

The Klondike Nugget

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From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

THE NEWS V. THE FRENCH.

Using a local politician as a buffer the News a few nights ago took occasion to make certain covert thrusts at the French Canadians of the Dominion. Following its usual tactics of refusing to fight in the open the News gratified its own spleen by making the aforesaid politician responsible for certain statements, which by suggestion and inference amounted to a practical accusation that the French Canadians constitute the unprogressive element of the Dominion and their rapid rise to power and influence constitutes a menace to the advancement of Canada's material welfare.

In its issue of last night the News was forced to publish a letter over the signature of the man whom it had used as a club with which to berate the French, in which letter the author repudiates every sentiment attributed to him by the News, denies that he ever spoke of "unprogressive French," and leaves the News to shoulder the responsibility of the entire matter.

Now it is due for the News to make another of its long drawn out explanations and apologies. How it didn't mean to say anything; was merely quoting somebody else; had no opinion on the matter; in fact didn't know anything at all about it; is very sorry that the affair occurred; will promise hereafter to be good and will never let any such thing happen again, etc., etc. This is the regular thing with the News and if it doesn't happen this time it will be contrary to all precedent.

It will be interesting to note, however, if any such transparent subterfuge will be accepted by the great mass of intelligent French Canadians. We doubt it very much. The intent of the article is too clear—the insult is too plain to admit of explanation. None satisfactory can be made.

A PETTY SPIRIT.

The News had a great deal to do last night over the fact that the Nugget published on the preceding evening a statement from Susie Vernon amounting to a practical admission that she had perjured herself on the stand during the taking of her testimony in the Slorah case.

Now, as a matter of fact, the News on the same evening published almost identically the same story, only the News, with its usual ignorance of what constitutes news, killed its story by tucking it off in a corner where no one could see it.

The Nugget published the story under the caption, "Perjury Admitted." The News labeled its article "Susie Vernon Tells a New Story." The difference in meaning between the two is so slight as scarcely to constitute a distinction. The fact as the News had it, that "Susie Vernon tells a new story," carries with it the inference that one or the other of her stories must be false and hence is equivalent to a charge of perjury. We have no idea that the News will be able to comprehend even so simple a line of reasoning as the above, but we will hope that possibly we may for once be mistaken.

The conclusion which the News draws out of the matter would be laughable as they are. The Nugget is accused of trying with the life of a man who has been convicted by a jury and sentenced to death by hanging. We fail to follow.

Nothing that could be said or done can possibly add to the severity of the sentence which has been imposed. The only effect possible from Susie Vernon's peculiar actions since the trial would be a re-opening of the case, which would give the man another chance for his life.

With this phase of the matter the Nugget has nothing to do. The Nugget is a newspaper first, last and all the time, and publishes the news while it is news. We are not concerned with

establishing the guilt or innocence of men charged with crime. Our business is to furnish the public with the facts in such cases as they develop from time to time. When we have done that our duty ceases.

The petty spirit of spitefulness manifested by the News in its issue of last evening was occasioned by the knowledge that the Nugget is besting the News right along. That's all.

OUR PRIZE-STORY.

A correspondent desires to know if the story which wins the prize of \$50 offered by the Nugget for the best contribution to our special holiday issue, is to be published over the signature of the author.

We will answer the query decidedly in the affirmative. The condition of the contest requiring that all manuscripts be signed by a nom de plume, was laid down merely in order that no knowledge of the actual authorship of the various contributions may be had until the prize is awarded.

It is required also that an envelope containing both nom de plume and actual name of the author accompany each manuscript and when the prize is awarded announcement to that effect will be made, together with the name of the successful contestant over whose signature the story will be published in the holiday number.

The remaining condition limits the number of words to 4000 which allows sufficient scope for the development of a story of some magnitude. It is not necessary that the entire 4000 words be used, that number being the outside limit. The contest will close upon December 5, upon which date all manuscripts must be in the Nugget office.

We are pleased to note the interest which has already been manifested in the contest, which, from present indications, bids fair to develop a surprisingly large amount of literary talent. As has been stated before in these columns we are quite aware of the fact that there is no lack of such talent in the Klondike, the only reason that it has heretofore been kept in the background being lack of occasion to bring it to public notice. The Nugget has furnished the required occasion and we anticipate a ready response from our local story writers.

Considering the fact that the News is owned by a Canadian, it must be said that it has pursued a most un-Canadian policy. Why any paper should attempt at this time to stir up racial discord between the component factors of which the population of Canada is made up it is difficult to conceive. There must be a hidden motive behind it all which sooner or later will be brought to the light of day. It would be charity to attribute the whole matter to the dense ignorance of the News which is manifested on so many occasions, but in this particular affair, the plea of ignorance will scarcely be considered admissible. It is a trite but true saying that murder will out, and there can be no doubt that in the end the reason for the News' implied slander upon the French Canadians will appear upon the surface.

The service now given by the local telephone company is highly satisfactory. As the lines have been extended and new territory embraced the value of the service has proportionately increased. The system of communication with important creek points is most valuable, as it has served to bring Dawson into close touch with all the centers of the mining industry. It has required indefatigable labor upon the part of the promoters of the telephone company to reach the present degree of efficiency for which they are entitled to no small degree of acknowledgment.

Hockey playing when the thermometer is toying in the neighborhood of 40 degrees below zero is rather chilly sport, but it did not in any way serve to lessen the interest of local athletic enthusiasts who turned out well last evening and witnessed the second in the series of match games. Dawson

certainly has its full share of devotees of manly sports.

What Rolloed the Engineer.

The old engineer had finished grooming his engine for the night's run and was whiling away the half hour before train time in swapping yarns with his fireman. It was his turn at a story. After puffing reflectively on his pipe for a moment or two, he said, half questioningly: "I don't believe we've ever run over anybody, Bill, since you've been in the cab."

"But it isn't the running over that scares you," he continued, "though that is bad enough. It's the coming so all fired close to it and missing that takes the tuck out of a man. After you once hit anything the worst you can do is to plow right along, but when you see a man on the track and blow your whistle and shut off steam and put on brakes and then the man turns out to be deaf or drunk or something of the kind, and you know you can't help striking him, then's the time you wish you were running a steamboat or a fire engine."

"The closest shave I ever had was when I was pulling the president's special up to Albany. We were trying to make a record run. We had passed the Poughkeepsie bridge and were doing better than a mile a minute when I saw a man walking down the track toward us. The fireman blew the whistle, but the man never budged from between the rails. As we got closer, I saw he was walking with his head down and paying no attention to what was going on. I shut off steam, jammed on the brakes and reversed her, but we slid along at a pretty fair gait. He never stirred until just as the engine was going to hit him. Then he jumped out of the way, grinning up at me and put his fingers to his nose."

"Get after him," I yelled, but before the fireman could climb down from the cab the man was running down the track for all he was worth—and that wasn't more than 30 cents. We didn't have any time to spare, so we hustled on again, and I've been trying ever since to decide whether our friend was drunk or crazy, or had a darned peculiar idea of humor. Anyway, I wish I'd had a little more time. I'd like to have taken a chance at him with coal shovel."—New York Mail and Express.

Custer Indian Attack.

The late Charles Osborn, the New York broker, and General Custer were intimate friends, and Osborn annually visited the general at his camp on the plains. During one of the Indian campaigns he invited Osborn and a party of friends out to Kansas and, after giving them a buffalo hunt, arranged a novel experience in the way of an Indian scare. As Osborn was lying in his tent one night firing was heard at the outposts and the rapid riding of pickets. "Boots and saddles!" was the order in the disturbed atmosphere of the night, and Custer appeared to Osborn loaded with rifle, two revolvers, a saber and a scalping knife.

"Charles," he said in his quick nervous way, "you must defend yourself. Sitting Bull and Plea-In-Your-Boots, with Wiggle-Tail-Jim and Scalp-Lock-Skowhehan, are on us in force. I did not want to alarm you before, but the safety of my command is my first duty. Things look serious. If we don't meet again, God bless you!"

The broker fell on his knees. "Custer," he cried, "only get me out of this! I'll carry 1,000,000 shares of Western Union for you into the firm to get me home. Only save me!"

But Custer was gone, and the camp, by shrewd arrangement, burst into a blaze, and shots, oaths and warwhoops were intermixed until suddenly a painted object loomed on Osborn's sight, and something was flung into his face—a human scalp. He dropped to the ground, said the Lord's prayer backward and sideways until the noise died away and there was exposed a lighted supper table with this explanation on a transparency: "Osborn's treat!"—Chicago Record.

A New Use for Balloons.

M. Letorey, a French architect, has applied the captive balloon to the cleaning or decorating of cupolas, high roofs, towers and monuments. The balloon can be raised or lowered from a wagon by a windlass, and it can be steadiied by stays from the side of the envelope. It has two platforms, or "nacelles," one on the top, the other underneath, and these communicate by a ladder up a central tube. The "balloon scaffold," as it is called, might be useful and safe in many operations, such as now require steeple jacks; for example, the wreathing of Nelson's column, and also in wireless telegraphy as an aerial station.—London Globe.

Return Postponed.

London, Oct. 19.—The mayor of Liverpool has received a dispatch from Lord Roberts saying that he is unable to attend to receive the freedom of the city before January.

Commenting upon the activity of the Boers and the statement from Capetown that Lord Roberts has postponed his home-coming, the Standard says: "There are certain indications pointing to the conclusion that unexpected

difficulties have arisen which Lord Roberts considers grave enough to demand his presence for some time to come. All the facts suggest that it is impossible yet to denude South Africa of any substantial portion of the large army now engaged in dominating a sullen and recalcitrant population."

The editorial finally calls for the severest measures against irreconcilable Boers, for a prompt and ruthless punishment of every insurgent burgher caught in delicto.

The editorial concludes with the statement: "The imperial government has the country's mandate, and need not be afraid to act vigorously."

A Change all Around.

"There goes a party that will be heard from," said Smith, pointing to a young man who was going down the street. "He has managed to keep his head in love and financial matters, and they are the two great tests."

"Two months ago he was a young man with all the world before him and with no prospects ahead of him except a determination to fight life's battles."

"He was in love with a young lady living in this city, but his financial condition prevented him from declaring his passion; besides he was not sure that the young lady in question cared for him."

"But by one of those curious turns of the wheel of fortune an old aunt, that he had never seen, died and left him a large sum of money. Without delay he called upon the young lady and asked her to marry him, saying nothing about the fortune that had been left him. He met with a point blank refusal."

"Two days later the girl heard of his unexpected windfall and wrote him a note saying, 'I've chagned my mind.' 'His answer was just as short. It said: 'So have I.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Write Address Plainly.

The local postoffice people experience considerable difficulty on account of the fact that many letters and other mail are insufficiently directed. For example, many letters intended for Grand Forks or Caribou are simply directed, "Grand Forks, Canada," or "Caribou, Canada," the "Yukon Territory" or "Y. T." being omitted. As there is another postoffice called Grand Forks in Canada; also another Caribou, many letters intended for delivery in the Yukon doubtless never reach their destination. Residents of this country are, therefore, requested to notify their correspondents to exercise proper care in directing their mail.

Misunderstood Patriotism.

Professor Alfred B. Adams, of New York, was a soldier in the civil war and took part in the Red river campaign under Maj. Gen. Nathaniel T. Banks.

"At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the southern government. Gen. Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla. Each bale was stenciled 'C. S. A.' and over this the northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters 'U. S. A.' I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright eyed young southern officer, said, 'Yank, what's that writing there?' 'I looked proudly at him as I replied: 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read—U. S. A. over C. S. A.'?"

"He looked at me quizzically. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of American Cotton Stealing Association.' 'The next question he put to me I didn't answer.'—Saturday Evening Post.

Challenge to Play Whist.

Editor Daily Nugget: Y and Z, two business men of the city, hereby challenge any other two men, not professional gamblers, in Dawson to a game of whist to be played at any place on which all parties may mutually agree and at any time within the next two weeks. Address us, care of the Nugget office, after which arrangements for a game may be made. Y AND Z.

Wrong Basket.

Frank—I knew Penn would be a poet when he was a baby. Ida—What were the symptoms? Frank—He was found in a basket on the doorstep. Ida—I don't see anything in that. Frank—Yes, but it was a waste basket.—Brooklyn Life.

Winter Sledding

While he is not so engaged these days, the time was when Frank Phiscator would attach himself to a sled and mush a few hundred pounds of freight from Dawson out to the creeks and think nothing of it. Frank was in a reminiscent mood at the McDonald hotel last night, which mood was doubtless superinduced by the fact that Boreas was reigning in the old-fashioned way and air white with frost was rushing in through every aperture and crevice.

"This," said he, "is the kind of weather that makes it hard for freighters for the reason that, with the mercury as low as it is now they can not haul more than half the load they can when it is about zero or a few degrees above."

When asked in what respect the cold effects the matter of sledding Mr. Phiscator said:

"The smooth steel surface of a sled runner when the mercury is very low adheres to everything it touches even to the snow. The runners appear to freeze to the snow as they pass over it. Before the days of horses in this country and when freight was hauled by men for the reason that very few of us could afford dogs, we learned to our sorrow that freighting in very cold weather was attended with great difficulty. It was then that I learned that 200 pounds pulled more heavily with the mercury at 30 or 40 below than did 400 pounds when the thermometer marked only zero."

And Frank actually shivered as recollections of his early day experiences in this country flitted o'er his mind.

For St. Paul's Church.

Next Tuesday night under the management of Mrs. F. C. Wade and Mr. Arthur Boyle an entertainment in aid of St. Paul's church will be given in McDonald hall commencing at 8 o'clock. All the best amateur talent in the city has been secured and the occasion is bound to be an enjoyable one. Among those who will do their share in making the affair a success are: Mrs. F. C. Wade, Mrs. D. B. Olson, Miss Emma Allen, Messrs. McPherson, Boyle, Craig, Johnson, McConnell and others. Tickets are now on sale at Reid's drug store at \$1 each.

Flue Inspector Needed.

Now that the mercury has passed the 40 below zero mark the tintinabulations of the fire bell will probably be heard on an average of once each day as long as the very cold weather continues. Many of the fires, in accord with Dawson's past history in that respect, will be started by defective flues, which, of course, have not been inspected even by the owners during the past year or more. Like the Arkansas man, they didn't need the flues inspected in mild weather and now it is too cold to inspect them and draw the fires if repairs are found to be necessary. An official flue inspector could be well and advantageously employed in Dawson for the next several months.

Wart as a Barometer.

William Creiger, of Northville, Mich., is a human barometer. He has a large wart on one of his cheeks, and during the dry weather it is small and rather dry. When a storm is coming 30 hours' notice is given Mr. Creiger by this wart swelling to two or three times its normal size. During the late drought Mr. Creiger was the object of much prominence, as everybody wanted to know when rain would come, in order to save their corn and potatoes. The day before the rain did come the wart began growing larger and Creiger was sure the drought would be broken, and it was. He is looked upon as better than the government guessers of weather probabilities.—Rx.

Rhymes of the Months.

The following characteristic rhymes of the months are said to have been written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan: January—snowy. February—flowy. March—blowy. April—showery. May—flowery. June—bowery. July—moppy. August—croppy. September—poppy. October—breazy. November—weezy. December—freezy.

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