

The Nugget Circulates From Skagway to Nome

LANDE FOR ALDERMAN.

Three Candidates for Mayor but Only One for Alderman so Far, Though Others Will Be In the Field In a Few Days. For the Yukon Council.

The only political gossip of the week to center around the publication of J. H. Davidson's announcement of his candidacy for mayor. He has announced for this position two days ago, and this was generally known yesterday. It has led to the proposition of a new candidate for mayor, no less a personage than the popular merchant R. W. Vernon. Whether that gentleman will run or not is probably in doubt, but his friends are trying to induce him to accept the nomination as a pressure that he will not be able to withstand. Mr. Vernon will withdraw from his candidature for the Yukon council, and enter the race for mayor, is still in doubt. There are certain indications that he will follow this course to be found in the fact that a number of his supporters are also the supporters of Mr. Vernon for the Yukon council. If Mr. Vernon runs for mayor instead he will have all this vote. The number who have come forward to invite Mr. Davidson to become a candidate for the Yukon council is said to be large, and the announcement of his candidature may reasonably be expected tomorrow or Monday. It is noted that Mr. Davidson has the idea of a ticket, and rumor connects with it the names of Mr. Lande, who announces himself as a candidate, Mr. Arnold of the N. T. & C. Co., who is saying nothing about it, and Attorney Shoff, who is doing a good deal of talking for Mr. Davidson. Collector of Customs D. W. Davis is also a candidate for the

majority, and his friends believe that he will be in at the finish and make a strong running. Alderman Vernon says he never permitted himself to dream of being mayor, but the friends who voted for him last time are satisfied with his conduct in the council and will vote for him again. So he is going to run. Alderman Macdonald will also seek re-election. The friends of the new candidates for the city council are making complaint that they are placed at a disadvantage as against the present members of the council who will seek re-election in that they have no opportunity of scrutinizing the voters' list. They think it ought to be printed to even things up between the several candidates. There is plenty of time before nomination day, and there is likely to be other candidates and a really hot election for the \$4000 a year which represents the mayoralty. There are also likely to be some additions to the number of candidates in the city who will contest the two seats in the Yukon council. But political matters are liable to run along in this tame fashion, nothing but gossip, until it is seen who are the real candidates; those who have been nominated and have their deposit put up—then will begin the slate making and combines. See Mrs. T. D. Macfarlane as "The Gipsy Queen" in the opera "The Bohemian Girl," at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The Nugget's facilities for burning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.



PRUDHOMME—"If only I had not switched." WOOD—"As usual, I don't know when I am at." THOMPSON—"Well, it looks good to me."

FIRE AT WHITEHORSE

Totally Destroyed Three Buildings

The Rainer Hotel the Only one Occupied—All Were Tent Structures.

Whitehorse, Dec. 13.—The Rainer hotel and two adjoining buildings were burned on Monday afternoon. The buildings and contents were a total loss. All were tent buildings. The Rainer was the only one occupied.

OFF FOR OTTAWA

W. G. Harrison, private secretary of Mr. James Hamilton Ross, M.P., received a wire from him today stating he was abundantly satisfied with the result of the election and that he would leave Victoria for Ottawa on Sunday next.

MAJORITY 845.

Returns of the election were received today as follows: Ross, Clarke 45 15; Duncan A 113 13; Gordon 37 3; Clear 31 3; McQueen 19 1. Mr. Ross' majority at the present time is 845, with four polling places yet to hear from.

RAISED A RUMPUS

Sun Stiring Up Strife Between City Council and the Police Department by Agitating an Alleged Grievance.

The man with a grievance has bobbed up again. He was arrested for being drunk and disorderly and on his trial before Police Magistrate Macaulay the latter did him the favor of granting a dismissal on the customary caution. His name is John O'Connor, but not satisfied with being let off without punishment he considers he was arrested without sufficient cause and has threatened to bring charges against Corporal Egan declaring him to be guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer of the law. To make matters worse the Sun this morning picked the matter up, making a scorching article out of something not worthy of two lines, with the apparent intent of stirring up strife between the city council and the police department. The Sun made a mountain out of a molehill, stirred up a pretty kettle of fish and is in decidedly bad odor in official quarters. Then, too, Tom Chisholm's name was dragged into the mess in a manner indicative of him having received special favors at the hands of the police during the campaign. The entire report was ill advised, calculated to do nothing but stir up bad feelings and was useful for but one purpose—to fill up space. Corporal Egan's record of the past few years as one of the most fearless officers in the police force is too well known to have any attention paid to petty attacks directed at him for an imaginary persecution, and there is not the remotest chance of the city council giving any heed to charges of the character such as have been described. Some have declared the hand of the oily politician is visible in the inspiration of the Sun's account, but such is scarcely credited. It is well known, however, that several members of the city council have used their utmost endeavors to have the city adopt its own police force in lieu of the N.W.M.P., notwithstanding the additional expense of some \$30,000 yearly such would be to the city. On the part of the officers at the head of the police department there will be no investigation whatever as to Egan's conduct. None has been asked or called for and none is warranted. In the event of the council taking up O'Connor's complaint, which is considered ridiculous to assume, and that august body found him guilty all that could be done would be to request that he be relieved from further duty on the town detail. That would simply mean his transfer to the barracks and he would still be, as much an officer of the peace with just the same authority in reflecting arrears, nor would he lose any of the high regard in which he is now held by his officers. Egan made a name for himself in accomplishing Brophy's arrest and it will not soon be forgotten. All leading grocers carry Rex Sliced Bacon in 3-B. cans.

THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE

Castro's Only Hope Rests in His Ability to Secure Arbitration—Is Playing the Monroe Doctrine for All It is Worth—Minister Bowen Will Offer His Services—Castro Aims to be Dictator of United South American Republics—Mr. Hay's Policy.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Caracas, Dec. 12.—The situation in Venezuela is desperate although Castro has hopes that American Minister Bowen may succeed in getting affairs submitted to arbitration. He is playing the Monroe Doctrine tune wildly and loudly in the hope that Washington may hear it. Castro wants Minister Bowen to conduct negotiations through Washington with Berlin and London in the hope of avoiding an armed conflict. Meanwhile Castro has taken preservative measures at Laguaira. He has seized all the coal and British railway cars, rendering transportation of the allied troops by rail impossible. The allies are reported to be about to seize the ports of Laguaira and Cabello. Castro thinks he has enough troops to repel the allies. He has issued orders that all men between eighteen and fifty must enroll or be declared traitors. Defensive preparations are being rigorously pushed, trenches have

been dug and drills of recruits are undertaken night and day. The Venezuelans are making great patriotic demonstrations. NO TRACE OF REPLY. London, Dec. 11.—The British government has obtained no trace so far to the reply of Castro to the ultimatum alleged to have been sent early in the week. They have, however, got a copy of Castro's manifesto. The foreign office is not inclined to accept any arbitration proposals at this late stage. Castro should have been that politic earlier. The British disclaim responsibility for the sinking of Venezuelan war vessels, saying the action was purely on the part of the Germans. The foreign office officials say no exchange of views has occurred with other European nations, it being definitely held that the states should be left free to make any offers of mediation. America is the only power entitled to act intermed-

ary. French vessel Ossun, which was seized by Germans, has been released and the incident is thus relieved of much gravity. France is mixed up in the squabble only so far as her claims against Venezuela are concerned, and it has been agreed to submit its claims to arbitration of a Spanish jurist. JUST A BLUFF. Berlin, Dec. 12.—Berlin regards Castro's war preparations as a bluff designed to see how far the allies will go and as a test of Washington's attitude. Above all it is the hope of Castro to unite his people with the view of making him acceptable as dictator and saving the country from foes. MERCHANT'S VIEWS. Caracas, Dec. 12.—Manuel Gonzales a merchant of Caracas has given an interview in Chicago in which he styles Castro as a man of abnormal

ambition, desiring to bring about a union of South American republics of which he is to be head. He aims to be the Diaz of Venezuela. The conservative people of his country are strongly opposed to his aggressive policy. The radical element is with him and his followers give Castro hints that he is strong enough to contend with Britain and Germany. HAY'S ATTITUDE. Washington, Dec. 12.—Secretary Hay this afternoon authorized Minister Bowen to use his good offices to secure arbitration. Bowen must understand, however, in the event of arbitration that he would represent Venezuela and not the United States. Washington recognizes that the way is best with difficulty, especially at France and Italy have claims against the country as well as Britain and Germany. The United States will not at present send any warships to Venezuelan waters, added Mr. Hay.

FOR ALDERMAN.

Editor Klondike Nugget: Having been repeatedly requested and urged by a large number of electors to run for alderman in the coming election, I have at last consented to accede to their wishes, and hereby offer myself as a candidate for that honorable and responsible office. In this connection, Mr. Editor, let it be distinctly understood that under no circumstances do I intend to make any campaign or election promises, as they are, invariably, a sort of legal tender, very easy to circulate but most difficult if ever redeemed. My attention and efforts, if elected, will at all times be centered upon the betterment of the entire business community, with particular consideration and earnest regard for the welfare and interest of every ratepayer, regardless of any particular locality, race or religion. Yours respectfully, A. LA LANDE.

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

At the request of a large number of the ratepayers and electors of Dawson, I have the honor to announce myself as a candidate for mayor for the coming year. If I am elected the best interests of the city of Dawson will be my policy first, last and all the time. D. W. DAVIS.

Suffered Relapse

Nov. 21.—John Dillon, the man who became ill yesterday, is reported to have suffered a relapse. While his condition may be somewhat improved, it is almost constant attendance upon him, as they fear another relapse. Mr. Dillon's engagements to the various societies have been canceled. He has spoken next Wednesday at a mass meeting of the Irish Societies of St. Louis. Mr. Dillon will go in his stead. Mr. Dillon is expected to speak with Edward Walsh, M.P., at Toronto on Monday at Ottawa on December 13. Mr. Dillon has been canceled on account of Mr. Dillon's illness. The first of Mr. Dillon's engagements that he can hope to fill is at the Washington on December 7. Mr. Dillon is expected to speak in New York, where he will take a steamer for Europe on December 13. Mr. Dillon has abated somewhat, but is not completely run down from overwork.

MRS. SMYTHE'S DANCING ACADEMY

Fancy and Ballroom Dancing taught. Class lessons Tuesday and Friday evenings from 8 to 10. Private lessons arranged for Socials twice a month. Lessons \$1.00. Eagle hall, opposite Nugget office.

Warm Coat Sale... 20% DISCOUNT. On all Fur Coats, Fur Lined Coats, Fur Trimmed Coats and Cloth Overcoats. Not a slaughter sale of old stock but A Quick Turn in New Goods. Sargent & Pinsky, 116 2nd Avenue. Mail Orders Promptly Attended To. NO CREDIT.

STEAMER MISSING

Thought to Have Gone to the Bottom. Special to the Daily Nugget. Duluth, Dec. 12.—The great lakes steamer Bannockburn is still missing. It is thought she was broken in two and went to the bottom.

HEARD BY CONSENT

Suit for Balance Alleged to be Due on a Scow. Mr. Justice Macaulay by consent took up this morning and heard the case of Burns vs. Sawyer et al, the hearing taking place in the police court building instead of his lordship's court room. The action is a suit for \$230 balance alleged to be due plaintiff for a scow built by him for the defendants Sawyer and Klein. Burns was represented by Mr. Crisp, the defendant Sawyer appearing in his own behalf, Klein being in default. Judgment was reserved.

AGAINST SPIES

Sheet Metal Workers Are Greatly Agitated. Special to the Daily Nugget. Toronto, Dec. 12.—The sheet metal workers' union of Toronto is greatly worked up over a report that employers have planned to have spies in the unions.

IMPROVE CONDITIONS

A Shoe Association Formed in Toronto. Toronto, Dec. 12.—The Wholesale Shoe Association of Toronto has been formed to better business relations within the trade.

Struggle for Control.

New York, Nov. 24.—The struggle for the control of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company was marked today by the issuing of circulars to the stockholders by the several interests represented by Mr. Gould and by Messrs. Edwin Hawley and E. H. Harriman. Mr. Gould, in his circular, declares that the use of his name in a circular dated November 10 was unauthorized. In response to this, Messrs. Hawley and Harriman issued a circular in which they state that it had been understood that Mr. Gould would unite with them in an appeal for proxies. Inquiry being made of Mr. Gould at Lakewood, after business hours today, he made the following statement: "I have issued a circular to the stockholders of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. I prefer not to discuss the matter at present."

Retired From Service

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 24.—The medical commission appointed by Gov. Stone to examine the condition of ex-United States Senator John I. Mitchell, judge of the superior court, with a view to his retirement, reported to the governor today that the judge is incapacitated to perform the duties of his office. Judge Mitchell was elected in 1890 for a term of ten years. About a year afterward he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, and has not recovered to the health since. Under the law, Judge Mitchell will now be retired on half pay until the expiration of his term in 1910. Judge Mitchell served a term as United States senator from this state from 1881 to 1887. He is 64 years of age.

Manicuring for Dogs

One of the latest fads adopted by New York society women is the manicuring of their pet dogs. There being no poor children, no homeless waifs, no shivering orphans, no hungry mothers who weep over pale and miserable little ones in New York, it is necessary for some of that city's pots of fortune to hunt for new ways in which to spend the money they do not need, and the dog manicure offers a new field of usefulness. Chicago Record-Herald.

Big Majority

Special to the Daily Nugget. Toronto, Dec. 12.—The latest figures of the Ontario referendum show 168,050 for and 58,022 against.

Signed Protocol

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, Dec. 12.—The protocol commercial treaty between the States and Cuba has been signed.

Hotel Burned

Special to the Daily Nugget. Spokane, Dec. 12.—The Hedpath hotel, Spokane, was burned. Loss, \$89,000.

Resigned Post

Special to the Daily Nugget. Paris, Dec. 12.—The Spanish ambassador to Paris has resigned.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Rex Sliced Bacon from Winchester. Bacon is the

Special to the Daily Nugget. Job Printing at Nugget office.

The Klondike Nugget

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

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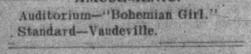
NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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



AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium—"Bohemian Girl." Standard—Vaudeville.

SHOULD BE STOPPED. The attention of this paper has been directed by a number of miners to a flagrant abuse of the regulations which we are informed is quite commonly practiced.

It appears that numerous quartz claims have been staked and recorded in the district, the sole purpose of the locator being to secure wood contained within the boundaries of the claim.

Such action is contrary both to the spirit and letter of the regulations and should not be tolerated.

Section 33 of the regulation governing the location of quartz mining claims reads as follows:

"The holding of a mineral claim on vacant Dominion lands shall be entitled to all surface rights, including the use of all timber thereon for mining or building purposes in connection with the working of said claim for the purpose of developing the mineral contained in said claim."

The statute is certainly specific enough and shows plainly and unmistakably a claim owner who seels the wood from his ground is going beyond the rights granted him under the law.

A man who takes the wood from a quartz claim and places it on the market is not only breaching the law but also inflicting an injury upon the whole community.

Wood is an absolute necessity in the development of a claim, be it quartz or placer, and once stripped of its timber growths a claim loses much of its value.

The legitimate miner is the one who suffers the most from such abuses and it is in his behalf that the Nugget urges closer enforcement of the regulations in question.

RAILWAY FRANCHISE. As noted in these columns yesterday, we regard the matter of granting a franchise to the railroad company to enter Dawson via First avenue as a question to be decided largely by the owners of property on that thoroughfare.

Many of these were interviewed by this paper yesterday and the general opinion was favorable to the wishes of the railroad company. However, it is apparent that there is an opposition feeling among some of the property owners and we shall be pleased to give further publication to any opinions that may be held on the subject.

If any objections are to be entered, now is the accepted time to make them known. If those parties who are opposed to granting the franchise fail to inform the council of their desires they cannot attach blame to any but themselves for any action which may be taken.

The fact that party politics have been eliminated from the contest for the Yukon council will occasion unusually close scrutiny of the personal records and qualifications of candidates.

There are plenty of good strong men to be had without giving consideration to men of undesirable personality. In choosing representatives for the council the territory will follow the precedent established in the recent election for the Dominion house and select the very best men available.

No others can hope to obtain the endorsement of the electors.

The city of Dawson has excellent reason to be proud of its Amateur Operatic Society. The production of the Bohemian Girl as given last evening in the Auditorium theatre, would have been creditable to a much larger community than Dawson, and under the circumstances the company's efforts have been extraordinarily successful.

It is probably fair to say that there is not another town of equal size in the whole of Canada that would essay an undertaking so ambitious.

The malamute has seen his day in the Yukon. As a freight animal he has been almost entirely superseded by horses and excepting for prospecting and hunting trips there is now but little use for his services.

Nevertheless the Yukon will always be under a debt of gratitude to the canine race for the splendid work performed before the advent of horses and stages.

Another tempest in a teapot has broken out in Venezuela. The average South American republic is about as unstable as any government well could be.

It looks very much as though Uncle Sam is preparing to give the trusts a run for their money.

The prevailing warm weather is by no means the least of many blessings now enjoyed in the Yukon.

ATLIN OUTLOOK. District Enters an Era of Prosperity.

Few districts, especially mining centres, have a more thoroughly optimistic population than the people of Atlin. The past season has been such as to justify their fondest expectations, and there is little doubt that the place has entered on an era of prosperity which will amply reward those who evinced faith in it, even when its prospects were not as bright as they are now.

Jas. Lipscombe, the agent of the White Pass & Yukon railway there, is in the city for the first time since his appointment last April. His duties have brought him into active relationship with the mining and general business life of the district, and he is therefore competent to speak as to its prospects.

In conversation with a Times representative Thursday, he said that everybody was highly gratified with the results of the past season. The gold output was considerably in excess of that for 1901, and could be estimated in round figures at \$500,000. These, he pointed out, were the correct figures, exceeding those of the previous season by more than \$100,000.

In this connection Mr. Lipscombe also observed that nothing could be more easily inflated than the figures of a gold output. It is a fruitful subject for exaggeration, and romancers take advantage of every opportunity for the display of their peculiar talents that presents itself.

The figure quoted by him can be taken as accurate. A gratifying feature of this output is the fact that substantial contributions have been made by properties staked when the first rush took place, but subsequently abandoned and rusted. Those who had the faith and energy to take them up again have been amply rewarded, for their holdings have developed into excellent paying properties. This is especially true of Otter creek, while the other creeks have in every way equalled the expectations of their owners.

The Atlin Mining Company on McKee creek, the Boulder Creek Hydraulic Company and another company on Pine creek, managed by J. M. Ruffner, have all done well. Individual miners also have reason to feel elated at the results of their season's operations.

Another very gratifying characteristic of the past season, Mr. Lipscombe says, was the fact that everybody who wanted work could get it. Idle men were exceedingly scarce.

FEATHER FANS, GAUZE FANS, KID GLOVES, Silk Gloves, KID SLIPPERS, SATIN SLIPPERS.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

Miners' wages on the creeks averaged \$4.50 a day. A large number of claim holders have remained at Atlin this winter in preference to joining the general exodus to the outside. They intend putting in the winter months in drifting on their properties, and carrying on other operations preliminary to the opening of the season.

Mr. Lipscombe, while satisfied that Atlin has prospects of the most promising character, deprecates any attempt to boom the place to an unmerited extent. While the conditions for miners and workmen in general have been altogether very favorable, they are not such as to justify one of those unfortunate rushes that have proved injurious to many a district of promise.

Mr. Lipscombe voiced the general satisfaction of the people of Atlin with the decisions of Judge Henderson, whose jurisdiction includes this district. He is very popular there, and during his residence in the camp this summer won for himself a high place in the regard of all with whom he came in contact, whether litigants or those who had not invoked the offices of the law.

At the same time there exists a strong sentiment in favor of the appointment of a resident judge, and it is considered that the district has attained sufficient importance to justify the stationing of one there.

Mr. Lipscombe's trip to Skagway was fraught with a rather interesting experience. They left Atlin on November 8th on the Gleaner, but when 15 miles from Caribou they encountered so much ice that the steamer was unable to make any progress, despite her strenuous attempts.

Finally she was compelled to discharge her passengers and freight, and everybody had to mush it over the ice to Caribou. The Gleaner was sent back to Taku Landing, where she was laid up for the winter. Her crew tramped over the trail to Log Cabin.

He returned to this city on Wednesday evening, having departed from the Dolphin at Vancouver. Accompanying him to Victoria were Capt. Tom Lawrence and Capt. Richards, of the company's steamers. J. H. Brownlee and his son Archie also came down on the Dolphin, but proceeded to Seattle. Victoria Times.

Seven Months of Volcanic Eruptions. The most remarkable feature of the following table apart from the extraordinary number of seismic and volcanic disturbances which it records is the vast area of the earth's surface over which the tremors and eruptions have occurred.

Beginning with the earthquake in Guatemala, the West Indies, Mexico, Trinidad, Alaska, Hawaii, Salvador, Sicily and Samoa, were troubled in turn. Some of the volcanoes are separated by half the circumference of the globe and the most active are in the tropic belt.

Interesting facts to the every-day reader would be the reasons for the sudden and general awakening of the volcanoes and earthquake rumblings and the reason if any for the synchronism of their activity.

April 18th—Earthquake at Quezaltenango, Guatemala. May 7th—La Soufriere, St. Vincent, in eruption. May 8th—Mont Pelee, Martinique, in eruption.

May 14th—Socoules, State of Chiapas, Mexico, vomits smoke. May 14th—Mont Pelee again in eruption for fifteen hours. May 20th—Third outburst of Mont Pelee.

May 19th—Mont En Law, St. Vincent, in eruption. May 19th—La Soufriere belches lava and ashes. May 24th—Mont Pelee in eruption. May 27th—Mont Pelee again in eruption.

May 28th—Columbia volcano, Mexico, rumbles and emits clouds of smoke. June 2nd—Volcano, Piparo—Hill, Trinidad, spouts mud. April 11th—Mount Blackburn, Alaska, in eruption; news published June 3rd.

May 3rd—Mount Redoubt, Alaska, in eruption; news published June 3. June 6th—Mont Pelee's fifth eruption. June 6th—Smoke rising from crater of Mount Tacoma (Rainier), Wash. June 1st—Kilauea, Hawaii, becomes active again; published June 12th.

June 10th—Mauna Loa in eruption, published June 17th. July 18th—La Soufriere's third eruption. August 9th—Mount Redoubt, Hiamna and Mount Augustine, Alaska, burst forth.

August 31st—Mont Pelee's sixth eruption. September 3rd—Seventh eruption of Mont Pelee. September 6th—Fourth eruption of La Soufriere. September 3rd—Kilauea again in dangerous eruption; published September 13.

October 25th—Santa Maria, in Guatemala, burst forth with fearful fury. October 25th—Volcano under water off coast of Salvador, seven miles south of La Union. November 10th—Kilauea in eruption. November 18th—Stromboli, off coast of Sicily, in eruption. November 13th—Samoan Island, Savali, in eruption. November 13th—Santa Maria, Guatemala, in eruption.

DISASTER AVERTED

Klondike Hotel Visited by Small Blaze

Burning Chimney Calls Out the Fire Department, But Their Services Not Required.

The burning out of a chimney at the Klondike hotel, corner First avenue and Harper street, gave the guests and adjoining neighbors a bit of a fright last night. Upon being discovered at alarm, was turned in lest the woodwork about the pipes should become ignited from the superheated pipes, but before the arrival of the department the situation was under control and there was no need of a stream from even the chemical. The creosote with which the pipes had become lined since the advent of cold weather taking fire had in a moment or two generated sufficient heat to turn the radiator pipes and main exit into a cherry red and had inflammable material been in a trifle closer proximity, it would have been but a very short interval until the city would have experienced another serious and probably expensive conflagration.

The bane of the householder's existence in Dawson during the winter is the danger constantly incurred from fire, an evil that probably never will be removed until the adaptation of brick chimneys becomes imperative. With the mercury from 40 to 60 below, fires equivalent to seething furnaces are a necessity and with the pipes red hot at times the utmost precaution must be taken to prevent serious results happening. Then, too, as if to add to the worry of the landlord is the constant menace produced by the presence of creosote in the pipes, which accumulates during the cold weather and if not attended to may ignite at any time and cause a heat equal to a retort fed by a blast. Chief Lester and Fire Inspector Bullock most earnestly advise the cleaning of all chimneys at least once a month during cold weather. A splendid opening exists here for a chimney-sweep.

MASONIC BANQUET. Election of Officers Followed by Elaborate Spread.

The Yukon lodge No. 79 of the Masonic order held its annual election of officers last night at the hall on Church street occupied by the lodge. The gentlemen chosen for the ensuing year include Dr. A. J. Gillis, W. M.; Dr. Alfred Thompson, S. W.; M. A. Day, J. W.; Dr. A. F. Edwards, treasurer; A. D. Ross, secretary; H. D. Fountain, tyler.

Following the election, the lodge adjourned to the Hotel Bristol where a banquet was served, participated in by about seventy members of the order. Special preparations had been made by Caterer Hall for the reception of the knights of the square and compass, the dining apartments were prettily decorated and an excellent menu was served. The retiring worshipful master, Dr. G. H. Wells, presided at the banquet as toastmaster.

Gunboat Ranger. San Francisco, Nov. 24.—The gunboat Ranger, which has arrived here from Panama, will go to the Mare Islands navy yard, where she will remain two months undergoing repairs.

Capt. Potter and the officers of the Ranger witnessed some of the effects of the eruption of the volcano Santa Maria while passing up the Central American coast, but at the time were not aware of the disaster that had befallen upon Guatemala. In the Gulf of Tehuantepec the Ranger was for two days in a thick atmosphere, with pumice stone and ashes covering the surface of the sea in all directions. The shore, which was many miles distant from Santa Maria, was covered with white ashes.

Big Sleeping Job. New York, Nov. 24.—What is regarded as the most important repairing job attempted at the New York navy yard in years will be practically completed today, when the cruiser of Baltimore, of Manila fame, refitted from stem to stern, will have her machinery officially tested. Her refitting is estimated to have cost \$550,000. She has been at the navy yard since the war with Spain. The cruiser has been equipped with new boilers, smokestacks and decks, improved accommodations for officers and men, and will have a new armament of the most modern type. Save for her hull, she will be practically new. It is expected she will be ready for sea by December 13th.

See Mrs. Boyen as "Arline" in the opera "Bohemian Girl" at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Games and Christmas Tree Decorations at Landahl's, First avenue.

Stroller's Column.

It might be said with regard to the candidature of Mr. "I dream that I dwell in marble halls," that with the following he has and "assals and serfs by my side"—his undoubted suavity and knowledge of men and—"al' within the-ose walls"—and the pride, which—"I was the ho-ope and the pride." It seems possible, indeed, that though certain episodes of his past career are not entirely to his credit, yet when weighed—"The heart bowed down"—by public opinion and—"Woe-o-o-oe"—Great Scott, let her go. What's the use of trying to write politics and being serious when you are expecting the curtain to ring up every minute for the opening scene of "The Bohemian Girl," and every printer in the office is whistling it. Let her go, but being mad let her choose the most distastefully mournfully tune that ever was written:

The heart bowed down with w-a-a-ight of woe. To weakest ho-opes will cling; To Gibsons and McGreggors who No ho-ope or com-omfort bring. In these sad days when all-I-I had Was the blu-f that Black put up; Now Ellbeck takes my-y entrance fee— I'm but a whimpering pu-up-pup, I'm bu-ut, a bu-a-t-a-bu-t, pu-p.

In the case of Wallace versus Evans, supreme court reports, cap. IV, sec. 709 of Coke on Blackstone, there is—"Oh, had I but Alladin's lamp— If I only I-for-a-day." Well, if I had I would be able to write some Stroller, but hurried as I am to get to that performance of "The Bohemian Girl," I find myself unable to think up anything else. I will have to fall back upon my correspondence:

My friend Dan Matheson (him not set 'em up election night) writes me that he is curbing the gusher all right, and he is not referring to "The Giddy Gusher," who used to be the correspondent of the New York Mirror some generations ago, but the great gusher on Eldorado. He says that he will have it bottled up and the cork put in good and hard by this time next week, and I am pleased to hear this, as it will be such a relief to the people living in cabins near the mouth of Eldorado. You see the water from the gusher ran under these cabins and froze. That, lifted up the cabin. The water kept on flowing and freezing, and the cabin kept on going up. It was all right for the man who was working on a mine which had been flooded, for he could stop home and mind the baby and chop up a whole lot of kindling. But it was hard on the man who had a shirt and no shovel in the house. He had to take down the stovepipe and use it as a log-burner to signal the next claim. Then he got the loan of a shovel and went to the Dewey hotel and told how it happened.

This was during the early days of the gusher. But the water flowed and it flowed; and as it flowed it froze, and it froze, and presently the cabins were well. Engineer McPherson went out there with a sextant and tried to get the altitude exactly, but the cabin he tried it on was right in the eye of the noonday sun and he had to make it by dead reckoning. His expense bill is enormous, of course, having had to be made by dead reckoning also, but—"With 'assals and serfs by my side'"—"What a nuisance that is when you get a tune in your head and cannot get it out."

It is a good job that we are not a down in the month newspaper that has to work on a Sunday in order to earn a living, for if we were those Eagles—well, they have come and roosted right across the street, you know. They are going to have a big spread, shortly, and that you may form some idea as to how they feel in their cyrie there is here given the bill of fare of a Seattle frie:

Soup, Good Eagles never get in the Soup. Oysters. Seattle Counts (all the time) Garnished with Eagle Eyes. Roast Turkey a la Eagle, Sauce Cranberry. Roast Goose, President Sauce. Roast Chicken, our absent Brother's. Roast Buzzard (you know we do that).

Texas Steer, without leathers. Spring Lamb, all wool a yard wide. Young Veal, a la Vice-President Sauce. Celery de Talons. Spiced Potatoes. Baked Eggs on Barbons. Partridge is on the Toast. Buzzard Toast, Chicken Salad, Eagle's Hearts Devilled. Frozen Eagles' Nests. Eagles have their Eggs on all Malads. Even to Lobster Seattle Feathers (all Eagles).

F. O. E. Fruit. Departed Eagles Food. Maitre de Eagles from all Aeries with Assorted Cakes. A la Canadian Cheese. Alaskan Goat Cheese. Royal Spray Sauce. No. 1 Cider, Honolulu Bananas. New Eagle Punch. Coffee. Tea. Milk. California Grapes (Juice).

Strange that none of those boys in the public school seem to have given a thought to the offer of a pair of new skates which the Stroller got for them some time ago. Alderman Adair must have been mistaken in his estimate of the number of bright boys there were in the school.

Opie Read the novelist and playwright has been visiting in Seattle, and in an interview he refreshes one's memory of a well known coast newspaper man in this fashion: "Ever meet Col. Will Visscher? He's from Washington. Spends most of his time telling lies in the Chicago Press Club. Worked on the Post-Intelligence once, I believe, and also founded the Fairhaven Herald. Why, Visscher made Fairhaven! Well, every one in a while some of us throw a few bootjacks at Washington and the dear old colonel raves and snorts. He declares, 'dam you, sir, that Washington is the only state in the Union, sir, and dam you, sir, if you say anything against Washington, sir, you must settle with me, sir. Walter, dam you, sir, bring on another cocktail.'"

"And there are hundreds of Col. Will Visschers throughout the East who are just eating their hearts out because they haven't the price of a ticket back home. That's why I love the west and have always loved her."

You know—at least, all the mothers know—that it is the rule now for all the little ones to make a little original talk at school every Friday afternoon, and it is not always easy to the young folks, any more than it is to the older generation, to find a subject. One little girl asked her mother, this morning, and the mother, not entirely understanding what was desired but thoroughly knowing what her child could recite, said: "Why don't you say 'The Lord is my Shepherd'?"

"Oh, mamma, you surely would not have me say a Jesus piece in school?"

END OF THE WORLD. By Garr tt P. Serviss.

This is the absorbing question dealt with in a book just published in Berlin by Dr. M. W. Meyer, a German astronomer. What is going to become of us all and when is the great catastrophe due?

But Dr. Meyer does not confine his speculations and reasonings to the fate of our insignificant earth. This globe is but a snowflake in the cosmic storm that sweeps the universe. The grandeur of the final catastrophe might almost reconcile us to the necessity of playing a part, however petty, in so magnificent an event.

Dr. Meyer pictures for us a coming time when the moon will no longer illuminate the nights with a cool reflection of daylight, but will, instead, precipitate herself upon the earth and become incorporated with it. And a similar fate is declared to be in store for those wonderful retines of moons that Jupiter and Saturn display.

Finally, all the planets, in their turn, will become absorbed in the sun. But the sun himself, after he has swallowed his worlds, will not escape a similar end. He, too, is destined to form a part of a still mightier body, to be composed of innumerable suns that have crashed together and been welded into one.

And so, as age after age elapses, vaster and vaster will grow the suns and more immeasurable the systems of gigantic worlds circling around them, the same story of creation and destruction following upon another other's heels being repeated over and over again, the number of independent bodies in the universe becoming smaller and smaller, until, at last, after an immense lapse of time, nothing will remain of all the starry systems but one enormous body, which has also swallowed up its attendants, and then, with no more collisions to maintain its temperature and its very life, has gradually lost its heat and become cold, black and inert.

If this were an event close at hand it would overshadow every other subject of human interest. Removed a few thousand years in the future, it would still cast a chilling shadow over mankind. But being untold millions of years off, only an academic interest is excited by it.

And then, too, it is by no means certain that Dr. Meyer is right. No doubt the world will come to an end and all the suns, one after another, will cease to shine, but new ones will spring into existence—ah, in fact, continually springing into existence—and there is no certain evidence that the end for all will be to fall together into a single mass.

The universe may have inexhaustible energies, and the alternate creation and destruction of solar systems may go on forever. It certainly is easier to think of suns shining and of worlds blooming throughout eternity than to think of a dead mass, lost in the night of rayless space, without life, light, or energy of any kind, yet endlessly existing. These discussions are not in vain.

They have a broad usefulness. It is well for man to recognize the fact that in belonging to the earth he belongs to the universe, and that so long as he claims to be immortal he cannot withdraw himself from sharing in whatever the remotest conceivable future may have in store for the cosmos of which he is an imperishable part.

Will Attend Funeral. Berlin, Nov. 24.—Emperor William will attend the funeral of Herr Krupp, which will take place from the little old house where his father lived poorly while striving to cast the first steel gun. The will of the deceased gunmaker, according to a semi-authoritative statement, provides that the works shall not be turned into a joint stock company under twenty-five years. Meantime the revenues of the whole property will go to the widow, and after her death to the eldest daughter. The value of the estate, estimated by bankers who were connected with Herr Krupp, is \$65,000,000. This does not include securities owned by the deceased, outside his plants, which may possibly amount to as much more.

The suicide theory has not yet quieted. The Cologne Gazette says: "Whether he died of shock due to excitement and embitterment over the attacks made upon him, or whether, adjudging himself guilty, he took his own life, are questions which, however answered by the accusation itself, must half at his death."

The physicians who were in attendance upon Herr Krupp have drawn up a statement which for the present is kept secret, but it is understood that it declares he died on apoplexy. It appears that after Herr Krupp regained consciousness on Saturday he insisted on discussing with his solicitor, Herr Korn, the prosecution of the newspapers for publishing accusations against him, and that thereupon the second stroke followed.

Notice. Messrs. Epting and Burrington are requested to call at the Nugget office.

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A Seaside Romance

By Angela Morgan

"I suppose now that you're back in town you'll lose no time in looking up your goddess of the Beach?"

Kimball returned this remark with a slight smile, while he carefully slipped a cigar ash into the tray as Brewster's table.

A slow flush mounted the latter's cheeks. It was a topic which neither had dared to touch upon in the past.

When two young men, though the warmest of friends, have been rivals for the favor of a beautiful girl it is not unnatural that a certain constraint should exist between them regarding that particular object.

Now that Kimball had made the acquaintance of Brewster, he was ready to meet him on open ground.

"That is decidedly my intention," he answered, his glance striking squarely the other's tentative look.

Kimball affected extreme absorption in the smoke wreaths curling toward the ceiling. But his attitude did not deceive Brewster.

Eager to be done with simulation he rose to the occasion in a sudden burst of candor.

"Look here, Kimball, old chap, let's be square with each other. I know you intend to pursue this acquaintance with Lola Graham—and I don't mind you. I shall do the same. If she'll let me, I think we both understand each other. It's a fair field and no favors, eh?"

Brewster's unexpected frankness checked the props of pretense from under the other man. He colored warmly with a suddenness which left no doubt of his real feeling in the matter. But he did not meet the outburst of sincerity with just the spirit that was expected.

After a silence in which he endeavored to regain something of his former indifference he remarked: "I have a suspicion, Jack, that you've the start of me already."

"Why so?" quickly returned the other. "She gave me no more encouragement than she did you. She told me both we might call, did she not? You have her address as well as I."

Fred Kimball relaxed into another silence. When he spoke again he veered to a different phase of the subject.

"Wonder if she and her aunt put up the same appearance here that they did at the Beach? You can't judge people at a resort very well. A pretty, stylish girl may affect all kinds of airs and graces at the sea shore and yet rank among the bodies at home, especially when she comes New York as that home. I'm rather curious to see how Miss Graham and her aunt stand the test."

Brewster had been frowning throughout the speech. He detected a certain streak of snobishness in his friend's make-up.

"I confess to an utter absence of curiosity on that point," he said, somewhat sharply. "No matter what her circumstances might happen to be, Lola Graham herself would atone for all deficiencies."

"Oh, of course," muttered Kimball rather lamely.

It was on the following afternoon that Jack Brewster had occasion to slip into one of the large department stores, and in so doing encountered Kimball just coming out.

"Hold on, will you? I'm after something in the book department. Can't you come along?"

Fred obligingly retraced his steps. While threading their way through the crowded aisles both young men halted abruptly at the sound of a familiar girlish voice—a voice which set their blood tingling to the recollection of the summer's experience.

"There, near one of the counters, stood Lola Graham, her bewitching eyes upturned in greeting. She looked even lovelier than ever in a trim skirt and becoming fall shirt waist.

"But, why—how—what was there strange about her appearance? Something was lacking, Kimball, giving full upon the glorious gold-brown of her hair was first to realize. She wore no hat!

A sickening apprehension seized him. Why was she standing thus bareheaded, with that air of—Horror! It couldn't be!

"What can I show you?" asked Miss Graham brightly. Apparently she was not at all discomfited that they should have made the discovery.

"Nothing just now," returned Kimball, feeling an aching tightness about his mouth. "We were—that is—can you direct us to the book department?"

He needed no such instruction, but he had to say something. He dared not look at Brewster.

Hastening at once toward the elevator Kimball paused and looked back in astonishment to find that Brewster was back, exchanging further words with Miss Graham. He waited with growing irritability and when the other at last joined him remained bitingly: "That shop girl seems to interest you quite as much as the seaside goddess."

An elevator was no place for such a discussion and Brewster, flushing hotly, distained to reply. After he had made his purchase, however, and the two were again in the street he turned upon his friend with eyes of open contempt.

"I'm ashamed of you!" he said. "Do you know that you acted the

The Death Trap

By H. Stackpole

We had been discussing Hegel when Von Arenburg let fall the following profound remark: "Since the beginning of time," said he, "metaphysicians have produced only one fruit—metaphysics."

This set every one making aphorisms apropos of anything of nothing, and excellent some of them were, if I may judge by one I found penciled upon my shirt cuff next morning. It struck me greatly at the time, but I have since forgotten it.

The breeze coming up the Neckar valley brought with it the music of the hand from the castle gardens, and from where I sat the open window showed the river and sunlit Heidelberg, a picture rendered more remote by a haze of tobacco smoke.

Von Arenburg was telling a story. He told it with his heels upon the table. Now and then the breeze would leave his prose with a dozen bars of hand music, even as long ago the harps brake in and lent their assistance to the chante-fable.

"I believe in love," said the picturesque Von Arenburg, "no more than I believe in metaphysics. My reason is that once I did believe in both. That is a powerful reason, for in those days of my belief I was a fool."

"When I was young," he was twenty-three—"I was perhaps as foolish as any one here present."

"One day of a year now long past, I saddled a horse, strapped a valise to the saddle and started on a tour through the Austrian Tyrol. It was 4 o'clock, or thereabouts, on the second day, and I had struck into a most weird and wicked looking road. It was lined with stunted fir trees, all bent in the same direction, as if warped by fire. It had not the appearance of a modern road accustomed to the wheels of the mail cart, but down it might have ridden the Erl King and been in keeping.

"Being a fool and so filled with the craving for romance, I liked it. Now, that turning," said I, "with this gibbet-like fir tree, ought to lead to something of interest."

"It did. For when I turned it I found a low wall built across the road, and on the wall rudely painted with tar the word 'Closed.' I was accompanied by a Dalmatian hound, whom we will name Sancho, because for one thing he was given in embryo, and for another he was devoted to me. Have you noticed in life the fact that fools have the faculty of attracting friends? Cervantes noticed it as I have. Hand me your tobacco pouch. Well, as I was saying, I was accompanied by the dog; and, as he could not climb the wall, I got down and put him over. He did not like it, for he whined and licked my face. I put my horse, Platarch, at the wall and landed on the other side, and then I pricked along the road marked 'Closed,' Sancho following.

"It was a tortuous road, and the fir trees had given place to hedges of marvelous luxuriance. Past one of the turnings the hedge upon my right suddenly gave place to a wall high and moss-grown, and evidently fencing in a park.

"This surprised me, for a park in this part of the Tyrol was about the last thing one might have expected to find, except, maybe, an honest landlord. I rode along, and the echo of the wall made a sound like the scrambling of a cavalcade.

"Assuredly this road is very still," I said, and Platarch shook his head and pricked his ears, as if the adventure displeased him.

"At last I came to a huge gate, absolutely red with rust. On each of the supporting pillars stood a dragon holding a shield, and from the gate, by rusty wires, hung a tablet of wood, which, to judge from its appearance, must have been there many a year.

"Whatever had been written upon it the weather had erased, at least in part, for I read with difficulty these words:

"All persons warned—infamous—Countess."

"This was a fascinating notice, you may be sure, to a fool in search of the outre; but the avenue that led from the gateway was more fascinating still, for it was lined, not only by trees on either side, but by men.

"They were not living men, but men of stone, preposterous, badly carved and green with moss. They were twenty feet high and all blowing trumpets, while on the heads of some Nature had planted gilly-flowers that seemed like furious yellow flames.

"It was horrible, for Nature, who can sometimes lend a terrible touch to things with the aid of a few weeds or a little moss, had done so here.

"I burst the gate open with a kick, for the tongue of the lock was eaten away to a few flakes of rust, and tying Platarch to a bar, I entered the avenue, followed by Sancho.

"With the trumpets arching over me like the Caudine Forks I marched along quickly, tapping my boot with my whip to keep my courage afloat, trampling the weeds under foot, and attempting to reconstruct the mysterious notice upon the gate.

"A turning of the avenue brought me to the frontage of a large house and a wilderness, which I imagined

placed on the gate warning travelers not to enter. Some five years before my adventure the local authorities became alarmed and walled up the road.

"Doubtless, my friends, it was the ghost of the dead Countess I had seen at the window. If you grumble and say you have read better stories in the pages of Tieck or De la Motte Fouque, I can but agree with you. But if you will have a moment's patience I will convert my story into a parable, just as mine host of the Golden Cat converts Rhenish into Neirstein, Neirstein into Hattenheim, Hattenheim into Rudesheim, by the simple process of altering the label.

"I returned, then to Vienna, and thence I sent my father's architect into the Tyrol to examine the house, break open the obelisk and unravel the mystery. With him went two friends of mine who are alchemists—and you know what a Viennese alchemist is—believing neither in demons nor ghosts, and these gentlemen between them took down the staircase and came upon the obelisk and its mechanism.

"The mechanism, the architect declared, was originally intended to work on the pressure of a button in the wall, so that a lady tripping up the stairs and touching the button with the handle of her fan could precipitate the gentleman following her into the obelisk. But, being worn out; the obelisk had taken to working on its own account, and this was fortunate for the Countess Cavorna, as her spirit, willing enough, was too weak to effect the pressure of a button.

"The obelisk was choked with skeletons—all of men, dressed according to the fashions of the times during which they had fallen victims.

"Lowermost of all, and apparently the first victim was a skeleton to whose skull still adhered a few locks of white hair. From letters in his pocket he was found to be Count Cavorna, the lady's husband. Then came layers of what had once been married men, and well-to-do, to judge by the letters in their pockets, though of gold and jewelry they were stripped. Then came a layer of not-so-well-dressed young men, but strange to say they were all possessed of purses and watches of this once well-to-do men below them. Then, above these, there was a skeleton which Von Hummel declared must, from the conformation of the skull, be that of either a poet or an idiot—a poet presumably from his dress, which was very poor. The topmost layer was composed of very youthful men, while the topmost victim and last was a boy.

"As Von Hummel pointed out, the lowermost layers must have fallen victims to the attractions of the Countess in the flesh, inasmuch as their attire was of the period before her death, while the uppermost had fallen to the charms of her soul, as I but no one dared to go near the house to burn it or raze it, so a notice was

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OPERA NIGHT IN DAWSON

Also Tonight and Tomorrow Night

The Ambitious Attempt to Produce Grand Opera Very Successful.

When Conductor Scarelli climbed to the high position in the orchestra at the Auditorium last night, he turned his back on as good a house as has ever been seen there. It was "opera night." There were many ladies on the floor of the house, and in the boxes were many ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress. It was a gay and inspiring scene. There needed something to remind one that this was actually Dawson.

Mr. Scarelli raised his baton. What was behind him he knew of, what was before him he was not of. The curtain rose and disclosed the Dawson Amateur Opera society garbed in the glittering costumes of "The Bohemian Girl." They were undoubtedly amateurs, and there was a slight stiffness in the beginning. But Charles Macpherson, as Count Arnheim, relieved the tension as soon as he began his solo, "A Soldier's Life." The conductor's face relaxed. In the second verse he was seen to smile. After that all went well.

It was a brilliant performance in spite of the limitations to be met in Dawson in connection with such an ambitious production. A reproduction of this opera in the cities means the selection of voices and capable actors from two continents, and to go back into the depths of one's memory and compare the performance of last night with those would be manifestly unfair. But by the time the curtain fell on the last scene everyone had to admit that it was certainly a capital performance, as good, perhaps better, than an old established community such as Victoria could have produced.

The staging and the dresses were fine, and the chorus girls who were first Bohemians and then gipsies were "lightning-change artists" in the way they switched from the garb of the one into that of the other. The blonde curls, eyeglass and general makeup of Rudyard Kipling Wilson as Florentine, including the delicious drawl and accent, was a feature of the first scene, but the makeup and personality of the chief of the gipsies dominated every scene. Captain Hulme was great in the part. His acting was free and expressive and yet always within the lines of his part and to what may be termed its traditions. His singing was also good.

Little Miss Ruth Wood as Arline in the first act was a most winsome and charming little figure, her costume of pink satin being particularly tasteful and attractive. Dick Cowan was Thaddeus, the proscribed Pole, and he interpreted the part in an exceedingly pleasing manner. His first song showed some slight nervousness, but in the succeeding duet he did much better, and in the old time favorite songs he was encouraged by prolonged applause.

The first encore came near the close of the first act when six of the chorus give a gipsy dance. It was a pretty scene, and the dresses were splendid. The Queen of the Gipsies was a regal figure (Mrs. T. D. Macfarlane), and her acting and singing showed finish and purpose. It was Mrs. Macfarlane's first appearance before a Dawson audience and her efforts were rewarded with generous and well deserved applause.

In the little role Mrs. Boyes took the part of freedom and grace of movement, and for that necessary quality of confidence and absence of self-consciousness in all public performers. She sang at the audience instead of the conductor, and in her song, "I dream that I dwell," she was enthusiastically encored.

In the overtures to this act, and also in the following one in which the motive of the music is "The heart bowed down," there is some of the prettiest music ever written for the first violin and the flute, and this was executed thoroughly well, and the orchestra came in for its share of the applause. At other points the orchestra was not so good

owing, it is said by one of them, to the fact that the scores they played from have been used so often and been changed backwards and forwards so many times. But this is a defect that will be remedied at the two next performances.

There are other minor defects which the performance last night will remedy. Tonight and tomorrow night the amateurs will have had more practice. Even Mr. Cowan showed the difference in his singing between the first solo he essayed and the song coming near the end, "Fair Land of Poland." In this he had recovered his confidence, and so good was the rendition that the audience applauded in the middle of it.

Taken all in all it was a capital production. The stage grouping was splendid and the great choruses were well sung and the quartettes as well. And, as on all such occasions, the performance will improve with each presentation.

See Mr. R. L. Cowan as "Thaddeus" in the opera "Bohemian Girl," at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Circulating Library at Landahl's.

THE DAY IS FIXED

For the Yukon Council Election

Will be on January Thirteenth—Nomination Day is December Thirtieth.

Acting Commissioner Wood received a telegram from Whitehorse last night that the writ of election had immediately fixed the date for nominations for the Yukon council and the day of election. The date could not be fixed because of the uncertainty as to the particular day upon which the writ would reach Whitehorse, the provision of the law being that at least fourteen days must elapse between the issuance of the writ and the day of nomination. The writ is as follows:

To the electors of the Yukon Territory: Whereas the Commissioner of the Yukon Territory has seen fit under and by virtue of the provisions of the Territory Elections Ordinance to order the issue of a writ of election for the said electoral district of..... addressed to you, whom he has pleased to select to perform the duties of returning officer:

You are therefore commanded that you do cause election to be made, according to law, of a member to serve in the Council of the Yukon Territory for the said electoral district of..... that you do cause the nomination of candidates at such election to be held at..... in the said electoral district on the 30th day of December next; and that you do cause the name of such member, when so elected, to be certified to me.

Given under my hand at Dawson in the said Yukon Territory this 4th day of Dec. 1902.

J. N. E. BROWN, Clerk of Territorial Council.

WHITEHORSE FIRE

Purser Hall Has His Rainier Hotel Destroyed.

Frank Hall, the purser of the Thistle, has received a telegram from Whitehorse that his hotel property there, the Rainier, was entirely destroyed by fire on Wednesday afternoon. His housekeeper sends the telegram and says in it that she narrowly escaped with her life, and that "Foggie" was burned to death in the conflagration. Foggie is a bull dog which has followed the fortunes of Mr. Hall for nineteen years, and was probably the only dog of that breed to live to such an advanced age. Mr. Hall would not have taken the news so much to heart but for the loss of his pet companion. The hotel property cost him about \$4000, and he had no insurance on it. He has wired for further details.

Chorus of fifty voices in the opera "Bohemian Girl," at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

RUTLEDGE IN DULUTH

Talks of the Klondike's Future

Praises the Country From Mining and Agricultural Standpoint.

"Dawson is the greatest mining camp in the world. New discoveries are being made constantly, and the gold deposits have not yet even been scratched."

So said J. J. Rutledge, of Dawson, who, with Mrs. Rutledge and Mrs. T. D. Green, were at the Spalding today. They have just come down from the Yukon, and left this afternoon for Ottawa.

"The district has a steady mining population of 30,000 souls, and is in better shape than it was in 1898, when it had 40,000 people who were mostly new and green prospectors who knew little about mining and hoped to find gold hanging on the bushes. Many have left, but those who stayed and gained the experience necessary to succeed in the mining business have done well. The trip from Dawson down is pleasant, and the voyage from Alaska to Seattle is going to be the great pleasure trip of the world. There are no hardships now, and the Klondike was never a hard country to get into. Of course where men make pack mules out of themselves by trying to get in a lot of supplies on their backs, it was hard. We made the first part of the voyage, 400 miles, by steamers with as good accommodations as there are anywhere, and then we took the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, 110 miles to Skagway, at tidewater. Then an ocean steamer to Puget Sound, 1,000 miles, is the finest trip in any part of the globe. I returned last fall from a tour of the world, lasting nine months, and I did not see its equal anywhere. It is the coming tourist trip of the world."

"New discoveries are being made every day, and Dawson is the greatest placer mining camp the world has ever known. In the rush of 1898 many men were disappointed because they came inadequately equipped with knowledge of what they were after and how to get it, and the stories they told on coming out have given the outside world the idea that the camp is defunct. It is not defunct by any means. This year we will turn out \$15,000,000 in gold, which is pretty big for a camp of 18,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. One beauty of the country is that it has not cost the government a cent for development, though many roads have been necessary."

"The big bear of cold weather, which has alarmed many people, is played out. During winter before last the thermometer went to 63 degrees below, and my men kept right on working. It is calm in such weather, and while if there was wind nobody could live in it, we do not feel it any more at 70 below zero, with still weather, than you do here at 10 below with wind. We have no sickness whatever. All we have had was due to defective drainage, and that difficulty has been remedied."

"I may surprise some to hear that we are growing all the vegetables we need. They are the finest in the world, too. We get perfect, sound and mealy potatoes. Cabbage is large, and cauliflower heads grow to the weight of 5 or 6 pounds. We grow the best celery, crisp and sweet and not a string in it. Somebody is now taking an exhibit of Klondike vegetables through the states, and I understand he is having hard work to make people believe they come from that country. Our growing season is as long as it is elsewhere, if not longer. We get three months of summer, and an advantage in our favor is that the sun shines night and day through the Arctic summer so there is no cessation of light and warmth, and therefore our growing season is much longer than you have it here. The country is all covered with moss, and the soil beneath remains frozen. All that is necessary for cultivation is to remove the moss for a season and let the ground thaw out. Berries, small fruits, wheat, hay and oats grow to perfection."

"The latest thing in the Klondike is the discovery of big quartz deposits. Within the past four months a quartz deposit has been found that you could put a thousand Alaska Treadwells into. It is four miles long and 250 feet wide, and the quartz stands in cliffs like the side of a house, 500 feet high. This produces on a mill test, which is a surer one than an assay, from \$8 to \$12 a ton, and the famous Treadwell, which has paid more dividends than any other gold mine, averages \$2.90 per ton."

"We are also finding very rich stringers underlying the placer deposits. Gold is also found on the sandbars in the river that pays well, and there is the greatest opportunity for dredging and steam shovel work any one could imagine."

"It's a great country. I have been there nine years, and I expect to be there nine more."

Mr. Rutledge has with him some wonderful specimens of Klondike quartz from one of the stringers he speaks about as having been located under the placer deposits. Great lumps of free gold from bits large as a pea to lumps as big as a walnut, are scattered through the white quartz like plums in a pudding. Duluth Herald, Oct. 24.

JUDICIAL CLEMENCY

Two Drunks With Overloaded Stomachs

Both Given Another Chance to Leave Off Dallying With the Cup.

Two lonely drunks appeared before his honor in the police court this morning and both were the objects of judicial clemency. His honor was suffering from a severe cold, a condition that makes the average man vindictive against all mankind rather than overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," and the offenders against the bylaw which declares it unlawful to get loaded to the muzzle and then lie down on the sidewalk in peaceful slumber may congratulate themselves upon finding the magistrate so amiable when the reverse might have been expected.

"H. Wood was picked up on Queen street at 7 o'clock this morning. He was not disagreeable, but was noisy, having evidently partaken of the happy brand. The only excuse he had to offer was that "he guessed he had met too many friends." He considered the affair quite a joke, a horse on himself, as it were, and laughed good naturedly at his confession of too much conviviality. His honor considering that it was Wood's first offense dismissed him with a warning."

J. S. Drummond was also drunk and disorderly on Queen street. He pleaded guilty to the charge of carrying too large a load and had little to offer in extenuation of the offense. When found by the constable making the arrest he was laid out on a beautiful bed of spotless moisture of the congealed variety, his head poked into a bank of the same character of Nature's tears. The description of his position reminded one of the classic Arkansas aphorism, "Root 'em or die." He was also given a chance to make good in his promise of reformation and was dismissed with a warning."

Suppressed emotion, which is sometimes considered very effective on the stage, is very necessary in the daily life of the German editor. If this individual has any emotion at all outside of reverence for the constituted order and a permissible hatred for foreigners, suppression must be the first and most important rule of his life.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Garments at lowest possible prices. Dress Suits a Specialty. Ladies' Tailor Made Suits to order. SEE US about your repairing, pressing and altering.

GEO. BREWITT, The Tailor 114 SECOND AVENUE

MARKET REPORTS

Rolled Oats Take a Sudden Advance

Butter, Lard, Dried Fruit and Tinned Meats Are Among the Articles Short.

The event of the past week in the market has been the advance of another 2 1/2 cents in the price of beef which went into effect on Monday. Thirty cents is now asked by the carcass of the side and many have expressed the fear that it may be boosted up another notch or two before the top figure is reached. A gentleman today who is in close touch with the combine ventured the opinion that no further advance would be made, but whether or not he spoke with authority can not be said. The recent raise in the price of meat from 20 to 30 cents a pound has worked a hardship on the retailers as well as the consumers, affecting the former possibly more than the latter for the reason that the advance has been made step by step and not all at once. With the price raised 2 1/2 cents by the carcass the retailer does not feel like adding that seemingly small advance to the consumer, consequently stands the loss himself rather than chance losing his patronage by so doing.

Rolled oats are becoming scarce and have advanced \$2.50 on the hundred. Choice dried fruit is also in very limited quantity. Last year the market was over-stocked with hold-over shipments from the year previous. The quality was poor and the price was, put down almost below cost with the result that orders sent out this year were extremely light. The old stock has now been worked off and there is but little left of this season's importations. The same is true to a large extent with many of the canned meat products such as roast beef, mutton and sausage meat. Last year these commodities sold below cost in consequence of an over supply and orders for this season were light. The advance in the price of fresh beef has also caused an increased demand for the tinned article, the consumption of which is now greater than it has been in a couple of years.

A careful investigation of the potatoes on hand coupled with the weekly consumption shows that the amount of spuds left on hand at the opening of navigation will be infinitesimal. They will undoubtedly reach 15 cents by March, but it is not thought they will go any higher. Lard will be very scarce in a few more weeks and good butter is another article that will command a fancy figure before the season is over. Hay and oats remain firm at the price quoted last week, but they, too are bound to advance not a little within the next few weeks.

In the meat and game line the only shortage reported is grouse, which are very scarce. Plenty of ptarmigan and rabbits are offered, but for some reason the more topsome grouse get shy of the hunters. Capibou is also scarce, but the markets are well stocked with moose. General quotations for the week are as follows:

STAPLES. Flour, per 100 \$ 3.25 31.50 Sugar, per 100 6.50 7.00 Beans, per 100 5.00 7.00 Beans, Lima 8.00 10.00 Rolled Oats, per 100 12.50 15.00 MEATS. Beef, pound 30 30¢65 Veal, pound 35 35¢75 Pork, pound 35 35¢80 Ham, pound 30 50 Bacon, fancy 32 50 Mutton, pound 35 35¢60 Moose 35 25¢50 Caribou 25 25¢50 BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE. Agen's butter, 60-lb. \$30.00 \$ 1.00can Elgin butter, 60-lb. 25.00 1.00can S. & W., 48-lb. 30.00 1.50can Hills Bros. 26.50 1.25can Victor 26.50 1.25can Eggs, fresh 25.00 1.00doz MILK AND CREAM. Eagle case 312.50 Highland case 9.25 9.50 Carnation Cream 9.75 10.00 St. Charles 8.00 8.00 CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME. Broilers, pound 45 60 Chickens 40 60 Turkeys 50 60 Ducks 40 50 Geese 40 50 Pheasants 35 50 Grouse 35 50 Rabbits 35 50 Halibut 40 40 Salmon 27 40 CANNED GOODS. Roast beef 6.00 2 for 1.00 Mutton 6.00 2 for 1.00 Ox tongue 12.90 15.00 1 for 1.25 Sausage meat 4.50 2 for 1.00 Lunch tongue, case 9.00 11.00 1 for 50 Sliced bacon 5.00 2 for 1.00 Roast turkey 10.00 1 for 50 Corned beef 2.50 2 for 1.00 Sliced ham 5.00 2 for 1.00 Salmon, case 11.00 3 for 1.00 Clams, case 9.00 3 for 1.00

Tomatoes 5.00 4 for 1.00 Corn 4.00 4 for 1.00 String beans 4.50 4 for 1.00 Green peas 4.50 4 for 1.00 Cabbage 7.00 3 for 1.00 S. & W. fruits 14.00 2 for 1.50 Simcoe fruit 6.00 4 for 1.00 Choice California Mission Fruits 7.50 10.00 1 for .50 Silver Seal 11.50 2 for 1.25 Succotash 7.00 3 for 1.00 Lubcock's potatoes per tin 9.00 Beets 5.50 4 for 1.00 Asparagus 9.50 1 for .50 Asparagus tips 7.50 3 for 1.00 MISCELLANEOUS. Potatoes 9 10 Onions 10 12 1/2 Turnips 6 7 Lemons, case 12.00 15.00 Oranges, case 12.00 15.00 Apples 7.00 9.00 Oats 5 5 1/2 Hay 4 5 Tobacco, Star 1.10

See the beautiful dances in the opera "Bohemian Girl," at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

BIG ORDER FOR RAILS

Government Makes Extensive Purchases

Sault Ste. Marie Will be Kept Busy Supplying the Demand.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Dec. 12.—The Canadian government has given large orders for steel rails, sufficient to keep the Sault Ste. Marie works in continuous operation for some time.

People on this side of the line may talk of annexation sentiment in Canada, but no such talk is heard in Canada itself. The truth is that the Canadian brother hates us and all our works, his only leniency being shown to American embezzlers who take shelter in the Dominion with enough money to pay their footing. There is no more prospect of annexing Canada than there is of annexing England itself.—Chicago Chronicle.

Emergency Cash. There are many men outside of the bankers who would like an emergency currency; but, unlike the bankers, they do not know how to get it. Cash is generally hardest to get when it is most needed.

ALL GOING OUT. Every Seat on Today's Stage Was Occupied. The White Pass stage left at one o'clock today with seven sacks of mail and the following passengers: D. A. McRae, who goes to Mackays to work on the road; A. W. Brainer, who is returning to his road house at Stewart Crossing; and for Whitehorse Max Krause; J. E. Lilly, M. E. McCarty, W. D. Gross, J. Ross, T. H. Heath and M. J. Lester. The Merchants' line sends out a stage tomorrow. Rex Sliced Bacon is economical.

N. C. Co. TEMPERATURE 7 a. m. December 12, 1902. ASBESTOS PAPER Greatest Known Protection Against Fire. Northern Commercial Company

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