

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1901.

RING IN THE NEW.

The curtain has been rung down upon the nineteenth century and today we welcome for better or for worse a new year and a new century in one and the same breath. It is too early as yet to pass judgment upon the influence of the past hundred years in advancing civilization and uplifting humanity. We are at too close range. It is easy enough to go back 300 or 400 years and discuss with intelligence and without passion what was accomplished in this century or what that one might have achieved had it been alive to its opportunities. But to turn the search light of impartial and unprejudiced criticism upon events practically contemporaneous, is almost an impossible task. The historian of a hundred years hence will place a far more just and accurate estimate upon the cycle just brought to a termination, than anyone at the present time can hope to do. Not only will he have a better and broader knowledge of events themselves but he will record their occurrence in the light of results, which will give him pre-eminent advantage over present day writers.

In any event, however, we are more concerned with the future than with the past. The twentieth century holds out possibilities more alluring than ever before were opened to the reach of man. If it is fair to argue from the old saw respecting shadows of coming events, it may be said without danger of serious departure from truth, that the progress of the twentieth century will be attended with one continuous succession of triumphs. Problems which have consumed the energies of scientists for the past hundred years are now approaching solution and the practical effects thereof will be realized during the new century. It is not without the range of probability that methods of transportation both on land and sea will be completely revolutionized, while instantaneous communication between distant points, without the use of wires is certain to reach successful accomplishment. These are but suggestions of the things which are in store, but in themselves they speak of consequences of the utmost import. They tell of new fields for human endeavor. They will present new opportunities whereby latent energy may be brought into action and will create a market for the absorption of surplus labor.

Undoubtedly, life in the twentieth century will be lived at a rapid pace. The candle will be burned at both ends and the chief end of man will be to crowd the most into the least possible time. The game of life will be played out in a constantly decreasing number of years, but into those years will be thrown a proportionately increasing amount of experience which will act as a sort of equalizing agent. It is good to be alive in an age when human blood leaps fast in the veins and fame and fortune stand with smiling face and beckoning hand for him who has the will and the power to attract their notice.

Such is the new century upon which we have entered. Never were opportunities more plentiful nor possibilities greater. This is the outlook at the beginning. The end no man can foresee. But whatever that end shall be, it may be said in all truth that never was beginning brighter with promise.

When the first movement in favor of the incorporation was made, Dawson had no graded streets, no sidewalks, no street lights, no sewers, no fire department, no proper sanitary arrangements—nothing in fact that a town of its size should have. At the present time all of these things are in evidence and no local taxes have yet been collected. In view of these circumstances it is not difficult to understand why so many people have changed their minds in the matter of incorporation.

We don't suppose that a resolution on the part of the News to stick closely to the truth hereafter could possibly have any effect in the long run. The fact of the matter is that our contemporary got off on the other foot in the very beginning and nothing short of something in the line of the Keeley cure could now induce it to turn from the error of its way. The News tells the truth by accident, once in a while. But never when it can avoid so doing.

When Dawson really and truly makes up its mind to enjoy a holiday, as for example is the case today, a stranger might pass up and down the streets and think he had fallen into the midst of the deserted village in winter time. A little investigation would soon convince him of his error. Dawson is at home celebrating—that's all.

It is really too bad that the price of Mumm's, etc., should be so materially reduced at such close proximity to New Year's. There is no way of telling how many good resolutions will be ruined by \$3 wine.

Heavy Fighting in Colombia.

New York, Dec. 12.—Advices received today from various parts of Colombia and confirmed by passengers who arrived from Panama, tell of desperate fighting in nearly every state. The government troops are in poor physical condition, suffering from tropical fevers. Arturo Bigard, Colombian consul general in this city, has been ordered by his government to purchase and ship a large quantity of quinine for the use of the army. The most desperate fighting is now going on in the department of Bolivar. In a battle fought at Toluviejo on November 25 the revolutionists lost, among 100 killed and wounded, two able officers, Gen. P. Campacho and Col. Enrique Pinedo. The rebels took 200 prisoners, besides which the government force lost 100 killed. Five cannon were also taken from the rebels.

From the department of Magdalena comes the information that Gen. Vargas Santos, president of the revolutionary party, with his force, has arrived at the port of Rio Hacha and established headquarters there.

A Jealous Woman.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 11.—George Harmon, a stationary engineer employed by the Union Drydock Company, staggered from a hallway on South Division street and fell to the sidewalk in a dying condition resulting from carbolic acid burns. He was taken to an accident hospital where he died a few minutes later. It was learned by the police that Harmon had been in the room of Mrs. Maggie Culp. The woman left the building through a rear door and the detective force of this city has been unable to find her. The police were at first inclined to believe that Harmon had committed suicide but after an investigation state that they believe that in a passion of jealous rage, the woman poured the acid in the mouth and over the face of Harmon, whom they assume, was sleeping upon a bed in her room. It is stated that Mrs. Culp had made threats to kill Harmon who she knew was contemplating marriage to another woman.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.
Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.
Large Africana cigars at Rochester.
Mecker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.
Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.
Six varieties fresh vegetables at Mecker's.
Eggs by the case at Mecker's.

THE GRAND SCHEMER

HE PLANS A DEVICE THAT WILL TAKE THE PUBLIC BY STORM.

Major Crofoot Originates the M. W. B. Company, Filling a Long Felt Want, and Incidentally Takes In a Lawyer Friend.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.]
The grand promoter sat at his desk in his office with a wandering look on his face and 40 cents in change spread out before him. He had been counting that change over and over and figuring how many times the \$28 he owed his landlord, the \$12 he owed his tailor, the \$4 he owed his hatter and the \$75 he owed various other people would go into that 40 cents. He was still about it when he heard a step on the stairs. It was the step of an aggressive man. As it came nearer it betokened the step of a determined man. As the door was burst open without preliminary warning the major recognized the fact that he was face to face with a circumstance. For one brief second his knees weakened, and he caught his breath with a gasp. Then he was on his feet with hand outstretched and a smile on his face and saying:

"Bless my soul, but if you had been two minutes later I should have been on my way to your office! Come in; come in."

"I didn't know as you would remember me," dryly replied the visitor as he looked around the office.

"What! Not remember Thompson of Thompson & Thompson, attorneys at law? You must be joking. My dear



"I WANT TO TAKE YOU IN." man, Major Crofoot never forgets the face or name of a friend. You more than any other man in the world have been in my thoughts for the last three days, and, as I remarked, I was about to start for your office. Thompson, shake hands again."

"I haven't time," replied Thompson. "Look here, major, bills against you to the amount of \$200 have been put into our hands for collection. You promised to pay that old board bill two months ago. I want to know what you are going to do?"

"Do, my dear Thompson? Why, I'm going to give you a check in about ten seconds for the whole indebtedness. You could have had your money long ago if you had given me the slightest hint. Major Crofoot has a good memory, but how can you expect him to keep track of shillings when he is dealing in thousands of dollars."

"I heard you were promoting a little," said the lawyer as he waited for the check.

"Ten companies formed in the last three months, my boy, and the eleventh just ready to be incorporated. Grand aggregation of over \$300,000,000 capital thus far, and every company bound to pay at least 30 per cent dividend. What do you suppose I've got on hand now?"

"I can't say, and as I'm in a hurry you may fill out that check."

"The biggest scheme of all—the ne plus ultra!" whispered the major with a flourish of his right arm. "I expected to stop at ten, but this scheme came pushing along and I had to take it up. It's the richest of them all. It'll pay 100 per cent profit from the very start. In a week from now the Standard Oil company won't be on earth."

"But I'm here about those bills."

"My dear Thompson, walk with me. When I was hand up, you were one of the few who did not lose confidence in my integrity. The man or woman who trusts Major Crofoot never regrets it. I might not have picked up this eleventh scheme but for you. I wanted to let you in. I wanted to reward you for your faith in me. Thompson, my boy, sell out your law business—give it away—get rid of it before night."

one of your colored shirts the music box strikes up 'Comin Thro' the Rye.' She changes off to a sheet or pillow-slip, and you have 'Home, Sweet Home,' with variations. Thompson, shake hands!"

"I won't do it. I came here to notify you that these bills must be paid at once or you will be haled into court."

"It's a hummer, my boy—it's a success from the start. Costs nothing extra for the music, you know. While you are hiring a woman in the laundry for a dollar and a quarter a day she's furnishing music for the parlor free gratis. Put a bedquilt on the washboard and you can hear the strains of 'The Old Oaken Bucket' from garret to cellar. Let the woman tackle a tablecloth, and everybody goes dancing to the tune of 'Maggie Murphy's Home.' Drug stores can make it at a slight cost for their patrons, and public schools needn't pay a cent. Rub-a-dub-dub! Music by the box! Thompson, don't miss it. Don't throw a good thing over your shoulder. I want to take you in. I have taken you in. You are to be secretary of the M. W. C. at \$20,000 a year."

"That's all wind," bluntly exclaimed the lawyer, "and it won't work. Will you draw me a check for \$200?"

"Isn't it a wonder that somebody else didn't strike on the idea?" whispered the major as he patted Thompson on the shoulder. "The washboard has been known for 200 years. What was easier than to make friction run a music box to soothe the sorrowful, lull the ailing or enthrall the discouraged? It would have saved thousands of lives annually, prevented thousands of suicides, and yet no one thought of it. Thompson, shake hands! It's the secretaryship at \$20,000 a year for you, and I'll give you \$50,000 worth of stock at ground floor figures. Months ago, when I was hard up and couldn't pay a bill of \$7, you put your hand on my shoulder in a brotherly way and said you had every confidence in my financial integrity. Do you imagine I've forgotten that, Thompson? Not by the grave of my grandfather! I never think of it without the tears coming to my eyes."

"Do you want to be sued for these accounts?" demanded the lawyer when he could get in a word.

"And your reward for trusting me is this," continued the major—"the salary of \$20,000 is only a starter. I'll double it after the washboards get into the market. The \$50,000 in stock will pay you \$25,000 a year in dividends at the very least, and perhaps double that, and there you are. You can safely put your first year's income down at \$65,000. Is that enough, Thompson? If not, just say the word, and I'll add \$20,000 to it. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I want no more of your wind!"

"Meanwhile, my dear secretary of the M. W. C. I owe \$200. You have the accounts to collect. Just mark 'em collected,' and I'll pay in the \$200 to hold your stock. Always have to have a deposit as evidence of good faith, you know. If it was anybody else, I'd demand a certified check for \$10,000. Thompson, go home and throw your lawbooks out of the window."

"I'll be hanged if I do! I want to know—"

"Throw your lawbooks out of the window, dissolve the partnership, and then take your position as secretary. No hurry for a day or two, but don't wait too long. I want to get the articles of incorporation through as soon as possible and patent the idea. Good-by, Thompson, goodbye."

"But I want that check!" protested the lawyer as he was pushed out.

"And the washerwoman tubs and the box plays on," replied the smiling major. "We'll have 50,000 washboards playing 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Home of My Soul' before the month's out, and if you want \$15,000 in advance on your salary and profits send your boy around and I'll fill out a check. Good-by, Thompson, goodbye, and remember to keep mum till our patent is secured."

The door was shut and locked, and there was grim silence for five minutes. Then the major heard threats and vows and mutterings, and some one went slowly downstairs.

Crowing Matches.

The Belgian artist spends his leisure in a very curious manner. He keeps a special coop for crowing, and the bird which can utter its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The mode of operation is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows for it appears that one bird sets the other off crowing. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the bird which scores the highest number of crows in the allotted time. A great number of these competitions have taken place in the Liege district, and in some cases heavy bets have been made on the result.

A Clever Boy.

Boston, Dec. 11.—The case of Morris Aaronburg the youth who has confessed that he stole \$8837 from Mrs. Margaret Beck, which has puzzled the police from the first, still staggers the officials, although the boy had declared his guilt.

It is the first case in police records here where a boy has confessed to having stolen money and has stood ready to all the punishment which could be given for the offense without making a plea and trying to escape the full penalty.

The police have figured it out that if Aaronburg were to prison for the maximum term of five years, without returning the stolen money, he will come out financially better off than he had been at work all the time. His salary of about \$1800 a year. All of this is taken as indicating that Aaronburg has the money safely concealed and intends to go to prison without revealing its hiding place. He will probably be sentenced today.

She puts on gloves at Sargent's Pinsky's.

We fit glasses, cheer drug store.

Goetzman makes crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Miller's.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

- LAWYERS**
CLARK, WILSON & MCPHON—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office: 2018 Main Street, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.
- BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia, Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.
- MACKINNON & NOEL—Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.
- HENRY BLECKER (RENAUD) DE JOURNAL BLECKER & DE JOURNAL—Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third avenue opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.
- PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, First Avenue.
- WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.
- TABOR, WALSH & HULL—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Telephone No. 4. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.
- N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

WANTED.

WANTED—Position of any kind by colored man. Best of recommendations. Sam. Trotter. This office.

WANTED—Experienced woman cook. For a few weeks only. Apply Nugget Office.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—One black dog, setter and Newfoundland, pauper. Owner can have same by paying charges. Briard Hotel, Mouth of Caribou.

LOST—Opposite A. C. Co. or at Cook's Candy Store, a torquoise and diamond ring. Finder please return to Nugget Office and receive reward.

FOUND—One dark brown dog, about three years old, bushy tail. Owner call at No. 19 Eldorado and pay charges.

E. A. Cochrane, the expert watchmaker, will put your watch in proper order. Second street opp. Bank of B. N. A.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

Dolge Felt Shoes
Fur & Kid Mitts
Fur Caps
Lined Overalls
Usters, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN.
Front Street.

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people in town and out of town on every creek and every claim in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper.