expiration of three months from the end of the year, the claim shall revert to the crown, and shall not be open for relocation, and maybe disposed of as the minister of the interior may direct.

No claim forfeited from whatsoever cause shall be relocated, but every such claim shall revert to the crown to be disposed of as the minister of the interior shall direct.

Any amounts received in lieu of assessment work shall form part of the consolidated revenue.

Posted at Dawson the 9th of Dec. 1899.

Toilet paper in sheets and rolls at Reid & Co., chemists.

A good time for the boys is waiting at Louis Cature's on Hunker.

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

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Jenkins & Johnson could give his royal nibs a pointer as to that. Have you seen our Klondike matterses?

A shaft 40 feet deep wouldn't hold the "O, my's!" people drop on looking into the Pioneer Drug Store. It's near Xmas.

In O'Day's Behalf.

Mrs. James O'Day, in behalf of her husband, with whose late acts the readers of The Nugget are familiar, is circulating the following petition, and it is but justice to the lady and her unfortunate husband to state that it is being signed by 49 in every 50 persons to whom it is presented:

To His Lordship, Mr. Justice Dugas, Judge of the Territorial Court:

We, the undersigned residents of Dawson and vicinity do humbly pray that in passing sentence upon James O'Day, who has pleaded guilty before your lordship of having stolen certain goods from the Yukon Iron Works that you give to the prisoner the benefit of all leniency possible, because of the following reasons, which, we humbly submit, extenuate his guilt.

The prisoner's past record has been an honorable and an upright one and this, his first offense, seems to have been committed in moments of weakness and without the malice and criminal intent which would characterize the actions of an old offender. The prisoner has pleaded guilty and has thrown himself upon the mercy of the court, and as the ends of justice will be as well subserved by the imposition of a light sentence, we therefore humbly pray that your lordship be pleased to consider this, our petition and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will always pray, etc.

We are not baldheaded, we use Bearlina. Reid & Co., First ave.

The people's verdict—Cribbs & Rogers have the handsomest and most complete store in town. Third ave., opp. the Pavilion.

Scow Island

Is now the base of supplies for Dawson in certain lines of goods, and Sargent & Pinsky have just received from that point a large stock of buck mittens, wool mitts, moccasins and German socks.

Pocket ink stands, the very latest. Nugget office.

That cold of yours—we can cure it. Cribbs & Rodgers, druggists.

Merry Christmas.

That Christmas will be observed royally in the Klondike goes without saying. Many of our local lights are making great preparations for that memorable time and, fun and jollity will be the order of the day. At Nigger Jim's Pavilion there is to be given on Christmas night a masked ball which promises to be the jolliest thing that ever happened. Prizes will be offered both to ladies and gentlemen and a hilarious time is assured. Murray Eads and Geo. Noble, the present managers, are doing everything possible to make the event a success.

Get lowest prices at the Ames Mercantile Co.

Fine line of Christmas cards. Nugget office.

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

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

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Monday, between Hunker creek and Dawson, money belt containing \$125. Leave at this office; \$25 reward.

FOUND—A yellow female Shwash dog; owner can have same after paying expenses. Apply 35a below discovery on Sulphur.

FOR SALE.

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

FOR SALE—Webster's complete unabridged dictionary. Apply Nugget office.

FOR SALE—One of the best cabins in Dawson; good location; 4 blocks from business center. Apply Nugget office.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two-story galvanized iron building near Klondike bridge; will rent cheap to proper parties. Call on M. I. Stevens, room 14, A. C. Co. office building.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

MINING ENGINEERS.

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

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

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

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

LAWYERS

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, Bonfield Building, opposite A. C. Store, Dawson.

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

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

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

STORIES FROM THE FRONT.

By a U. S. A. Private.

The coolness with which the soldiers care for their wounded comrades under the heaviest fire or most trying circumstances is one of the striking features of the campaign. In a skirmish, on the shore of Lake, on April 29th, the company I was with—Company H, First Washington volunteers—had four men killed and six wounded in about 20 minutes. While the fighting was fiercest a man received a fatal wound at a particularly exposed part of the line. Three of his comrades tried in succession to bind up his wounds, two of them being themselves wounded while attempting it. The third succeeded in staunching the blood and then carried several stones and erected a low barricade to protect him until the surgeons could come up. During the same fight I was binding up the leg of a man whose ankle was terribly shattered. He said not a word of himself, but asked me to give his rifle to another man whose own had exploded a few minutes before. It is the boast of the Western volunteers that not one of them has ever deserted or neglected a wounded comrade, and no wounded volunteer has ever fallen into the hands of the insurgents.

The ideas of the American soldiers here run counter in many things to the peculiar practices and customs of the established church, resulting in many amusing incidents. At Pandocan, for two or three weeks after hostilities began, a company was held on guard to prevent a native outbreak. In this attempt the guard was not entirely successful, since the insurgent sympathizers succeeded in burning the village. One day while the guard was maintained there a poor family came to the church to conduct the burial ceremonies of a child. They put the casket down outside the church and began their prayers, when a sentry asked them in Spanish why they did not go inside. The mother replied that they were very poor and could not pay the fees of the priest. This was repugnant to the sentry's ideas, and he not only induced the party to go inside, but, going to the priest's quarters, he dragged that unwilling functionary out and, finding that he could talk English, addressed him in picturesque frontier language: "See here, you fat statue of ham-sandwiches; come out here and perform this burial service or I will make you look like a piece of galena quartz." The priest took the hint, and the sentry stood his rifle against the wall and listened to the first Latin burial service he had ever heard.

On the expedition to Santa Cruz early in April General Lawton gave very strict orders against burning buildings or taking anything from the country. A short time after the troops entered Santa Cruz the general was standing in the street talking to a major, when two men came by leading a calf. General Lawton turned to the major with: "Those must be your men, major; what are they doing with that calf?" "I don't know, sir," replied the astonished major. "Order them to turn it loose at once; this foraging must not be allowed." The major saluted and turned to the men who, upon being ordered to do so, released the animal. The next morning the general was invited to take breakfast with the major, and was served with fresh beef of a suspiciously tender quality. As nothing but canned beef had been issued on the trip, the general was interested in knowing where it came from. The major was not sure—his cook was managing his mess and he supposed the meat had been brought along. The general's smile indicated that he was not free from the suspicion that he was eating some of the released calf.

During the expedition to Malolos, one day, the Kansas regiment was halted about half a mile from a line of intrenchments supposed to be occupied by the enemy, but from which there had been little or no firing. After the officers had been in conference for an hour or more Major Bishop, of that regiment, came up to the skirmish line and said: "I want some volunteers to accompany me to those trenches on a reconnaissance. Who will go?" A corporal rose up from a seat on a paddock and, saluting, replied: "I'll go major. I just returned from there,

and there isn't a nigger within two miles of there."

Since the the promotion for bravery of Brigadier-General Frederic Funston, formerly colonel of the Twentieth Kansas volunteers, many incidents have been related illustrating his ability and courage. At least one story has not been in print. After the Kansas regiment moved forward through Colocan and established itself in trenches before Malabon the American lines extended about 20 miles around the city and were held by a very thin line, and practically without a reserve force, on account of the small number of available troops. The insurgents were very active in several places, and there was much fear expressed that they would make a determined effort at some point and break through our lines. One of the most threatened points was Calocan.

General McArthur wired to Funston, asking him if his position was secure. The doughty colonel replied: "I can hold this place until my regiment is mustered out of the service." No series of anecdotes of the operations here would be complete without at least one story illustrative of the amusing drolleries of the soldiers from Tennessee. Before hostilities began the Tennessee regiment supplied for a while the guard for General King's headquarters. One night the orders were made more strict, and the sentry at the front entrance was instructed to allow no man to enter after 8 p. m. About 9 o'clock General King himself came to his headquarters on some urgent business, and was denied admittance. The next day an investigation was instituted and the sentry was called in to be questioned. After explaining his orders to the general, he was asked: "And didn't you know me?"

"No, sir."
"Didn't know who I was?"
"No, sir—didn't know whether yer was chief of the fish department or chief of police."
He escaped censure.—Harper's Weekly.

WITH AGNES BY MY SIDE.

When Agnes sits beside me at the play
The sweetest happiness my heart can know
Is just to watch the color come and go
Upon her gentle face; to see the glow
Of feeling stirred by drama's art and skill.
The stage has not a charm—she fills the bill—
When Agnes sits beside me at the play.
When Agnes sits beside me at the play
I learn, by watching her, which way to choose
Which I would please her best. Could she refuse
To hear my ardent words if spoken low,
In tones like these which seem to move her so?
Could she refrain from whispering softly, "Yes?"
When, like the actor-lover, I confess
My yearning love for her? I try to guess
When Agnes sits beside me at the play.
When Agnes sits beside me at the play
I wish the actors never would grow tired,
And that they'd play far longer than they're hired.
I hate the final act—the whirl and stir
Of people going home. To be with her
I'd sit for hours and hours and never mind it.
The dullest play, right charming I would find it
if I might sit and watch that lovely face,
Its depth of feeling and its tender grace—
When Agnes sits beside me at the play.
—Harriet Francene Crocker.

To Our Creek Subscribers.

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

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

Most complete line of ladies' purses ever shown in Dawson. Nugget office.
Juno burner nickel stand lamp, \$7.50, at Mohr & Wilkens.
Solid silver toilet sets at Sale & Co.

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.

S-Y-T. Co.

DON'T buy old goods when you can **GET** [for the same prices or less] **FRESH** goods, imported this season, and best brands. Give us a trial order.

Money refunded if goods are not as represented.

H. TE 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.

She Claimed Her Curl.

Just a little ringlet it was, one of the kind much affected by girls a short while ago for wear tucked in beside the knot at the back of the head, but what it was doing there, rolling merrily down the pavement on Charles street, the young man could not imagine unless—unless it had just become detached from the head of the demure looking young woman approaching him.

It was a very pretty curl—brown, with a glint of red in it—and as he captured it he discovered it had a hair-pin fastened in one end. He looked at his treasure treve ruefully. What was he to do with it now he had it? It was surely an important part of someone's toilet, but how was he ever to discover whose? That glint of red rather unnerved him. He would be afraid to trifle with the coiffure secrets of a girl whose back locks were of that particular order.

"If I give it back to her," he reasoned, "she will be in a rage at my presumption; and if I don't give it back she will be in a rage because I kept it, so"—But he got no further in his thoughts, for by that time the young woman had come up to him.

"Ah, you found my curl!" she said quite pleasantly and naturally, with a glance at his hand. "Thank you so much," as he held it out to her in a half dazed fashion. Then she took it and tucked it in beside its twin in a matter of fact way and went on her way rejoicing, apparently at least.

And the young man—well, he soliloquized as he went down the street.

"My," he said, "but women are getting brazen. Used to mind men knowing they were 'made up,' but now they just 'fess right out to a stranger and don't seem to care at all. I certainly am surprised." And he looked it, but then he was young and unused to the ways of women, you see.—Baltimore News.

ORR & TUKEY,

Freighters and Forwarders

Pack Trains and Freight Teams.

TEAMING IN TOWN.

DEALERS IN WOOD.

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

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

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

One Dollar

A splendid course dinner served daily at

THE HOLBORN

Ask the boys what they think of it. Short orders a specialty. Connecting with the Green Tree.

BRUCE & HALL, Props.

Dim Idea of It.
"What is it," asked the teacher, "to hibernate?"
"To hibernate," answered Tommy Tucker, "is to get on the police force."
—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Require Much.
Jaggles—How do you account for the poor fight that Spain has put up?
Waggles—Because she has been fighting only to save her honor.—N. Y. World.

War Problems.
Perry Patetic—Anyhow, them new war taxes don't hit us.
Wayworn Watson—You must of forgot the stamps on bank checks, ain't you?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

Most complete line of ladies' purses ever shown in Dawson. Nugget office.
Juno burner nickel stand lamp, \$7.50, at Mohr & Wilkens.
Solid silver toilet sets at Sale & Co.

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The Corporal's Twenty Wives

"My son," said the veteran corporal to the recruit, as they sat together at the camp-fire, "don't trust them furrin girls. They're not happy unless they're making trouble betwixt men. I was in a heap of trouble once thro' my furrin wives."

"Wives?" the recruit suggested derisively.

"Shut your face," cried the corporal.

"Wives, I said, and wives it is, fur I was foolish as Solomon, an' one wouldn't satisfy me. 'Twas this way. When I had been in the army but a short while a lo-n g time back, my old man—and he didn't know where I was, neither—he died and left me a little pile and his saloon. So, like a fool, I takes my discharge and proceeds like a bigger fool to blow in my little fortune, I did. When it was nigh gone I sorter wakes up an' finds I'd sold the property, saloon an' all. When I had kicked myself round the block onc' or twic't, I was ashamed to go back so soon an' re-enlist, an' I had a pal as had made a fool of himself, too. It was the time everyone was talkin' of the dimon' fields in Africa, an' he says to me, he says: 'Ril,' he says, 'we've got our passage money to the Cape. Let's go there an' make another pile, and have the laugh on folks,' he says. It seemed good enough for me, for I was ashamed to pass the people in the town what knew me since a kid. So we went to Africa, we did, and up to Kimberly, and devil a dimon' saw we, an' the drinks was most extravagant dear. An' but we had a hard time of it, and no way to get out, when the blessed



HO, FOR THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

hand of Providence purvided a ruction between the blacks and whites, and we was right in it, we was. It was the Zulu war, as maybe you've heard on.

Them English took things easy at first, thinkin' they had a soft thing, but the Zulus jumped in the first round an' did all the fightin'. They was ter rors, they was. They massacred a regiment and raised hell at Rorke's Drift and fought immense. So it took time for them Britishers to get men enough out to smother the savages, and in the meanwhile the whole of South Africa was in a panic, thinking they'd every one be massacred, to. They raised volunteers right an' let an' a lot of irregular cavalry. That's where me an' my side partner came in. When they knew we had sojered on the plains agin In-juns, they wanted us right away, an' we was willin', cause we was the dead-est kind of broke.

"That was fun. The discipline wasn't too severe, an' we had a feller in command who'd been run out of the English army for gettin' gay, an' then served with Turkey, an' was in no wise particular where he fought so long as there was fun an' boodle in it. We was off an' out over the country by our bloomin' selves, our troop, scoutin'—a free company. We went where we liked, n' we fought when we liked, an' we raided all the time, an' lived high. Ye see, rookie, the wealth of them Kaffirs is counted in cattle. Ye've so many cows, an' ye're a solid man; an' ye're so many more, an' maybe ye're a millionaire. We was after them cows, we was. We'd fight when it came, of course; but the fightin' we wanted was when we knew there was a neat bunch of fat cattle behind the enemy waitin' for us to drive them off. We weren't over careful neither to worry about the brand, an' maybe some Boer cows, an' Englishmen's cows on the Natal border came into our hands. War is war. The

market to sell 'em over again was good. So we prospered, an' 'twas good, hot times.

"Good times an' hot times don't last long enough in any old town. Just as we were enjoyin' ourselves to the limit the old gen'ral in command thinks it's time to let people know he's alive, an' starts in an' wallups the Zulus for fair at Ulundi, an' sends their big chief scootin' for his life. It was all over; there was no more kick lef in the Zulus.

But we took a hand in the chase after the king, and between that hunt an' what we'd seen of the country before, my side partner an' I had a pretty good idea of what sort of a place it was to live in. We had a decent sum in our side pockets by this, fer our share of the raided cattle was all right, an' the pay was good. So my pal says: 'Bil,' he says, 'if we takes this dough an' goes home it ain't enough,' he says, 'even if we don't blow it all in in Cape Town and York. Wot d'ye say,' he says, 'if we stay right here where we are an' grow up with the bloomin' country?'



IT IS A CUSTOM WE HAVE IN THIS COUNTRY.

"I'm with you," I says, an' so 'twas settled betwixt us.

"Mister man, it's a fine country, an' the climate is 'way up. I'll say for them English that they know how to boss them savage peoples. Before the fightin' was well finished they had Zululand split into parts, an' over each part was a chief whom they could trust to keep the other fellows toein' the mark, an' things began to sizzle serenely as if nothing had ever been the matter. My pal an' me we prospected a bit, an' seen there was freightin' to be done into Natal an' up among the Boers, we hauled freight considerable. But them cows was on my mind—the cows we'd been raidin'—the fatness of them, an' the worth of them, an' the rich grass growing to feed them most bountiful, with lots of water an' nary hard winters to kill 'em off like it is on the plains.

"I'll be a cattle king or bust," says I, and I near was, I was.

"I took up a claim with no trouble, acres an' acres of fine rollin' grassland, an' I laid in stock with my capital.

I'd learned a bit of the lingo, an' I was thick with a old Scotchman who'd lived years with the Zulus, a old reprobate who liked the company of black men better than white. He helped me out, an' in a year there I was, livin' by myself in a house I built myself, a ridin' my horse over my own land, an' watchin' my fat cattle an' their increasin' offspring. 'Twas the life of a god for awhile, fur, whenever I rode, the Kaffirs was bowin' an' smilin'. Them's sensible men, them is. When they're whipped they knows they're whipped.

Anyway, I was happy, fur heaven meant me fur a farmer, an' twist my cows an' my cabbages an' my corn—I was doin' well, until—up comes one day my bloomin' Scotty.

"Ye're doin' fine," he says. "Ye're a credit to hull of Zululand," he says



THE PRICE OF TWENTY COWS.

an' I gives him hospitality fur sayin' of it.

"Ye've a fine lot of cattle," he says, after awhile; 'but,' he says, 'ye'd better marry afore there's trouble.'

"Oh!" says I. "I was thinkin' of sendin' back for a wee townie o' mine, but things ain't fixed for her yet," I says.

"He laughs, the reprobate, an' says he, 'I dinna mean a white wife,' says he. 'Ye'll hae to tak' a chief's wife, or there'll be trouble,' he says.

"'Glang,' I says, for I thought the old scoundrel was joking.

"Hoot, toot!" he says, 'I've a score of 'em myself,' he says. 'It's a custom of the country.'

"So off he rode, an' I thought no more of it, until soon after up comes to me my nearest neighbor, a wealthy man in cows, black as coal an' all grins.

He jamed an' jawed a long time afore I tumbled, an' what think ye he wanted? Nothin' less than to sell me one of his daughters to wife for twenty cows. Fool that I was I laughed at him, an' off he went in a huff. I was soon soory. In a week I lost three of my best cattle, assagaied and cut up for meat. I went to the measly Scot Zulu for advice, for this was the first time I'd ever had trouble with them big, laughin' black fellers.

"I thocht ye'd be in trouble," says he, very grave. 'I've a great deal of influence with them, but I canna help ye if ye won't help yerself,' he says.

"Why dinna ye take the girl? It's the custom of the country. The chief's mad, nateral, 'cause ye think y're too big a man to be neighborly."

"Me marry a Zulu?" says I.

"Sure," says he, 'tis the custom of the country,' says he. 'I've a score, as I told ye, or I couldn't live here.'

"Heaven forgive me," thinks I, 'but there's worse men than me has done as Rome does.'

"So I tells the chief I'm ready, an' after a high old feast I handed him twenty cows and he handed me my first wife—180 pounds, with a smile that weighed me down beyond computation.

"What do they call you to home?" I asks, when we were alone on the ranch, an' she grins a few more pounds an' says, 'Zalli'hic'lulu,' or something like that.

"From now on ye're Bridget," I says, 'mind that,' an' I started to teach her how to cook potatoes, for she was dear at the price she'd cost, an' I didn't like to waste her entirely.

"Two weeks went on, an' Bridget had learned how to broil a steak, when up comes my neighbor from the other side; a big, big chief he'd been before the war, an' great infloence he had. He salutes very gravely and we pow-



HE DESERTS HIS TWENTY WIVES.

wow, we does, an' what did he say? He was hurt in his feelin', he was, 'cause I'd married a wife beneath me, in station an' overlooked his two favorite daughters in my selection. He felt, he said, that the war had been for nothin' if the Zulu rights could not be protected under the great Queen's rule. He felt, he said, that a great injury had been done to the welfare of South Africa by my overlooking so powerful a chief as he; but, he said, he was willin' to forgive and forget if I would form an alliance with his ancient and wealthy family and marry his two daughters. I kicked him out in my righteous indignation an' lost a bull and two heifers in the next week. I went to Scotty. The tough old beast says: 'I've a score of 'em myself,' he says. 'Best do as everybody else does,' he says. 'It's a custom of the country.'

When ye's united by matrimony to the first families in Zululand,' he says, 'ye can do what ye've a mind to an' be rich like me.'

"In for a penny, in for a pound," says I, an' I arranged matters with the chief for thirty-five cows for the daughters. Susannah an' Etheiarta I called 'em and set in to teach 'em to cook an' darn my socks, so's they shouldn't be dead stock on my hands. But I was sore for the bunch of cattle, for I hadn't but 200.

"Rookie, it breaks my heart to tell you but its a dead sure fact that in a month every old Zulu within a hundred miles got mad unless I made an alliance with his family, an' the old Scotty he just looked grave when I kicked—he was a great chief—an he said every time: 'It's a custom of the country. I had to pay for my possessions in the same way, he said, an' showed me with great pride about twenty five wives, who allied him with all the indunas in Zululand. I wasnt going to weaken. 'If

its a game for high stakes, I says 'Im in to my last chip, I says. 'Ill win out, or bust,' I says. I'm tellin ye the truth, and I'd at last 20 wives an' only two cows left. Says I: 'There cant be many more chiefs in this here country to ally with, an I guess Im through with the trouble. But,' thinks I, 'I can't be doin' much to stock my farm with but two cows, so I'll go and ask that durned old Scotty to stake me to th' extent of a bunch, seein' he been so friendly.' So off I went to find him miles away, leavin' twenty women to cook one beefsteak for my supper when I returned.

"Old Scotty was out on the range, an' I rode up to him, an' I couldn't speak, for he was havin' some new cattle branded, an' the first thing I saw was an old bull that had been mine, chipped in for Ethelberta, and a hull lot of cattle I'd giv' up for Bridget and Georgiana and Mary Jane and the rest of my wives. Old Scotty was a lookin at me an seen me turn from white to green and green to red.

"Them was my cows, I says. 'Wots they doin here?'

"Its a custom of the country,' says he, with a grin. 'My friends, with whose families I'm allied, think so highly of my infloence,' he says, 'they made me a present of 'em.'

"I've been robbed," says I, like a fool, for I felt like a baby. 'Ye dam old Scotch Zulu,' I says.

"As to robbin,' he says, 'I've only got back my own. As a raider of B's troop of irregulars,' he says, 'ye'll be forgettin' all the cattle ye stole from neutrals,' he says. 'It's a case of quits,' he says, and he grins.

"I was clean done an' I knew it, for he was an old man an' I couldn't strike at him.

"I sold my horse an' deserted my wives, all twenty of 'em, and worked my way to Ameriky best I could. So I'm tellin' ye for a lesson, my son, if ye want a wife, don't hanker after furriners, neither Cubans nor Spanish nor Zulus, but wait until a decent American girl up and asks ye to have her."—N. Y. Sun.

HE NEEDED THE MONEY.

So the Justice Promptly Devised a Reason for a Fine.

A couple applied to a rural justice of the peace for total divorce. The justice called the bailiff aside and asked in a whisper:

"What's the law on that pint?"

"You can't do it," replied the bailiff, "it don't come under yer jurisdiction."

"We're willin to pay cash fer it," replied the husband, not understanding the nature of the consultation. "I've got the money in this here stockin'."

The justice looked grave. Then, adjusting his spectacles and addressing the man, said: "You knowed fore you come here that 'twarn't for me ter separate husband an wife, an yet, you not only take up the time o' this here valuable court with yer talkin, but ackchully perpose ter bribe me with money! Now, how much has you get in that stockin'?"

"Bout six dollars an a half, yer honor."

"All right, then. I fine you \$5 fer bribery, an a dollar an a half fer takin up my time with a case what yer jurisdiction is out of, an may the Lord have mercy on yer soul!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Gentle Hint.

Man (hurriedly)—Are you Mrs. Lawson, mum?

Mrs. Lawson—Yes.

Man—Well, I've been sent to tell you that your husband's head has been broken, mum, and I'm to break it to you gently, mum.—Tit-Bits.

Two Kinds.

"John, I'd like to have \$50. I want to do some shopping."

"Maria, I haven't 50 cents. I went shopping yesterday myself."

"What?"

"Bucket shopping."—Chicago Journal.

A Model of Her Kind.

"Miss Doodle ought to be a pattern society woman."

"Why! Howso?"

"Because she has been cut out by all the best people."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Usefulness Ended.

Judge—On what ground do you apply for a divorce, madam?

Mrs. Hissier—Why, Mr. Hissier is entirely incapacitated—his fingers are paralyzed, and he can't sign checks.—Harlem Life.

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

Souvenir Xmas presents at Sale & Co.

NEW RAILROAD OFFICIALS.

Changes Made in the Interests of General Economy.

Whiting's Successor on the White Pass & Yukon Railway an Experienced Road Operator.

Anything that tends to facilitate transportation on any portion of the route from Dawson to the outside world and vice versa is of interest to the many readers of The Nugget. Therefore, it is gratifying to learn that the traffic department of the White Pass & Yukon railway company has passed into the hands of a man who is old in railroad experience. Several weeks ago F. H. Whiting, who, since the inception of the railroad, was its division superintendent, stepped down and out and John P. Rogers, who had formerly filled a similar position on the Great Northern, was appointed to and accepted the position. Whiting's head clerk, Baker, is also out and reports from Skagway that traces of the master hand of the new official are already apparent.

Those of The Nugget's readers who had freight shipped by the W. P. & Y. railway last fall know something of the trials and tribulations incident to getting their freight loaded at Skagway and of having it forwarded even after it was loaded into the cars. To day there are hundreds of tons of freight scattered along the Yukon and other rivers and lakes nearly all the way from Dawson to Bennett, and the reason of its failure to reach its destination in four cases in every five is traceable directly to the dilatory management of the traffic department of the railroad. It is true that the business demands on the company far exceeded the expectations of the management with the result that there was a painful shortage in rolling stock. But the rolling stock at hand had it been managed by a railroad man would have handled nearly double the amount of freight in the same length of time, and the rivers and lakes would not be buoyed with scows and their banks strewn with spoiled goods, as is now the case. In the opinion of hundreds of shippers who brought and attempted to bring goods to Dawson last fall via Skagway the change in the division superintendency of the White Pass & Yukon railway did not occur any too soon.

For that vacant spot on your scalp use Bearlina. Ask Reid & Co., First ave., about it.

Water Still Flows.

Considerable difficulty is yet being experienced by many of the claim owners on the various creeks from water running into the shafts. Particularly is this the case where the shafts are being sunk near the edges of the water.

As the ground is frozen from the surface less than two feet, there is a space of several feet of unfrozen ground before the perpetual frost line is reached, and through this unfrozen section the water runs in to such an extent as, in some cases, to require almost constant baling. A few days of weather that will place mercury at 50 degrees below zero is what is wanted by the owners and operators of creek claims.

Norman R. Smith Coming.

Information lately received by Lieut. S. E. Adair, the representative of the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company in this city, is to the effect that Norman R. Smith, who has been appointed deputy United States mineral surveyor

for the Nome district, is now on his way down the river with his commission in his pocket en route to the field of his future labors. Lieut. Adair says the Nome Poo-Bah is liable to arrive any time after the next four or five days, and that he will probably stop here a week or more, during which time his headquarters will be in the lieutenant's office in the A. C. Co.'s office building. Those whose pleasure it may be to meet Mr. Smith during his brief stay here will find him to be a very pleasant gentleman, free, jovial and easy of approach—a man that causes people to feel better for having met him.

Dead Body Found.

The badly decomposed body of a man, evidently a prospector, was found by a party of hunters near the headwaters of Moosehide creek on last Saturday. On learning of the gruesome find Sunday morning, Capt. Scarth an Constable Manning of the N. W. M. P. went to the place for the purpose of investigating the situation and of bringing, if possible, the body to the city. On reaching the spot which was fully seven or eight miles northeast from the city, they found that owing to the badly decomposed and lacerated condition of the body, its being much torn by the fangs of wild animals, it was deemed impracticable to bring it in at present, hence it was given temporary interment in a snow bank near where it was discovered. The man, whose indications suggest was past middle age, was evidently from California as a ticket in one of his pockets has the name of a Sacramento jeweler with whom deceased had evidently had business transactions.

Not a scrap of paper was found which would give any light as to the unfortunate man's identity. In his pockets were a dollar and two ten cent pieces and the fact that he was in possession of dimes is conclusive evidence that he was a cheechahko. Capt. Scarth will see to it that the body is properly interred later. By means of the ticket bearing the name of a person in Sacramento, the officers expect to be able to prove the identity of the dead man.

Death of Mrs. Louisa Ross.

Mrs. Louisa Ross died on Monday evening at her residence in Dawson.

Mrs. Ross was the mother of Mrs. William Huson, Mrs. John Delfel and Miss Rosy Ross, all of Dawson. She came to Dawson just before the close of navigation last summer, intending to spend the winter with her children. Services will be held at the Methodist church on Thursday afternoon at 1:30 p. m. All friends of the family are invited to be present.

Just see our stock of Xmas goods before selecting your presents. Cribbs & Rogers.

Money back if not satisfied with the Ames Mercantile Co.

A Free Reading Room.

A public meeting will be held on Friday afternoon at the McDonald hall to discuss the matter of a free public reading room. A number of ladies, including Mrs. West, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Davis and others have interested themselves in the matter and have met thus far with very encouraging results. Final steps will be taken at the meeting Friday.

CHRISTMAS IN DAWSON

Will not be the cheerless occasion our friends on the outside world imagine, and could they see the preparations being made to celebrate the great day we would have much less of their kindly sympathy. It is not only possible to live as comfortably here as on the outside, but our cabins and homes can be just as beautifully and artistically furnished and arranged, and at moderate expense, too.

To illustrate this fact we would suggest a visit to the furniture department of the N. A. T. & T. Co.'s, where rooms have been decorated and furnished as an 'Ideal Home,' which may surprise many newcomers as well as old timers. This company has shown great foresight in anticipating the needs of the Klondike in bringing in a stock of goods that includes everything useful and artistic, from toys for the children to musical instruments for the home. * * * * *

We have just learned that Santa Claus starts out on his famous annual trip next Saturday and will make his first stop at this company's store. He invites through us every child in the Klondike to meet him there at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and has also included in the invitation the parents and friends of the children and promises all a good time.

THOMAS TRITTON!

—THE—

Nugget Express Messenger

Who left Dawson for the Coast on Nov. 16th, will leave Skagway on his return on or about

DECEMBER 17!

Parties wishing goods brought in over the ice can make telegraphic arrangements at office of

The Nugget Express BOYLE'S WHARF.

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.

White Pass & Yukon RAILWAY.

For rates and all information call at office in A. C. Company's Office Building, on Third street.

S. E. ADAIR, Commercial Agent.

TRITTON REACHES SKAGWAY

First Nugget Express Messenger Lands Safely.

Carries With Him a Very Important Consignment—He Goes Up Lake Bennett on a Steamboat.

Twenty-three days from Dawson to Skagway is a very good record for mushing when it is considered that the musher left Dawson at a time when there was known still to be open water 100 miles above here and with a trail to be broken all along the line from Stewart river.

But that is the record of Nugget Express messenger Tritton, who left on Nov. 16 for Skagway with an important consignment of express matter for the outside. Manager E. C. Allen had guaranteed that express matter sent by messenger Tritton, who was the first to leave after the close of navigation, would reach the outside in plenty of

time for Christmas. Acting upon this guarantee a very large proportion of Dawsonites and creek patrons of the express hastened to select choice collections of nuggets or to make up little Klondike souvenirs for anxious friends on the outside. It will be gratifying news to them all to know that on Saturday, Dec. 9, Messenger-Tritton rode into Skagway on the White Pass & Yukon railway, taking with him in safety every ounce of his valuable consignment. Messenger Tritton is out with a good margin to his credit. The express company has 16 days in which to transport the various packages in the consignment to their different destinations. Some of them go as far east as New York city, others are consigned to Florida, Texas, and California, while one fat little sack of gold dust will be sent to a little hamlet in the emerald isle to gladden the heart of an old mother whose son is thinking of her, though he is way off in the Klondike vale.

Messenger Jack Carr is due to reach Bennett on Wednesday and Messenger Matheson who left Dawson on the 4th inst. is expected to be in Bennett by the 20th. Messenger Tritton went from Cariboo to Bennett by steamer, navigation being still open on the lake on the 9th inst.

Postage stamps at Reid & Co., druggists.

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