

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

From Saturday's Daily.

THE WAR.

There is very little comfort in the news which is brought from the seat of war after a suspension of communication covering 10 days. The situation apparently is but little altered.

Briefly summed up it appears that England now has in the field an army approximating 120,000 men to accomplish a task which before it was undertaken was estimated would require but 35,000 at the outside. She has been more than three months engaged in the task and as yet has not penetrated into the enemy's country, although, according to the sanguine predictions of the ministers for the colonies and of war, Christmas day would be celebrated by the British generals in Pretoria.

Three important British garrison stations are still being besieged by the Boers and aside from the repulse at Ladysmith, where, as noted in yesterday's dispatches, 3000 Boers were killed as against 800 British, no engagements of importance have taken place.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the very strictest censorship is maintained over all press matter and that but little news escapes the vigilance of the censor. For which reason it is difficult to arrive at any definite idea as to the exact situation. It is apparent, however, that the knot is a much harder one than was anticipated by Chamberlain, when he so confidently told the people of England how easy it would be to untie it.

MISSING PEOPLE.

The list of people who have never been heard from since coming into the Yukon country continues to grow.

Every few days a list of names of men who have thus disappeared is published in the newspapers, and information sought from any one who may know anything as to their whereabouts. These requests for news from missing friends form a sad and striking sequel to the great rush to the Klondike which succeeded the announcement of the discovery of gold. Hundreds of men who left comfortable and happy homes in the states, hoping to gain for themselves and their families a competence from the riches known to be stored in the bosom of the earth in this country, have never been heard from at all. Whether they are alive or dead their friends on the outside do not know. Many of them having failed to meet the expectations which they had in mind and being unable to return with the coveted amount of wealth have disappeared from the knowledge of their friends merely because they have purposely avoided communicating with them.

There is every reason for believing that a great many have met death as a result of dangers and hardships encountered in their search for gold, but

many others might relieve a world of sorrow and anxiety by merely writing to their friends and assuring them of their safety. No true man will shirk this duty, no matter how unpleasant his situation may be or what misfortunes may have befallen him.

THE FIRST.

The Daily Nugget was the first newspaper in Dawson to furnish the reading public with outside news after telegraphic communication had been re-established yesterday between Dawson and the coast. The fact that the wire had been down for a period of 10 days had whetted the appetite of newspaper readers for information from the seat of war. Owing to the amount of commercial matter which had been filed at Skagway, no press reports had been received at half past three, the hour at which the forms for the Daily Nugget are closed.

The regular issue was therefore printed and sent out as usual. Shortly after, the press telegrams began coming in and it was seen that the war news was of sufficient importance to justify issuing an "extra" edition. It was exactly 5:35 p. m. when the last wire was received in the Nugget office and 45 minutes later the type for the "extra" had all been set, the proof sheets read, the forms made up and placed on the press. Five minutes afterwards the Nugget's street salesmen were calling the "extra" edition of the Nugget in the streets 30 minutes in advance of the appearance of either of our esteemed contemporaries. Those 30 minutes were all that the Nugget's hustling salesmen required, and they reaped a golden harvest from hundreds of eager buyers of the "extra." While our contemporaries quarrel over their respective telegraphic services, and call each other hard names, the Daily Nugget gets the news and prints it first.

People who will strain at a gnat will be found in every community. That they are not wanting in Dawson was shown conclusively when so much opposition was stirred up over the proposal to give a series of Sunday-night concerts. Ministers of the gospel who stand idly by while all sorts of vices run in full swing on Sunday nights and then throw up their hands in holy horror at the suggestion of an evening spent in listening to classic music, cannot be charged with the possession of too much consistency.

The "beef" editor of the News knows about as much concerning that question as the News "grub" editor knew about the question of chickens, turkeys and eggs. Stolen telegrams are more in your line, Brother News. When you handle a proposition concerning which the public are informed, you almost invariably get beyond you depth.

Now comes a rumor that Japan and Russia are going to war. It will come about shortly that the only place on earth where the gentle dove of peace really reigns supreme in the heart of the Yukon country. We couldn't do much in the way of fighting here, right now, even if we wanted to. A bullet would freeze up this weather before it left the gun barrel.

A complete line of toilet requisites. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

Get your eyesight fixed at the Pioneer drug store.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

When it comes to things of a touching character, the sight of George Hillyer, as Michael Strogof, leaning over a prostrate figure on the floor and saying: "Mother! She is lost to me forever;" would bring tears to the eye of a potato. What makes the scene really more pathetic than it would otherwise be is that Mike, who does the turn in his shirt sleeves, always has a Vanity Fair package of cigarettes protruding from the flask pocket of his pants.

The old timer whom the Stroller mentioned a few days ago as having lost his prestige by recent acts of the weather endeavored to reinstate himself by asserting with confidence that the backbone of winter was broken as soon as last Tuesday night's wind died down, and that at no time until next winter would mercury go lower than 25. In less than 48 hours it dropped to 50, where it has since remained. In desperation over his second fall, the old timer attempted suicide. He was prevented from doing away with himself by friends who are now taking turns at watching him and feeding him on malamute stew at his cabin. He swears that if he ever gets out of this country he will go to Cuba and offer himself as a victim to yellow fever or some other tropical disease.

"Did I get any mail? No; and I didn't expect any," said a man in the hearing of the Stroller in front of the postoffice the other day in answer to a question put by an acquaintance. Continuing he said: "I go to the postoffice through force of habit and I'll tell you how I contracted the habit: Three years ago I loved a girl back in Arkansas and she apparently loved me. We had it all fixed up to be married, when, damn me, if she didn't go plumb back on me for a spindleshanked barber that hit the village. As the boys guded me nigh to death about sweet scented Yather and bay rum and Florida water and mustache wax, and other barber shop furniture, I decided to skin out and I did. Befor I left I made an old friend promise to write me just one letter and write it when Jennie, that was her name, married the barber. For two years I went to the postoffice regularly and at last that letter came. Jennie had married the barber. That letter is up to my cabin quilted in the lining of the best vest I own. But some way I can't stop coming to the postoffice every time I hear of the arrival of a mail although I know very well there will be nothing for me. But then I think that if anything would happen back there; my friend would write one more letter. I have not been in a barber shop for three years; I let my beard grow and cut my own hair; I never pass a striped pole or sign on the street without wanting to kick some body. To be plain about it, I am what might be termed a tonsorial wreck; but if thought that spindleshanked puppy wasn't good to Jennie I'd start out over the ice tomorrow and go back to Arkansas and kill him, d—n him, if I was lynched for it during the next 15 minutes."

"Hello! Maxie," said the Stroller, espying that disciple of Epicurus at the Bank Cafe with a lay out of the good things of life spread temptingly before him.

"Howdy, slave," said Maxie; "the world looks good to me today. I dreamed last night I was dead and say, that is not all, I thought I went to hell. Ugh! Yes, sir, to hell. It was a fright, and my nerves are shot to pieces."

"It came on me easy, and if the real thing is like the run, I got, I don't want any more of it in mine, and by the way, Mr. Stroller, you had better look a little out in what direction you stroll."

"Birds were singing gloriously, the air was laden with the most delightful

perfume, there were umbrageous trees and vestas of green sward that would delight the eyes and make a native son prance with joy. I walked along a shaded avenue of royal palms, stopping occasionally to drink from fountains flowing with ambrosial nectar. After a short walk I came suddenly upon an immense structure with flags of all nations flying from innumerable minarets. As I entered the massive building the strains from an immense orchestra greeted my ear and who should I espy but Pring giving out tickets, each one being a \$20 gold piece stamped "admit one." He gave me a stack of them as he shook hands, telling me "I'd like the place."

"When I got inside there was a row of faro tables a mile long and all the old war horses I ever knew were there dealing to the same old gang. The nearest table to me had Billy McRae dealing with Jim Donaldson in the lookout chair, and they gave me a hand that made me feel jollied considerably.

"I called for the cases and got them, and commenced to play, winning every bet; even the splits and things were easy. I turned the box over the first deal and Mac chased down the line for more money, coming back smiling and insisting on opening wine. I won everything in sight until I had more money than I could carry away. Mac and Donaldson were tickled to death and offered to make another deal, doubling the limit, but I got a hunch and quit as happy as a bird. So I started in feasting, everybody offering to settle the bill and looking sad when I insisted on paying.

"I was having a great time when along comes a tall, handsome looking chap covered with diamonds, who lined everybody up. To every man that was broke he gave a white check. I noticed he gave one to McRae and Donaldson. To me he gave a red check and the minute I put it in my pocket everything looked different; no more music, a terrible thirst took possession of me, hunger was knowing at my vitals, the memory of every mean act of my life came rushing through my brain and no matter how I tried I could not remember one kind act to offset the others. I tried to throw the cursed red check away, but when I touched it ten thousand shrieking devils sprang at my throat. I rushed up to the tall fellow in black, demanding the meaning of the check and why I got it.

"He explained that in this country it is everyone's desire to give away their money, the man having the least being the most happy, those having the most the most miserable, and that I should try and dispose of my money to some fortunate fellow who was broke.

"All this time I was suffering mental tortures, so I rushed out in the air. I noticed a fellow with a sort of hard luck story written on his face, so I pulls out my poke and was just about to offer him the whole business when I woke up. That was the most narrow escape I ever had."

A General Stampede

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