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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

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

\$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.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1903.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

A POINT FOR THE MASS MEETING.

If the mass meeting called for this evening will take up the question of water supply and apply itself earnestly and intelligently to the task of outlining some feasible plan for solving that most important question, it will not be without good results.

late parliamentary campaign, but it should not be permitted to drop by reason of the fact that the elections are over. The matter should be brought so prominently and forcibly before parliament during the present session that practical results will be accomplished. The mass meeting of this evening could do nothing better than take up this question which is of prime importance to every inhabitant of the territory. The meeting is called by men who are avowedly opposed to the government but who are presumably friendly to the welfare of the territory. They cannot demonstrate the sincerity of their intentions any more forcibly than by applying themselves to the question in hand.

When gentle spring actually puts in an appearance and winter relinquishes its grasp upon the country many people who now are making vows never to spend another winter in Dawson will reconsider their determination. Taken the year through, there are many places far more undesirable in which to live.

As much business has been transacted in Dawson this winter as last, but prices have been lower and profits correspondingly less. When matters are adjusted to suit the altered conditions, Dawson will enter upon a new era of growth and prosperity.

Much might be accomplished in the direction of improving conditions in this city and territory provided that organized and systematic effort were made by those most directly interested.

From reports which have recently arrived in Dawson it seems not unlikely that the general elections may be brought on this coming fall. The rumors seem to be not without some solid foundation.

The snow crop has exceeded all expectations.

Youth's Fling

By J. T. LITWOOD.

Old fellow, you might just as well stand back and let your boy go rushing through the world pell-mell.

In search of life and joy. Might just as well say: "Son, sail in And tackle everything!"

For youth at last is sure to win. And youth will have its fling. Old fellow, you are foolish if you imagine you can teach your boy that vice is a hippogriff. Too terrible for speech. The bitter lesson he will learn, And feel its maddening sting. So let him go, though his heart may burn.

For youth will have its fling. Old fellow, you were a boy yourself. And you know just how it goes. So don't forget, though on the shelf you are laid with gony toes. Remember that youth is hard of head. Remember that youth is king; Remember, although its' course you dread.

That youth will have its fling.

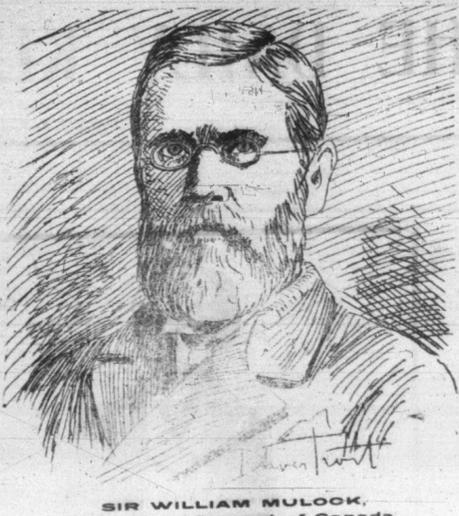
Increase in Rates

Washington, Jan. 13.—The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Norfolk & Western Railroads have filed with the interstate commerce commission their answers to the request of the commission for reasons for the increase in freight rates on grain, packing house products, dressed meats and other articles. The B. & O. Railroad cites the large increases in taxation as one reason, and also says it must spend almost \$12,000,000 in needed additions to its equipments. The Michigan Central says its reasons are great increase in the cost of maintaining and operating its road, consequent on the increase in wages of its employees already made; and additional increases which it is likely to be compelled to make in the near future, and the increase in the cost of materials and large increase in taxes. The road says that during the year ending June 30, 1902, approximately \$586,000 was paid for rebates and other commissions allowed on the published rates. The other answers are along the same lines.

Inhuman Treatment

Washington, D. C., Jan. 12.—Mrs. Susan B. Beers, wife of John Beers of Good Springs, Franklin township, her son Elijah Beers, and a hired man, Frank Gordon, were arraigned here today charged with inhuman treatment of the woman's husband. It is charged that among other cruelties practised on the man, who is 60 years old, the prisoners used to chain him up in a dilapidated barn and leave him for days in such a position that he was compelled to get on his hands and knees in order to eat the starchy food that was thrown to him on the bare floor. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, and were remanded for trial until January 31.

See Mr. C. W. MacPherson as "Major General Stanley" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.



SIR WILLIAM MULOOCK, Postmaster-General of Canada.

Stroller's Column.

The Stroller received a letter from one of his sordid friends on Dominion yesterday, which gives some news about the quartz mines on Hunker dome, which were recently crown granted, and then suddenly switches off upon a criticism of the Dawson newspapers, including that of his favorite, the Nugget. He writes: "This continual barking about quartz, and the necessity of doing everything possible to assist its development, is the rankest kind of nonsense. It is ridiculous. Not but what I am myself willing to do everything that I can, and have everybody do the same, for the encouragement of quartz mining. That is all right. But that is not the point. Letters have been written to our member of parliament, to the minister of the interior and others, that we must have a stamp mill, that we must have core drills provided by the government for prospecting work, that the whole future of the camp depends upon good quartz being developed."

"Now, this gets into the newspapers out there. And these newspapers, knowing nothing of the actual conditions here, state the fact in such a way as to produce a bad impression. I mean they do so unintentionally. They say in a way that quartz must be developed in order to save the camp. The natural inference from these statements is that as a placer camp the Klondike is exhausted. It is up to you, Mr. Stroller, to set this matter right. You know the immense quantity of auriferous gravel which has not yet been touched, and some perhaps not yet discovered, there is in the Klondike. You can form some idea of the amount of the next clean-up. That's the sort of stuff you ought to give people to read, and stop all this nonsensical barking about quartz. There is something in this suggestion for which the Stroller feels indebted."

Enclosed with the letter, and perhaps intended as a little peace-maker, is found the following faint verse:

A pocketful of sunshine Is better far than gold. It drowns the daily sorrows Of the young and old. It fills the world with pleasure, In field, in lane and street, And brightens every prospect Of the mortals that we meet.

A pocketful of Sunshine Can make the world akin, And lift a load of sorrow From the burdened backs of sin. Diffusing light and knowledge Through thorny paths of life, It glides with silver lining 'Till the stormy clouds of strife.

There is talk of getting up another board of trade, or chamber of commerce, or something of the sort, and several private meetings have been held to consider the matter. The thing does not seem to make much progress for the reason, perhaps, that the promoters are inclined to make the new society rather exclusive. What is wanted is a good miners' exchange and institute, which, mining being the only industry, would take in all the merchants and everybody else. It may come to that eventually.

If ever there was a man who could keep a house neat and tidy all by himself and without the aid of anyone, masculine or feminine, it was Mr. Shepard, the territorial court stenographer, who was burned out yesterday. He had one of the prettiest and cosiest cottages in the city. He lived all alone, with the exception of his two dogs, and you could never enter that cottage and find anything out of place or in disorder. If you went there at dinner time you would find the table fully laid for one, with glasses and napkins and fruit in the center, and everything just as appetizing as it could be made. And there at the head was "Shep," all alone, enjoying the dinner he himself had cooked and served, with a good mannered dog on

RETURNS TO MILLER.

Constable Bourke Out on the Sixty-mile Patrol.

Constable Bourke, in charge of the detachment at Miller creek, who has been in town for several days, left today to return to his post. He leaves on patrol duty and how soon he is again back in town will depend largely upon circumstances. Bourke reports things on Miller and Glacier as being rather quiet this winter, it being so difficult to get provisions into the camp that those who early in the season failed to lay in a winter's stock must now close down work temporarily. Much of Glacier and Miller is summer ground and both creeks will be the scene of more activity the coming season than ever before. Constable Bourke was one of the most indefatigable men in the force in the search for Grimesby when the latter escaped from prison. It was assumed by the officers that the prisoner might attempt to reach American territory via Glacier and Miller and as soon as the escape became known a wire was at once sent to Fortynite and two men were despatched to Miller, to head off the fugitive in that direction. When the news reached the Miller detachment Bourke at once hit the trail and was still out on the search when Grimesby was run down by Corporal Stewart and Constable Wright.

Pretty Good Lead.

Many a child who overhears a figurative remark made between its parents takes the same literally and in recounting it puts an Irishman to shame. This was the case last week in a school situated in the north-eastern section of this city. The schoolmistress was discussing the scriptures and mentioned the name of Samson, of whom she spoke of being the strongest man who ever lived. She attempted to show his enormous muscular power by stating as simply as possible some of the wonderful feats he had accomplished. A little girl, a newcomer in the class, listened with more than ordinary interest, and after the teacher had finished the child lifted her hand for permission to speak. "Well, Ethel," asked the teacher, "what is it?" "Samson wasn't as strong as the papa is," is your father so surprisingly strong?" queried the teacher, smiling. "Oh, my papa's awful strong," replied Ethel, with emphasis. "Why, I heard mamma say that he had a clyffant on his hands."—Philadelphia Telegram.

Lady Curzon's Unique Honor. A noticeable feature in the Durbar honors list is the fact that the name of one woman only appears. Nevertheless, everyone is gratified that on the occasion of King Edward VII. and Empress of India his majesty has been pleased to confer on Lady Curzon, the wife of England's chief representative in India, "The Kaiser-Hind Medal for Public Service in India" of the first class. This is the second time Lady Curzon has received an Indian decoration. In February, 1899, there was bestowed on her the decoration of the imperial order of the Crown of India. As most people know, Lady Curzon is one of the numerous kind English noblewomen who have gained still wider recognition and popularity by the force of their own striking individuality—London Madam.

IF I HAD KNOWN. If I had known in the morning How wearily all the day, The words unkind Would trouble my mind I said when you went away, I had been more careful, darling, Nor given you needless pain, But we vex "our own" With looks and tone We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening You may give the kiss of peace, Yet well it might be That never for me The pain of heart should cease. How many go forth in the morning Who never come home at night? And hearts have broken From harsh words spoken. That sorrows can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger, And smiles for the sometimes guest, But oft for "our own" The bitter-tons. Though we love our own the best, Ah! lips with the curve impatient, Ah! brows with the look of scorn, 'Twas a cruel fate. We're the night too late To undo the work of noon.

THE HAPPIEST HEART. Who drives the horses of the sun Shall lord it but a day. Better the lowly deed we do, And keep the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of flame, The dust will hide the crown, Ah, none shall sail so high his name Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat Was in some quiet breast. That found the common daylight sweet, And left to heaven the rest.

LIFE IN ST. HELENA.

General Cronje made it a rule to visit Deadwood Camp about twice a week.

On these occasions he generally delivered a short religious address. He was very fond of getting himself photographed, and was always highly delighted if asked to have his name at the bottom of his photo. So eager was he to sign that there must be some hundreds of his photos scattered over the world. General Viljoen, though not usually sitting for his photograph, objected strongly to attaching his signature to a photo, and to obtain one signed by him was extremely difficult. He was most difficult to draw on for a photo, and on your approaching the subject would quietly inform you that he was forbidden to talk on that matter. He was extremely popular on the island, and was a very courteous man. The casket containing the address presented by the governor and residents of St. Helena to the king was a most superb piece of workmanship and was made by a Boer prisoner. Tommy Atkins and the Boer prisoners were on the best of terms, and it was a common sight to see twenty or thirty prisoners working in the hills miles away from the camp in charge of one young soldier without any man any kind. There were three Dutch Reformed ministers at the camp, one of the paid by the British government, the other two were never known to visit the word in favor of the English. Louw, the most famous of the three was a really kind and courteous man of fine physique and soldier-like bearing. He was much respected by the English officials, and consulted by them on all matters affecting the welfare of the camp. Several of the Boer officers were from time to time invited to the highness, and when there, exhibiting a spirit of friendliness which was well for the future good fellowship of the two races. When the first batch of Boer prisoners left the island the head of the Middlesex regiment accompanied them from the camp to the wharf at the governor and staff met them and accompanied them down to the wharf, shaking hands at parting with several officers and men. The residence of the late Emperor Napoleon (Longwood House) on his stay on the island was at one of great interest to the prisoners of the visitors' book left there by the officers that were on the island. Colonel Schiel, of the Boer army, was a familiar figure in Jamestown, and was a great favorite with the residents, and in a fine built man of medium height, with the true Boer swagger. The cost of caring for the war prisoners was a most serious item, or would have been but for a very healthy government. It alone averaged about £1,000 a week. Add to this the cost of the vegetables, coffee, butter, and clothing, guards, etc., and it was found to have cost over £100 per week. At one camp (Broad Bottom) the rent paid for the ground, which the camp was placed was twenty-five guineas a month. It was when all is said and done James will have a pretty tidy sum for "heaping coals of fire" on the head of his enemy. What a opportunity it is to the boogymen than a week doled out to our own people in England! Many of the prisoners were when peace was declared, as they had had such a good old time in the life before, nothing to do and nothing to be done, even the Boer soldiers and the leaders from Johannesburg and the other South African camps were very sorry to go back to the they will have to work at South Cape Times.

Against the Pretender. Tangier, Morocco, Jan. 14.—The columns of troops have left the city of Tangier, and the war against the Sultan's brother, General Menebil, previously mentioned, is in command of another expedition. The latest news received by the pretender commenced January 10. No official information has been received since that date, but reports from Tetuan indicate that the pretender has overtaken the forces. These rumors are considered to be quite credible, because it is well known, incapacity of the commanders who were entrusted with the expedition. The trial of the accused around Tangier, continues, but the local authorities are taking measures to suppress the rumors, which are believed, will be adequate to deal with the trouble in this quarter.

THE AVERAGE YIELD OF WHEAT IN THE UNITED STATES IS FIFTEEN BUSHELS ACRE, IN ENGLAND, FORTY BUSHELS ACRE.