

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 and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1900.

MORE ROADS.

The recommendations made by the committee on public works to the Yukon council as published in yesterday's issue of the Nugget should be carried into effect immediately. On Hunker and Sulphur creeks in particular, necessity of quick action in the matter of road building is most important, as thus far those creeks have been left to a great extent to take care of themselves.

Hunker creek has been worked almost as long as Eldorado and Bonanza and while the actual amount of work done and the number of men employed has been less than on these creeks there is no reason for neglecting the first named.

The delay in the matter of road building has cost the territory hundreds of thousands of dollars in excessive freight charges and in other ways has served to hinder and set back the proper development of our richest creeks.

The council, we are glad to say, are alive to the necessities of the situation, and if they take hold of the problem, as we have reason to believe they will, the road question will soon be pretty well solved. Certainly enough delay has occurred already.

AN OBJECT FOR PITY.

The Daily News is very much of a Bourbon. It never learns anything. Some time ago it made an uncalled for attack upon this paper and the Nugget was compelled to explain several things in connection with the News which the public more than half suspected already. We proved by affidavits how the manager of the News had offered in the presence of no less than four gentlemen to sell the support of that paper to the O'Brien-Noel campaign managers for the sum of \$2500. We further proved by sworn documents on file at the courthouse how the owner of the News was guilty of a deliberate falsehood when he stated over his own signature through the columns of the News that he is a Canadian. We don't like to keep referring to these matters but the News being a true Bourbon must needs return to its old tactics again last night, and we feel called upon to administer a little more discipline to our morally obtuse contemporary, lest it begin itself to believe some of its own perjuries. The poor old News. We would much prefer to allow it to remain unnoticed in the obscurity which it so beautifully adorns. It is an object for pity, and as such we solicit the commiseration of charitable persons and ask them as much as possible to overlook its many shortcomings.

It is a disappointment to a great many Americans that the through telegraph line to Vancouver could not be completed in time to secure the election returns from the States. Election returns received four or five days after it is all over lose a large part of their interest. However, the returns from the Nugget's election will be in shortly after the hour for closing the polls and we shall at least be able to know how Messrs. McKinley and Bryan would

stand if the determination of their fate was left to the Klondike.

They Simply Sobbed.

Two elite members of the upper tandom of colored society sat very close together on the deck of a Belle Isle steamer the other afternoon. She was gorgeously arrayed in the bright colors of summer, and he was a regular cake walk dream. They were very observant, and there was little of interest on the boat that escaped their notice. Finally two persons sitting near the railing attracted the attention of the lady, who nudged her companion and remarked:

"Mah goodness, Chawles, doan' dose two gemmens ovah dar 'semble one annnddah?"

"Yeh," replied the dusky gallant, "sheshully de one on dis side."

There was no particular import in what the wild waves said about the matter.—Ex.

He Wanted a Smoke.

"Hanged if I believe anybody ever made a fire by rubbing two sticks together, all travelers' yarns to the contrary notwithstanding," declared an enthusiastic local sportsman the other day. "I spent a couple of weeks with a camping party on the upper Red river, west of Winfield, last spring," he went on, "and one morning I got separated from the other boys, and it was night before I found my way back to our shack. I am an inveterate smoker, and when I filled up my pipe after wandering around for an hour or two I was horrified to find that my match safe was empty."

"As soon as I made that discovery my desire for a smoke increased about 500 per cent. If I had had my gun along, I could have started a blaze without trouble, but unluckily I had set out to do some fishing and had no weapon but my hook and line. Naturally the first thing that occurred to me was flint and steel, but I couldn't find any flint, and then I happened to think of the old story about making fire with two pieces of wood.

"Well, I won't tire you with details, but if ever a man gave an experiment a conscientious trial I did on this occasion. I picked up chunks of half a dozen different kinds of wood, trimmed them down with my penknife and tried them all in various combinations, using one hard and one soft stick, exactly as the story books say the Indians do.

"But, although I rubbed until the pesky things were chafed nearly in two, I never succeeded in getting them even warm. At last I remembered reading somewhere about a scheme of the natives of Java, who are said to lay a flat piece of wood on the ground and twirl a small rod, top fashion, on its surface by means of a cord. I soon made one of the machines, cutting up my suspenders for the string, and if you had seen me squatting there seasawing the thing you would have taken an oath that I had lost my mind. At the end of half an hour I was redhot, and the apparatus was dead cold. The longer I twirled the cooler it got. If I had kept on another half hour, I believe I would have had a stick frappe.

"But I had gone far enough to convince me that the man who wrote the story was a double barreled, back action, triple plated liar, and I yearned violently for his gore.

"I struck camp just about dusk, and the first thing I did was to grab a coal from the fire and put it on my pipe. Later on I discovered four matches in the lining of my vest. I won't repeat my remarks, but my friends asked me why I didn't talk that way in the woods. They say my language would have set fire to a piece of asbestos."—Ex.

Capt. Hall's New Role.

Everybody knows Capt. Benjamin Kimball Hall, of the Mocking Bird and the Reception saloon, and how during the ice famine a couple of months ago he went down to Glacier Bay and towed up some good sized icebergs. He left for Dawson and nothing further was heard from him until yesterday, when a big poster was received by one of his friends announcing the appearance of "Capt. Benjamin Kimball, the great horseman and swordsman of Louisville, Ky. Entrance fee \$200." This poster produced considerable merriment around town last night, as everyone who knows the captain and likes him was of the opinion that all his experience as a swordsman and an equestrian was gained while he was a horse marine on the Mocking Bird.—Alaskan, Oct. 13.

Canadian rye at The Pioneer. Jos. E. Seagram, '83, Walker's Canadian Club, Walker's Imperial rye. crt

See Hammell's new store at the Forks. Everything to wear for sale.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

If we haven't got what you want we'll send for it. Hammell's, the Forks.

Which Is Your Choice?

The Gold... Standard	Wm. McKinley The Expansionist	Show Your Colors	Wm. J. Bryan The Anti-Imperialist	Sixteen to One..
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Owing to the great interest manifested in The Nugget Presidential Election we will give, while they last,

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS FREE!

With the pictures of the candidates beautifully engraved amid the National Colors, Red, White and Blue.

HERSHBERG

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

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Say!" said an old time Dawson theater-goer to the Stroller one day this week. "Do you believe in growth and advancement?"

On being assured that "Onward and upward" had been a motto which he had admired all his life but had never followed, the other man said:

"Well, then, with your idea of progression, don't you think Prof. Parke's pigs should grow more rapidly than they do? I have been meeting these same pigs off and on for two years and they have not grown an ounce in that time. Prof. Parke's feature is always the best of all the entertainments, but in my opinion he ought to change his brand of pigs. We have had Poland Chinas long enough! Give us some Berkshires or Jersey reds."

President McKinley should not vaunt himself on the incense which Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, of Kansas, is now offering up at his shrine. All the eulogies which Mary Ellen may bestow on him cannot surpass the panegyrics which she lavished on Mr. Bryan four years ago. Besides it will be hard for the president to forget the mean things she then said about him. Mary Ellen is dreadfully and deplorably fickle.

There is a man in Kansas named Mr. Lease who is entitled to fully as much sympathy from the American people as were the Chinese legations when they were in hourly danger of being "hot potted," as Rider Haggard denominates being roasted alive.

"I have been been a Republican all my life, but if I was back in my old Ohio home on the 6th of November I would vote for Bryan, although I have known and liked McKinley for the past 30 years. I like him yet, but I can't stand the crowd he drills with, consequently I would not vote for him." And the old-son of the Buckeye state turned round and put a Bryan vote in the Nugget's ballot box. His remarks concerning McKinley's associates put the Stroller in mind of a story. He only knows three, and this is one of them:

An old herder owned 1000 head of sheep and when he came to die he left the sheep for his two sons to divide equally between them. One of the sons was a sharp, shrewd boy who had an eye to business schemes; the other was a confirmed idiot who apparently did not know good from evil. But the idiotic boy had one sheep, a pet, of which he was very fond; in fact, he appeared to think more of "Billy" than of his brother. Knowing the feeling entertained by his silly brother for the pet sheep, the older boy decided to use this knowledge to further his own ends. He, therefore, divided the 1000 sheep into two flocks, putting all the old sheep and scalawags in one flock and all the good sheep in the other, placing his silly brother's pet "Billy" with the scalawags. Then he called his brother and told him to take his choice of flocks.

The idiotic boy came and as soon as he saw his pet he ran to him, put his arms around the woolly neck and lovingly caressed him. After the love feast had continued for some time, the older brother looking on with a self-complacent grin, the silly boy said:

"Billy, we have been companions (sob) for a long time. We have (sob) played together, and when both of us were tired we have (sob) lain down and slept together. But, Billy, (sob) we must (sob) part. You are in d—d bad company."

A mean, low, and contemptible suggestion came to the Stroller yesterday concerning the matter of votes in the Nugget's presidential contest. The suggestion was this: "If you want to work up a boom for Bryan, arrange to vote the employees of the regal woodpile." It is a good thing for the man who made the above suggestion that he is in the Klondike instead of Coffee county, Georgia. He said the men on the woodpile would support Bryan for the reason that they do not believe in imperialism.

American whiskies Jesse Moore AA, Old Crown Hermitage and Cyrus Noble. The Pioneer. crt

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

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Strs. ORA, NORA, FLORA

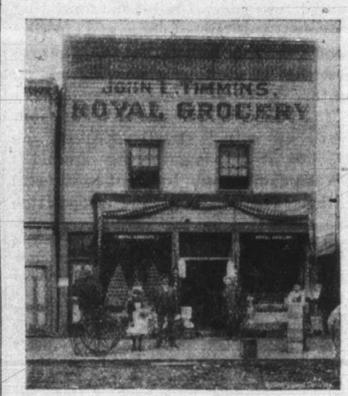
The only independent line of steamers between Dawson and White Horse. Light Draft and Swift. No loss of valuable time on account of sandbars and low water. Best dining room service on the river.

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Make the Best Time!

Save Time and Money by traveling on steamers which are always reliable at any stage of water.

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J. L. Timmins

MacFarlane, Sugrue & Clarke

CONVEYANCERS, BROKERS, STENOGRAPHERS, ETC.

To Whom It May Concern:—

A NEW CAMPAIGN

We beg to inform the people of the Yukon territory that our office is again open to the public for the transaction of business. The time which we have heretofore devoted to campaigning will now be occupied in our office.

We make a specialty of prompt and speedy work, all kinds of conveyancing, bills of sale, mortgages, lay agreements, quit claim deeds, correctly prepared and executed. All legal documents, relating to either mining property or real estate, are in our line.

We have the best connections in the territory for handling either quartz or placer mining property, town lots and any other personal property. Our correspondents on the outside are the best obtainable.

We have money to loan on good security.

Daily correspondence with S. S. Sifton.

Office is situated in Aurora No. 1, room 4, at the top of the stairs.

We solicit a call from all our friends

ALEX. J. MACFARLANE, A Commissioner, Etc.
JOHN F. (Barney) SUGRUE, Valuator
JOE CLARKE, Shorthand and Typewriting

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

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..RUDY'S DAWSON DRUG STORE..

EVERYTHING IN THE DRUG LINE

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