

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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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.

THOSE RIDGE ROADS.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget will be found an interview with Dominion Land Surveyor Barwell regarding the famous government trails constructed last fall. By means of this system of public works it was proposed by the Yukon council that full and complete amends should be made for all the various sins of omission and commission that had been laid at the door of the federal government since the discovery of Klondike gold was first made known. Henceforth and forever the downtrodden miner was to have nothing of which to complain; his pathway should run in pleasant places only and he was to be made to feel that a magnanimous government was only waiting to know his wants in order that the same might be given attention.

As will be noted in the article referred to, and as may be verified by reference to the July and August files of this paper diligent care was exercised by the council to ascertain the opinions of the miners and claim owners as to the advisability of locating the roads in the gulches instead of placing them on the ridges as originally contemplated. Capt. Belcher was despatched upon this important mission and it was ascertained that the miners along the creeks were practically unanimous in the opinion that the roads should, wherever practicable follow the creek beds.

The council, however, evidently concluded that the miners had made use of the traditional feminine artifice of saying "no" when "yes" was intended, so they promptly proceeded to authorize the construction of the present system of ridge roads. Now, after the roads have been given a trial of several months the statement is made on the authority of a Dominion land surveyor that out of a total of nearly 40 miles of road constructed, 12 miles only are traversable and in use at the present time.

Thousands of dollars, apparently, have been expended with practically no results, when the same amount of money might have given serviceable trails to all the creeks. In this way a wise and paternal government looks out for its own.

According to a dispatch in last night's issue there is a very strong possibility that the capital of Alaska will be removed from Sitka to Juneau. We hope the bill providing for such removal will become a law. Alaska is rapidly acquiring an importance, both from the standpoint of population and commerce, as to require every possible facility for the handling of its public business. Sitka, the present capital, is in such an out of the way location that the removal of the capital to Juneau would serve greatly to accom-

modate parties who are compelled to visit the capital city. With the opening up of the lower river country, there will come an endless amount of litigation which will necessitate the presence of the disputants at headquarters, and so long as the judiciary of the territory remains as at present organized, decisions for the most part must be secured at the capital. At the present time Juneau is probably the best point in the territory for the capital. It possesses the double virtue of being accessible both to citizens of Alaska and to parties from the states whose business may require their presence at the Alaskan capital.

The Daily Nugget is delivered at the Forks every evening by special carrier. Creek subscribers, both to the Daily and Semi Weekly, are constantly on the increase. Last night the forms had to be replaced on the press and an extra hundred copies struck off to supply the local demand for the Daily. The Daily Nugget is not as big as other papers we have heard of, but it prints all the news when it is news and Dawson's citizens have been very quick to ascertain that fact.

There is a report abroad to the effect that certain parties are contemplating attempting to cover the distance between Dawson and Nome on bicycles. Of all the insane projects of which the gold craze has been the inspiration this latest idea caps the climax. A commission ought to be appointed to examine into the mental apparatus of a man who would seriously consider such an undertaking.

The News dropped its threatened bombshell into the Sun can p last night and the thing exploded with about as much effect as a small sized fire cracker. For the amount of space this telegram business has occupied in the News columns we had expected that when its hand was finally exposed something more than a bluff would be exhibited. But alas, we as well as the public, have been doomed to disappointment.

Something like ten days have gone by since the last mail arrived in Dawson. A year ago we didn't think anything was amiss if 30 days went by and no mail arrived. Now we feel as though we have a legitimate complaint to make if the mail fails to come in on schedule time. Civilizing influences are liable to turn us into cranks yet.

We do not wish any hard luck to those venturesome spirits who are starting for Nome over the ice. They have hard luck enough ahead of them under any circumstances. If, however, one out of every ten that start reaches his destination before the opening of navigation we shall be obliged to plead guilty to being poor prophets.

The weather for the past three days reminds us very forcibly of the opening of spring, as we have seen it come about in the eastern states. The balminess of the breezes has been enough to give the young man's fancy a decided twist in the direction of tender thoughts.

Notice.

SKAGWAY, J. & D. 27.
To the Daily Klondike Nugget:
You are authorized to offer the sum of \$1,000 reward for the return of Fred Clayton, dead or alive. Supposed to have been murdered between Minto and Hatcher's on Christmas day. Please insert this notice in your paper two weeks.
(Signed) WILL CLAYSON.
Nugget Express messenger leaves Saturday for Bennett.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"I'll tell you what it is," said a merchant to the Stroller a few days ago. "I am sorter stuck on this strict Sunday law they have here. It makes me think of times back on the old farm when I was a boy, and when we never thought of chopping wood or whistling a tune on the Sabbath. Why, people were so strict back there that they eat bread as hard as a dance hall girl before they would bake even hot cakes or biscuits on Sunday, and when Sunday evening came they would send one boy alone to drive up the cows, fearing that if two went they would talk about worldly things on the trip. But I have been on the Pacific coast so long that I have grown accustomed to seeing everything run wide open, and when I first came here it looked rather odd to me to see everything shut up on Sunday. But as I remarked before, I have come to like it. For instance, I have a store from which the law prevents me selling goods on Sunday. The same law applies to my competitors down the street. The customer waits for the goods until Monday morning when I supply him. I have lost nothing and in addition have had a good day's rest and relaxation from business. Why, do you know, even the gamblers are glad of a day's rest. One of them told me only the other day that the existence of the Sunday law enables him to go to church every Sunday, whereas otherwise he would have to be dealing or squirming around in the lookout chair. I must say that enough of my early training sticks with me to make me a firm believer in a rather rigid observance of the Sabbath day."

As the Stroller was passing up Front street about 11 o'clock several mornings since he heard one knight of the green cloth give the following sensible advice to a co-laborer in the green: "I knows very vell you aind been in a bet in du nides, unt if you dond haf some sleeps soon your eyes vill look like hell, dond it? Now, go mit your room oop unt got some sleeps, unt ven you vakes oop you vill feel like some shenteman's."

"This country takes the cake," said a man who was never west of the Mississippi river until he started for the Klondike two years and a half ago. "It is the first place I ever saw in which some men, I don't say all men, but some men—just a few—lose all the self respect they ever had. One of my neighbors came in here with me. We were barefooted boys together and grew up together. Both of us married about the same time; our wives are back home and are like sisters, while our children play together every day. In fact, he and I used to belong to the same church until I fell from grace. Well, we came here together and managed to get hold of some property jointly. During the first year we had a cabin together and got along splendidly, making considerable money and living as well as two men could live who were batching. About a year ago my friend began to find fault with our mode of living. He said his health was failing and he had night sweats. I smelled a rat but said nothing. By and by he said he believed he would feel better to get a cabin and live alone. The rat odor grew stronger but still I said nothing. The idea of securing a separate cabin was carried out. Then he decided that his stomach would not last him more than another year or two if he continued eating his own cooking; woman's cooking was what his system required, he said, and before he had been in his separate cabin six weeks he had a regularly ordained woman cook. He has her yet, and I must say that I have heard no complaints of stomach trouble since she was installed. As a cook she must be a howling success. My friend is not the same man to me as of yore. He does not care to look nearer my face than

the top button on my vest, and when I meet him after the arrival of a mail and ask him if he got any word from his family he looks like a whipped malamute. He never asks me to his cabin. I reckon he is afraid I might look around to count the beds in it. I don't know how he will feel when we get back east and meet at the usual Saturday afternoon prayer meetings, but I rather think I will stay away and let him do the praying for both of us."

And with a long drawn sigh the speaker concluded with: "You bet this country takes the cake."

RIDGE ROAD IS A FAILURE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

divide between Carmack's forks and Gold Bottom, a good trail has been built by Mr. McCarthy, who owns the roadhouse at No. 96 above on Bonanza. At the Junction—to be particular, a short distance beyond the Junction—Mr. McCarthy's trail joins the government ridge road, which is followed until Cook's roadhouse is reached. From this point to the head of Dominion a new trail has been constructed which joins the government ridge road again on the ridge between Sulphur and Dominion. From this junction the government trail is used to the head of Cariboo.

From the head of Cariboo the government constructed a trail which runs around the head of Cariboo, thence to and around the head of Lyons creek, thence to and around the head of Portland, and on to Gold Run. This portion of the government road was surveyed by Mr. Astley, and the proposed grade is 600 feet too high between Cariboo and Lyons creek. As a matter of fact the trail was never graded; the contractors merely clearing it of brush for the required width. Heavy freighters go down Cariboo to Dominion and thence up Bartlett Bros.' trail to the head of Lyons creek. From this point to Gold Run the government road is traversed. But the circuit made from the head of Cariboo to Dominion and thence back to the head of Lyons creek is six miles longer than the direct road built by the government from Cariboo to Gold Run; yet freighters continually travel this entire distance in order to avoid the government trail. Out of about 40 miles of government road only 12 miles are traversable.

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