

The Klondike Nugget

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GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Clerk by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Lunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1901

\$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.

From Tuesday's Daily.

INCORPORATION.

Dawson presents today an anomaly the equal of which might not be discovered if the entire world were searched.

A body of office holders which we know as the Yukon council is preparing to relinquish voluntarily, and without demand or petition, the authority now vested in it of governing a town of some 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants.

In any country under the sun, the official who admits that he possesses a plethora of power is decidedly a rara avis.

But here in Dawson, where we are somewhat accustomed to various peculiar phenomena, we accept this action of the council as a matter of course.

Dawson has been well governed by the Yukon council. The health of the community has been carefully considered, streets and sidewalks have been constructed and extended as rapidly as the limited funds at the disposal of the council would admit. The fire department has been organized into an effective body, well equipped for the purpose it serves, and in general the affairs of the town have been administered with wisdom and economy.

This fact accounts for the feeling of satisfaction with the existing order of affairs which has prevailed in Dawson, and the general disinclination among the people to press for the concession of municipal privileges.

It appears, however, that the task of governing the town has become irksome to the council, the members of which body are all busied with other duties. They have the business of the territory to engage their attention and Dawson has reached a point where its permanence and stability warrant the assumption that the town is capable of looking after itself.

If the charter which the council purpose to grant the municipality is sufficiently liberal there will be no serious objection raised to incorporation.

Every year, according to the croakings of certain wise crows, Dawson has been doomed to go to the dogs—but, strange to relate, in spite of these prophecies of evil, each year has seen the town grow and expand, with better and more substantial buildings constructed, and more money invested in commercial enterprises. These are all very good signs and signs the significance of which can not be mistaken. As a matter of fact Dawson has seen only the days of its infancy. The era of great things for the city has only begun—the end is beyond the power of man to foresee.

A lengthy telegram in Sunday morning's Sun dealing with the adventures of Major Woodside at Ottawa was headed "Seventy-five dollars worth of hot air from Major Woodside." The telegram was signed by the Sun's Ottawa correspondent. In today's issue of the same paper is a telegram over the major's own signature in which he announces that he gave the Sun's correspondent some pointers on the class of news which would be acceptable to Dawson readers. Such unconscious humorists actually make the Sun worth reading.

Within less than 30 days from date the shortest day of the year will be passed and the backbone of winter

will be broken. Meanwhile it has scarcely been apparent as yet that there has been any cold weather. This traditionally unshippable climate is certainly taking on new ways.

A Woman of Pocketbooks.

Two young women went to a matinee and after coming out after the performance one of them missed her pocketbook. She had been holding it in her lap and had become so excited over the play that she had forgot all about her money. As soon as she discovered her loss she rushed back to the theater, which was all but empty of its audience, and made a search for her property in and about the seat she had occupied. No pocketbook was found.

"Oh, I know it's gone," she said despairingly to her companion as she walked up the aisle.

"Somebody found it and stole it," said her friend sympathetically.

Standing in the rear of the theater was a nicely dressed woman of about 30, who had been watching the two girls in their useless search.

"Did you lose anything?" the woman asked as the girls came up.

"Yes, my pocketbook," said the victim of her own excitement.

"Is this it," inquired the woman, holding out a handsome pocketbook with a silver monogram.

"The young woman who had lost her purse replied in despairing tones that it was not.

"Well, I have two others," said the woman. "Describe the one you lost. Perhaps I have it."

The girl described her missing property, whereupon the woman drew from a muff the lost pocketbook and handed it to the girl. So surprised was the young woman at its unexpected return that she hurriedly took it and with a "Thank you," left the theater with her friend.

After the two were on the street again they began to wonder how that woman came to have three lost pocketbooks in her possession. They had been thinking it over ever since, and, Sherlock Holmes ingenuity, they have decided that she is a professional finder who goes to a matinee every Wednesday and every Saturday and as she comes out of the theater looks for pocketbooks on the floor. These young women say that there never was a matinee in the world where at least two women didn't lose their pocketbooks. They are firmly convinced that the woman of the three pocketbooks makes it her business to corral pocketbooks and other missing property as she comes out and then stand in the lobby awaiting the return of the losers. If the losers don't turn up, she keeps the property. If they do turn up she may be lucky enough to get a reward. In any event she stands a chance of making something and losing nothing, not even a moment's sleep from a bad conscience.

After reaching all these conclusions it dawned on these young women that they had been very remiss in expressing their gratitude in their own case by a mere "Thank you."

Wisdom in His Madness.

One bright day there was a lucky turn in a certain stock, and the Shackelfords came down from a modest flat in Harlem to the grandeur of a mansion on the avenue. Mrs. Shackelford had not been used to luxury, but she was at ease with everything excepting the butler. His cold dignity was exceedingly unpleasant to her.

"Gracious me!" she said, glancing down the hallway. "I feel uncomfortable every time I look at our butler. He reminds me of those wax figures in a museum. I really believe if he were to smile his face would shatter up like those bisque images."

Her friend Mrs. Neal, smiled.

"Suppose I should get him to laugh?"

"Nevertheless, I shall try. Just wait till I call up Saturday."

Mrs. Shackelford had forgotten all about the incident when Mrs. Neal came up Sunday afternoon. They were seated in the parlor, when loud peals of laughter emanated from the dining-room.

"The butler, goosie!" smiled the guest.

"The butler—our butler laughing?"

"Certainly. I told you I could make him laugh."

"How—how in the world did you do it?"

"I gave him a copy of Punch."

"Punch? Why—I could never find anything funny."

"Neither can he, dear. But you see he is wise enough to know that if he doesn't laugh at the jokes we will doubt his British nationality. That is why he roars."

"—New York Herald."

TICKETS

—FOR—

St. Andrew's Ball

Can be procured from the committee

Dress Suits, Gloves,

Shirts, Ties, Shoes, &c

FROM

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT STREET

Stroller's Column.

It was at the press banquet at the Regina Sunday night that the spirit of 20th century "catch on" was apparent in a young man connected with one of the papers. Two hours had been devoted to reaching the part of the menu where the rum ollette was brought in and, while the others were striking matches and watching the delicate blue blaze silt like a phantom over their respective plates, the one young man in question was vigorously eating his, nor did he notice the burning process being conducted by the others until he was in the act of taking his last bite. Next came the ice cream, and there is where the young man decided to show that he was no novice at banquets. Scarcely had a dish of ice cream been placed before him when he struck a match and after holding it to the icy substance until it began to burn his fingers innocently remarked to his neighbor in the next seat: "This stuff won't burn." Then when everybody laughed the young man threatened to get even by cartooning the crowd as it would be two hours later.

Apocryphal of the press banquet Sunday night there were no cases of 'd.

out, well knowing that Zion could not long keep his troubles to himself. Finally he left the form he was wishing, came over to the Stroller's desk and said:

"De language I is gwine ter use is not becomin' to a pillar in de Amazin Grace Hawd Shell Baptist church but dammed if I sleep in de wood shed no mo'!"

Still the Stroller appeared to not hear and Zion went back to washing the form. Ten minutes later he returned and said:

"Case I gets a divos terday kin I hab a holiday termorror fo' ter get married?"

"What is the matter with you and Liza now?" asked de Stroller.

"De mattah is," replied Zion, "dat I is tired sleepin' in de wood shed."

"Yo' see hit am dis way: When I done went home las' night dar was a achin' void in me innards an' Liza was outen de house. I went to de kitchen an' de fus' thing I see was a big cake wid frostin' all over it. I done sot to an' et half de cake an' fus' as I was finishin' in walk Liza, Fus' she cried, den she elormed, and say 'dat cake was fo' mah good shepherd was guided mah footsteps from

That was too much for Zion and as they sat on the press table eating the watermelon the Stroller heard Zion say:

"Honey, de nex time I eat up yo' cake, doan yo' come at me wid no rollin' pin. Yo' heah? Jis take de ax an' beat mah fool head off."

It is a well known fact that for the past two years D. A. Shindler has been the heaviest importer of firearms in the Yukon, his store being headquarters for all kinds of sporting goods. Lately when the news that a couple of fakers had put some sort of movement on foot at Shagway to spit on their hands, take an under hand and upset the government of the Yukon, the local police took the matter seriously and called on Shindler to see what had become of all the firearms he had imported. Instead of finding an arsenal, about all Shindler had left to show for wholesale importations, aside from coin of the realm, were his invoices and a few guns and pistols, the remainder having been sold to honest hunters who are now mostly up the Klondike in quest of game.

Tom McMullen and Attorney McRae were pitted against each other in the Zero Olip billiard tournament, but for one reason or another they were never able to play off the game in which McMullen was to have a handicap. At length they decided to substitute their poker skill for their billiard skill and the one that lost at the great American game was to be recorded as having lost at billiards. The game was played and McMullen lost, but before he had been rated on the tournament list he had been given a handicap at billiards whereas no such advantage was given in the poker game. Then he called the whole thing off and refused to abide by the result of the poker game as it had been played, contending that he should have been given a handicap in that. Just what he wanted is not known, but probably it was to take seven cards to McRae's five.

Results in Broken Conveyances and Leading Horses.

The Dawson Driving Club held the second of its drives on Saturday afternoon. The start was made from the residence of Mr. H. C. Macaulay, and as the weather was moderate everything looked propitious for a merry time. The route chosen was up the Klondike as far as the Cliff House and return. The road was in very bad condition, but as long as daylight remained accidents were avoided by skillful manouevring and the Cliff House was reached with the entire party right side up with care. A tea was served at the Cliff road house and the party started on the return in jubilant spirits.

By this time the darkness had begun to spread its mantle over the horizon making navigation very difficult owing to the roughness of the road. Before the Ogilvie bridge had been reached Capt. Starnes had the misfortune to break the tongue of his cutter and was compelled to transfer his guests to Capt. McDonnell's sleigh and lead his horses home.

At the Ogilvie bridge Mr. R. P. McLennan's sleigh was turned over and he was compelled to transfer his guests to Mr. H. C. Macaulay's sleigh and also walk the balance of the way home.

It was noticed by one of the members that Capt. McDonnell drove his team very carefully and slowly, and although the Capt. declared his rig to be in perfect condition a careful inspection revealed the fact that both of the hold-back straps of the harness was broken, thus compelling him to use the discretion of slow travelling. Notwithstanding the slight accidents which befell the party the drive was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, who were: Capt. Starnes, (the whip), driving a span and having as guests Mrs. Ridley, Miss Hannell and Mr. S. Marks; H. C. Macaulay, (span), Mrs. Ward Smith, Mrs. French, Dr. Barrett, Capt. McDonnell (span), Mrs. Davis, Miss Chisholm, E. C. Senkler, Capt. Cosby, (single), Mrs. Davis Colley, C. W. Barwell, (span), Mr. and Mrs. White Fraser, Mrs. Congdon; R. P. McLennan, (span), Miss Richardson, Mrs. J. P. McLennan, Mr. Young; Joe Barrett, (single), Justice Dugas.

A New Boy.

The home of F. H. Rohrbach, a well known local barber, was gladdened on last Friday night by the arrival of a bright, bouncing boy. The lusty little fellow has been christened Alfred Boone Rohrbach.

Mother and son, under the careful attention of Dr. Cassels, are doing nicely, while the happy father is distributing cigars to the patrons of the Comet barber shop.

Scandal in Russian Navy.

London, Oct. 24.—The Odessa correspondent of the Times says a scandal similar to that last year at Sebastopol, which involved forty-three naval officers and some high officials, has been unearthed at Batumi. Receipts for coal delivered to the Black Sea fleet were, it has been discovered, falsified.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

ABRAHAM DESIRES TO DANCE THE HIGHLAND FLING.

and d." in police court yesterday morning. Had the police been able to supply a few cases of disorderly newspaper men could have furnished sufficient dark brown taste to warrant fines aggregating \$1,000. "Oh, wat a betache!"

Considerable meritism is being had by those who are practising for the St. Andrew's hall at the A. B. hall, the dances in which proficiency is sought being all of a Scotch nature. One son of Abraham in particular has experienced no end of difficulty in mastering the correct position to assume in the Highland fling, in which the dancer is supposed to keep one hand on his hip, the other above his head. Through force of habit this man invariably gets both hands above his head in a "dake it away" attitude.

de paths ob sin an' perversity." Den I done tole her 'if she pay less 'tention to huh good shepherd an' mo' ter husband oh huh bosom de Lawd would smile mo' benignly upon huh. Den she up wid de rollin' pin an' swat me sich a biff dat fo' an hour I not know nuffin. When I come to, I was in de wood shed, de house was lock up an' Liza was ober to Amazin Grace church ter a festival. She nebbet got home till fo' o'clock dis mawnin' an' den I heered huh singin': 'Tis only fo' a moment deah, 'twill all be ova soon."

"Den I up an' swore it was all ova right now, an' it is, fo' I ain't gwine home no mo'."

The Stroller gave Zion ten cents and told him to go out and get some breakfast. He did so and that night he slept in the office on top of the

FOUND—On Fifth Avenue, one Bunch of Keys. Apply Nugget office.

FOUND—Small, malted colored pup. Owner may secure same by applying at this office.

FOUND—ONE black pup, short hair, gray feet, white breast, about four months old. Apply Pioneer saloon.

We May Be Persistent

But until every SMOKER in Dawson and vicinity is made aware of the unsurpassable quality of our

CIGARS

We shall keep on talking. We claim more than mere cheapness—there's MERIT here. A trial will convince the most unsophisticated.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO.

Fine Cigars, Tobaccos and Smokers' Articles.

Wholesale and Retail. King Street, Bank Building. Opposite N. C. Co.

We are sole agents for Herring, Hall, Marvin FIRE PROOF SAFES. All sizes in stock. Sold on easy payment.

Hay and Oats For Sale

DAWSON WAREHOUSE CO., Limited.

WARM AND COLD STORAGE

For the Festive Season!

An Accommodation

Dress Suits Pressed

\$2.50

IT COSTS US THAT

ELDORADO AND BONANZA

Recent Happenings on Two Flourishing Creeks.

Mr. Raggett, of 36 above Bonanza is in town for a few days.

Mr. S. C. Shepherd of No. 9 Victoria Gulch is transacting business in town today.

A. Lipp and W. B. Black left for Fortymile district by lower river route today.

The dumps are piling up along the creeks now. One of the largest dumps is on Trail Gulch, opposite No. 32 below Bonanza.

Considerable work is being done on Gay Gulch. Theo. Johnson on No. 8 is working his claim extensively and systematically.

Services were held Sunday at Potter & Murray's road house, No. 33 above Bonanza, by Rev. Mr. Pringle of Grand Forks Presbyterian church.

Great preparations are being made for a Grand Thanksgiving ball to be held at Grand Forks Thursday night.

It will be the swiftest affair ever given at the Forks. Grand march starts at 9:30. The boys claim it will eclipse St. Andrew's ball in every respect as the committee who have it in charge will spare neither time nor money to make this dance one which will long be remembered.

Schroeder & Casslett have their new store building on No. 35 above Bonanza nearly completed. They will give an opening dance in the near future.

Love's Roses By the Way.

Life may be a thorny way—Briers in our path.

But the fragrance of the rose A sweet soothing balm.

Vicious thorns may tear and sting; Symbols they of wrath;

Love's sweet roses ever bloom Fragrant in our path.

Life may be a cloudy way, Hid the heaven's blue,

But the sun still sheds its light Up above for you.

Though the storm today may rage And pour out its wrath,

After all, God's sacred bow Arches o'er the path.

Life may be a weary way; Weariness brings rest.

Sorrow's hand may fall on us; Mourning ones are bless'd.

Winds may chill and thorns may sting; Storms may vent their wrath;

Love's sweet roses still will bloom Fragrant by our path.

Arthur J. Burdick.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

FOUND

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