

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS

And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur.

\$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.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1903.

CORRUPTION IN POLITICS.

Corruption in politics is a time honored subject for discussion, particularly so during the intervals between elections. There is a wide-spread feeling in favor of a reform of political methods which invariably manifests itself among the organs and orators of a defeated party, and which, occasionally and with less force appears in the comments of newspapers attached to a successful organization.

If there have been any elections held during the last few years in which charges of corruption and bribery have not appeared as a sequel, they have been unimportant and not calculated to arouse any considerable amount of public interest.

Generally speaking, the "outs" will accuse the "ins" of dishonest practices as a matter of form, if for no other reason, and the "ins" will then retaliate to an extent and usually for equally good reasons, are ordinarily too busy in preserving harmony and dividing the spoils to pay any great amount of attention. These observations apply to one party as well as to another and find practical illustration in the situations now existing in Ontario and British Columbia.

Various remedies have been suggested for guarding against the spoilation of the ballot, but for the most they are of a theoretical character and when embodied in the form of legislation fall of effect.

Penalties for infringement of the election laws may perhaps accomplish some little good and it may be said that they serve to convince many people that conditions are better than is really the case, but the most pronounced optimist would scarcely maintain that such laws are an effective bar to corrupt practices.

The real solution of the situation must be sought among the mass of individual voters. Politicians are largely what the people make them or perhaps, with more accuracy, what the people permit them to be.

Water will not rise above its source without artificial assistance and a politician will seldom consider himself bound to observe his obligations any more carefully than his constituents regard them. If he establishes a standard above the plane of the voters to whom he appeals, the chances are very strongly in favor of his appeal being made in vain.

Ethical considerations will not enter seriously into the domain of practical politics until the people themselves taboo everything appearing to corrupt practices. A man who is looking for office deports himself according to the manner which he thinks will create the best impression among the voters whose suffrages he is after.

He does not scatter money broadcast in saloons for the mere pleasure involved, but because he believes that the money so invested will return to him in the form of votes on election day.

He raises a campaign fund if he is able to do so because he believes it will strengthen his cause, and not infrequently, his hopes of success are based upon the proportions of his bank account.

Practically the whole male population of Canada is embraced in the membership of the two great parties. The rank and file are there,

and, by and with the consent of the senate, appoint, etc. The president is to choose and the senate to confirm or reject as it pleases. A "whole" president reserves to himself the right of, as his is the responsibility for, selections. He may, in the great majority of cases, must, rely upon others for information as to character and fitness, but this he is bound to ascertain and decide upon for himself, if he performs his whole duty. A half-president puts at disposal of senators and representatives all patronage, making their support a condition precedent, merely perfunctory going through the routine of nominating to the senate those whom the senators had appointed.

Three stories serve to illustrate the "whole" president. A senator, on whose statement Mr. Cleveland had made a nomination which turned out to be one of a man with a criminal record, approached him in behalf of another applicant. "I suppose you have come to ask me to appoint another horse thief," said the president. The convention promoters of Mr. Harrison's candidacy pledged the secretaryship of the treasury to a man who controlled a leading delegation in exchange for his vote. Informed of it after his nomination and while considering his cabinet selections, Mr. Harrison refused to ratify the bargain, not deeming the man fit for the place. A Kansas senator, soon after Mr. Roosevelt's accession, asked him to reappoint to another term one of his constituents. "What is that damned rascal in office yet?" was the president's disconcerting, but conclusive, answer. These were "whole" presidents—St. Paul Dispatch.

LOOKING TO CANADA.

The American press and American statesmen are giving more attention to Canada than ever has been done in all the past. The periodicals are filled with articles on the expansion of Canadian trade and particularly with respect to the settlement of the great northwestern wheat belt.

The splendid progress made by the Dominion in the last five years, and its growing importance as a competitor in manufactures and agricultural products have stimulated American interest in Canada. The feeling is now manifesting itself at Washington as also through the press of the republic that closer commercial relations and a more complete and harmonious understanding between the two are desirable things to cultivate.

The exact manner in which this newly awakened feeling may find expression cannot now be said. It may come in the form of advantageous reciprocal proposals or it may assume some other phase, but of one fact there can be no doubt—Canada is going ahead at a marvelous rate and is the cause of far more concern to the industrial and commercial magnates of the states than the latter are willing to admit.

A Whole President

The New York Sun loves President Roosevelt no whit better than it loved President Cleveland, though it conceals its feelings somewhat better than it did when the cynical Dana held the pen. It is about the sole representative in the press of the Wall street anti-Roosevelt sentiment, sharing its antipathy as it shares its motives. It comments, with thinly veiled sarcasm, on the word the president sent from Wall, Walla, that brought Senator Hanna off his perch, and quotes a remark made by the president at Tacoma, accurately styling the one as a "fearless challenge," and the other as a "fearless notification."

At a dinner in Tacoma the imperious attitude of senators towards presidential appointments was discussed, and the president foreclosed the question by bringing his fist down upon the table with the statement: "That's all right; that's all right. But I want this understood. I would like to be president again, but I would far rather be a whole president for three years than half a president for seven years. Remember that."

This "fearless notification," addressed as the Sun has clear light to see, to Republican senators, draws from that paper the query: "But what, in Mr. Roosevelt's views, marks the difference between a whole president and half a president?" And it asks if Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison or William McKinley was "half a president?" The topic which called out the remark by the president limits the scope of the definition to the relation of the president and senators to such appointments particularly as senators must act upon, and generally to all presidential appointments. The constitution defines their relative rights and duties. The president shall nominate

Judge—Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?
Witness—I do.
Judge—What is your occupation?
Witness—was employed in the weather bureau.
Judge—You are excused.—Philadelphia Telegraph

NEW LINENS

I am showing the best values ever shown in Dawson.

TABLE LINENS AND NAPKINS in great variety.

Bar Towelling, Roller Crash, Butcher's Linen, Grass Linen, Embroidery Linen, Etc., Etc. Towels in Linen, Honeycomb and Turkish, Bleached and Unbleached.

Counterpanes in Marseilles and Honeycomb, White and Colored Cotton Blankets, Sheets, Pillowcases, Etc.

JUNE PATTERNS HAVE ARRIVED.

J. P. McLENNAN.

105 Second Ave.

Telephone 1134.

Lost—A Secretary

"Ripping sort of a girl Don has for secretary," drawled a masculine voice, whose owner was evidently lounging on the piazza, for as his tones died away, there followed the deliberate scratching of a match, and a puff of smoke was wafted through the open French window.

"Yes, burying one's self in the country to become the novelist of the hour is not half bad with such an amanuensis in attendance."

"But what I cannot understand," continued the first speaker, "is how a girl of that type can endure country life in winter. With that hair and those eyes, any New York man would jump at the chance to put her in the front row of the chorus, and she'd be the rage in no time."

"And girls with that hair and those eyes are generally looking for higher game. Probably she knows all about Don's substantial bank account, his social position—and the law of propinquity. She is doing it well, too—has her mother in attendance, but at a safe distance. The two women have taken a little cottage in the village, I understand, and she goes back and forth in Don's trap. Clever girl. She doesn't propose to have her social campaign when she becomes Mrs. Donald Herbert Phillips, interfered with by the ghost of a scandal."

"I say, you fellows," sang out a third voice, "there's an hour or so before luncheon, and I'm in the mood for golf. Come along."

Ends in Tragedy

Hannibal, Mo., June 3.—Three children and one woman were drowned today by the collision of the steamer Flying Eagle, towing a barge filled with Sunday school excursionists, and a lumber barge in the Hannibal bridge. The dead: Peggy Harvey, cook; Lonnie Curtis, aged 15; Laura Coppage, aged 15; Harry Eisenberger, aged 15.

About 25 other children from the Methodist Sunday school of Hannibal had boarded the barge and a number were on the steamer. The excursion left Hannibal to run to Quincy and afford a view of the swollen Mississippi. As the boat swung out into the river the swift current seized the craft, and despite all efforts to the contrary bore it straight down toward the stone pier of the bridge near the shore. With a crash the steamer was hurled against the pier and wrecked, but it did not sink immediately.

For a time it was wedged against the pier by the current, and the horror-stricken children and the accompanying adults climbed up the pier to the bridge. In this way almost half of the passengers were saved. Before all could reach safety the barge was veered around by the current and finally swung loose from the pier and floated down stream. In the sudden swinging of the barge the three children were thrown into the water and swept to their death.

Carried by the surging waters at a rapid rate, the barge filled with screaming children floated into the channel, and for a time it seemed all were doomed to perish. But further down stream the catastrophe had been witnessed and at hand were a number of skiffs and rowboats of the kind known as "chairs," which were manned, and like a miniature flotilla shot into the swollen stream to meet the barge. Encouragement was called to the children, and they were urged to sit down and be quiet. This had a good effect. The rescuing boats surrounded the barge and the children were quickly taken from it and were safely landed.

The cause of the accident was due to the blowing out of a cylinder head of the bow engine, disabling her and placing the craft at the mercy of the swift current.

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The two men on the porch swung themselves over the low railing and disappeared with their host in the direction of the links—Silence reigned for a moment or so, the soft, tender silence of an ideal spring morning. Then a long-drawn, quivering sigh broke the stillness. A tall, graceful figure was framed in the French window. The face beneath its aureole of copper-colored hair was very white, her dark brown eyes burned tawny red, and her hands were tensely clasped around a roll of papers.

"What chance has a woman to be judged on her merits," she murmured bitterly. "A man starts out to earn his living and gets credit for honest motives. A woman must always be accused of some hidden purpose. That I should want to support my mother decently and should select a position which removes me as far as possible from the memory of happier days and other circumstances, is clearly past the understanding of those men. Perhaps—could it be possible that he feels the same way about my work?"

A wave of crimson covered her face. She turned into the appointed dressing room, treasure house of a traveler who knew art centers better than his Baedeker.

Her glance fell upon the open piano with some new music which had come that morning from the city. Playing Chopin and Mendelssohn was scarcely to be classed with the regulation duties of a secretary, but Donald Phillips had always insisted that the half hour of music after luncheon put him in just the right mood for his afternoon work.

From the drawing room she passed through the dim, wide hall to the dining room. A maid was polishing a high-backed carved chair, the one which her mother always occupied when they worked late, when in response to Mr. Phillips' invitation, the elder woman joined them at dinner. Somehow her mother, with her small, patrician features and her snowy hair built in graceful puffs, seemed eminently suited for high-backed carved chairs. She recalled some of the clever stories which had come with the nuts and the coffee, and the final hour in the drawing room.

The maid had paused in her work and was regarding Miss Anstey as if expecting to receive some order. Helen came out of her reverie with a start and recrossed the hall to the library. Talbot, Mr. Phillips' man, was just coming out, and he held the door open for her ostentatiously, almost, consequently, Helen Anstey's heart beat fast and hard. She swept through the door, and, as it was closed behind her, she leaned dizzily against the heavy table.

"They all think it—the very servants. And I have been blind to my own folly. The restful life after the bitter struggle for a position, mother's happiness, and the work, which has become a part of myself, that is all it has been to me. But now—"

She set to work with feverish zeal, first reading the transcript made from yesterday's notes; then with mechanical accuracy, but almost unconscious of what she was writing, she transcribed the few notes Mr. Phillips had dictated before his guests had finished their late breakfast.

When Donald Phillips hurried in, ten minutes before the luncheon hour, a dozen sheets of paper covered with neat typewriting greeted his gaze.

"Now isn't that something scandalous, Anstey," he said. "We won't have that book finished until fall at this rate. But I can't imagine what has come over me unless it is the Spring weather and the sight of those two cheeks fresh from India. If this keeps up I shall redanger my championship. Let's see, the Everyday Magazine called me the most prolific writer of good English—isn't that

He threw back his head and laughed. The inconsistencies of newspaper criticisms always amused him immensely. Helen Anstey usually shared his mirth, but just now she was smiling and unrolling her handkerchief under the shelter of her typewriting table, as nervously as a country school girl.

"Yes, I have been thinking, Mr. Phillips, that now your friends are here, perhaps you might spare me for a few days in town. You know I have not seen New York in four months, and in spring a young woman's thoughts turn to shops and bargain counters. A few days on the links will do you no harm, and I am sure a few in town would do me much good."

She had her little speech well framed, but her voice faltered just a trifle on the last word.

"Will three days be enough?" he inquired, with an air of mock severity. "I am sure you will spend all your savings in that time and be glad to come back."

The girl's hands were clasped convulsively, and she bit her lip. His next words were even harder to bear. "I realize that I have been very selfish, Miss Anstey. You should have asked me for the vacation before, but the book has been going so beautifully, and—"

"Pray do not mention it. I have not really wanted to go, but I think a little pleasuring would do you good."

"Well, as an expiation for my thoughtfulness, you will at least permit me to bear the expense of the little trip for yourself and your mother. It will be added to your next salary check."

Three days later the guests at Graden Court, as the old Phillips place was known, took their departure, and their master sank back into his big library chair with a sigh that held considerable relief. The three days' flood and ahead had been delightful, but now—well, he explained his restless feeling by the fact that his publisher had written him a somewhat urgent letter.

"Talbot," he said, as that worthy responded to his ring, "send one of the boys into the village with the trap, and see whether Miss Anstey has returned."

"Excuse me, sir, but there is a young man here who says he comes from Miss Anstey."

For full five minutes the young man sat silent and depressed, while his prospective employer studied over the following note:

"My Dear Mr. Phillips: I am sending you with this a young man whom I believe will prove entirely capable of doing the work. His experience is ample, his references unimpeachable. I trust that you will not regard me as a hopeless ingrate. I appreciate everything you have done for me and my mother. You were good enough to take me as your employee without explanation or reference. With you I leave my employment in the same manner, and still believe me, Yours gratefully,

"HELEN FINLEY ANSTAY."

So she disappeared from his life, as completely as if the earth had opened up and swallowed her. At the village postoffice she had left no orders for forwarding mail. Personal in various papers brought no acknowledgment. Phillips was too proud to employ detectives, and plunged back into his work.

Six months later, on board an ocean liner, he met a woman whose name stands high upon the social ledger. She was talking of his new novel.

"To be entirely frank with you, Mr. Phillips, I was disappointed in the last few chapters. The beginning was so strong, so virile, but toward the end you seemed to taper off, as if you were just dreadfully tired and bored with it."

"To be equally frank, I was bored," was his reply. "Somehow my whole life seemed to be tapering off just then."

He was looking out across the stretch of waters, his brow drawn in a frown.

"I expected so much of that book, for I had in my employ at the time it appeared a young woman who had been your secretary, and—"

Phillips swung round and clasped the hands of his astonished companion.

"In your employ? Helen with you now?"

"Miss Anstey is in London as a special secretary to Lady Carvan, formerly Miss Grand of New York." She had withdrawn her hands, and was studying the man curiously.

"And if you knew her, as I knew her, you will understand why my book faltered on the finish. She was my inspiration."

"That being the case, I would suggest that you gather your wits together before we get beyond the reach of the wireless station."

Her foot was that of a ballerina, but her eyes were tender.

The length of the message he sent back to London fairly startled the officers on shipboard, but when two words, "Come back," were received in reply, he seemed more than repaid. And three weeks later, when he stood in the dull old library of Lady Carvan's country home, with the girl of his heart clasped in his arms, it seemed to him that nothing counted which had gone before.

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

Thief Enters and Ransacks Rooms in Regina Hotel.

A daring theft was committed at the Regina hotel yesterday afternoon when the rooms of several guests were entered and ransacked. Jewelry to the value of about \$100 was taken from a drawer in a room occupied by Mrs. Ratelle, a guest at the hotel.

A number of cigars were taken from the room of another guest while a third guest was the victim of a "swoop" in shoes, the thief leaving an old pair in exchange for a new pair. The thief visited all of the three upstairs floors, finally entering a room occupied by the night porter who was lying on the bed but awake at the time. Seeing his predicament the shrewd thief feigned intoxication and was ushered down and out of the building by the porter. The fellow ambled off up town and it was not for an hour or more that it was known the hotel had been the scene of a robbery.

The porter was able to give the

H. Pinkiert AUCTIONEER

And Commission Merchant
Front St. Opp. L. & C. Dock

police a fairly good description of the man and there is a strong likelihood of his being apprehended.

WARM YESTERDAY

The Mercury Went 1.89 Degrees Above Zero

The maximum and minimum temperature for the 24 hours preceding 1 o'clock was, according to the official record kept by Sergeant-Major Tucker, 89 and 53 degrees above zero respectively. On the warmest day in June last year the maximum was 87—two degrees less than yesterday. In July of last year the temperature was 90 above on one day. After August 12th it passed the 85 mark only a few times.

Draught beer Rochester Bar

The White Pass & Yukon Route

Operate ten first class passenger steamers

Str. SELKIRK

Will leave for Whitehorse

Thursday, 8 p. m.

Fortymile and Eagle Route. Str. Sybil will make two trips each week between here and Eagle.

Through tickets on sale. For information apply to J. H. ROGERS, Gen. Agent.

J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent

Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points

The Northwestern Line

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

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