

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

From ECON 6 NO. 1

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

FOR...  
**Holidays**  
THE LATEST IN...  
**American Neckwear**

**Beaver Gauntlets  
Fur Caps . . . . .**

**SARGENT & PINSKA,**  
Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

Are you troubled with **WATER** in your mine?  
If so we have  
Electors, Pumps, Centrifugal & Force Pumps  
In sizes to suit any emergency.  
**Holme, Miller & Co.**  
Pipes, Steam Fittings, Picks, Shovels, etc. 107 Front St.

**Change of Time Table**  
**Orr & Tukey's Stage Line**  
Telephone No. 8  
Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Bulld. after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES TO & FROM GRAND FORKS  
Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Bulld. 9:00 a. m.  
Leave Forks, Office, Op. Gold Hill Hotel 8:00 p. m.  
Leave Dawson, Office Opposite Gold Hill 9:00 a. m.  
Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Bulld. 3:00 p. m.  
way is as efficient as any other. MAIL

**Game of All Kinds**  
**MEATS**  
**MEATS**  
**Game of All Kinds**  
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**O'Brien Club**  
Telephone No. 87  
OR MEMBERS  
...niean's Resort,  
and Elegant  
**Roosters and Bar**  
Marchbank.

**Electric Light**  
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.  
Donald B. O'Connell, Manager.  
City Office Jolly's Building.  
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1  
FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS  
**Wines, Liquors & Cigars**  
**CHISHOLM'S SALOON.**  
Tom Chisholm, Prop.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.  
**FIRST SESSION**

Of New Parliament Will Convene at Ottawa on February 16th.

**SIR RICHARD CARTRIGHT'S OPINION.**  
Cape Colony Dutch Ready to Revolt and Join Boers.

**CHINA PRICES TO BE AXED.**  
Peace on Maps for Flowery Kingdom—Indiana Negroes Court Trouble Which Will Surely Come.

(From Wednesday's Daily).  
Ottawa Dec. 26, via Skagway, Jan. 2.—The first session of the new parliament will convene on February 6th. The present indications are that the session will be very short one. Sir Richard Cartright, minister of trade and commerce, is quoted as saying:  
"I will have before us the task of aiding in the probable reconstruction of the British empire. Canada must be an important factor in any project of that kind. On statesmanship and foresight developed at the next session of our parliament largely depends the success if the reconstruction experiment."

**Disloyal Dutch.**  
London, Dec. 25, via Skagway, Jan. 2.—The position in Cape Colony is now a most precarious one. The Dutch have turned to the Boers and are ready to revolt at any time and join in war against the British troops. Railroad traffic in Cape Colony is almost entirely suspended.

**Anvil Creek Cases.**  
Washington, Dec. 25, via Skagway, Jan. 2.—The supreme court sustains the decision of the lower court in removing McKenzie from the receivership of the Anvil creek claims at Nome. The promptness with which the matter has been decided is a general surprise.

**Powers Reaches China.**  
Pekin, Dec. 25, via Skagway, Jan. 2.—Gen. Powers has reached China and after conferring with all the foreign ministers is of the opinion that all differences will be settled without further trouble.

**Whites vs. Negroes.**  
Indianapolis, Dec. 25, via Skagway, Jan. 2.—A race war has created a reign of terror at Clementville, a small town five miles north of this place. The negroes are all armed and the whites are keeping within doors. A riot is hourly expected.

**To Be Axed.**  
London, Dec. 26, via Skagway, Jan. 2.—The Chinese government has caused

the arrest of Prince Tuan, Prince Chung and Yuhsein and ordered that they be returned to Sian Fee and forthwith beheaded. It is inferred from these reports that the Chinese government is preparing to accede the requests of the powers.

**Everybody Called.**  
The A. E. Co.'s "at home" yesterday was the broadest gauge affair of the kind to ever be given not only in the Yukon but probably in the entire western country as none who were heard speak of it had ever seen hospitality so lavishly dispensed on any occasion or in any country. Dawson's male population, from the highest official down to the overcoatless black-jack booster, all called, many of them several times during the day and evening and all were unanimous in voting the A. E. Co. the prince of hosts. A number of ladies also called during the day and were cordially and gallantly received and entertained. All callers departed themselves in a manner becoming to the style in which they were received by the employees of the company whose guests they were. Open house was kept until 7 o'clock last night. It was a day and an occasion long to be remembered—a day on which such hospitality never before known was extended to all regardless of race, color or position in life.

**Going to London**

Capt. J. B. Woods, of the T. & E. Co., accompanied by Mrs. Woods, will leave tomorrow morning for London, on business connected with his company. Capt. Woods came here to manage the T. & E. Co., after the Pat Galvin collapse, and when the affairs of that company by its former management was in a most deplorable condition. Many will recall the "Yukoner piracy" affair. Mr. Woods had a herculean task to perform in straightening the affairs of the company, but that he was equal to the occasion is evident from the fact that the T. & E. Co. is now one of Dawson's substantial enterprises, with a branch—the pioneer store—at Clear creek. Mr. Woods has gone deeply into the mining interests of Clear creek, and it is with the intention of securing further capital to work on a large scale that the trip is being made. Judging by his past executive ability we are convinced the doughty captain will be a Clear creek magnate before the snow flies next fall.  
It is the captain's intention to return in March.

**POLICE COURT NEWS.**  
Capt. Scarth presided in the police court this morning, and seemed inclined to a leaning towards mercy in the cases where belated New Year's callers had become too fatigued to proceed on their ways without government aid, and notwithstanding the fact that rigs had to be turned out to bring the two gentlemen before him to the barracks, he let them off with a \$5 fine each.  
John Smith, the bearer of the ancient and historic name who represents a branch of the family upon whom the sun never sets, was the first man to become a guest of the government in Dawson this year, and so exhausted was he at the time the invitation reached him on Fourth avenue, that he could not, even with the aid of a policeman, carry his load to the barracks, and a sleigh and horse had to be procured for his transportation. He acknowledged the corn and paid his fine.  
George Gustin, laboring under the spell of the new year and its possibilities, became so forgetful of his surroundings that he went into a trance on Second avenue the other evening and an examination by a police expert developed the fact that nothing but rest and change of scene would restore the poor man to his normal condition, so a team was procured and he was hauled to the barracks. He also paid his fine and looked pleasant.  
Donald Alexander Sutherland McDonald was again in the police court this morning on the charge of having committed an indictable offense on the night of November 16th near the Klondike bridge, against Miss Christina Lotb, whose previously taken testimony in effect says that the accused came into her cigar store about midnight and struck her over the head with a poke filled with salt and sugar, called her a beast and other unbecoming names and

otherwise acted in a manner to lead her to believe that his intent was to rob her. Paul Selbach, her landlord, had responded to her cries for help and had, after a tussle with the marauder, reduced him to a state of submission, but he had escaped and was afterwards arrested and identified by the complaining witness. He was sent to the higher court for trial.

**A Dog That Knows.**  
Jack Chisholm has a dog whose fertile brain has discovered a means of avoiding work when hitched in front of a sleigh with other dogs in the lead, and his name, for which his owner is responsible, explains largely his method of doing business. The dog is called "Tommy on the Tugs," and when the rest of the team have gotten down to business, Tommy the wise, gets upon the traces (two feet on each) and there he balances, while the others do the rest.

The dog's owner told this story last evening, and vouches for its truth, although some of his hearers intimated that he looked tired after his New Year calls.

**Buried Tomorrow.**  
T. Walters, who died here recently, will be buried tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from Green's undertaking parlors. Mr. Walters' home is at Lowell, Wash., where he was a member of the Odd Fellows. All members of the order are asked to attend the funeral.

Carbon paper for sale at the Nugget office.

**Fire on Gold Run**

Yesterday the office of Mine Inspector Reed on 27 Gold Run, was discovered to be on fire, having caught from a defective stovepipe. A crowd of men at the hotel nearby headed by Al Chute and Geo. Barr, soon formed a bucket brigade and in a few minutes the fire was under control, but not until damage to the amount of \$300 had been done. Mr. Reed was not at home at the time, having gone down the creek on business. The Gold Run bucket brigade entertains an idea that it is well up on fighting fire.  
**Didn't Raise "de Dough."**  
The festive carnival which was billed to take place in the Dewey hotel at the Forks Monday night was rather a tame affair, as the to-have-been contestants assert that the management of the affair failed to raise sufficient money to justify them in jeopardizing the reputations in the ring. All the money in sight was \$104 which was divided between Caribou and Harry Agee, Al Smith and Roy Agee, each pair giving a four round exhibition.  
**Hot Time Expected.**  
The set-to at the Orpheum tonight between McHugh, the bog champion of Ireland, and Collier, the Borneo terror, will be a warm go from start to finish. Considerable side money is up and both men are determined to add to their already long list of blood stained victories.  
**For Rent.**  
Store adjoining Savoy theater; splendid location; opposite postoffice. Apply Wm. Germer for particulars.  
New Century apples \$10, at Meeker's.  
Large Africana cigars at Rochester.  
Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.  
Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.  
Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinski's.  
Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.  
Short Orders served right. The Holborn.  
Eastern Washington new timothy hay at Meeker's.

**THE LAST OF SEVEN**

Who Started From Seattle in '97 for the Klondike by Way of Valdez

TELLS OF HIS MANY WANDERINGS

And What Became of Those Who Started With Him.

TWO YEARS WITH INDIANS

In the Copper River Country Who Treated Him Kindly—He Is Going Back Again.

L. Lundbloom, who came to Dawson in the summer of '99, having left Seattle in '97 for the Klondike via Valdez, and whose story has been told in fragments since then, had enough experience during the two years of travel to fill a very interesting volume, will probably arrive from down the river today or tomorrow, as he was met in a roadhouse a day or two since and was then coming this way. He told the story of his wandering between Valdez and the Yukon to a fellow wayfarer who brought the story to Dawson.  
There were seven in the party which left Seattle for the Klondike in '97, and the route they had mapped out for themselves was across country something over 400 hundred miles after landing at Valdez. They got as far as the Copper river, whose general course they followed for some distance without serious mishap till within the vicinity of the Gaakona river, a tributary of the Copper river, where two of the party fell sick and died from overwork and a diet to which, to say the least, they were unaccustomed.  
After burying their comrades the remaining five journeyed past Lake Mentasta, and through the mountains pass of the same name, and finally arrived broken in health and spirit, upon the banks of the Tokio river, which is a tributary of the Tanana and flows from the great watershed towards the Yukon.  
Here, after all the delay they could afford on account of their much depleted stock of provisions, necessarily small to start with as everything had to be packed on their backs, they fashioned a rude raft of logs, bound together with ropes of bark, and embarked upon it down the river, imagining that from now on the way would be easier. Four of the five were destined to start upon a trail a few hours later, from which no traveler has ever returned.  
The river, quite a broad stream, and placid enough to inspire confidence where they launched their raft, soon entered a narrow gorge, and became swift and irresistible as a mill race, making all attempts at governing the course of the raft an impossibility. Soon the raft was borne at lightning speed through a very narrow opening in the canyon, and flung over a fall.  
Just before this occurred Lundbloom had looked at his watch and when he next opened his eyes he found himself lying half submerged in the water upon  
(Continued on page 8.)

**THE RIDGE CABLE CO.**  
Have installed a new plant on the Ridge and are now in a position to pull up all comers.  
**McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.**

WHOLESALE **A. M. CO.** RETAIL  
WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN WASTING TIME  
We Want You. We Will Save You—This Price Will Help  
37 LADIES' FUR COATS All Good. Some better than others. Did sell for from \$40 to \$65. CHOICE **\$25**  
**AMES MERCANTILE CO.**



# CITIZENS OPPOSED

### To the Scheme for Incorporating the City for a Great Many Reasons.

### PRESENT GOVERNMENT GOOD ENOUGH

### And the Question of Who Might Gain Political Power

### UNDER THE MUNICIPALITY

### Are the Principal Arguments Against Withdrawing the City From the Control of the Council.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. In view of the fact that the question of incorporation for the city is being discussed on all sides, and that a public meeting has been called to discuss the question from all sides, the Nugget today publishes the views of a number of people just as they were met upon the street without regard to the amount of property upon which they pay taxes or of their nationality.

Harry Edwards was the first one met with and when asked for an expression of opinion on the subject said he didn't feel that he was in a position to give it.

Mr. Aikman, of the firm of Wade & Aikman, said: "I am not in favor of incorporation, for many reasons. In the first place I do not believe the time has come when the city can safely embark on self-government, and the expense would be greater than the case seems to demand."

Mr. Wills of the Bank of Commerce said: "I don't think there will be any incorporation at present. At a meeting recently held at my house just about half the taxable property of the city was represented and it is solidly against incorporation."

Levine, the clothier, said he didn't want any incorporation in his. "We're doing well enough as it is."

E. B. Condon thought that little could be said on the subject, either for or against till it became definitely known what sources of revenue would be at the disposal of a municipality in case one was formed."

C. L. Phillips said: "I am not in favor of incorporation, and think the present form of government is better than any that could be supplied in its stead at the present time. I believe in a reasonable and just taxation."

Dr. Cassels was met on the street and asked for his opinion of the matter and said: "While it is a question that should be seriously studied before replying, I can only say that to give you an off hand expression of what I think, I am against incorporation."

Mr. Delaney, of the N. A. T. & T. Co., replied, when asked where he stood on the question, that he was not in favor of it. "In the first place the time is not ripe yet for incorporation, and besides, I think the present councilmen are honorable and just men, and we can do no better than to leave the management of the city's affairs in their hands till such time as there is some more pressing need for a change, and we are in a position to know that the men who would be elected to fill the offices of a municipality would be equally as competent and trustworthy."

Steve O'Brien said that so far as he was concerned he did not see the need of incorporation.

Attorney Thos. McGowan thought the affairs of the city's government were so well managed by the council that there was little need to expect any improvement under incorporation.

Mr. Thebo could see no necessity for immediate incorporation.

Attorney Tabor said he had not given the matter sufficient thought to be in a position to say that he was either for or against incorporation.

Dr. Brown thought there was no call for incorporation, as the government of the city seemed to be as good as any that could be had under a municipality formed at present.

Attorney H. E. Robertson said he was opposed to the scheme, and so it goes from one end of the city to the other, and there seems to be little reason to

suppose that the matter will ever come to a vote, and if it does, and a property qualification is exacted of voters, there is nothing at present to indicate that the question must be carried by an overwhelming majority in favor of the present form of government.

## Indians Are Happy.

It is said that for several days past a potluch such as has not been witnessed in the country for many years is being held at Moosehide, the occasion being the return of a delegation of braves from a hunting trip on which the Great Spirit smiled most benignly upon them, thus enabling them to return laden down with trophies of the hunt. Not for many seasons has there been such a large amount of game brought back to lay before the squaws and pauposes of the tribe, hence the spirit of peace and good will which pervades the dusky sons and daughters of the village.

It will be remembered that last year the Moosehide Indians returned almost empty-handed from the hunt and that scarcity to the verge of hunger was their share during the latter part of the winter. It is different now. Where a year ago wails from hungry children pierced the atmosphere that hung like a pall over the desolate village, the aroma of roast meat a la squaw is now apparent. Every cache now groans with its burden of solid wealth, their walls being beautifully festooned with slabs of dried salmon.

And this is why happiness and good cheer stalk rampant at Moosehide.

# Farewell To 1900

This is the last day of a month, a year and a century. No one in Dawson ever witnessed a similar day and none of us will ever see another.

Tonight in Dawson as well probably as in all parts of the civilized world many people will stay up to bid goodby to the old year and century in which they were born and to welcome the new century which in probably every case will witness their taking from life.

In the local churches the occasion will be celebrated by appropriate exercises consisting of prayer, praises and thanks to God for His goodness. In many private houses a few friends will gather and be engaged in jollity and good fellowship when the midnight hour arrives, when the new year will be welcomed by the mutual exchange of greetings and wellwishes.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring down the false, ring up the true."

## Uneven Sidewalks.

The carelessness of a number of property owners on some of the principal streets and avenues in allowing caked and packed snow and ice to remain on their sidewalks until time and the elements remove it is little less than criminal. In the majority of places the walks are kept practically cleared of the accumulation incident to frequent snow falls, but in some places the walks have not been touched with pick or shovel since the advent of winter with the result that they are several inches higher than their neighbors, are rough, uneven, sliding and in some cases dangerous to pedestrians. If people are naturally so careless and negligent as to care nothing for the general appearance of their sidewalks or the safety of the public, the authorities should quietly give them a hint to put their property in decent condition.

## Heavy Fighting in Colombia.

New York, Dec. 12.—Advices received today from various parts of Colombia and confirmed by passengers who arrived from Panama, tell of desperate fighting in nearly every state. The government troops are in poor physical condition, suffering from tropical fevers.

Arturo Bigard, Colombian consul general in this city, has been ordered by his government to purchase and ship a large quantity of quinine for the use of the army.

The most desperate fighting is now going on in the department of Bolivar.

In a battle fought at Toluviejo on November 25 the revolutionists lost, among 100 killed and wounded, two able officers, Gen. P. Campacho and Col. Enrique Pinedo. The rebels took 200 prisoners, besides which the government force lost 10 killed. Five cannon were also taken from the rebels.

From the department of Magdalena comes the information that Gen. Vargas Santos, president of the revolutionary party, with his force, has arrived at the port of Rio Hacha and established headquarters there.

# WAS NO STRIKE

### Man Who Has Arrived Direct From Tanana Heard Nothing of It

### UNTIL HE REACHED FORTYMILE.

### Has Been a Distance of 300 Miles Up the Tanana.

### THE REPORT WAS A FAKE.

### Lower River Mail Service Gives Satisfaction—High Price of Provisions at Circle City.

E. N. Carpenter, originally from Pennsylvania, but who has spent the past two years in Alaska, arrived in Dawson Saturday night, accompanying Mail Contractor Downing from lower river points. Mr. Carpenter has but recently come from the Tanana country where he spent the fall prospecting. He came with the mail through from the mouth of Tanana in 29 days, which is the record trip thus far made by any of the mail carriers on the same route. Mr. Carpenter was asked by a Nugget representative today if he had heard anything of the Tanana strike which a local paper sensationally described in a recent issue.

"I heard nothing of any such strike until I got this side of Forty mile," said he, "where I met a man who had seen the report in a Dawson paper. I was 300 miles up the Tanana and no one along the river or at the mouth had heard of the strike. I do not know how such a report could have been started but am satisfied that there is nothing in it."

Mr. Carpenter speaks very highly of the service now being given by the mail contractors on the lower river. The mail is handled by a system of relays and with such efficiency that no delays of any consequence occur in getting the consignments through to their destination.

The mail with which he came is from points as far down as Tanana. It is expected every day that a through mail will arrive from Nome.

There is a scarcity of commodities at several posts down the river, the result being that prices are getting very high. Flour in Circle City has sold as high as \$15 per sack, and other classes of goods at proportionate prices. The reason advanced is that expected boats failed to arrive and a consequent shortage has ensued.

There are a good many men prospecting in the Tanana country, but owing to the cost of provisions and difficulty of transporting them to the diggings, work is not being conducted on a large scale.

Mr. Carpenter will remain for a few days in Dawson when he will leave for his home in Pennsylvania.

## Game Did Not Abound.

Some time last week a trio of business men who possess some latent nimrodic spirit, reasoned together thus:

"Peradventure if an inch of fresh snow perchance to fall on Saturday night we will hie ourselves across the river on Sunday, taking with us weapons of death and destruction in the way of fowlingpieces and we will, in the short space of light vouchsafed to this country at this season of the year, laden ourselves down with choice and luscious game—towit: Rabbits, grouse and ptarmigans."

The inch of fresh snow came and the hunters arose in the lightiron-gray of early morn and with 40 rounds of ammunition per capita hied themselves to the "beyond" side of the river.

Four hours later they hied themselves back, the most dejected, exhausted, snow covered, gasping, gameless trio of hunters ever seen in the vale of the Yukon. They had traveled several miles through the two and one-half or three feet deep and so far as any evidence is concerned, they are not certain that there is such a thing as a live rabbit, grouse or ptarmigan within 200

miles of Dawson. If they hunt any more before the snow departs they will endeavor to contract for the use of a balloon.

## Biggest Thing on Earth.

Sports are probably more subject to diversified lives than any class of men on earth, therefore they vibrate more rapidly between the ups and downs than do the majority of men, and when down their chief occupation is constructing air castles. Two of this class were heard today conversing and bewailing their hard luck at not being able to get positions as "dealers."

Said one to the other: "I have the biggest thing on earth for me and you if we can only work it."

"What is it?" anxiously inquired his friend who, McCawber like, is waiting for something to unrup.

"It is this! If he and you could get a special permit to open a black jack game in the corridor of the post-office we would have all we need in this world."

"Well, I should smile," replied the other, but being both "broke" they didn't smile.

## Across the line.

Clarence A. Treuholtz and bride started for Fort Egbert this morning with an escort of Uncle Sam's soldiers, who brought up a dog team from that point to get him. Mr. Treuholtz has been appointed assistant surgeon at Fort Egbert and has just come in from the outside with his bride.

# Vaccination Goes

It has been reported around the city for the past several days that owing to the fact that smallpox has been entirely stamped out in the district, the order providing for general vaccination would not be enforced. This report is wholly without foundation as was learned today on inquiry by a Nugget representative of the powers that be. Vaccine points to the number of 15,000 have lately been received by Commissioner Ogilvie and as many of them as will be needed to vaccinate every man, woman and child in the Yukon district who cannot show a well defined and fresh vaccination scar will be used. At the next meeting of the council the appointment of additional public vaccinators will be made until the number reaches five or six, after which wholesale inoculation will be inaugurated and those who rebel against the order may be placed in stocks.

The council deems it best to guard against any possibility of a reappearance of smallpox when Boreas relaxes his grip on the country next spring, and on the homely but oft true theory that "a stitch in time saves nine," every person must bare his, her or its arm for official inspection and probable vaccination. It is expected that the public arm (or limb) scratches will be abroad in our midst before the end of the present week.

## A Jealous Woman.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 11.—George Harmon, a stationary engineer employed by the Union Drydock Company, staggered from a hallway on South Division street and fell to the sidewalk in a dying condition resulting from carbolic acid burns. He was taken to an accident hospital where he died a few minutes later. It was learned by the police that Harmon had been in the room of Mrs. Maggie Culp. The woman left the building through a rear door and the detective force of this city has been unable to find her. The police were at first inclined to believe that Harmon had committed suicide but after an investigation stated they believe that in a passion of jealous rage, the woman poured the acid in the mouth and over the face of Harmon, whom they assume, was sleeping upon a bed in her room. It is stated that Mrs. Culp had made threats to kill Harmon who she knew was contemplating marriage to another woman.

## His Soliloquy.

A degenerate looking specimen of the genus homo emerged from the door of one of the First avenue resorts this morning and leaning up against the side of the building ruminated anxiously through his pockets one after the other.

Finally a look of resigned disappointment spread over his face and he muttered in scarcely audible ones:

"Looks like ish begimnizh century 'bout even. ~~What~~ can see zhat I've carried over from light century ish zesh old clothes and 'er devil of bad taste in my mouth. 'Perty tough ter not be able to get 'er bite (eat) on begimnizh zesh century. If I can't get muzzin' 'er whole century I'm in 'er bad fix."

# DAWSON'S GREETING

### To the New Year and Farewell to the Old Last Midnight.

### EVENT CELEBRATED AT ST. MARY'S

### Other Churches Hold Services of Song and Prayer.

### MANY OPEN HOUSES KEPT.

### Everybody Extended the Glad Hand to His Neighbor and Good Cheer Held High Carnival.

Dawson observed the passing of the old year and century at 12 o'clock last night, and in every way compatible with the fitness of things, welcomed the new year and century by extending the glad hand of hopes for the fulfillment of the many promises contained in the hour.

In laying away to rest the remains of the old year, nothing of regret for the past was heard anywhere, and if individuals had such thoughts concerning it, they were not allowed to show on the surface of things. No funeral march is played when a year dies in Dawson, but the dead past with all its dry and unhandsony bones are laid away in silence, and everyone's energies are devoted to welcoming the new era of prospective betterment, and it is done with a will, although, all things considered, with decorum.

Among the churches the event was generally noticed by special night services, the most portentous of which was the sacrifice of the mass at St. Mary's. Pope Leo XIII had issued instructions to the Catholic world to have special services, for the occasion, and the pope's instructions are always obeyed.

The services of St. Mary's were conducted by Father Gendreau, assisted by Fathers Corbiel and Lebert, acting as deacon and subdeacon.

Quite an elaborate musical program had been prepared which was beyond doubt the best ever heard in Dawson. Music, it is said, "hath powers to sooth the savage breast," and no one who has ever been invited to a Catholic mass has failed to be more or less impressed, whether from a religious point of view or otherwise.

A watch service was held by the Rev. Dr. Grant of St. Andrew's church, which was well and lawely attended by not only the congregation but many visitors. Besides the church services there was entertainment for all, no matter who, or of what diversity of taste. The police boys acknowledged the visit of father time, and gave him good cheer and a hearty send off along his shadowy path.

Down town there was every sort of hilarity and amusement open to all comers. The theaters, besides the regular performaces provided masque balls afterwards, and many began keeping open house with the first stroke of 12. Among these was Germain the restauranter who gladdened the hearts of his friends with a new and wonderful drink, known as the "parson," and some rarebit, the thought of which makes the mouth water.

Watch parties were held all over town, and altogether Dawson received the new year in a way befitting its well known reputation for broad minded liberality and open hospitality.

## The Salvation Army.

Adjutant Barr, the officer in charge of the local branch of the Salvation Army desires to thank the business men of the city for their very generous response to his appeal for the Christmas dinner. The donors list is an extremely long one, the donations of a very practical character, consequently there was no lack of those things necessary to provide a first-class Christmas spread. That the new year may be for all one of happiness and prosperity is his sincere desire.

The following is the program for the last night of the century at the Salvation Army. Salvation meeting at 8 o'clock; at 9:15 coffee with cake, pie or sandwich will be served, and at 10:30 there will be a Watch Night Service. All are heartily invited to attend.

### The Klondike Nugget

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

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.  
**ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY.**

The News displays the genuine Bourbon-spirit in dealing, or rather in pretending to deal with the incorporation question. Having been instructed by the "powers behind the throne" to lie low for a time, and therefore fearing to give any expression of opinion itself, the News undertakes to assail the Nugget for the position this paper has taken in opposition to the proposed plan of incorporation.

We have no intention of entering upon a defense of the Nugget's attitude in this matter. No defense is required. The mere fact that the great majority of business men and property holders in the town have given enthusiastic support and endorsement to the Nugget's anti-incorporation campaign would be all the defense necessary under any circumstances. The Nugget has always held to the theory that Dawson should administer its own affairs, provided that certain prerequisite conditions could be fulfilled. In this view we have every reason to believe that the majority of citizens have concurred. It has developed, however, as has been shown from time to time in the columns of this paper that it is impossible at the present time to meet these conditions.

Meanwhile, the urgent reasons which were advanced sometime ago in favor of incorporation have largely lost their force. Dawson has in practical operation a town government which in every way is as efficient as might be expected to result from a regularly called municipal election. The various interests of the town are looked after with care, and what is more to the point, the expense of administration is nominal in comparison with the cost of conducting a completely organized municipality.

Dawson has, therefore, to decide between the economical and capable administration which we have at the present time and a necessarily more expensive and doubtfully efficient regime, selected by vote of a small portion of the community.

There should be no difficulty in reaching a conclusion in the matter. The affairs of a town are like the business of big commercial concerns. Every taxpayer is a stockholder, and it is to the interests of each to see that his business is managed with as little expense as possible. We apprehend that this is the view which most citizens will take of the matter, which view will urge them to support a continuation of the present state of affairs.

#### RING IN THE NEW.

The curtain has been rung down upon the nineteenth century and today we welcome for better or for worse a new year and a new century in one and the same breath. It is too early as yet to pass judgment upon the influence of the past hundred years in advancing civilization and uplifting humanity. We are at too close range. It is easy enough to go back 300 or 400 years and discuss with intelligence and without passion what was accomplished in this century or what that one might have achieved had it been alive to its opportunities. But to turn the search light of impartial and unprejudiced criticism upon events practically contemporaneous, is almost an impossible task. The historian of a hundred years hence will place a far more just and accurate estimate upon the cycle just brought to a termination, than anyone at the present time can hope to do. Not only will he have a better and broader knowledge of events themselves but he will record their occurrence in the light of results, which will give him pre-eminent advantage over present day writers.

In any event, however, we are more concerned with the future than with the past. The twenty-century holds out possibilities more alluring than ever before were opened to the reach of man. If it is fair to argue from the old saw respecting shadows of coming

events, it may be said without danger of serious departure from truth, that the progress of the twentieth century will be attended with one continuous succession of triumphs. Problems which have consumed the energies of scientists for the past hundred years are now approaching solution and the

practical effects thereof will be realized during the new century. It is not without the range of probability that methods of transportation both on land and sea will be completely revolutionized, while instantaneous communication between distant points, without the use of wires is certain to reach successful accomplishment. These are but suggestions of the things which are in store, but in themselves they speak of consequences of the utmost import. They tell of new fields for human endeavor. They will present new opportunities whereby latent energy may be brought into action and will create a market for the absorption of surplus labor.

Undoubtedly, life in the twentieth century will be lived at a rapid pace. The candle will be burned at both ends and the chief end of man will be to crowd the most into the least possible time. The game of life will be played out in a constantly decreasing number of years, but into those years will be thrown a proportionately increasing amount of experience which will act as a sort of equalizing agent. It is good to be alive in an age when human blood leaps fast in the veins and fame and fortune stand with smiling face and beckoning hand for him who has the will and the power to attract their notice.

Such is the new century upon which we have entered. Never were opportunities more plentiful nor possibilities greater. This is the outlook at the beginning. The end no man can foresee. But whatever that end shall be, it may be said in all truth that never was beginning brighter with promise.

When the first movement in favor of the incorporation was made, Dawson had no graded streets, no sidewalks, no street lights, no sewers, no fire department, no proper sanitary arrangements—nothing in fact that a town of its size should have. At the present time all of these things are in evidence and no local taxes have yet been collected. In view of these circumstances it is not difficult to understand why so many people have chagned their minds in the matter of incorporation.

A municipal government in addition to the present system of administration of public affairs means simply that another load will be saddled upon the one industry upon which Dawson and the entire territory depends for existence. A city election will not serve to do away with the present officials, nor will it lessen the salaries which they are paid. It will simply mean a doubling up of expenses with no material advantage to be gained. This point should be well weighed by every citizen.

The sensational story published by the News sometime ago respecting a so-called strike in the Tanana country is effectively punctured in the Nugget again today.—On another page we publish an interview with a man who has just arrived from the Tanana country. Nothing had been heard of the strike, and no one along the Yukon knew anything of it except where the News "report" had been seen. And still the News poses as an "educator."

When Dawson really and truly makes up its mind to enjoy a holiday, as for example is the case today, a stranger might pass up and down the streets and think he had fallen into the midst of the Deserter village in winter time. A little investigation would soon convince him of his error. Dawson is at home celebrating—that's all.

We don't suppose that a resolution on the part of the News to stick closely to the truth hereafter could possibly have any effect in the long run. The

fact of the matter is that our contemporary got off on the other foot in the very beginning and nothing short of something in the line of the Keeley cure could now induce it to turn from the error of its way. The News tells the truth by accident, once in a while. But never when it can avoid so doing.

The laboring man should interest himself in the incorporation question. If he owns a cabin in Dawson or expects to own one, it is to the furtherance of his own welfare that taxes should be kept down to the minimum. Incorporation means increased tax rolls.

It is really too bad that the price of Mumm's, etc., should be so materially reduced at such close proximity to New Year's. There is no way of telling how many good resolutions will be ruined by \$3 wine.

#### Farewell to Roberts.

Cape Town, Dec. 12.—At the reception in honor of Lord Roberts yesterday when the British commander rose to respond after the presentation to him of the sword and casket, all present rose to their feet, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. The demonstration continued for some minutes. At its conclusion Lord Roberts made an eloquent address. After expressing deep thanks for the honors accorded him, he said the war in South Africa had a peculiar interest for him, inasmuch as it enabled him to bring to what he had hoped was a successful conclusion the work entrusted to him 20 years ago—that of dispelling by force of arms if necessary the aspirations of the Boers to render themselves independent of British control.

Referring to his abortive visit to the Cape in 1881, he said:

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. The guiding hand of the Omnipotent will bring good out of what to our finite understanding was the most unfortunate war of 1881, for that war could not have consolidated the whole British empire as firmly as this had done because it was fought by regulars alone, whereas the present war was fought by the militia, yeomanry and volunteers, the admirable and workmanlike colonial contingents all fighting as brothers in arms under the dear old flag of the queen."

In this respect Lord Roberts said he held the unique position of the first field marshal having the honor to command such an imperial outburst. He was convinced, he declared, that this spontaneous outburst of patriotism was not ephemeral. England had only to give the signal and her sons would again flock to her banner from the ends of the world. Never had a mother more reason to be proud of her sons than had England today. God had brought them out of what in the dark days of December had appeared to them the valley of the shadow of death; and they could not remember the days of tribulation with deep gratitude for the mercy vouchsafed them.

Lord Roberts then paid a deeply moving tribute of gratitude to all who had worked with him. He added that his interest in South Africa would not cease on leaving its shores, but that he should watch its settlement with the utmost eagerness. Dwelling upon the necessity of co-operation between the Dutch and English, he said it would be his proudest boast if he could claim to have done nothing but what stress of war had compelled to hinder the friendly fusion of the two races in the republics. They must try to forgive and forget all that tends to bitterness of feeling, leaving the idea that nothing remained to be atoned for on either side. "God has given into our hands," said the field marshal, "a great heritage, for which a heavy price has been paid in the blood of the best and bravest, and we must not be neglectful of the trust, as we have been in the past, but must be able to give a good account of our stewardship, and must remember there are other duties than national glorifications."

He declared that he could not better conclude his speech than by quoting the first verse of Kipling's recessional: "God of our fathers, known of old; Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

#### Arrives With Oysters.

Frank H. Hall, former steward of the steamer Bonanza King, arrived yesterday evening, 16 days from Whitehorse with a consignment of fresh eastern oysters for the local market. Mr. Hall says the shell is at present in bad shape and will only be bettered by use. He predicts considerable travel in the near future as there is already a large amount of freight accumulating at Whitehorse which it is intended to freight in on the ice.

## Ed. Dolan Plugged

Ed Dolan is nursing two things this morning with care and tenderness, although the method of treatment is different, and ultimate cure effected in widely divergent ways.

One of these things is a wound in the calf of his leg, and the other is his wrath. Both wounds were received at the hands of George Troxwell last evening during the production of "Champagne and Oysters." The piece is a one act comedy, and as produced last evening was even more productive of mirth than the author counted upon, that is, to every one but Dolan, but it won't be so funny tonight, because Dolan won't have his other leg hurt, and so far no understudy has been found who is willing to take any chances with the Troxwell artillery.

Early in the play there comes a place where Geo. Troxwell as Mr. Troot, feels called upon to do a little Fourth of July business with an abnormally large six shooter, said six shooter being loaded with blank cartridges of course, in order to avoid injury to the anatomies of the rest of the cast.

The gun was properly loaded with blank cartridges by props, but a little larger wad of candle wax than usual was used to hold the powder in place, and Troxwell was a little nearer the Dolan limbs than he thought for, and besides the hay had been left out of those legs in dressing, so there was nothing but a stocking to stand off that chunk of wax. At the proper time Mr. Troxwell deployed his artillery, and great execution was down among the enemy.

Bang! Then Dolan's face suddenly took on a look of pained surprise; he was heard to make some remarks not wholly complimentary to Troxwell, and he shook the wounded leg fore and aft, and departed from the stage in a manner not set down by the author.

When he got off the stage he kept right on saying things, and it is understood that he is undecided whether it was a deliberate attempt on his life or an open insult. If the gun had been loaded with lead he would have known what to think; but when he is gone after and shot with a wad of candle grease he don't know what to think.

The gun was a 44-calibre affair, and Dolan thinks there was enough wax plugged into his leg to start a candle factory.

#### That Little Straight Jacket Jim

BY BELLE DORMER.  
Turn out of your bank, there, partner;  
Cash, you see, it's getting late?  
And this is New Year's morning  
And we're going to celebrate!  
The assessment work is all finished,  
And the claim is ours for a year;  
She's going to pan out in the spring, Bill;  
She'll do it, as sure as you're here.  
There ain't no town in these mountains—  
If there was we'd paint her red—  
But we'll cook an extra pot of beans,  
And make some sour dough bread.  
And there's plenty of beans and tobacco,  
And bacon, and whisky for two,  
So I'll just tune up the fiddle,  
And leave the cooking to you.  
And for fear at this jollification  
The attendance is going to be slim,  
We'll write out an invitation card  
To that "Little Straight Jacket Jim."  
He's a little high-toned for us, Bill,  
But he means well enough,  
And I somehow think that heart of his  
Is made of the genuine stuff.  
For I saw the tears come into his eyes  
At news of your brother Richard's death;  
Then all of a sudden his lips got white,  
And he went to gasping for breath.  
I wonder what he's doing up here?  
For this ain't no kind of a place.  
For a fellow of his education  
And delicate, well-bred face.  
I'm willing to bet some woman's hand  
Mixed up this dose for Jim;  
And it seems to have knocked him sideways,  
But he's built all-firedly slim.  
We'll just step in and surprise him  
With our little dances and song.  
The door wide open? Blamed if it ain't;  
Why, Bill, there's something wrong.  
For here on the bed beside him  
Is a six-shooter full of lead;  
'An' I s'pose heart failure came along  
With this bullet hole in his head.  
Pull up the blankets gently  
And close the sad eyes of blue—  
Poor little chap, I'm sorry  
That we ever made sport of you.  
Why, he's holding your brother's picture;  
And it looks as natural as life;  
And written upon it in pencil  
'I used to be Richard's wife."

## A. E. Co.'s At Home

Under the guiding hand of Manager L. R. Fulda, ably assisted by Messrs. Brown and Lindsey, the A. E. Co. entertained today in a manner that reflects great credit upon the management. Immediately inside the main entrance was arranged a circular counter which served as a bar and from which were dispensed to all visitors the choicest viands to be had from the A. E. Co.'s big stock of which there is none finer in the northland. Egg-nog, punch and the pure "old stuff" was bountifully dispensed, the mixed drinks, the product of the skill of Ben Furgeson who presided as a chief mixologist with the dignity of a Roman conqueror. In addition to the unequalled fluid refreshments two experts were kept busy serving lunch which combined the properties of delicacy and substantiability.

Since 10 o'clock this morning there has been a steady procession to the A. E. store, where the entire force from Mr. Fulda down to the warehouse truckmen have been zealous in seeing that each caller was happy during his sojourn in the big store. No goods were sold, but all devoted their time to entertainment. The hospitality of the Alaska Exploration Company will forever be linked with the first day of the 20th century in the memory of all who called there today.

#### Tragedy of Civil War.

New York, Dec. 13.—The body of Confederate Brig. Gen. Herman Bins has been found in Blacksawp, four miles from Morristown, N. J. He was known as the hermit of Wanong mountain. For 35 years Bins had lived a solitary life on the side of Succasunna mountain. He had little to do with any one and his retreat was far removed from the nearest house. His cabin was found in ashes by those who went to it after the body had been identified.

Bins made his appearance on the mountain in 1865. When he first came he wore a gray uniform and on it were the stars of a brigadier general.

Ten years after Bins settled on the mountain his life story came out through no fault of his. William Becker, a veteran of the Union army, who had occasion to visit Atlanta in 1875, commenced an investigation and found from the Confederate reports that Herman Bins had enlisted as a minor officer soon after Sumter was fired upon. He rose rapidly and at the close of the war had the rank of brigadier.

At the outbreak of the war Bins was a well-to-do plaster in middle Georgia. While he was in the army his two children died. When Sherman marched to the sea, cutting a gap through Georgia and leaving desolation behind, Bins' home was one of the places of which nothing remained but ashes. Mrs. Bins had fled before the arrival of Sherman and joined the refugees. Exposure and hardships brought her to death.

When he returned to his plantation he found the ashes of his home, the graves of his children and near them the grave of his wife, whom faithful slaves had carried to the plantation and buried. Gen. Bins at once left and until Mr. Becker informed them his friends did not know what had become of him.

No one knows how the old man came to his death.

#### A Clever Boy.

Boston, Dec. 11.—The case of Morris Aaronburg, the youth who has confessed that he stole \$887 from Mrs. Margaret Beck, which has puzzled the police from the first, still staggers the officials, although the boy had declared his guilt. It is the first case in police records here where a man or boy has confessed to having stolen money and has stood ready to take all the punishment which could be given for the offense without making restitution and trying to escape the full penalty.

The police have figured it out that if Aaronburg goes to prison for the maximum term of five years, without returning the stolen money, he will come out financially as if he had been at work all the time on a salary of about \$1800 a year. All evidence is taken as indicating that Aaronburg has the money safely concealed and intends to go to prison without revealing its hiding place. He will probably be sentenced today.

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# The Klondike Nugget

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

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And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1902.

## From Wednesday's Daily THE CHINESE WAR CLOUD.

Despite the assurances which the powers are endeavoring to make each other believe, there seems little doubt now that the Chinese situation is more serious than has been supposed. In fact, the opinion is growing, as the tenor of recent newspaper and periodical articles, indicate, that war between the Orient and the Occident is inevitable. The Chinaman is a subtle diplomat and skilled in the art of employing language for the purpose of concealing his thoughts, but he cannot hide facts which are patent to the eyes and ears and it is such facts that are causing the present apprehension.

According to reliable correspondents, China is being placed upon a war footing as rapidly as circumstances will permit. War footing in China at the present time means identically what it does in any other country. It means equipment with the latest improved weapons, both of offense and defense. It means the employment of European tactics, and to a very large extent European skill.

China is now manufacturing her own guns. Immense factories have been established from which rifles of the Mauser pattern are being turned out by the tens of thousands. In the different provinces away from Peking, forces are being mustered, and preparations for the struggle which the Chinaman looks upon as a fight for emancipation, go unceasingly on.

One correspondent writes from Peking that nearly all the great mandarins have gone to their various districts to give personal attention to the war preparations. Meanwhile Li Hung Chang is conducting negotiations with the powers and with such astute diplomacy that a satisfactory adjustment appears to be about as far removed as ever.

Altogether the situation seems to be serious if not actually threatening. If the Chinese nation as a whole rises up against the civilized world—and the trend of events now points in that direction—the outcome is past prophecy. The Boxer demonstrations have given a fair indication of the manner of war which would be waged. It would be a war filled with barbaric atrocities and horrors beyond description—on one side at least, and to what extent the other side would be influenced or driven in the same direction is a matter of question.

The civilized world need not be too self-congratulatory upon the present peaceful situation. The war cloud is certainly visible on the Oriental horizon and the day when it may develop into a veritable cloudburst no one can say. If the dragon is ever thoroughly aroused, the world may well shudder, for China has seen the birth and death of hundreds of nations, and still lives, and it will give the armies of civilization the hardest task they have ever undertaken to convince the Celestial that its race has been run.

When sentiment among business men and property holders concerning any question affecting the general welfare of the community is practically unani-

mous, that sentiment may ordinarily be accepted as a safe guide of action. The matter of incorporating Dawson has been thoroughly threshed out, the result being a pretty general agreement that the interests of the town will be best subserved by a continuation of the existing order of things. We shall not escape taxation in either event, but it is very clear that the present method of conducting the affairs of the town is more economical than would be a regular municipal government, and equally efficient. There is nothing to be gained by incorporation and possibly a great deal to lose.

Canada never occupied before, the important position which she holds today in the councils of the empire, and that position could not be more ably maintained than it will be under the guiding hand of the present premier. In returning Sir Wilfrid Laurier to power, the people have demonstrated a remarkably intelligent appreciation of the great things which lie before the Dominion.

Well, what's the use, anyway; let's swear on again.

Don't forget to write it 1902.

### CURTAIN RAISERS.

In Boston all the aldermen are admitted free to the theaters.

Agnes Sorel is to act next winter in Athens, Alexandria and Constantinople.

Clyde Fitch's new play, which is of the society class, will be called "The Climbers."

The heroine of the new poetic drama by Stephen Phillips, "Herod, the King," is Marianne.

Richard Mansfield has accepted a dramatization of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and will produce it probably in January.

The shah of Persia in the course of his recent visit to Paris was entertained at the Opera, he choosing for the occasion a scene from "Faust."

Marie Studholme, well known in America, has been engaged for the leading roles at the Gaiety theater, London, replacing Violet Lloyd.

Miss Midge Lessing has joined the Francis Wilson Opera company, replacing Miss Minnie Ashby, who recently withdrew from the organization.

Sarah Bernhardt says that the wearing of diamonds destroys the best expression of the face, dims the fire of the eyes and makes the teeth look like chalk.

The management of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company has received over 500 applications for positions in the chorus of the new organization.

Alice Nielsen's birthplace, Nashville, will next winter for the first time since its youthful townsman became famous have an opportunity to hear her in her operatic repertory.

Nearly every actor has his hobby. Richard Mansfield's is said to be horseback riding; Joseph Jefferson's, fishing; Sol Smith Russell's, his library; Tim Murphy's, sketching; Nat Goodwin's, his English country place.

### A Head to Fit the Facts.

J. M. Barrie's story of how a telegraph editor, receiving a dispatch that the Zulus had "taken Umbrage," headed the news "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus," has been paralleled by an editor in the west. Shortly after some anti-Semitic riots in Austria a slight shock of earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Vienna, and a cable dispatch put to tersely that there had been "seismic disturbances" near the capital. He headed the item "Down With the Jews."—Exchange.

### A Slap in the Face.

A pathetic incident occurred aboard an inbound West Point train the other day. A woman and a beautiful girl, evidently her daughter, entered a car and found seats facing an elderly man. The girl was directly opposite the man. He looked straight in front of him, and his gaze rested on her. She was evidently discomfited by what appeared close scrutiny, and her mother at last became angry and commented on "the impudence of some people." Still the passenger looked. Thoroughly exasperated, the woman arose from her seat and on passing into the aisle struck the object of her rage across the face with a glove. The man paled, raised his hat and said: "Madam, I beg your pardon if I have offended you. I did not mean to. I am blind."

The woman was so mortified that she forgot to make an apology, and, followed by her daughter, passed down the aisle to another seat.—Ex.

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

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.

## STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"See that gay-looking, careless-appearing fellow over there who looks as though he hadn't a care in the world?"

The Stroller saw the man indicated and asked what there is about him to distinguish him from the common herd.

"Nothing," replied the first speaker, "except that he is probably as devoid of the prerequisites that go towards making a man as any other biped in the north. Now that fellow is married and his wife is a hard-working and very economical woman, and as an evidence of her thrift she saved of her wages for honest work the neat sum of \$650 in cash which, until a few days ago, was carefully rolled up and in her purse."

"But women, you know, have a foolish way of being shy on sensible pockets in their clothes, hence they very frequently ask their husbands to carry their purses. Well, this woman asked her husband to put her purse in his pocket one day when they were coming down town and he did. After walking around together for a short time they separated agreeing to meet at a certain store in 30 minutes. The man dropped into one of the gambling rooms and sauntered over to the fare table. He decided to risk a V, but on second thought realized that he had no money of his own, so he decided to borrow a few dollars from his wife's purse. Shades of One-Eyed Riley! In just 13 minutes by the watch the last dollar in that wife's pocketbook was in the dealer's drawer and "hubby" had not even had the drink he went in to get. A few minutes later he met his wife as by appointment and she asked for her purse, as she had seen something, probably in a millinery store, she wanted to buy.

"Well, do you know that man hadn't even the self-respect to fix up a lie to the effect that he had lost the purse or been robbed? No, sir! he just out with the story of how he lost her money and all about it. Of course, the poor woman was almost heart broken, for what her husband had lost in 13 minutes took her more than 13 months to save. Yes, she is still living with him and, woman-like, is probably trying to make another stake which is liable to follow its predecessor unless she carries her own pocketbook in the future."

Two New Year's callers at the A. E. Co., after having probably called 20 different times during the day, were bidding each other good night last midnight. Said one of them:

"O'm fifty-seven years of age an liv celebrated holidays—from Antrim county, Ireland, till now an darn me if Oi iver had a better toime, not exceptin the tin years Oi wurried in a brewery in Cincinnati, than Oi hov injied today."

His friend said:

"I gosh zash right. I too, have (hic) been feelin' all day, as if I didn't owe shent in zer world."

And then a heated argument ensued as to which would take the other home, each entertaining the idea that his friend needed assistance.

"I very much fear I cooked my goose last night so far as my social standing in Dawson is concerned," remarked a well-known and popular government clerk to the Stroller today.

On being asked how he came to slip a cog, the despondent man replied:

"By leaving my property scattered all over the city. I left one glove at one house, its mate at another, my card case at another, my muffler at another and so on all along the line."

"Today these items have been sent to me accompanied by curt notes from the ladies of the various houses where I called. I guess they were afraid I would go after them, so they have forestalled my visits by sending them."

"I'll know in a week or two whether I am to be turned down or not, but I very much fear my name will come off the list."

While the young man was closing his lament he was handed a bulky looking envelope which he opened.

"My handkerchief, b'gosh! Well, I am afraid to read that note, so I'll put it in the stove. Now, if that odd cuff would show up I think I would have everything together again. I managed to change hats sometime during the night but as it is a man I will have to settle with for that, it is not worrying me. Ugh, what a taste I have!"

**Strength in Aluminum.**

In reply to the question which, it is said, metal workers frequently ask, "What is the strength of aluminum?" The Aluminum World says that cast aluminum is about equal in strength to cast iron in tension, while in resisting compression it is comparatively weak. Under transverse strain aluminum is

not very rigid, but it will bend nearly double before breaking. The tensile strength of aluminum is greatly improved by forging and pressing at a temperature of 600 degrees F., and aluminum alloyed with nickel is much stronger than the pure metal.

**They Changed.**  
At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the Kings," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

**How He Dealt With Cowards.**

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, but end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said:

"I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."  
And that is the judgment of posterity.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Locusts Good to Eat.**

All native African races eat locusts. With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the dish of grilled locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

**The Song of the Yukon River.**

"There is something peculiar about the Yukon river that I have never heard of in connection with any other stream," said Captain Gray, who has been running boats on the big Alaska artery. "From the mouth of the Yukon up as far as there is any navigable water the stream is constantly singing. No matter where you are, there is a sound like that made by escaping steam. At first I used to think that maybe it came from the boiler or engines. But when we were tied up at night, with everything cold, the sound was the same. I have puzzled my brain to find an explanation of the phenomenon, but without avail. The singing goes on day and night."

"When you get up stream some distance, you can also hear the rocks rolling over the bed of the river, and this produces a most peculiar sound."—Portland Telegram.

**Slow Poison.**

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M. D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man. "I have taken it daily for nearly 80 years."

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

**Mason's Meeting.**

The stated communication of Yukon lodge (M. D.) A. F. and M. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, Thursday night, Jan. 3, 1902. All master Masons in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

C. H. WELLS, M. W.  
J. A. DONALD, Sec.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Piuska's.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**LAWYERS**  
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.

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

HENRY BLEEKER FERNAND DE JOURNAL BLEEKER & DE JOURNAL

Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joddin Building. Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

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

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

**MINING ENGINEERS.**

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

**WANTED.**

WANTED—Position of any kind by colored man. Best of recommendations. Sent Croffer. This office.

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

**LOST AND FOUND.**

FOUND—One dark brown dog, about three years old, bushy tail. Owner call at No. 10 Eldorado and pay charges.

E. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, will put your watch in proper order. Second street opp. Bank of B. N. A.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

**CHEAP GOODS**

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

**Dolge Felt Shoes**

**Fur & Kid Mitts**

**Fur Caps . . .**

**Lined Overalls .**

**Usters, Etc. . .**

J. P. McLENNAN.

Front Street.

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reach the public you

will do well to bear this

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**one that demands a live, unpre-**

**judiced and readable newspaper**

## CONSCIENCE TROUBLED HER

### And She Was in Hot Water All Her Life.

#### A Plain Way of Telling the Truth Made Her Unpopular but She Couldn't Help It.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

"It's a troublesome thing to have a conscience abnormally developed," ruminated Olivia. "Next to being commonsensible or trying to be dignified there's nothing so likely to render one ridiculous and unpopular. I almost wish it was possible to have one's conscience shaved like a beard, or amputated like a corn, or pulled out like a defective tooth. Personally, I'm rather tired of being a perpetual slave to the thing called conscience."

"What's the matter now?" I queried. "You see, I knew Olivia very well—we have known her since she was an infant in arms, in fact—and I could read the signs of her mental unrest, I knew she had been 'opening her mouth and putting her foot into it' once more, as the Irishman said. Olivia is rather unfortunate that way always. If there's any tongue trouble going anywhere, she's pretty sure to pick it up somehow or other."

"Oh, it's nothing new—at least not more than a half a dozen new brain pang or conscience pains," she replied. "I have been merely reflecting—rather sadly—upon the dolefulness of possessing a conscience in good working order when such an article is distinctly and decidedly out of fashion and when one doesn't know how to control it in the least."

A dear little girl is Olivia, all the more lovable, perhaps, because of the inconsequence which is naturally hers. She "rambles on sweetly," as her sister says of her when conversing with her intimates—just thinking aloud. I knew I should get to the bottom of her latest trouble presently if only I didn't interrupt and send her off on another track at a tangent, so I merely smiled sympathetically and waited in silence.

"When I was a child," she sighed presently, "I don't believe I was a bit popular, although I think most people liked me. And I know I didn't have half the fun some of the other girls did, and all because my conscience was 'bloated,' as my older brother said."

"I never left my Sunday school lesson unlearned or my music lesson unpracticed because I wanted to go violet hunting or coasting Saturday afternoon," she continued with a sigh. "I was too conscientious for that. And I always owned up to the mischief I'd done and refused to share in the trifling consequences of the mischief I hadn't done for the very same reason. When I became a trifle older, I passed low in many an examination because I wouldn't make use of borrowed language or look at my books the very last thing. A little later I earned popularity among my fellows because I never would say I was glad to see any one when I could not say so honestly."

And now—

"And the worst of it all is that I don't believe I ever was or ever will be one bit the better for all these conscience troubles," was the commencement of the next "ramble," for the sake of which she left the previous one unfinished. "As a little child worrying over my Sunday school lesson I certainly sinned just as much on the side of spiritual pride and childish 'puffed-upness' as I would have done on the grounds of neglect of duty had I enjoyed my Saturday afternoons as the other children did. It is an open question if I wouldn't have been a really better girl had I sometimes kept still about my own small wrongdoings as well as tacitly owned up to a few which I hadn't committed. The slight pharisaical attitude of mind came strongly into play again over the 'exam pads' I wouldn't borrow and the crib knowledge I would have none of, and although I never did say I was glad to see any one falsely, I've strained the truth and cracked my conscience's funny bone many a time trying to think of some other conventionally pleasant thing to say. And now?"

"Well, what is it?" I pressed her, determined to fathom the trouble at last. "What has happened 'now'?"

But she merely shook her head mournfully and rambled on.

"It's a point of conscience with me, it always has been, to look at all things from both sides, and, in consequence, many a time I've looked at a given question from both sides of the fence until I've impaled myself upon it and have writhed under the knowledge that

people thought I was sailing with the wind, and so on.

"You run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, don't you?" a girl said to me last week, and, mean as she was, I understood just how she thought it was true. And yet I was only following out the dictates of my abnormal conscience and trying to be just.

"Another girl last week asked me if the powder on her face showed, and when I said yes she fairly hated me. My conscience didn't allow me to say no, and it never occurred to me until long afterward that I might have pleasantly brushed off the powder for her which did show and left the powder which didn't show alone without saying anything at all. Two days ago my brother's wife asked me what I thought of her complexion, and because my conscience compelled me to tell her the truth she went home without bidding me good night or speaking to me again. She hasn't spoken to me since, in fact. And things have gone after this fashion until I am tired of it."

"When Robert Elsmere first came out, it was a point of conscience with me not to read it, and every one called me 'saint' and 'prig' until life was a weary burden. A week or two ago some of us were talking of it, and it occurred to me that it was a point of conscience not to condemn a thing unread. The consequence was that I suffered tortures on account of dislocated religious principles for a whole week. Then it occurred to me that it was a point of conscience not to let anything shake my faith or interfere with my religious stability, and that particular conscience trouble gave way to another. I always have one or more on hand, as you know."

I did know. I never knew Olivia when she didn't have a whole sheaf of such trials and tribulations on hand. I was dying to hear all about the last new conscience wrench, and she would not come to the point. I did not dare to hurry her for fear of never hearing of it at all.

"When my friends and relatives make fun of Delsarte exercises or the newest form of athletics, my relentless conscience always impels me to try these things personally, just so that I can discuss them intelligently and without prejudice. In consequence I'm seldom without a backache or a sprained muscle or something equally pleasant. Let a politician, a private individual, a cause or anything else, for that matter, become unpopular, and my tyrannical conscience compels me to champion it or him or them. As a result half the people I know are continually writing me down as a miserably disputatious and disagreeable person."

Which was putting the matter entirely too strong. But then that Olivia's way. It's a point of conscience with her to make the worst of herself for fear she should be untruthfully complimentary.

"It's always been so," she moaned now, beginning to sob a little, "but now it's worse than ever. Now!"

"If you don't come out with it now," I broke in, unable to restrain my impatience much longer. "I shall go stark, staring, raging, raving mad and either kill you or myself. Now!"

"Now," said Olivia, breaking down utterly and crying as though her heart would break, "now Charley and Harry have both proposed to me. They did it a month ago. I put them both on probation because I liked them both, and it was a point of conscience with me to treat them both just alike and fairly, although I can't help saying that I really like Harry a little bit the better, and now they both accuse me of flirting, and neither of them will speak to me at all. And it's all because my unfortunate conscience won't let me alone."

"Well, dearie there's one recompense anyhow," I volunteered consolingly when I had comforted her by promising to set matters right with the one she "liked a little bit the best." "People can't help respecting any one who's so intensely conscientious and so very, so very, so earnest about it as you are."

"Oh, I don't know about that," retorted Olivia, relapsing into a modified condition of gloominess again. "I don't know about that at all. Of course, the men who like you say that sort of thing to your face very often, but they're a great deal likely to call you a silly little prigish idiot behind your back, and the girls one knows don't even pretend to respect one. They simply say you're a miserable, contemptible little prig to try to be so much better than other folks and so you make everybody uncomfortable about you and let it go at that. No; there isn't much comfort in being more conscientious than other people, and I sometimes wonder if the best people in the world, as well as the happiest, aren't the people who have only just enough conscience to keep them rea-

sonably honest and kind and not too big an allowance to live comfortably with."

And really, despite the fact that I firmly believe ironclad consciences to be necessary, in great numbers, to the proper conduct and salvation of this gay and sinful but altogether adorable world, at least in this present day and generation, it seemed to me that Olivia had either proved her case or something very like it. I don't in the least know how to reconcile the two aspects of the subject, however. Perhaps some of the rest of you can help me out.—Chicago Evening Post.

#### English She's Written.

A lamentable unfamiliarity with English as she is idiomatically "spoke" on her native heath is responsible for a bad quarter of an hour which a certain young lawyer of this town will not soon forget. His wife has most pronouncedly correct tastes in everything, including dress. Such of her gowns as do not come direct from London town are built in New York by the most correct of English man milliners. When she made ready to go to Long Branch last summer, the young wife laid in a supply of clothes that should dazzle the natives. Her English man milliner was, however, provokingly slow about delivering things, and she was forced to set off without several of the frocks she had intended taking with her. For the first week after she went away she wrote to her devoted husband at home every day. For the second week she wrote every other day. In the third week four days passed without a line from her. On the fifth day a telegram was delivered at the young lawyer's office.

"Wife's body forwarded this morning."

The signature was a scrawl, but the message was enough to chill the very marrow of that young's husband's bones. It had been sent from New York. He saw, in his mind's eye, his dainty little wife running up to town for a day's shopping. He thought of the frightful heat. He knew just how it had all come about, and with a horror-stricken face he dashed out into the street and fairly ran to the house of his wife's sister to acquaint her with the frightful news. He was past speech when he reached the house, but he held out the fatal telegram. The sister read it.

"Well," said she, "it's time he sent it. She's been expecting it for six weeks. It's the one that goes with the pink chiffon skirt, I suppose."—Ex.

#### Abraham's History.

A schoolboy at a prize examination furnished the following biography of the patriarch Abraham: "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and the other Hagar. He kept one at home, and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime and a pillar of fire by night."—Woman's Journal.

#### Sanguine of Success.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 12.—J. M. Newman, chairman of the Santa Fe grievance committee, arrived here today to confer with the striking operators. Mr. Newman is very sanguine about the ultimate result of the strike.

"I have just received a report from the Chicago division," said Mr. Newman, "stating that we have had numerous accessions to our ranks, and that the boys there are jubilant over the good condition of things."

"Repeated messages from trainmen on the Chicago division assure me that most of the operators are out. Conductors say they have great difficulty in running their trains, some of which are late."

"The company claims that all the places are filled by new men. Some of them may be, but when the class of men filling them is taken into consideration, the situation is materially changed. Most of the so-called operators are students, who never saw the inside of a railroad office before, and they are utterly incompetent to fill the positions."

This statement of Mr. Newman seems to be substantiated by the difficulty attending the operations of the new men here. In the Topeka depot office three men and one woman are at work. None of these has had experience. The best one in the number can send fifteen words per minute, and the others much less.

The officials have been in the depot all day, with loads of instruction books, blanks and the like, endeavoring to make the amateur operators acquainted with their duties. Before the strike two ordinarily competent operators could care for all the business in the depot office, and have time to spare.

In the general office here three new men are working. None of these has had experience. Positions in the general office have been very difficult to

fill, even by men who have had years of experience on the road.

Mr. Newman has been on the road for two days, and has not been at any one place long enough to receive complete dispatches from all parts of the system. All he has received, however, indicate that the strike conditions are decidedly favorable for the operators.

Permanent headquarters for the strikers have been established in a Topeka hotel, where messages can be constantly received from all parts of the system. The headquarters will be maintained as long as there is any occasion for them.

The operators here appear to be very jubilant and claim they have something up their sleeve which will develop soon.

#### The Swede's Grievance.

"When Swift said that it was impossible to get an idea into a Scotchman's head without trepanning him, he spoke without knowledge of the average Swede, at least as we find him in his country," said a prominent builder in an up town hotel recently. "I think I can tell a story that carries out that theory," he went on, "and it relates to an experience a friend of mine, an architect, had with one of that nationality not long ago.

"The architect in question had erected a handsome dwelling for his own use in a nearby suburb, and one day, after it was completed, he went out to look it over. The frescoing had been completed and some of the carpets and rugs laid, and you can imagine his feelings when he discovered that a water pipe had burst in one of the halls and the overflow was gradually ruining his property.

"My friend dashed out of the house, greatly perturbed, and brought back with him the first plumber he found in the village. He pointed to the ruined walls and told the pipe doctor to get to work at once.

"The plumber, however, seemed to be in no hurry to save the premises. He looked around calmly and then drawled:

"'Well, dat been a pooty big yob. I gotten take out d' washboards and d' floors. Dat been a pooty big yob.'"

"'Well, for heaven's sake, get at it, fumed my friend. 'Don't you see the place is being ruined? Get to work.'"

"'Yes, I seen dat,' remarked the imperturbable plumber, 'but dat costen pooty big. Dot a big yob.'"

"Nothing apparently could move the fellow so my friend, after telling him

a few honest, hard facts, kicked him down stairs and out of the house. The plumber repaired at once to the village saloon, where he told his tale of woe.

"'Say,' he drawled, 'vat been de matter mit dat feller up dere? I guess he moost been crazy. He got me up dere in dot new house to make a yob of work, and 19 times he called me a Norwegian fool, and all de time I vos a Swede.'"—Ex.

#### Stowaway Brides.

Stowaway brides are not as rare at the barge office as one would believe. It is quite easy for a girl to slip aboard an outgoing steamer and stow herself in one of the bunks below decks, lying quietly there until well at sea.

A case happened a little while ago, the girl coming to meet her fiancée here. As both were poor, the former resorted to this perilous expedient to accomplish the desired end. One would think that such a heroic endeavor would deserve a better reception. But on arriving, having been worked very hard on shipboard for passage, worn and worried almost to distraction, the maiden was so changed by her ordeal of love that when her betrothed met her he refused to marry her. A few days later, while being taken back to the ship for deportation she leaped into the bay. Rescued gallantly, she lingered a prisoner in the charity hospital, but died some weeks later, literally of a broken heart.—Ainslee's Magazine.

#### Notice.

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

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

#### Candles for the Millions.

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

Mum's, Pomery or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.  
Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

## "White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between  
Whitehorse and Skagway . . . . .

### COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

**NORTH**—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.  
**SOUTH**—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

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## 140 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN  
also TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS  
The DAWSON HARDWARE CO.  
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### Just a Few of Our Retail Prices

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

All other goods at proportionally low prices  
**ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.**

ALL ARE RESOLVED

To Do Good and Leave Undone a Number of Offensive Practices.

MANY HAVE NO CHANGES TO MAKE.

None So Reckless as to Resolve to Keep a Diary.

OLD TIMERS WON'T PROMISE

One Man Will Stop Smoking and Take to Strychnine-In 30 Days Time 'Twill All Be Off.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. Last night when the hands of the clock met at the top of the dial there was a general tooting of whistles and other noises turned loose in acknowledgment of the fact that Dawson knew the year 1902 had arrived and brought with it a new century. Besides the tooting of whistles and other sounds of that sort, the fact was recognized a great many places by the raising and clinking together of glasses, and the drinking of toasts more or less appropriate to the occasion...

Some people make heroic resolves about honesty, truthfulness, economy, the golden rule and a thousand other things equally as absurd, from a twentieth century standpoint. For the most part these are the inexperienced, and the person who decides to keep a diary will generally be found among them.

The next classification is made of those who break up good strong pipes which have withstood the seasoning process gallantly and done their duty. The same resolutionists throw away their tobacco, pour their liquor in the sewer, and stop swearing. The last set are the knowing ones who have watched the passing of many new year days, and have reaped the harvest of understanding from the places where they have fallen down.

Some of Dawson's population resolved last evening and some did not. Here are the results of a few interviews on the subject.

Rudy Kalenborn—I have solemnly promised myself not to play another jack pot till the dawning of 1902. Also that I will smoke as much tobacco as I feel inclined to in the same period.

Johnny Bechtel—There being no money at the disposal of the council to build an insane asylum, I have quit smoking cigarettes and commenced using strychnine. I have also decided that I will forswear the company of newspaper reporters.

Frank Clayton—That I will not laugh at one of Thompson's jokes for 12 months if it costs me my life. Not even if he explains it. I have looked my habits over very carefully and find that no further reformation is needed.

Sam Wall—That I will not joke any more for at least a year, and maybe not during the century, and that I will buy the biggest pipe I can find.

Fred Payne—I have donated my diamonds to the associated charities and am not going to have the quinsy again during the next 100 years.

Jack Emerson—I am going to start today and make the best time I can between here and Whitehorse.

Ed McConnell—No resolutions in mine.

O. Finstad—To do just as I please for the next 12 months. I bought a case of whiskey today.

Harry Edwards (time, last evening)—It's too early in the game. See me at 12 tomorrow night.

Ed Orr—I have resolved to make no

resolutions. Will let it go as it looks.

George McArthur—I have been trying to figure out a winning system for years, and have decided to stick to this one for a year at least—to keep away from behind the jack and nine.

E. B. Condon—I can't see where a resolution made today would do me any good, so I'm not making any.

J. R. McGovern—That I will not mush any more behind a dog team; that I will never allow another cat to worm its way into my young affections, and that I will never go aboard the Emma Nott again.

B. F. Germain—That I will keep open house next New Year's day.

Deputy Sheriff Seymour—That I will change the brand, buy an indestructible typewriter and write another poem.

Herbert H. E. Robertson—I have resolved to have just as much fun as I can during the next year.

Jack Eilbeck—I have resolved to buy a new hockey stick and refrain from cooking for a year.

Joe Clark—have resolved to incorporate, whether the rest of Dawson does or not.

Dan McKinnon—New Year's resolution? I should say so. I'm going to buy a gun and shoot every reporter I catch outside the city limits for a year.

Andy McKenzie—To stick as closely to the truth as business will permit, and organize a not treat law as applied to press representatives.

Jimmie Hicks—I'll play no more bank.

Al Watson—To eschew bad company, and keep a close watch upon the actions of the chief of the fire department.

Dr. Brown—No resolutions necessary in my case, because I should only have the trouble of breaking them.

Corporal McPhail—No resolutions—not even to the extent of the diary business.

Weldie Young—To inspect everything that is suspected of being a mine in the Stewart river district. I have already reformed.

Steve O'Brien—Too early to tell yet how I'll come out, but I have resolved to reform in several places simultaneously, I may live through it.

Steve Barret—Resolutions not for publication, as they may break all over things.

Chief Stewart—Resolved to do the best I can for myself and everyone else, Al Watson included.

W. P. Allen—To raise a mustache.

Al Smith—To get a larger hammer.

**The Train Was Stopped.**

"One night last winter," said a Boston man, "I came up from the south with two friends of mine. They occupied the stateroom, and I was lodged in a section outside. They were in a hot discussion before they retired, and one of them had finally become so sleepy as to abandon the argument. I turned finally, as they did, but the man to whom the argument had been abandoned did not seem satisfied with the victory he had won, and when I left them he was busily engaged in trying to prolong the talk with his sleepy companion.

"Shortly after I had fallen asleep I was awakened by some confusion in the aisle of the car. The train was at a dead stop, and then I heard the voice of the conductor angrily ask of the porter, 'Now, who in thunder pulled that bell rope?' I had a shrewd suspicion, but deemed it safe to lie quiet and say nothing. Finally the train started, and as they could not find out who had jerked the bell rope the car assumed its customary night aspect. Presently the stateroom door opened and one of my friends requested me to step in and decide a bet. It seems that he who was not sleepy was trying to tell the man who was something to which the sleepy one refused to listen on the ground that the noise of the car wheels made it impossible for him to hear. The other man promptly rang the bell and stopped the train, as has already been told.

"The bet of \$50 was as to who was responsible for stopping the train. The sleepy one said the wide awake one, because he had pulled the bell rope. The wide awake one said it was the sleepy one, because he had averred that he could not hear what was said to him because of the rumbling of the train, which naturally led to the train being stopped. I decided in favor of the wide awake man, which effectually waked the other up also. Which would you have decided in favor of?"—Ex.

**Owing to Snow.**

People experienced in Yukon winter weather assert that the mildness of the present winter is due to the more than usual heavy fall of snow. It is the previous history of the country that winters of heavy snow falls are unusually mild. It is predicted that there will be considerable more snow fall during the next two months and that next spring will witness very high water throughout the Yukon valley.

THAT KANSAS MURDER CASE

Trial of a Woman That Has Interested the World.

Two Females Fight With Razors Till One Dies—Jessie Morrison a Hopeful Prisoner.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 11.—A special to the Star from Eldorado, Kan., says:

When Jessie Morrison awoke in her cell this morning it was with a realization that her fate at the hands of the jury would soon be known. Her hope of acquittal which had begun to arise with the close of court on Friday last, had become almost an assurance. The closing arguments were not finished until 10 o'clock last night. At that time Judge Shinn sent the jury to a hotel for the night, with instructions not to begin consideration of their verdict until 8:30 o'clock this morning. At that hour the jury was led into a small room in the courthouse set aside for it and its struggles began. In the hallway outside the men could be heard talking loudly, apparently all at the same time. It is the opinion of the lawyers on both sides that no matter what the verdict may be it will not be reached for a day or two. When the jury was sent out to deliberate the prisoner and her family retired to her cell.

Miss Morrison this morning received 40 letters of sympathy. A New York physician extended an invitation from himself and his wife to her to make her home with them when she should have been acquitted.

The case has been one of the most interesting in the annals of Kansas crimes. The principals were Jessie Morrison, daughter of M. H. Morrison, formerly probate judge, Mrs. Clara Wiley Castle and Olin Castle, the latter's husband. All came of prominent families, who had lived in the county for the past quarter of a century. Miss Morrison and Castle were clerks in a "racket" store, and before he married Clara Wiley, Castle paid attention to the prisoner. It was shown in the trial that much jealousy existed between the two women, and it was fanned to a glow by Castle, who apparently gloried in their discomfiture.

Miss Wiley and Castle were married in June last. On June 22 the women fought with a razor in Mrs. Castle's house, and the latter died of her wounds 18 days later. In a deathbed statement Mrs. Castle charged Miss Morrison with entering her house on pretense of showing her a letter, of talking in a threatening manner and then slashing her with a razor, which the defense tried to show she had abstracted from a showcase in the racket store. Miss Morrison's plea was self-defense, and on the stand she declared that Mrs. Castle had called her into the house, attacked her and made it necessary for the defendant to cut her to save her own life.

Miss Morrison was last July indicted for murder in the first degree and has since been refused bail. It took five days to secure a jury, over 400 men having been subpoenaed. Each side presented about 40 witnesses and eight lawyers were retained.

The taking of testimony consumed 11 days' time and the arguments were begun Saturday morning. The defendant fainted in her cell on Wednesday after a fit of sobbing, and cried much in the court room. It was feared that she would break down before her testimony could be heard, but on the day the prisoner took the stand she displayed remarkable nerve and coolness.

She recited the details of the terrible death struggle without hesitation, and underwent the rigid cross-examination of the state's attorneys without show of fear.

Since then she has grown brighter and stronger as her hopes of acquittal rise. Former Judge Morrison has been at his daughter's side constantly during the trial, which has daily attracted great crowds.

Sunday, attended by her relatives, Miss Morrison spent the time in her cell singing and praying, while Olin Castle joined a party of hunters. Castle was not in the court room during the closing arguments.

Jessie Morrison is 29 years old. Mrs. Castle was 28 and Castle 26.

**Candidates in Jackpot.**

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 12.—During the recent election in the district of Yale-Cariboo for a seat in the Canadian house of commons, it was a matter of general surprise when the returns were all in to find that two somewhat remote polling places had gone solidly for

Gallagher, the government candidate. Gardner, in East Kootenay, and the 150-Mile were the two peculiar localities, and it is positively asserted that the result at the 150 Mile was brought about in this way:

The electors of that unconventional locality decided to vote as a unit for one of the three candidates—Gallagher, the Liberal nominee; McKane, the Conservative, and Foley, the labor-candidate. The combined vote was a jackpot to be played for. The adherents of the three candidates selected each its own most expert poker player and the game was started with 20 chips in front of each player. The gamewaster representing Gallagher was the most expert or the most lucky, and he won, so Gallagher received 45 solid votes from that polling division, every elector living up to the agreement.

At Gardner the only voters were two government appointees, the deputy returning officer and his poll clerk, and as they could not vote against Gallagher without detection, they naturally voted for the government which employed them.

**"All the Jolly Fun to Ye."**

There is always a mixture of the horrible and the delightful in a London crowd. The "horrible" includes the water squirters, which are known by the name of "all the jolly fun." In a previous letter I have spoken of these squirters being brought into requisition during the election by rude boys and girls who show their disapproval of certain quiet men who, on being interrogated, have declared their intention of voting in opposition to the views of the rude boys and girls. In a large crowd there are always hundreds of these squirters which are always referred to as "all the jolly fun."

"Oh, missus! All the jolly fun to ye!" cries a street hooligan at a hand-somely dressed woman in a carnival crowd, and into her face is squirted the water. This sort of "fun" is, of course, never resorted to by any but the lower Londoners, but lower Londoners make up a large part of a London crowd. It is useless to protest against it, and so far it has appeared useless to agitate the subject in parliament. Many times, so I am told, staid parliamentarians have given their attention to this subject and have brought up the proposition to abolish "all the jolly fun" by punishing any persons seen carrying one, but in spite of agitation against it "all the jolly fun" remains a horrible feature and fixture in a London crowd.

Another of the carnival horrors has been the "tickler," but it is an insignificant discomfort compared with "all the jolly fun." Ticklers, ticklers—two a penny. Who'd be without a tickler when ticklers are so cheap? This is the selling cry of the vender of peacock feathers, otherwise "ticklers." They sell like hot cakes in the London crowd, nearly every member of which seems to become possessed of a passion to tickle his or her neighbor on the ear or in the neck with a peacock's feather. The buying and manipulation of the "tickler" are not confined to the lower Londoners. College boys out for a lark and clubmen, having disguised themselves, are especially adept at wielding the peacock feather.—London Letter.

**Burning of Farms.**

London, Dec. 12.—Forty one proclamations of Lord Roberts have been published. They have been mostly summarized previously in the newspapers. The last one, dated November 18, says: "As there appears to be some misunderstanding as regards the burning of farms, the commander-in-chief wishes the following to be the lines upon which general officers commanding are to act:

"No farm is to be burned, except for an act of treachery, or when our troops have been fired on from the premises, or as punishment for the breaking of the telegraph or railway, or when used as a basis of operations for raids, and then only with the direct consent of the general officer commanding. The mere fact that a burglar is absent on command is on no account to be used as a reason for burning houses. All cattle, wagons and foodstuffs are to be removed from all farms. If that is impossible they are to be destroyed, whether the owner is present or not."

**The Billiard Tournament.**

The last game played in the present billiard tournament now on at the Regina Club was played Friday night when C. S. W. Barwell essayed to make 190 while E. C. Senkler was piling up 160. The result was that Senkler had made 160 while Barwell was striving to surmount 177.

The next game may be played tomorrow night and will be E. C. Senkler 160, vs. C. A. Dugas 110. The winner of this game will then play with W. H. McKay the final game of the tournament.

THE DR. BETTINGER MYSTERY

How the Evening Pipe Dreamer Thickens It.

Exclusive Telegraph Franchise Not Affected by Broken Wire—Wonder of the New Century.

The supposed disappearance from the trail between Dawson and Whitehorse of Dr. Joseph Bettinger, accounts of which have previously appeared in this paper, is sufficiently mysterious of itself with the intervention of the Daily News to further complicate the situation.

Yesterday we were rejoiced to read in the News and under a big heading the information that Dr. Bettinger was met on Lebarge on December 17th, just two weeks previous to yesterday, and further down in the same article the News assures us that "Mr. Fretwell's story sets at rest the apprehensions felt regarding Dr. Bettinger's supposed fate." The above was pleasing to all who read it as people generally have manifested deep interest in the matter and many and profound have been the expressions of sorrow for the missing man and of sympathy for his wife, a bride of but a few weeks; therefore, the article in the News headed "Dr. Bettinger is All Right," was hailed with delight when it caught the eye of the public yesterday evening.

But the News did not stop with saying Dr. Bettinger is all right. The News has an "exclusive" franchise which is a wonder. Notwithstanding the fact that the telegraph wire was down continuously from Saturday until today, the News, by its "exclusive" franchise, received the following yesterday labeled "special to the Daily News":

"Skagway, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Bettinger, wife of the missing doctor, has sailed for Seattle and will enlist her brother in the search. They will probably return together."

"The 'exclusive' franchise, like young Lochinvar who came out from the west, is not easily downed. Broken wires are no obstacle to its working with the result that the News' readers are regaled with up-to-date telegraphic news regardless of broken wires.

An "exclusive" franchise is a great "ting."

But the question is: Which, if either, of the News's stories is to be relied upon. People would like to believe the one which says "Dr. Bettinger is all right," but 14 days after the News says he was met on Lebarge the News further says by its telegram, which is infallible because the product of an "exclusive" franchise, that the doctor never arrived and refers to him as the "Missing doctor."

It is a rule of philosophy that when bodies of equal weight and velocity come together they fall to the ground. This same rule applies to the News' conflicting stories of yesterday, and the only logical conclusion that can be reached is that the News never interviewed a man named Fretwell; neither did it receive the telegram, but that both stories were ordinary—very common News pipe dreams.

**Meeting Night Changed.**

At the last meeting the local camp of the Arctic Brotherhood the time for holding the regular meetings was changed from Friday to Tuesday nights.

Today being a legal holiday no meeting will be held tonight. But hereafter a meeting will occur regularly each Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

**An Oriental Married.**

Denver, Dec. 12.—Panay G. Voulo Vouraky, son and heir of Bee Vouraky, one of the hereditary chieftains of the Island of Crete, one of the best versed men of the day in the languages of the Orient, who has a record as a soldier under many flags and as an officer of the United States secret service, was married in Denver by Magistrate Rice to Mrs. Effie Cook, daughter of Fred Smith, and granddaughter of the late Col. McMartin of the British guards. They became engaged a week ago, having met last summer in Salt Lake. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Crete.

Vouraky has held positions as instructor in classics at Harvard, University of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburg and at Tulane University, New Orleans. At one time he served on the detective force in San Francisco and assisted in the arrest of Theodore Durant. Later he went into the United States secret service and was engaged in breaking up gangs of counterfeiters.

# A BACHELOR WAS ROPED IN

## He Had No Use For Petticoats or Their Wearers

### But Fell in Love With His Secretary Before Learning Her Sex—It Was Mutual.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.  
"All women are" divided into two classes—either designing adventuresses or simpering dolls. As for me," quoth Halbert cynically, "give me the first every time. You can trust to an adventuress to have a little gray matter at least in her cranium." He was talking to his secretary, young Allen, a callow youth, almost effeminate, but nevertheless brainy, too brainy, as Halbert expressed it, for his size and weight. Allen had got used to these sinister observations concerning womankind and rarely ever offered any comment either to agree or to refute the other's statements. These two individuals were a study for one another. The hour in which Allen accepted the position of private secretary, a short time before, they found pleasant communion of tastes and ideas and a peculiar inexplicable sympathy of feeling that seemed to have puzzled both.

Halbert was a confirmed bachelor. He boasted of never having proposed to any woman. He was afraid of them. In his estimation they were all scheming politicians and ready to marry him or any man at a moment's notice. "Keep the women away from me!" snarled Halbert at times when driven by force to a crush. "I'd rather smoke or sleep." And the little secretary, with his strong, boyish ardor, kept them far away and comforted Halbert with his companionable silence.

The one measure in Allen's make up which Halbert could not understand was his reluctance to smoke. He could never get him to indulge even in a cigarette. And in the matter of drinking, though Allen could mix a punch or a cocktail with commendable art, he brought them untasted to Halbert as a kind of offering to that exalted wretch. "You should have been a woman, by gad," Halbert said once to him. "A thousand pardons, Allen, but you would have made a fine looking girl. You've got grace and tact enough for it, you know. Why, believe me, Allen, if there were women like you today, with the brain and all, I believe I'd marry one of them." Allen actually blushed and retreated in confusion.

Halbert liked this display of apparent shyness, and his affection for the boy grew. He liked to slap him on the back and he said he felt lonesome when the chap was away. "I tell you what, Allen, I don't know whether to adopt you as my son, considering the fact that I shall never have one of my own, or whether to let things slide on as formerly and just double your salary."

Things slid on as formerly until Halbert announced a hunting trip to Abyssinia. He had actually completed plans for both and was sketching out in his imagination the delicious camaraderie of two in a tent in the wilds of Africa when Allen announced his intention to resign.

"You ungrateful beggar, you can't resign," Halbert snorted. "Why, my boy, I can't go without you. What's the matter?"  
"The fact of the matter is, sir," Allen replied respectfully, "I don't want to go with you."

It was a blow, and it landed between Halbert's eyes. He loved Allen if he ever loved any being on earth, and this was the first time that he ever had been thwarted. Not given to sentiment or pleading, he nursed his agony silently, for Allen's abruptness stung him with all the agony of unfeeling ingratitude, of unrequited love, treachery in a friend—everything. It pained Halbert as he had never been pained before. That afternoon he ordered his horse for a long ride and went out dejectedly with a load on his shoulders. He wanted to puzzle out the situation. He had never to plead with any one before in his life for what he wanted, and he hated to plead now. It might seem unmanly, he feared. He went out without calling to Allen, and he did not return for dinner.

The secretary in the meantime felt an unhappy sinking of his heart as the hours dragged by and Halbert did not return. It was his custom at least to return to dress for the evening, especially if he meant to dine out, and his continued absence made Allen uneasy. He did not know whether Halbert cared about his refusal to accompany him, but he knew that he himself

cared, and he felt he could not acquaint his friend with the real reason until he had actually gone.

At 9 o'clock Halbert came back—not exactly on a stretcher, but leaning on the arm of his valet. He had had a bad fall somewhere on the Riverside drive, and he turned his elbow badly—sprained it, in fact. They had actually subjected him to the annoyance of carrying him to a hospital because he had been too dazed to remonstrate, and when his mind was eventually clear he demanded removal to his own rooms.

His valet settled him comfortably on a divan and left the room when Halbert sank into a light slumber. In a few moments Allen came in, white, haggard, limp with anxiety, and stood there looking at Halbert with startled pain in his gaze; then, with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he knelt down beside the divan for a moment and, grasping one of the sufferer's hands in his own, pressed it to his lips with a sob of distress and pain.

Halbert opened his eyes and turned to look at him. He was almost too dumfounded to speak. Allen got up in confusion, and Halbert kept smiling and staring at him in a riot of bewildered ideas, groping, as he did, in a queer labyrinth of uncertainties like a man struggling to face some peculiar situation that his mind refuses to grasp. "I trust you will pardon my intrusion," Allen said, standing by a window and looking out into the night, "but they told me you had been seriously hurt, and—and—it almost broke my heart."

Halbert sat up on the edge of the divan and, drawing his dressing gown around him closely, remained there looking at Allen like one surprised in half toilet and somewhat nervous because of it. The kiss of the youth burned still in the flesh of his hand, and it traveled along the channels of feeling and warmed his heart.

Something was groping in his mind for recognition. He still stared at Allen and took in, with careful, scrutinizing gaze, the supple lines of his tall, svelte figure, the curves of his long neck, the slender hands and feet. "Allen," Halbert said, and he got up and walked close to the youth and stood near him, his eyes still searching the boyish face, "Allen, I want to ask you a question. In God's name, don't be offended if I am wrong. But I don't think I am wrong. It never occurred to me before, but I am a blind fool, and it unnerves me. Look at me, Allen, and answer this: Are you a woman?"

Allen winced and turned farther away and leaned against a table as if to steady himself. The young face seamed with pain. There was a long silence as Halbert awaited for the other to speak. "You are a woman," he repeated.

"Yes, I am a woman." The words came at last, firmly, almost defiantly, like thunder in Halbert's ears, stunning him.

"My God!" was all that came from between the parted, eager lips of the other. "But this costume—why this? I don't understand."

"Because everybody has a prejudice against petticoats in the professions," the girl answered, "and I was bound I would not let that interfere with my progress. Why should I be bound down, tied like a slave, because of a mere selfish, unreasonable prejudice?" The color burned in her cheeks brilliantly, and Halbert stepped toward her when a sudden, quick movement, his arms outstretched, love on his tongue, in his eyes, in his gestures.

The girl stepped away from him as he would have touched her arm.

"Mr. Halbert," she said, with dignity, "I am your secretary and in your rooms, and you have discovered that I am a woman. Please respect my unhappy position, for I want you to believe that I am neither a designing adventuress nor a simpering doll. There is another class that you seem to be unacquainted with—that you do not seem to take into consideration." She looked at him steadily, her eyes burning with determination.

Halbert's head sank under the siege of her look. Her speech hurt him; it crushed him. Yes, he loved this girl; he understood it now. He had been a blind, self-absorbed fool.

"Girl don't crush me under your heel." He had not thought that there could be lack of respect where love dwelt.

"While I am your secretary you must not speak of love. It is an unfair advantage."

"Then I discharge you this moment," cried Halbert, aroused. The girl could scarcely suppress a smile, though she struggled to be adamant. She turned and walked quickly toward the door.

"Come back, girl. Don't go and leave me like this. You've wounded your self all around my heart with a million

tendrils. I can't let you go now—I want you to be my wife. Don't you love me? You won't go away now when I want you most."

She turned and smiled at him. He was pleading in abject humility. "Don't you love me?" he cried out to her—he, Halbert, the cynic—conquered! "Well, yes," she called back, "I think I do." She was laughing, but her kiss was there on his hand still. He knew.

"Then you will go to Abyssinia after all, won't you, dear?"

His laughter still greeted him from a distance, and he flung himself back on the divan and gave himself up to love dreams such as never before thawed the chilly exterior of the man who had fled from petticoats and hid from them in smoking rooms for the last 25 years. Halbert was overcome, in love like a schoolboy, his heart fluttering, buoyant, ecstatic. And the kiss was there on his hand. He carried it to his lips and drank the honey of the spot where her own lips had been. —Chicago Tribune.

#### Might Have Been Fatal.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 7.—What came very nearly being the largest mining disaster in the history of the Butte camp, occurred today. Fortunately no lives were lost, but 21 unconscious and half-suffocated miners were hauled to the surface by ropes from the Bell mine, and laid out in rows, while nearly all the doctors in the city worked over them and by means of artificial respiration and strong stimulants, finally succeeded in reviving all the victims.

A month ago fire broke out in the Bell shaft, one of the Anaconda Company's properties, and so far all attempts to extinguish it have proved unavailing. A force of men were put to work today in the air shaft, 300 feet deep, with the intention of drifting to head of the fire in the main shaft. At noon the men failed to come to the surface and a second gang was sent down to investigate. The second party also failed to return and a third shift were overcome by sulphurous gasses before a fourth party, protected with smoke helmets, reached the spot. The unconscious men were passed up ladders—one at a time with great difficulty until all were taken to the surface. It is not believed that any of the victims will sustain permanent injury.

#### A Story of Anthony Hope.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, always a believer in men of letters standing by each other, worked strenuously hard to help on the fund which the Author's society of London is trying to accumulate, from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income and who view increasing years with fear.

Once an unfortunate writer who visited Mr. Hawkins at his rooms in Buckingham street, by the Embankment gardens, explained on leaving with something in his pocket, "Oh, sir, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!"

And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye, "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."—Ex.

#### The Nugget in Iowa.

The Klondike Daily Nugget is the name of a very neat four-page five-column paper published at Dawson city. A copy of this paper of August 18, contains an item of news and interest. The item referred to refers to the arrival there of the steamer Susie in charge of Capt. T. H. Dawson, of Duquette, who has been running on the Yukon for three years. The Susie made the trip up that stream from St. Michael in eleven days, which breaks all former records. The distance is 2000 miles. The Susie brought up 400 tons of freight and about 100 passengers whose names are given.

At the head of the editorial column is given the subscription price of the Daily Nugget, which is \$40 per year in advance. By carriers delivered in Dawson it is \$4 per month in advance. This shows that the publishers are losing nothing through subscriptions. They also seem to have a telephone line in Dawson, which reaches some of the nearby towns and camps. It is advertised as a great convenience, the price being \$30 per month. There seems to be a lot of provisions in Dawson, steamboats arriving almost every day and each one brings up big cargoes. But of course a large area of country is supplied from there, and these supplies can only be taken in there during the few mild summer months, and for this reason all staple provisions as well as luxuries are very high.—Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph.

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

#### POLICE COURT NEWS.

A number of small cases were demanded for future hearing in the police court this morning before the case of Mrs. F. W. Clark against Angus Sutherland for failure to feed and otherwise properly care for a span of horses which she had hired to him to haul wood. She stated that on the last of October or the first of November she had left him take the team which was loose in the hills, but in good condition. All she had received for the use of her horses since that time was about three quarters of a cord of wood, and that two weeks ago when the animals were returned to her it would have taken their united efforts to throw a shadow. She said that the barn they had been kept in had been largely consumed by the animals in lieu of better feed, and that they had been nothing but a bill of expense to her since, nor would they be able to work for a long time to come. Wm. Pendergast, who was a partner of Sutherland's at the time the horses were taken, testified that at times over two cords of green birch had been hauled by the team at a load, but that the horses had always had enough to eat. W. H. Ballis said that the horses had been brought to his place to be fed while he was away, but that if he had been at home he would not have taken them in for fear they would die on his hands, and that even now they were unable to do more than carry their harness and would be unable to draw anything weightier than their breath for some time to come, although they had had two weeks of good care. The accused himself said that at times the horses had acted as if they were sick, but he did not know of anything that could be the matter with them as they were well fed with the best hay and oats the market afforded. Mr. Pendergast was recalled to the stand and questioned by the defendant concerning those two cord loads of green birch alleged to have been hauled by the team in question, and succeeded in bringing forth the interesting and somewhat curious information that while the wood in question was not dry wood when it was loaded on the sleigh, it was dry when delivered, or at least the consumer was told that it was. Magistrate McDonnell said that since it had been proven that the team had been so well fed during the time the defendant had them, he could only consider that their loss in avoirdupois and ability to haul wood was due to overwork, and the fine would be \$25 and costs.

#### Traffic in Chinamen.

Port Townsend, Dec. 8.—The growing traffic in handling contraband Chinese across the border between this state and British Columbia has attracted the attention of the immigration bureau of the treasury department with the effect that a careful investigation of existing conditions is to be made, and upon the report to be submitted will depend the proposal to materially increase the government force in that department, detailed for service in Washington.

The nearness of the British boundary, and the fact that there are hundreds of miles to be patrolled to successfully enforce the exclusion law against the entrance of Chinese into this country, has at last been brought so pointedly before the authorities that the stable is about to be locked, although many of the horses have been stolen.

Aboard the Rosalie today and bound for Victoria where the collection of Chinese statistics in the Northwest will be inaugurated, was Special United States Immigration Inspector James Bigler, attached to the California detail which so successfully enforces the exclusion law.

Mr. Bigler's mission is to ascertain as near as possible the number of Chinese in British Columbia, who are and are not provided with certificates entitling them to entrance under the Stars and Stripes.

He will, in the course of his work, inspect the boundary, and make such recommendations for the establishing of new officers, as the exigencies of the occasion may warrant.

Mr. Bigler is one of the pioneer officers in the immigration service, and his thorough knowledge with the details and requirements of the work occasioned his being detached and ordered to the important undertaking.

#### Mail Expected.

Owing to the fact that there is a break in the telegraph line between Ogilvie and Stewart, no news has been received today of the incoming mail, which was reported as leaving Selkirk last Friday afternoon. However, if nothing unusual happens, the mail should reach here tomorrow evening. It was expected that the break in the wire will be repaired by tonight.

#### A Narrow Escape.

Stella Mason, an 11-year-old girl, narrowly escaped what might have been a serious accident this forenoon on Third street in front of the West block. While riding in a sled drawn by the three dogs the leader made a dash immediately under a team of horses attached to a sled drawing the sled and its fair little passenger directly among the feet of the frightened and plunging horses. By-laders rushed to the rescue and, strange to say, the child was rescued with nothing more severe than a bad scare and a few slight bruises.

# ADMIRE THE NUGGET SPECIAL

## What the Business Men of Dawson Have to Say

### Regarding the Christmas Edition—Many Will Be Sent Away—Supply Soon Exhausted.

The recent special issue of the Nugget has attracted a great deal of interest and no little praise as the expressions of leading men printed below will show. Almost upon the day of issue the entire edition was sold out, the demand being so great that if the number printed was duplicated a ready sale for another edition could easily be effected. The labor incident to a work of this character in a city without the customary material at hand, from a mechanical standpoint can not be appreciated except by those familiar with the business.

Outside of the undertaking of publishing the issue during the regular production of a daily and eight-page semi-weekly paper which in itself was a task of no small magnitude, the engraving of the plates for the work was a particularly trying one. The process employed, so far as known, has never been done by any other engraving plant in the country. All the illustrations including the colored cuts on the cover were made from brush drawings with asphaltum which was the only obtainable material in the city that could be used on zinc for the purpose. A special preparation is usually employed in etching and the use of this material for the purpose of making line cuts has never before been successfully used.

Another feature of the work is that the price per copy was but twenty-five cents, the same price as a regular issue of the Nugget.

Mr. Shindler—I think it is a most commendable work and too much praise cannot be given or appreciation shown for that production. It excels any similar work I ever saw on the outside, taking into consideration the disadvantages you had to labor under in this country.

W. H. Parsons, of Ames Mercantile Co.—I am very much pleased with your special issue and congratulate you on your work.

Mr. Milne—I have got a number of copies which I shall send outside. The work is a very creditable one.

Donald B. Olson—I think it's remarkable for a local production, the illustrations being all made here, and in that respect particularly I think it is very fine indeed.

J. E. Doherty, of the McDonald Iron Works—She's a peach. I did not think it possible you could produce anything like that in this country. Just say anything you want; you cannot make it too strong or express my appreciation too highly.

Dr. Cook, Ladue Co.—It is a very fine work and reflects credit upon the ability of the Nugget people.

E. W. Brown, A. E. Co.—A fine effort. I am going to send out some of the papers to show what we are doing in Dawson.

"I think the special edition of the Nugget is a most remarkable one and it has my greatest appreciation. It contains matter of general interest which cannot fail to be appreciated."

#### A Female Anarchist.

New York, Dec. 8.—The Times says: Emma Goldman, who has been conferring with anarchist groups in England and France, has returned to this country. She made a hurried tour of the various anarchist headquarters in this city last night. She says that the anarchists from various countries had arranged to hold an international anarchist congress in Paris but just as it was about to convene the police officials swooped down, broke up the meeting and drove the leaders out of the city. It was an outrage, she declared, and showed that even the socialist government was under the domination of the rich. In spite of the Parisian authorities, however, she said, a secret congress was held and arrangements made for the propaganda.

Miss Goldman was angry also at the spathy of the people in England regarding the spread of propaganda. They acted, she said, as if a social revolution was never heard of.

#### Mr. Tache en Route.

Government Engineer J. C. Tache is en route to Dawson from Whitehorse. A telegram from the latter point announced that Mr. Tache may be expected at any time.

