

The Klondike Nugget

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ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

FARTHER NORTH.

The News is floundering around in a vain endeavor to determine its status politically. Since the News became a "Canadian newspaper"—notwithstanding the sworn declaration of its manager, that the owners, editor and manager, are all United States citizens, it has been feeling around in the dark trying to find out where would be the most opportune place to land.

Having been persuaded by certain of its admirers that the Conservative party would win on the outside, the News conceived the idea that it would gain fame and fortune by becoming the organ of that party in the Klondike. As usual, however, lacking the courage of its convictions, or to put it more exactly, possessing neither courage nor convictions, the News since the great landslide which wiped the leaders of the Conservative party entirely off their feet, has been throwing out intimations that it wouldn't mind "standing in" with the powers which are to be for the next five years. The poor old News. It has never yet started off with the right foot. Every time it happens to gain a little speed in one direction it immediately becomes frightened at its own momentum, puts on the brakes, and starts off on a new tack only to repeat the process ad infinitum.

Like every other opportunist, the News has been a rank failure. It is discredited among those it professes to represent and is an object for ridicule to its enemies.

The News ought to go farther north. We think within the shadow of the North Pole among the polar bears and sea lions, there would be a splendid field for its talents.

THE SLORAH TRIAL.

The reports which have been published in the Nugget of the progress of the Slorah trial have demonstrated very forcibly the efficiency of the local news service which this paper furnishes its patrons. A more comprehensive or exhaustive review of the trial could scarcely be secured from a transcript of the court records. The case is one in which the public has manifested great interest and it has been the aim of the Nugget to supply with absolute accuracy and detail the facts as they have developed from day to day. This effort the public has not been slow to recognize and appreciate. As to the outcome of the trial it must be said that the verdict has created general surprise and the efforts to reopen the case will be followed with no little interest.

WANTED: A STORY.

The Nugget has in course of preparation a special illustrated holiday number which will be published at Christmas time. As a feature of the intended volume we desire to publish a Klondike story. We are not particular as to plot, character, or method of treatment, but we want a story which will apply the sort of life we lead in this northern country, and which when read by people on the outside will be recognized as a genuine Klondike production.

The Nugget is quite aware of the fact that literary talent of a high order is abundant, not only in Dawson but on the creeks. As an inducement to this talent to come forward and allow its light to shine forth, we will offer a cash prize of \$50 for the best story contributed for publication in our holiday issue. Careful notice should be taken of the following conditions:

1. The story must not contain more than 4000 words.
 2. Manuscripts must be in the Nugget office on or before December 5.
 3. Manuscripts must be signed with pen or de plume only and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing real name and home de plume.
- Two weeks only remain until the close of the contest, but the time is sufficiently long for the purpose re-

quired. The possibilities of the Klondike as a field for literary material are gradually becoming recognized among magazine writers on the outside and numerous articles based upon Klondike experiences have of late appeared in various periodicals.

The Nugget is of the opinion that better Klondike stories can be written in Dawson than in New York or Chicago, and we are fully confident that this belief will be sustained by the result of the contest. At any rate, someone will receive the prize of \$50, and in addition to the fact that the prize story will be published in the Nugget's holiday issue, it will undoubtedly be widely copied by papers and magazines on the outside. Here is fame and fifty dollars for some one. Anyone may compete and the best story will win.

The Nugget's Semi-Weekly issue is the most widely read paper on the creeks. Each issue of the Semi-Weekly contains practically everything that has appeared in the Daily during the three days preceding the date of issue. Our creek patrons are, therefore, kept as thoroughly informed upon all matters of public interest as though they received the Daily Nugget each evening.

Since work for the winter has fairly begun, the circulation of the Semi-Weekly has advanced with big strides. Every creek in the district, including Gold Run and Quartz, is reached by as perfect a carrier service as is maintained by any of the metropolitan newspaper on the outside. The Nugget is always ahead of its competitors on the creeks, just as it is in Dawson, the very best evidence of which fact rests in the constantly increasing demand for the Semi-Weekly.

Skating is the king of winter sports. No more healthful or invigorating exercise could be imagined and certainly no better opportunities for the full enjoyment of the sport can be desired than are presented in Dawson. The hockey tournament now in progress is attracting widespread public interest and as the season advances, this interest is bound to increase. For a town of its size Dawson possesses a fine array of athletic talent and what is more to the point our local athletes are possessed with the proper spirit of enthusiasm.

The public museum now in process of organization will prove in later years of great value from a historical standpoint. Some day, the early settlement of the Yukon territory will form the basis upon which Canadian historians will found most interesting treatises, and the museum will be a source of information of the utmost importance. Public support should, and undoubtedly will come forward willingly to the aid of the undertaking.

The News tells us that it is feeling "coltish." We knew there was something to account for the manner in which the News has been handled of late and to our contemporary itself explains the cause. We have seen colts with extremely long ears of which the News serves to remind us very vividly. There is no doubt that when our contemporary says it feels "coltish" it has the same animal in mind.

The analysis, published elsewhere, of the water furnished for local consumption is very satisfactory. As long as the present purity is maintained, there need be little fear of typhoid or similar epidemics. Dawson is a healthy town and the knowledge that pure water in inexhaustible quantities is at hand for domestic use serve to add to our naturally favorable sanitary conditions.

The News gravely asserts in a recent issue that "nothing succeeds like success." That was just what the Nugget had in mind when it scored five separate and distinct scoops on the News last week. Our erstwhile competitor gets things right sometimes in spite of itself.

New Quartz Discovery.

A new strike was reported at the Nugget office yesterday by T. Bishop, which, if it proves as important as samples of the rock shown in this

office would indicate, will be of the greatest value, not only to the discoverers, but the district in which it is located as well. The exact location of the find would not be divulged by Mr. Bishop, but the following facts were given by him in an interview today. Showing samples of the rock which were almost solid metal and of the appearance of iron ore, Mr. Bishop said: "This was found in the Portymile district near the Yukon on the American side, and was the outcropping of a ledge which my partner, Johnny Gannon and I traced for a distance of one and one-half miles. The rock is hornblend and an assay which I had made at Fortymile gave \$61 in gold and \$230 in silver. I have come up here to get an accurate assay made of the ores upon that will be based my future action in regard to the development of the property. The lead runs in the direction of N. E. S. W., and the samples which I have brought up were taken 500 feet up the mountain from the creek bed which cuts the ledge.

"I have taken samples of the rock, pulverized the ore and panned the disintegrated rock with the most satisfactory results, as I found gold in the pan, which warrants me in believing that the rock is rich even if my experience covering thirty odd years did not satisfy me of its value."

Mr. Bishop reports prosperous times in Fortymile district and says from 1500 to 2000 men will be employed there this winter. Walker's Fork is showing up good. The stream is 80 miles long and good pay is found down to 34. Cabins are being built all along the creek.

About the Theatres.

Chas. M. Rae's three act farce comedy at the Standard last evening was "A thing of beauty and a joy forever," or at least it was a joy during the evening and will remain one during the week for those who have the good fortune to see it as produced by the Standard company, which, like wine, improves with each week of age.

The piece bears the title of "A Man With Three Wives," and one can scarcely imagine more funny situations, for the spectator, than those in which the unfortunate wretch finds himself.

In real life such things would be funny enough could they be divested of their tragedy, but of course on the stage it's different, and everyone sees the laugh and enjoys it.

The entire company of the Standard is in the cast, and when this is said one can readily understand that the play is presented in a credible manner, and that the price of admission is not a bunco.

The great and only Post's act entitled "A Night at the Klondike," went on to a crowded house at the Savoy last night, and all who saw it know that it was good to be there, and that he was getting his money's worth of fun.

Larry Bryant as the landlord, Mr. Register, had troubles of his own which were apparent to the audience. Dick Maurettus as Rube Perkins, an arrival from rural districts seemed to bring upon the stage with him the smell of new mown hay, and Wm. Evans as Hondenheimer reeked with the odor of ancient sauerkraut.

Geo. Troxwell, a monkey, played a prominent part in straining suspender buttons, and Mari Baccagilipi, was presented by May Ashley in her well known and approved character work. Carrie Winchell did the Salvation Army lass in a way to bring repentance to the heart of a watermelon.

Besides this there is the olio which is unsurpassed in variety and perfection, and the finale, "Under the Gas Pipes," which produces more merriment.

A Novel Wager.

A story of a novel McKinley and Bryan bet comes from Kingville, an embryo town on Bonanza near McCormick's Forks which derives its name from the fact that John King owns a claim at that place. King is a strong McKinley man, but one of his neighbors had equally strong admiration for Bryan.

The wager was that the winner should cut the legs off his (ahem) drawers, and the loser should wear the same on his arms over his other clothing for a period of one week. King won the bet and off came the legs of his drawers which are now on the arms of his neighbor. Unless King owned another pair of drawers it would look, owing to the severity of the weather, that the loser has rather the best of it after all.

Better Than Mining.

One meat market in this city recently purchased 400 ptarmigans from one hunter who had bagged them all on the summit in a space of 12 days. The birds sell at \$1 each in the market, and if the hunter gets half for his share, he does much better than he could do at any other work provided his ammunition bill is not too abnormally large.

Another Dawson meat dealer purchased 200 rabbits yesterday from a couple of hunters who snared them up the Klondike a few miles and sledged them down to the city. It is said that hundreds of head of moose and caribou will be brought to market as soon as the closed season expires, which will be on December 16th. An occasional moose is being quietly brought in even now.

The Weather.

During the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning the lowest point reached by the mercury was early yesterday evening when it went down to 21 degrees below zero. At 8 o'clock this morning the temperature had risen until it was but 7 degrees below zero.

Fifty to One.

War is not such a dangerous game as people think. In spite of all efforts to annihilate each other, enemies do comparatively slight damage. During the Franco-German war, with its scores of battles on a vast scale, only 19 1/2 men in each 1000 were killed and 108 wounded, while 4 1/2 per 1000 were missing. Thus any soldier engaged had about nine chances to one that he would not get a scratch, and over 50 chances to one that he would not be killed. Most of the wounds received were light—that is to say, one-fourth of all the wounds were severe, and three-fourths were slight. But it is surprising how small a wound disables a man and knocks him out of the ranks.—Ex.

Skagway Sets Example.

A telegram from Skagway to this paper states that two days ago all the women on French and Jap allies in that town were arrested by deputy U. S. marshals and taken to Sitka, where they are being held in the United States jail until they can be tried according to the laws which is supposed to prohibit the leading of such lives.

Filling the Tank.

The unusual sight of a line of hose stretched up to the roof of the new postoffice building this afternoon caused some people to imagine that the building was on fire. Nothing more serious was going on, however, than the work of filling the tank which is to be used for fire protection.

Rewarded With a Haircut.

Nearly every man of eminence has his double—someone who looks so much like him as to be frequently mistaken for "the original Jacobs." Sir Henry Irving has not escaped. A short time since he received a letter from a man in Paris who told of his marked likeness to the great actor. At first, the stranger wrote, it was a pleasure to be taken for so distinguished a man, but in time the novelty wore off and he had been both annoyed and embarrassed by the continual necessity of explaining that he was he, and not Sir Henry. The letter concluded by mentioning that \$25 or \$50 would be of considerable service to him. Would Sir Henry remit by return of post and thus in a measure atone for the annoyance to which the likeness had subjected him?

Irving happened to read the letter to Bram Stoker, and then said that he thought he must send the man something, not \$50, perhaps, but— "If ye'll let me, I'll answer the letter for you," said Mr. Stoker, who has an Irish accent to match his Irish wit. A few days later Irving said: "You answered that letter, Mr. Stoker?"

"I did, then, and wrote him advice of a friendly nature, besides the money I sent him."

"You sent him money, ha! I hope it was enough!"

"'Twas, then," murmured Stoker, beaming, "and the letter to boot. Shall I tell you what was in it? Well, then, it was half crown I sent him" (half a crown is about 60 cents), "and I just wrote him that since it was his likeness to you was vexin' him, well, then, to take the half crown and go and have his hair cut."—Ex.

A Lost Ad.

Ben Inprint—Say my wife, Mrs. Ben Inprint, and two children, Lucy and John, are away on a visit to her Uncle Ebenezer's, down at Cedar Valley. I join them over Sunday.

New Reporter (producing notebook)—Give me the names of the children again, please.

Ben Inprint—Goodness! Ye ain't goin' to put it in yer paper, are ye?

New Reporter—I intended to, but of course if you'd rather I'll not mention it. Good day.

Ben Inprint—Why didn't I keep my mouth shut? That feller must be new.—Ohio State Journal.

PERJURY ADMITTED

By Susie Vernon Who Now Says She Saw All of Slorah Tragedy.

SHE IS STILL GREATLY EXCITED

And When Questioned Denies and Implores by Turn.

HER HEAD WAS NOT COVERED

As It Is Said She Told a Jurymen all About It Before the Verdict Was Rendered.

Susie Vernon has made a statement which amounts to a confession of perjury in the Slorah murder trial finished last night.

Rumor had it this morning that she had last night made a statement to one of the jurors before the verdict was rendered, which, in effect was that when she stated that her head was under the pillows and that she had seen nothing, she stated what was untrue, as she had seen the whole affair from beginning to end, and that she had seen the fatal shots fired by Slorah.

Immediately after the death sentence had been passed upon Slorah this morning Susie Vernon was called upon at her room in the Holborn and asked to make a statement of the facts as they were.

She declined to talk and was much agitated in her manner. At times she denied in toto the statement, and again pleaded extreme nervousness, and asked for further time before being pressed for an answer.

"As a matter of fact," was asked, "did you or did you not, see this whole tragedy as has been said you admitted you did?"

"You know I did!" exclaimed the woman in low intense tones, betraying her excitement.

When pressed for particulars she tossed her head and said:

"You are neither judge nor jury and I do not have to answer your questions."

"Certainly not," was said, but the public is busy with the story now and want the truth."

A sarcastic smile played about her lips, when the public was mentioned, and then she suddenly changed her expression for one of bitterness and replied:

"I refuse to have anything to say concerning the matter."

"What did you mean when, in answering the question just now as to whether you had seen the whole affair or not, you said: 'You know I did.'"

"Did I say that?"

"Yes."

Then she smiled, and immediately changed her whole attitude to one of supplication as she said:

"Please, O please, do not quote me as implicating anyone else! It's awful—terrible."

"Come back and see me tomorrow."

An Office Mascot.

Mrs. Kizer, of 26 below on Bonanza, formerly proprietor of the Ramier restaurant in this city, sent a unique present to the Nugget office yesterday evening, the contribution being an owl of the "screech" variety which was captured on Bonanza. As an indication that it is all owl, it twisted its neck around 17 times this morning before unwinding. In its owl way the bird is bright and vivacious and seems to take kindly to captivity. E. J. White, the celebrated Nugget linguist, in his spare moments will endeavor to teach it to tell one of his charming "nigger" dialect stories.

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