

The Klondike Nugget

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

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

AVOID UNNECESSARY RISKS.

The decision of the physicians who conducted the post-mortem over the remains of a man found dead recently in his cabin, contains important information. From the published report of the case it appears that the cause of death lay in eating canned meat which had been left exposed to the atmosphere while still in the can.

According to the best authorities canned meats are healthful and nutritious, if removed from the can immediately upon opening. If, however, the contents are allowed to remain in the can, certain vegetable life begins immediately to germinate which if given sufficient time to develop will produce death when taken into the system.

These facts have a peculiar meaning to residents of this territory where the consumption of canned goods of all kinds is extremely heavy. In the districts not immediately accessible to the Dawson markets—it is difficult to obtain fresh meats and dependence must be placed largely upon canned goods.

It is fitting, therefore, that widespread circulation be given to the facts in connection with the case referred to above. To avoid all risk, canned goods of whatsoever nature should be removed from the can immediately upon opening. One man has met his death from neglecting this precaution and that fact should serve to point an effective warning to others who may be subjecting themselves to similar risks.

WORTH SEEING.

On the hill back of Dawson is a sight which tourists on the "outside" would go hundreds of miles to see. The big glacier on top of the hill has entirely depopulated a large district, in which many cabins are located. A number of the latter are filled to the roof with a solid mass of ice and in one or two instances the ice has accumulated on top of the cabins to a depth of several feet.

The cabins have acted as moulds to give shape to the ice and if the logs were pulled down there would remain a number of Klondike cabins reproduced in solid ice. When such marvelous works of nature occur at our back door we think nothing of them. Let them be removed to a distance, however, and they acquire a fascination which impels people to undergo all manner of hardships to reach them. It is certainly worth anyone's time to climb the hill and view the cabins of which a Klondike glacier has made such effectual disposition.

We must say that we do not agree with the view that Dawson will go to the dogs when gambling is closed. The gambler is an outgrowth of flourishing conditions. We never heard that he ever did anything toward creating good times. There is one thing and one thing only that makes Dawson prosperous, viz: the industry of placer mining. When that plays out the gambler will depart of his own accord. At the same time we are free to admit that the order closing gambling in Dawson is somewhat arbitrary. Gambling has never been legal but it has received a certain degree of recognition

from the law, which makes the present action appear rather summary. Strict justice would urge that the gambler be given a longer time in which to retire from business. But we refuse to acknowledge that he is a necessity to the prosperity of the community.

Mr. Cudahy, of packing fame, has been offered the sum of \$20,000 provided he will discontinue the efforts to hunt down the kidnapers of his son. Mr. Cudahy has proven how much of a man he is by declining to give the offer any consideration.

Arguing from precedent we should say that there is still cold weather ahead.

What we want to see is a quartz mine in active operation.

Again in Trouble.

New York, Feb. 22.—Alonzo J. Whiteman, alias A. D. Wilson, is under arrest here on a charge of grand larceny.

In the opinion of Capt. McCluskey, formerly chief of the detective bureau, Whiteman is the most skillful bank swindler in the United States. With three alleged associates he was arrested in this city in November, 1899, charged with swindling banks to the extent of \$100,000. He was taken to Chicago for trial and for a few months was confined in the house of correction, but he gained his liberty last fall.

Whiteman was born in Dansville, N. Y., and was graduated from Hamilton college and the Columbian law school. He went to Dujuth and opened a bank in 1883. The middle west was booming then and Whiteman was said to have made a fortune estimated at \$1,000,000. He entered politics in 1886 and was elected state senator. He ran for congress in 1890 on the Republican ticket, but was defeated.

His fortune was wiped away by disastrous financial ventures. The police say that he drifted into a life of forgery and swindling and that he has been arrested many times for forgery and was imprisoned for a year in a San Francisco jail.

Montana Gambler Shot.

Butte, Mont., Feb. 22.—Steven Wells, better known as "Missouri Steve," proprietor of a faro game, was shot and instantly killed shortly before midnight in his place in Park alley, just back of the city jail.

Jack Cox and John Slayton, the only two men known to have been in the place at the time of the shooting, say it was a holdup on the part of two masked men. Their stories conflict, and they are both held.

The police think it was a case of assassination for revenge, or that murder was done during a row.

The alleged robbers did not make any demand for money, and the story told by the suspects is decidedly contradictory.

Activity on Quartz.

William Burke, who has been on 15 canyon, a tributary of Quartz creek, all fall and winter, was in the city on a hurried business trip yesterday, leaving for the scene of his operations in the afternoon.

He reports great activity on the creeks of that immediate locality, Quartz and Eureka, and many large and rich dumps as the result. He says those two creeks with their tributaries will surprise the old timers when their spring cleanups are reported.

Local dealers report that hay and oats have taken a jump, the latter being particularly firm.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

Beef, chechako, 33c by the side, at P. O. Market, Third street.

Fresh cabbage at Denver Market.

Up-river frozen fresh eggs. Meeker.

Brewitt makes fine pants. crt

Round steak 50c at P. O. Market.

Spring Goods

Felt Hats
Slippers - Rubbers
Leath. Shoes
Kid Gloves, Etc., Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN.

Bueno=Salud!

Here we are again— The glorious sunshine has come and the light of day has penetrated our warehouses. Back in the dark corners has been placed our winter stock and our shelves and tables are now loaded with spring goods. Everything is fresh and new—Swell Clothing, Felt Hats, Shoes, Rubbers and Haberdashery in endless varieties.

HERSHBERG

The Reliable Seattle Clothiers
Opposite C. D. Co.'s Dock

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

It was in a gambling house where there were five tables but only one game running, hence there was plenty of room for loafers and the "standing room only" sign could have been displayed, but it wasn't. Two men who would be valuable to science in that they would furnish great fields for the study of entomology, leaned against a crap table at the back of the room and earnestly discussed the subject of municipal incorporation. Said one to the other as he rammed a long finger down his neck and wiggled it round for a moment:

"You heard what Mr. McKinnon said at the meeting Monday night about Yankees voting? Well, that shuts you out for you are an American. See?"

"Well, what if I am?" said the other man as he scratched his left ankle with the heel of his right foot. "I can't see as I am anything to my country. I was defeated for marshal of my town every spring for 17 years before coming here and it sorter soured me on my country. So now if I can advance my own interests by trading on my nationality and making a commodity of my allegiance, why, I'll do it. I know that all respectability, from God down, hates a renegade but it this town is incorporated I'll take out papers and be a candidate for city marshal. Will you support me?"

"Will I support you? No, by gosh, I won't! If this town is incorporated I am a candidate for city marshal myself and no blue-bellied Yankee can get me to take a back seat while he knocks the persimmon that rightfully belongs to me. Now, I'll tell you what to do; take out your papers and help elect me town marshal; then I'll use my influence with Mayor Grant to have him appoint you pound-master or fish stall inspector. What do you say?"

"I say it's a long time between drinks."

"But I haven't the price."

"Neither have I."

"Well!"

"Well!"

And each man poked a finger down his neck and turned over a residenter.

From the number of notices around town which read "Dog feed for sale," the inference to be drawn is that dog feed is very plentiful. There was a time a year or more ago that a certain well-known Dawsonite discovered to his sorrow that he had on hand several tons of dog feed which he had purchased on the representation that it was a first-class article of bacon. An alleged friend sold it to him at 30 cents per pound and told him "You ish getting der schnap on your life."

The story was believed and Uncle bought. As first-class bacon was scarce at that time "der brice" was bound to go up and there was a good show of doubling the money invested. Bacon did go up until Uncle thought he would unload a few tons at 60 cents per pound. A prospective purchaser went to the store room to look at it and then the cat got out. Uncle had been "vorked" by his friend as an easy mark. He had paid 30 cents per pound for dog bacon that could be had any place in town at 10 cents. Uncle was threatened with a fit of apoplexy and his erstwhile financial adviser who had "vorked" him and who was none other than Mr. Limburger-Ham, moved his desk to another office since which time Uncle and "Lim" have drifted adown life's tempestuous sea in different barks, "mit der accent on der different."

A story is told of a lady at the Forks a late arrival from old England. She had heard the usual expression used when it is desired that a dog move on and one day had occasion to order a dog out of her way which she attempted to do by saying in a superior tone:

"Oatmeal porridge!" A sour dough chanced to be present and the lady, seeing that the dog did not comply with her wishes, she turned to him with the query: "Please tell me what kind of porridge you name when you want a dog to move." And the sour dough with a free and easy manner acquired on the trail in '97 replied: "Say to him 'Mush, you — mala-mute!'"

The lady returned to consciousness with the aid of ammonia at her nose, the dog had heard the directions imparted and slunk away while the sour dough looked astonished, but said nothing.

By a late mail a prominent transportation man of Dawson received from his brother in London to whom he frequently mails copies of the Nugget, a letter in which he requested that a few

specimens of the ice worm be forwarded to him at once as a London society of scientists and entomologists had been shown the papers containing accounts of the ice worm and that much time and study is now being devoted to researches in the hope that the worm may be classified; but in order that the creature itself may be studied as to its form, vertebra, digestive organs and whether or not it has an angur-shaped nose the society requests that a few worms be forwarded.

It is extremely doubtful if, on account of the recent mild weather, the request can be complied with as it is feared no healthy specimens can now be found. It is possible that a scientific party may be sent out next winter for the purpose of studying the habits of the iceworm which, it can be said to the honor of the Yukon, is not found in any other waters of the known world, not even in Siberia.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the lentes season will all be gone long before Easter.

Plenty choice fresh vegetables at Meeker's.
Lined meat, 20c at Meeker's.
Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.
Brewitt makes clothes fit.

House Cleaning

WITH the advent of spring we are disposing of many lines of staple goods at a great reduction in prices. An immense invoice will replace them upon the arrival of our boats. Just now we are cleaning out our stock of

KITCHEN UTENSILS

Of which we have an endless variety at Specially Low Prices.

See Our Display Windows

S-Y. T. Co. Second Avenue

TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS

GRAND • SACRED • CONCERT

"SAVOY"

SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 10th, 1901

Misses Walther & Forrest, Madame Lloyd, Mr. Sutherland, Baritone,
Prof. Parkes, assisted by the Wondroscope

SAVOY ORCHESTRA IN NEW SELECTIONS

ADMISSION 50 Cents • RESERVED SEATS \$1.00 and \$1.50

The Standard Theatre

Week of March 4-11

THE SENSATIONAL COMEDY-DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

Thursday Night

STRUCK GAS

Magnificent Scenic Effects

Ladies Night

See the Gas Explosion

ORPHEUM • THEATRE

ALEC PARTAGER, MANAGER

GRAND RE-OPENING MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11

HEARDE & DOLAN'S MASTODON MINSTRELS

JNO. FLYNN'S BOSTON GAIETY GIRLS
Introducing JENNIE GUICHARD, Queen of Burlesque,
New Living Pictures, Stars and Stripper Quartette.

22 NEW ARTISTS. 3 BIG SHOWS IN ONE. See Our Grand Street Parade Monday