

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."

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, Quarters and Canyon.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1902.

\$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.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre: "Woman Against Woman."

A PRACTICAL SITUATION.

As the voters of the community come to a more perfect understanding of the situation, they are rallying more and more strongly to the support of the advocates of an appointed commission. They begin to appreciate the fact that they are confronted by a practical situation which must be met with practical measures.

It placed in charge of the affairs of Dawson they will have no reason to observe economy, for in the broad sense of the expression they are not contributors to the public revenues.

BIG AMOUNT REPRESENTED.

J. P. Morgan Draws a Check for \$34,000,000.

New York, Dec. 30, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—A check for the sum of \$34,000,000, to the order of the Northern Pacific Railway, was delivered by J. P. Morgan on Monday.

RIOT IN 'FRISCO.

The U. S. Soldiers Engage in a Disturbance.

San Francisco, Dec. 25, via Skagway, Jan. 6.—Two saloons near Presidio Gate were wrecked tonight during a riot in which United States soldiers to the number of 1000 participated.

The Holborn.

R. L. Hall, the well known caterer, is again at the helm of the Holborn Cafe. Mr. Hall has a reputation of years' standing in this community as a restaurant man and in his particular line has no superior.

Fur Bargains.

We have very little left but you can have your choice at...50 Per Cent Off... Coats, Caps, Mitts.

J. P. McLENNAN.

233 FRONT STREET.

THE KIDS' ORGAN.

The News, the Dawson organ of the Kid Committee, has at length leaped flat-footed into the arena and taken up the cudgel in their behalf.

ing and filling before our contemporary succeeded in locating itself, and now within two days of the election it makes its first positive declaration.

This declaration takes the form of an alleged outburst of indignation at the manner in which the assessor performed his duties in preparing the voters' lists.

The News' burst of anger has come a little too late. Just as long as the "stuffed" lists of 600 names had a prospect of being placed bodily upon the regular list, our contemporary was perfectly satisfied to leave matters alone.

Now that the Kids have been thwarted in their nefarious scheme, the News raises a plaintive cry in condemnation of corrupt methods.

What a pitiful spectacle! The News had no words of condemnation for the cold-blooded effort of its favorites to steal the election body—but that effort having resulted in ignominious failure, our contemporary begins shouting "stop thief!"

The situation is altogether too ridiculous for comment.

A commission insures competent administration at a minimum of expense. With the Kid Committee in power there will be no limit to taxation. They have nothing to lose, everything to gain, and realize that they will go out of office at the end of the first year.

Dawson could not suffer a greater calamity than to have the news spread abroad that its affairs have been turned over to the Kid Committee. The way to avert the possibility of such a disgrace is to vote for a commission.

The Kids are after the spoils of office. Under a commission there would be no spoils. Voters, which system do you prefer?

bar and the manner in which he glared at his disturbers was rather embarrassing to those who had never before met him.

"Ax 'im to have a drink," said the barkeeper.

"I had 'n arter humiliate meself by drinking wid youse, and I ain't goin' to insult me inwards by drinkin' no sich Horlick's baby food as youse is drinkin'!"

"It harrows up my heart plum to the bottom to hear you cheechacos talkin' 'bout what kind o' weather aint never afore been seed here, an' what alleged old-timers say about it. Who is old-timers? I'd like to know? Show me the color of the man's hair, 'ceptin' some of my old Moosehide cronies, wots got any business talkin' 'bout this country. These drifts you seed today is regular old baby affairs compared with what I have seed here time an' time again."

Repeating the quid of tobacco and after turning it over a few times, the old man continued:

"I think it was just 32 years ago this winter that we had a driftin' spell at 'ud make this 'n ashamed of itself. Limpin' Grouse had gone down to Moosehide to assist in registrin' a brave that is now just 32 years old. She 'lowed she would git back that evenin', but when she didn't show up I reckoned she had concluded to stay all night, a strong wind havin' riz 'bout this country. These drifts you seed today is regular old baby affairs compared with what I have seed here time an' time again."

The matter of the snow drifting to a depth of from one to three feet on the streets of Dawson Sunday night and yesterday forenoon was the subject of considerable wonder and not a little talk during the latter part of yesterday. While a party of gentlemen were waiting on a mixologist from a Tom and Jerry bowl, one of them said:

"Before we came to Dawson we were told that during the entire winter here the sky was invariably as clear as a bell and that it was a very unusual thing, in fact, a thing never known, to have sufficient wind during

Stroller's Column.

Colonel Bourbon. The colonel was asked in Washington one day the following question:

"Colonel, is it true that down south you white people intimidate the colored people to such an extent that they are afraid to come out to the polls on election day and vote?"

"A no' damnable standah was nevah perpetrated on a people, sah," replied Colonel Bourbon. "On the contrary, sah, we do everything to encourage the niggahs to vote. Why, sah, on the mornings of elections we white people get out, sah, and fish off cannon, guns and revolvers to let the niggahs know it is election day; but, sah, instead of taking our announcement as it is meant, the fool niggahs get scared and take to the woods, and, sah, they remain there until election is over! No, sah! No votahs are evah intimidated in my section of the south."

The old time expression, "a free vote and a fair count" is no longer recherche. Now it is "a fair vote and a free count."

After close observation the Stroller has concluded that even the most shrewd and astute wire-pulling politicians he ever knew either in the north or south could not impart any information to the politicians of the Yukon.

A certain female of plaster cast of countenance who occupies a room over the New Savoy has been taking lessons lately on the violin and, as was said of one of Slavin's recent combatants, considerable of her training and practice takes place before a mirror.

That afternoon, next mornin' I gets up an' as the wind was still howlin' I decided to go down to Moosehide and come back with her. I was goin' round the bluff below town, plungin' through snow drifts from 2 to 12 feet deep, when all at once I heered a yellin' and when I stopped this is what I heered comin' from fully 100 yards off on the trail and way out on the river: "Ik-a-lu-goo-ku." It was Limpin' Grouse and what she was sayin' meant: "Come soon or you'll never kiss your honey anymore." Me and the dog flew to her assistance and thar in a big snow drift she war stuck fast, only her head and feet protrudin'.

The former speaker as well as all his companions turned suddenly and looked toward the source from whence the interruption had come, and there in a dark corner by a stack of wood behind the stove sat the sootiest of all doughs. He had been sleeping until awakened by the conversation at the

mixing horse-hair and resin with Del Sarte movements and smiling approval in the mirror the roof of the White Pass warehouse across the street was crowded with "rubbers" from staid old business men down to the Shirtless Kid, all of whom enjoyed the performance very much.

Anyone having a copy of the comic opera Pinafore is requested to communicate with Mr. Ernest Scarell.

R. L. Goldberg, tailor for Hersberg, cleans, presses, repairs or dyes clothing for men and women.

LOST.—About two weeks ago, malamute puppy, female, about 4 months old; dark muzzle. Reward on return to Lennie Macdonald, corner 8th avenue and Hansen street, or court house.

One of the main secrets to political success is to start out by claiming everything in sight and claiming with confidence. Success not only begets confidence, but confidence begets success.

There is a certain man in Dawson who has the sort of confidence the Stroller loves to inspect. It is the brand of confidence born of inspiration—a heaven-sent brand that the Stroller reserves his hat to wherever he needs. A few days ago this confidence-not confidence-man entered a certain First Avenue store to buy a suit of clothes, not on eternity, but on time.

It is with sorrow that the Stroller observes that the progress of the present campaign is wholly without the accompaniment of music. There is nothing that does more to worry the opposite side than to have a brass band parade the street with appropriate banners. To have a band line up and play "Dixie" and other white whiskey tunes in front of party headquarters is very discomfiting to the other fellows. The scheme is to hire all the bands in town until after election and thus shut out the other side.

Another good campaign move is to leave an irrigation fund at the various saloons. This matter, like the

present campaign, has been entirely overlooked in the present campaign.

A few days ago a man and his wife were coming down the Yukon in a sleigh and when a few miles above Dawson the sleigh upset, throwing both occupants out. Woman like, the wife got mad, accused her liege lord of upsetting the sleigh on purpose and refused to get back into it. Instead of coaxing her as most husbands of the Henry Peck variety would have done, he simply said:

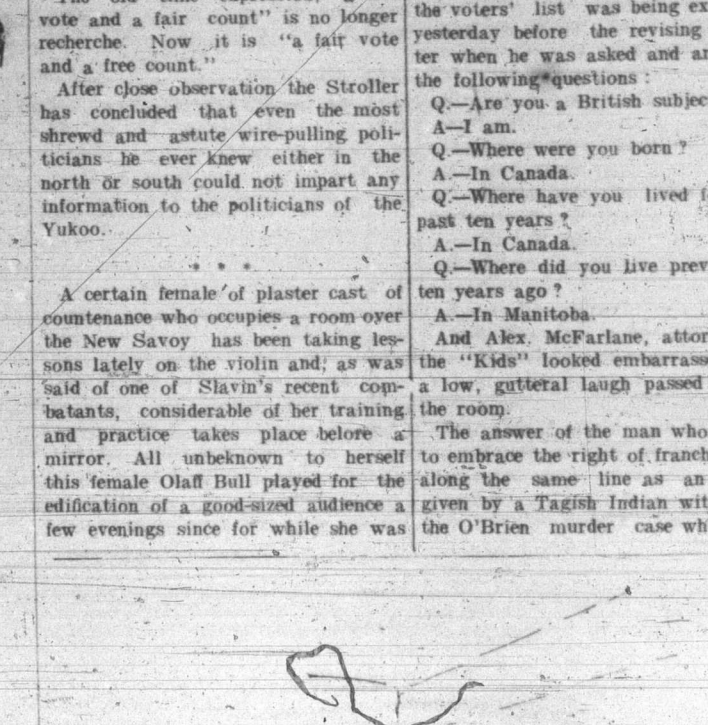
"All right, Ax 'em to go on!" With that he drove on to Dawson and two hours later the woman limped into town bearing in her heart a resolution to pretend to take the whole matter as a joke, but to get even if forty years are required in which to do it.



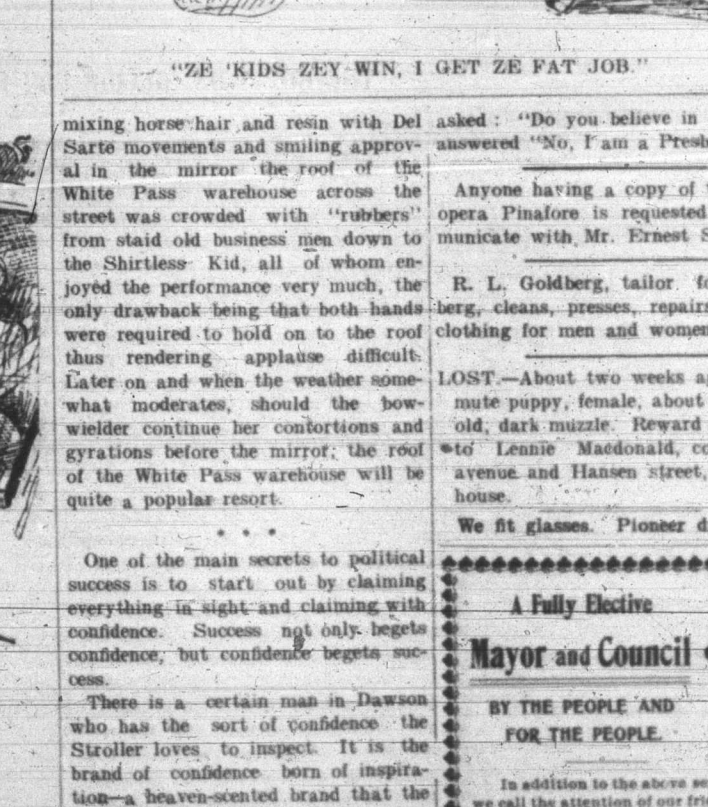
LIMPIN' GROUSE HAD LOST THE TRAIL.



SHE PRACTICES BEFORE THE MIRROR.



'ZE 'KIDS ZEY WIN, I GET ZE FAT JOB.'



Do you believe in Christ? answered "No, I am a Presbyterian."

Advertisement for Mayor and Council, featuring a figure of a man and text: "A Fully Elective Mayor and Council FOR THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Advertisement for Regina Hotel, Dawson's Leading Hotel, with details about amenities and location.

Advertisement for THE AUDITORIUM, featuring Ralph E. Cummings and a performance against women.

Advertisement for WINTER TIME TABLE-STAGE LINES, THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd., listing various routes and schedules.

Advertisement for FULL LIFE CHOICE BRANDS, Wines, Liquors & Cigars, CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

Advertisement for The Northwestern Line, the Short Line to Chicago and All Eastern Points.

Advertisement for The Great Northern "FLYER", LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

Advertisement for Alaska Steamship Co., Operating the Steamers "Dolphin", "Farallon", "Dirigo".

Advertisement for Burlington Route, No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington.

Advertisement for Pacific Packing and Navigation Co., Copper River and Cook's Inlet, with details about steamship services.

ALL FOR HIM. A Touching story. Was Ready to Save His Drink.

A knock on the granddaddy's voice made the welcome! tation, then a man, dressed with a... and with a... spond to the and take an on the edge of door.

"I'm sorry face decently kerchief, 'to to tidings, the wife has just -may the Lo soul, Amen. At 10 o'clock lass of her life was in eternit it."

The new com man, shocked ance of such nignant old f but peace and "There's no know of but t you about," that's a sartin an' his chil bor an' well- mistorture lies "You're a spoken man, Maurice has a the old man, I pretty well, I "He was till the man, "but then, an' not do since."

"I suppose saved!" "Not a pe 'was the har left the poor to the sickne "God help a 'five," said year to three their mother pierce a stone old world entit "Well, sure t an' bring the for 'em to hav "The strangle thustain wron He knew that to hope this. ago had run against his fat less girl, there to struggle the ties which a would have cle gle had been a for Maurice an three days in the door, a tal beside the driv the wrapped-up spindling child ering in the hi grandfather a waiting to rec "The boxes a way, I suppose man, who had imposing axris "There isn't the kind," sai "Al, that I here," said he, who str and forlorn.

"An' sure lo said the grand Maurice. An' the lay for the stroyed with t A comfortable woefully unfor for the small clapped their sight of the th me" of "hot table standing the. "The old an heard bridy e of the eddion ed the action of "Cable" ne forgot, as she the other, cas head, and the the tea was children wry- "Just away n said the grand own home. "Of course, bris Three now, Maurice, you h no remem of v

The specu enclosed with some the un include down ment in the when the

THE KIDS' ORGAN. The News, the Dawson organ of the Kid Committee, has at length leaped flat-footed into the arena and taken up the cudgel in their behalf. It required three weeks of squirming, back-