

The Klondike Nugget

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TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1901.

THE RIGHT WAY.

The place to attack the validity of concession titles is in the courts. Every applicant for a concession has been required to comply with certain specific requirements of law. If there is reasonable ground for belief that fraudulent means have been taken in securing grants to concessions, then it is likewise reasonable to believe that such titles will be annulled in the courts.

It is not a matter which requires resort to demagogic diatribes, nor will any assistance be given to the cause of the individual miner as against the concession holder by the use of abusive languages.

The concession theory is entirely wrong in every detail—with that every one must agree who is familiar with the history of concession grants in this territory. Public mineral lands have been squandered in a reckless manner without apparent thought as to their value and as the actual extent of the territory's resources becomes better known, more general recognition is being given to this fact.

The question arises, what is best to be done under the existing circumstances?

In dealing with this as with all other matters of public moment the facts must be accepted as they are found. We do not imagine that any concession holder will surrender the title by which he claims his ground simply because he discovers that public sentiment is almost a unit against him.

To set aside the rights now enjoyed by concessionaires require that it be shown that those rights were illegally obtained. A fight against concessions based upon these lines will have excellent chances of success. There is little doubt that concessions have been obtained almost entirely through misrepresentation of facts. Evidence to this effect placed before the courts should have the desired result. We fail to see how progress toward the desired end can be made in any other way.

ENCOURAGE ATHLETICS.

The approaching celebration of Victoria day bids fair to give a lively impetus to local athletics. As was detailed in the Nugget of yesterday, an association for the promotion of athletics has been formed at the Forks, and our thriving sister town will furnish healthy competition for the prizes to be offered on the occasion of the Victoria day celebration.

It will give Dawson plenty of work to do to hold her own against the talent which will enter the lists from the Forks and other creek points, and local athletic giants may well begin looking to the care of their laurels.

In this connection, it is to be hoped that such interest will be awakened in athletic matters that a permanent organization for the promotion of outdoor sports may be effected.

For the next four months Dawson will furnish ideal conditions for baseball, football, cricket and similar sports. The summer season though somewhat short is admirably adapted for all open air games and with an abundance of material to select from, Dawson should witness a series of splendid exhibitions of all the games noted.

The movement will be greatly aided if the idea of preparing a public athletic park is carried into effect.

A sufficiently large area in the vicinity of the barracks may be placed

in proper condition with no great expenditure either of labor or money. But even if such were not the case, the enjoyment which the public would derive therefrom should more than compensate for any cost involved. The athletic movement is a natural outgrowth of Dawson's development along commercial and social lines and should be given all possible encouragement.

PAYING FOR A MEAL.

It Was Worth a Shilling to Pick Those Bones.

Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, of Revolutionary fame, was born and bred in Middleboro, Mass. He was always fond of a joke and was quick to seize an opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident, related by Dr. Hildreth, well illustrates. His father, also a Colonel Sproat, kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon.

Mrs. Sproat set on the table some bread and cheese, with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scanty fare for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more bountifully supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?"

"About a shilling, I guess," she answered.

The young officer returned to the soldiers, and taking from the barroom till 3 shillings and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sproat soon after came in and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner.

"In apparent amazement he exclaimed: 'Money! Did I not ask you what it was worth to pick those bones, and you sold a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bare, and I handed the men the money from the till, and they are gone.'"

Mrs. Sproat could not find heart to reprove her favorite son for this misinterpretation of her words, and then she, too, loved a joke, and so, after an instant's glum look, she laughed and said it was all right.—Youth's Companion.

Ants Invent a Wagon.

"There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place, near Covington, and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits," says a contributor to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Near one of my flower beds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently perform the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their home."

"Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen who had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants toiled away with their awkward booty and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground, and presently they all lay hold and pulled the spider on top of it. Then they seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty."

The Advance of Time.

The age of man, we are told, is three score years and ten. From 25 to 40, if the health be good, no material alteration is observed. From thence to 50 the change is greater. Fifty-five to 60, the alteration starts; still we are not bowed down. In the earliest periods of our life the body strengthens and keeps up the mind; in the later stages of it the reverse takes place, and the mind keeps up the body; a formidable duty this and keenly felt by both. Such is time's progress.—Scottish American.

The Carp Is Very Bony.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 402 bones and 60 arteries, but man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 99 muscles.

The Worst of It.

Jack—Tom, I'm in a terrible fix. I'm engaged to three girls. Tom—Well, that's not exactly a crime. Jack—No; that's the worst of it. If it were, I could go to prison and have some peace.

Just Like a Man.

Biggs (to cabman)—What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's hotel? Cabman—One dollar, sir. Biggs—And how much for taking me alone? Cabman—The same—one dollar. Biggs (to his wife)—There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at.—Chicago News.

Homespun Philosophy.

If you are forty years old, don't expect anything of the future.

Patent medicine men promise health as readily as politicians promise reform.

A barber who would cut a man's hair as he wants it cut would get all the business.

Pay a palmist five dollars, and all you will get in return is a lot of agreeable flattery.

The people with cold, clammy hands

always insist upon shaking hands every time they meet you.

By the time a woman gets through with her spring sewing, it is time to begin her fall sewing.

When a local doctor can't fool a patient any longer, he sends her off to an accomplice in the east.

At first, a boy wears his father's old pants, made over. Later, the father wears the son's old pants.

A grocer can sell anything to a woman from soap to codfish, if he will claim that its use is good for the complexion.

It some people spent as much time at work as they do in complaining that they are abused, they could buy their critics.

We don't care what the poets say about the first robin; we regard the sound of a carpenter's hammer in spring as sweeter music.

They Changed.

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes, I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

How He Dealt With Cowards.

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, but end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said: "I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Locusts Good to Eat.

All native African races eat locusts. With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the diabolical locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

The Song of the Yukon River.

"There is something peculiar about the Yukon river that I have never heard of in connection with any other stream," said Captain Gray, who has been running boats on the big Alaska artery. "From the mouth of the Yukon up as far as there is any navigable water the stream is constantly singing. No matter where you are, there is a sound like that made by escaping steam. At first I used to think that maybe it came from the boiler or engine. But when we were tied up at night, with everything cold, the sound was the same. I have puzzled my brain to find an explanation of the phenomenon, but without avail. The singing goes on day and night.

"When you get up stream some distance, you can also hear the rocks rolling over the bed of the river, and this produces a most peculiar sound."

—Portland Telegram.

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"BEAU" BLAKE.

The Story a Texan Tells About the Irish Brigade Commander.

"I know 'Buck' Blake, or 'Beau' Blake, as some call him, who is now in command of the Irish brigade—with 'the Boers,'" said a Texan man the other evening. "He had been a cowboy and at the time I made his acquaintance was interested with a Kentuckian named Harvey Watson in a horse ranch south of Brownsville. He was a big, good natured, powerful fellow, with humorous Irish blue eyes and a small, sandy mustache. Although he had no record as a 'bad man,' it was pretty well understood that he had plenty of sand and could take care of himself in an emergency. I saw that fully demonstrated one night at Fort Worth. He was in town on some business and, happening to walk into a big bar attached to a gambling house there famous throughout the southwest, encountered a cattleman named Ed Armstrong, with whom he had had some difficulty over a stock brand.

"Armstrong had the reputation of being a 'killer,' and as soon as he saw Blake he reopened the old quarrel Blake replied to his remarks good humoredly, but he became more and more insulting and finally whipped out a six shooter and leveled it at the Irishman's head. 'Now, you hound, he roared, 'I want you to tell the whole house that you're a liar!'"

"The action was so sudden that Blake had no time to defend himself, but he never turned a hair. 'Aw, put that thing away,' he said laughingly. Then looking over Armstrong's shoulder, he added, as if speaking to somebody behind him, 'It's all right, Harvey; he's only kidding.'"

"Thinking that Blake's partner, Watson, had entered the place and was then in his rear, the desperado instantly wheeled around. As he did so the big Irishman hit him a crushing blow under the ear and knocked him fully a dozen feet. His revolver flew out of his hand as he fell and exploded harmlessly in the air, and before he could recover his senses Blake was on his chest, with his hands on his throat.

"That ended the row and made an everlasting impression on my mind. By the way, Blake got his nickname of 'Beau' from a favorite expression of his while a cowboy. On Sundays he used to 'beau up,' as he called it, to visit some girls on an adjoining ranch. 'Beauing up' consisted of shaving and taking his trousers out of his boots."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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LIFE. A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in. A minute to smile and an hour to weep in. A pint of joy to a peck of trouble. And never a laugh, but the moans came double, And that is life! A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh. And joy seems sweeter when cares come after, And a moan is the sweetest of foils for laughter. And that is life! —Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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