The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN .....Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily.	
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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.

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, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1901.

$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.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

FORGING AHEAD.

The announcement made in yesterday's issue of the Nugget that the subscription price of this paper would be reduced to $3 per month, simultaneously with the addition of an extra column to the paper, in line with the policy pursued by the Nugget since its publication was first undertaken.

We have endeavored at all times to give our patrons the best newspaper possible consistent with the cost of production. During the past summer the Nugget has installed two of the most improved type setting machines, which, together with the splendid equipment already possessed, gives this paper a distinct advantage over all local contemporaries in respect to the production of a newspaper with economy and dispatch.

In view of the decreased cost now involved in producing this paper, notwithstanding the fact that its size has been substantially increased, we have made a reduction of 25 per cent. in the subscription price. That this concession to our patrons is thoroughly appreciated is well demonstrated by the gains already made in our subscription lists.

The public may rest assured that the Nugget will continue forging ahead, basing its progress upon the demands of the reading public and paying no attention to the childish carping of its envious competitors.

THE TREADGOLD CONCESSION.

As was indicated in an article treating on the subject, published in this paper yesterday, the effects of the Treadgold concession bid fair to be farther reaching than has heretofore been supposed. According to the present interpretation of the concessionaires rights, he has access to all unlocated or abandoned property on the richest creeks in the district.

He has the advantage over the ordinary miner in that he is compelled to pay no recording fees, and will not be held responsible for representation work as is the case with the individual applicant for ground.

That the concessionaire intends taking full advantage of the special privileges which he enjoys is fully demonstrated by the fact as brought out in our article of yesterday. It was shown in that article that a representative of the concessionaire is busily engaged in the gold commissioner's office taking a transcript of the records covering all unlocated ground, as well as claims which are likely to lapse to the crown by reason of failure to perform representation work.

The only course now open to the miners of the district to protect themselves against this new colossus is to post themselves with reference to the ground available for location and head the Treadgold people off in the effort now being made by them to corral the portion of the district yet remaining unworked.

Every miner who desires to secure a claim within the district covered by the concession should make all possible haste and present his application to the gold commissioner's office, otherwise the holders of the Treadgold concession will shortly be in possession of everything worth having.

A Selkirk merchant has been in Dawson for the past few days making purchases for his store. He finds it cheaper to buy his goods in Dawson and transport them to Selkirk rather than purchase on the outside and ship direct via the White Pass route—notwithstanding the fact that Selkirk is 180 miles nearer the coast than Dawson. In other words, by purchasing goods shipped from Vancouver or Seattle via St. Michael to Dawson he is enabled to save money as against shipping direct to Selkirk over the White Pass. Here is an object lesson which even he who runs may read.

THE OAT CORNER.

The full details of the washout on the White Pass road as published in yesterday's Nugget confirm the first reports received. The railroad has been washed out in a number of places, and traffic in all probability will be suspended a matter of ten days yet.

The first effect of this news on the local market was witnessed yesterday when the price of oats advanced a matter of $60 per ton. The speculators who manipulated the corner undoubtedly figured that the washout on the railroad will prevent further shipments, as it is altogether probable that navigation will be over before cars are again moving on the White Pass tracks.

It is a well known fact that a good many hundreds of tons of oats were ordered by wire within the past week. If delivery of orders which are probably in transit between the Sound and Skagway could be guaranteed in Dawson, the corner manipulators would not find themselves in a tight place.

As conditions now are, fortune seems to have favored them. The disaster which has overtaken the White Pass road bids fair to prove a means of lining the pockets of the speculators.

It certainly is an ill wind that blows good to no one.

As soon as sleighing becomes good, we are informed that a number of teams will be employed constantly in bringing ore to the two stamp mills which have been established. The eve of quartz development is not only near at hand—it has actually arrived. Skeptics as to quartz development in this territory are asked to keep their eyes closely upon the developments of the next six months.

A small "Want" ad. published in Tuesday's Nugget brought 25 answers. It pays to advertise when you advertise in the Nugget.

Baseball in France.

Now that baseball has been introduced officially in France, we may expect that such scenes as the following will mark every game:

The Umpire—I say ze man is out-out-out! Now do you onnerstan'?

Alphones—Sare, you are no zhentleman!

Henri—Par-r-don me, but you are of ze canaille!

The Umpire—Accept ze assur-r-ance of my most r'r'respectful consider'r'ra-tion, zhentleman, but you ar-r-e a pair of cr-r-r-azy monkeys!

Alphonse—Oh, did you hear zat, my poor lr-r-riend?

Henri—Alphonse, my brozzaire, he has insolted you!

The Umpire—Oh, go and sit on ze bench and let ze game p-r-roceed.

Alphonse—You will hear f-r-rom me!

Henri—You will hear f-r-rom us!

The Umpire—Certainly, sares, I will give you satisfaction whenever you weesh. Only you must put eet off for at least tree weeks; I have so many ozzaire duels of ze same sort zat all my time is taken up, day and night. Is it agreed? Tray bong, messieurs.

They all bow extravagantly, and Alphonse and Henri kiss each other on the cheek as they retire to the bench. The game then proceeds.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

$25 Reward.

Lost, from Bonanza slaughter house nine head of cattle and one calf. Will pay $25 reward per head for return of same to Bay City Market. c18

LOST—Large brindle dog; white stripe in face; short tail; answers name of "Prince." Reward paid on return of dog to Nugget office. c16

DEL ADELPHIA THE GREAT MAGICIAN IS PERFORMING NEW AND STARTLING TRICKS AT THE NEW SAVOY THIS WEEK.

FOR SALE—Latest improved coal heater. Apply Nugget office.

New Underwear

We have just opened a full line of imported underwear in Natural Wool, Cashmere, Natural Wool—fleece lined, California Flannel

At Lowest Prices

...J. P. McLENNAN...

233 FRONT STREET

THE LAST RITES PERFORMED

Touching Ceremonies With Which the Remains of the Dead President Were Consigned to Their Final Resting Place—Service Was Conducted in Canton, Ohio.

Canton, Ohio, Sept. 19.—The nation has said its farewell; the state has sobbed its good-bye; the captains of the sea and of the land have paid their parting respects with flags and belching cannon, and tonight William McKinley rests in the tomb on the hill overlooking his beloved home.

The pomp of peace and the panoply of war are gone and his life partner, the fair bride of his youth and the sweet sharer in his glory, sits alone in the desolation of widowhood. Alone, because, although ministering hands gird her about and sympathetic souls endeavor to soothe and sustain her, the only voice that could lull her fears is forever silent, and the only hand that could give her strengthening aid, is cold and still. As she passed from fretful slumber of poppy and mandragora, and from painful awakening into induced sleep, her lips ever breathe that pathetic query: "Has the Major come?"

Thus will her remaining tenure of life be, a patient waiting for the dawn of that happy day in a fairer land when the Major will have, indeed, come, and tribulation and sorrow will be no more. Until then must she bear the burden alone, since none may share it with her.

One Gap in the Scene.

The payment of the last public tribute was grandly yet sadly imposing, but no part of it so truly impressive as that within the walls of the church where for years he worshipped. It was here that nation, state and city took their last farewell of President, Governor, citizen and friend. Here were sung the hymns he loved, and here recited the Scriptures in which he took delight. Next to the last sad scene of all, in the bleak air of the autumnal afternoon at the tomb of God's acre, was the most vivid of the series of sad tableaux of the national tragedy, grand in its sombre coloring and striking in its simplicity. It was the veritable apotheosis of woe, the climax of sorrow, thrilling and depressing as the human emotions were played upon by the entranced senses.

Yet with all the outward insignia of sorrow appealing to the sympathies, nothing so clutched at the heartstrings as a gap in the scene—the absence of a slender woman in the habiliments of mourning and the emptiness of a draped pew. For the widow of the dead President was not there to join in the prayers, and the seats that they occupied were left vacant as a reminder of the loss that not only the nation but the little congregation had sustained.

The eyes of the multitude sought out this blank, and its sympathy went out to the poignantly bereaved little woman who is lying within the shadow of the valley through which her husband has passed. The eloquent appeal of that vacant chair could not be resisted by even the meanest of mortals.

Crowds Were Patient.

The church, the First Methodist, was surrounded at dawn by thousands and as the day spent itself thousands more augmented the throng, until at noon its proportions were vast. They were patient, these watchers, oh, so patient, as they stood for hour after hour in the chill air without food or drink, that they might see the casket inclosing their beloved leader's body as it passed within the church.

Encircling the edifice was a double line of soldiers to protect the entrances, but so gentle was the multitude that it seemed that a card affixed to the doors would have restrained it.

For days the loving hands of the congregation have been at work preparing the trappings of the funeral day, and when their labor ended this morning it was pronounced a masterpiece. Delicate, filmy Chinese crepe swathed the gallery rails and pillars, picked out here and there with silken white tassels. From the arched nave above the organ swung an American flag, caught up in the middle with a single band of somber satin. Screens of black crepe hid the walls of the chancel. Piled up in artistic confusion from the very floor to the choir loft were the floral tributes that had been offered from over the ends of the earth and by sovereign and citizens alike.

In the very centre stood an immense vase of white carnations upon a bed of maidenhair ferns. Below it in a great circle of ferns and orchids was a life-sized picture of McKinley, the gift of well-beloved friends in old Kentucky. At the very lowest was the catafalque, covered simply with the national flag. Throughout the color scheme was purple and heliotrope, with pure white and vivid green to furnish the delicate contrasts.

His Pew Simply Draped.

Along the rail of the McKinley pew was draped a scarf of crape bound with ribbons, nothing else. The sliding partitions dividing the auditorium from the sabbath school room were raised, giving the fullest possible capacity to accommodate those who had the melancholy pleasure of holding cards of admission.

From the vantage point of the gallery the scenes preceding the service carried with them much interest. The side portals were opened first to the Loyal Legion of the State of Ohio, the brother officers of the dead President during the war of rebellion and their descendants. Almost at their very head walked Harry Garfield, son of the martyred President, a grave, dignified young man with his father's serious look in his deep-set eyes. He had come to pay the debt contracted when McKinley, then a young Congressman, presided with deep feeling at the memorial to his slain father. Farther back was another son, James Rudolph Garfield, whose budding political career the dead President nurtured and watched while he was Governor.

Behind the Loyal Legion came the Cuban delegation, headed by Senor Quesada, and made up of officers of the Provisional Government of the island. With the inherited punctiliousness of the Spaniard, they wore black from head to foot. The long wait outside in the chilly air was a trying ordeal to them, and they entered and took their seats with evident relief.

A rattling of scabbards and the presenting of arms announced the entrance of Governor George K. Nash, of Ohio, with his personal military staff. The Governor looked weak and fatigued, the contrast with his brilliantly caparisoned carpet knights being striking. Scarce had they taken their seats before Colonel James Kilbourne, the Democratic nominee for Governor, was ushered in at a side door by John Welty. This spare built, gray little man, was instantly recognized, and he was conducted to a seat near the Governor, with whom he exchanged greetings. Later he joined the ranks of the Loyal Legion, of which he is a member.

Then the Senators.

Next in order of admission came the members of the Supreme Court of Ohio, headed by Acting Chief Justice Marshall J. Williams. With them came Dr. E. J. Wilson, of Columbus, the physician in charge of Governor Nash. A stir in the sanctuary gave notice of the arrival of the invited clergymen, a company of 50 sad-featured men in conventional clerical attire. At 1:25 o'clock the front doors swung open to admit the United States Senators present. With the big-framed Allison, of Iowa, himself an Ohioan, and the country Bate, of Tennessee, at their head and preceded by Sergeant-at-Arms Layton, they advanced with the solemn tread befitting their station across the church and down the right aisle. Those within looked in vain for Senator Hanna, but he was not to come until later.

The doors remained closed for five minutes, and then reopened to admit the members of the House of Representatives. They came in with shuffling tread to the number of 175. At the head of the column was Speaker David B. Henderson, of Iowa, gray and painful of step and leaning on the arm of Congressman John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania. Directly behind them were Congressmen Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Payne, of Wisconsin, men whose influence with the dead President had made them strong in the halls of policies and legislation.

Here and there in the line were notable figures, the giant Sulloway, of Vermont, the clerical Tayler, of Ohio, the wearer of McKinley's congressional mantle; White, the last colored Congressman from the South, and Watson, of Ohio, now a member of one of the many commissions created by his administration.

His Last Visit.

As they were rapidly ushered into their places, softly disturbing the silence at first, and then gradually swelling into a plaintive moaning, came the tender notes of Beethoven's "Funeral March," the sweet signal that the casket was approaching. Mingling with the minor pleadings were the harsher, shriller, yet subdued notes of a military band outside, and as the doors swung open one could catch a glimpse of the brilliant uniforms of a troop of hussars, Troop A, of Cleveland. They had on many occasions in the bright past formed the personal escort of the dead man, and were now riding upon their last assignment with him to the tomb.

As their fluttering guidons disappeared a hoarse military command rang through the church, and the guards in the aisles and doors stood as rigid statues. Then, with a swaying motion, entered the detail of soldiers and sailors appointed to the sad office of pallbearers. At their head, walking backward, was an officer in glittering uniform, and upon their shoulders was the casket. McKinley had come to take his last visit to his church.

In sharp contrast to the sober-hued decorations and as a shock to the eye was the distinguished guard of honor fairly resplendent in their gorgeous uniforms. There was Miles, the head of the army, graceful and erect. He had traveled 3,000 miles to be present at this service. His companion was Admiral Farquhar, representing the Admiral of the navy, Geo. Dewey, whose achievements were so much glory for McKinley and the nation. Otis, of Philippine fame and Brooke, of Cuban history, strode behind, with Crowninshield, the reputed arch enemy of Admiral Schley; O'Neil, short, bald and portly of figure, and Bradford, newly come to his honors.

As the imperial guard surrounded the body of the sovereign to the last, so did they guard their dead chief, occupying the seats immediately beside the casket.

The Presidential Party.

Once again was the scene shifted. The crowd stood up in reverential attitude as the soldiers and marines with obvious difficulty deposited the casket upon the catafalque and arranged the funeral wreaths upon its top. For the space of a half minute there was quiet, followed by the sound of a rapidly moving company. Through the chancel down to the right the familiar figure of President Theodore Roosevelt showed itself, clad in a long black coat and carrying his silk hat, a-la-militaire, across his breast.

The usher pointed to the pew assigned to the President and the cabinet, and without the slightest hesitation he strode forward entirely alone, directly to his proper seat. More slowly behind him filed Secretaries Root, Gage, Knox, Smith, Hitchcock and Wilson in the order named. They, with the President, occupied the seats directly behind the pew filled with the bullion belaced Admirals.

Next in the procession came the Supreme Court of the United States, headed by Chief Justice Fuller. As Justice McKenna, of California, the only one of McKinley's creation, passed he stopped for a moment to look at the casket. Closing the official line came Private Secretary Cortelyou, the faithful servitor and devoted friend of the dead man. Like the others, but with perhaps more reason and bitterer sorrow, he had come to say goodby in public.

All being arranged the immediate family were admitted. Abner McKinley leading the sad little cortege with his wife, heavily veiled, on his arm. Eagerly the crowd sought for the President's widow, and as the younger McKinleys, the Barbers and their long line of connections passed and she appeared not a satisfied sigh ran through the watchers.

It Was Better So.

"It is better so," was the comment, followed by the fervent exclamation, "May she be no worse!"

Tottering along on the arm of a relative came the aged Isaac Saxton, the uncle of Mrs. McKinley. He is deaf, and came simply to sit and weep in the everlasting stillness that envelopes him. In the train of family friends that came later every eye simultaneously fell upon the face of Senator Mark A. Hanna, the powerful and masterful man, who made it possible for the dead McKinley to be President. The face was that of a Roman centurion of the Pretorian

(Continued on Page 3.)

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Make a Guess When the River Freezes.

To the one coming nearest the exact time when the river closes in front of Dawson we will give the following outfit:

A Fine Coat, Value	$ 60.00
A Beaver Cap, Value	20.00
A Pair of Dolge Shoes, Value	7 00
A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves	3.00
A Suit of Heavy Underwear	10.00
Total	$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

Here's a Nut to Crack.

Here is a little mathematical diversion affecting animal and vegetable kingdom conditions, taken from the New York Herald. If you can work out the problem it is a good deal more than most people can do, off hand:

A man has a wolf, a goat and a cabbage to carry over the river, but he can convey only one at a time, his boat being small. How is he to manage this so that the wolf may not be left alone with the goat, nor the goat with the cabbage? For it is easy to foresee the fate of the goat were he left alone with his natural enemy, while if the goat and cabbage were left together there would be little of the vegetable remaining to tell the tale.

This problem was given out at an evening entertainment, and there wasn't one of the company able to solve it. Each took an unsuccessful turn to the puzzle, crossing and recrossing that river, sometimes taking the goat on the first load and sometimes the wolf, but always ending in confusion. A good deal of apprehension was expressed for the poor man who owned the three, the fear being frequently voiced that as there was seemingly no solution to the problem he would be compelled by cruel fate to sacrifice either the goat or the cabbage, and the loss of either would undoubtedly have been a hardship to a man in his circumstances.

One man suggested that the wolf be thrown across the river and the cabbage taken on the first trip, but unfortunately the river was much too wide at the point in question to permit this expedient. Another had an idea that the proper thing to do would be to call a messenger boy, but then the cabbage would have been withered and the animals passed away from old age ere the boy responded. Another genius though it would be the proper thing to make the owner eat the cabbage before embarking, place the goat in the boat and tow the wolf behind. One suggested tunneling the river. Needless to say none of these solutions was the correct one. Here it is—simplest thing in the world.

The man first took over the goat. That was all right. No trouble between the wolf and the cabbage, because wolves don't like cabbages. Then the man returned and took over the wolf. Now wait a minute—don't get excited! The man don't leave the goat and the wolf together. He took back the goat on the ground, and then conveyed the cabbage across. Now he had the wolf and the cabbage together on the desired side and the goat on the original bank. Easy matter to return for the goat and land him safe and sound beside the other two. Very easy problem—when you know the answer.

Will Kitchener Resign?

London, Sept. 27.—The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon confirms the rumor published by the Daily Mail today of differences between Lord Kitchener and War Secretary Brodrick, and adds that as a result Mr. Brodrick has had a long interview with the King. The Pall Mall Gazette declares it is in a position to say that Lord Kitchener is dissatisfied with the partial enforcement of martial law in South Africa, wanting it proclaimed at Cape Town and elsewhere. He also desires more serious penalties for rebellion and better reforcements. Lord Kitchener took over the commands with the explicit understanding that his hands were not to be tied, but as this condition was not carried out, "he is seriously reconsidering his position."

In a letter from Cape Town, dated Aug. 28, the Daily Mail's correspondent states that at that time the question of extending martial law to the whole peninsula was an issue between the colonial cabinet who opposed it and Lord Kitchener, supported by the governor of the colony, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson. The correspondent says:

"The colonial cabinet is to a man diametrically opposed to the extension of the rule of the sword to the capital, and the cabinet is being backed backed up by the whole community, except a few fanatics whose one idea of martial law is that it would enable the military to lay by the heels half a dozen rank rebels who infest the streets of the city. I gather that under no circumstances will the Ministry consent to arrogate civil law in this part of the country, and that rather than be party to such procedure they will force a crisis of the most serious character. Colonial experience of the administration of martial law in many parts of the colony has been such as to make responsible men look with alarm upon any proposal to extend the system to Cape Town. I am but stating the views of many men of high standing and authority in the colony, men whose loyalty is not to be questioned, when I declare that the action of certain of the officers charged with the administration of the rule of the sword is severely straining, to use a mild term, the loyalty of very many people in the country districts. We learn, for example, of a Dutch reformed minister and his church elders being hauled before a commandant and fined £3 each for permitting two young people to be married in their church without his (the commandant's) permission."

This Is a Bad One.

An Irishman was once observed closely buttoned in warm clothing garments last summer and upon being questioned as to the reason for dressing in that manner replied, "Begob, I'm keepin' the hot air out." He can even up now by keeping the hot air in, for cold days are upon us and warm clothing is a necessity. It is needless to add that we are in a position to supply you with all that's essential to your comfort for the coming winter. There is no "hot air" in that statement.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

AMUSEMENTS

The Standard Theatre — Beginning on Monday, Oct. 21st

Silver King — The Greatest Cast Ever in Dawson. 50 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE. GREAT SCENIC EFFECTS

WANTED—For company mess, a good cook and housekeeper. Applicants must be thoroughly competent in every respect. Address Z., Nugget office. c17

WANTED—Position by competent lady cook. Address "Cook," Nugget office. p18

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Special power of attorney for sale at the Nugget office.

Photo Supplies — For Amateurs and Professionals. A Complete Line. Field and Marine Glasses. Goetzman & Co. Studio and Salesroom: Front and Second streets.

Iowa Creamery Butter — Better Than Ever. L. A. MASON, Agent, Second Avenue.

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T. G. Wilson, Importer — THIRD AVENUE, PHONE 160. FEED, PROVISIONS, FOOD PRODUCTS. All Stored in the New Two Story Brick. Call and Get Prices in Quantities.

Wall Paper From 50 Cents Up. At Anderson Bros. We have finest lot of wall paper; paints direct from the factory. Stains, oils, turpentine, varnish, colored enamel, putty, glass and everything in the painters line. Anderson Bros. Second Avenue.

STAGE LINES — THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. FREIGHT. TO GRAND FORKS—Daily each way. Sundays included. TO DOMINION AND GOLD RUN—Via. Bonanza and McCormack's Ferry. TO HUNKER—Daily (Sundays included). ALL LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. TELEPHONE.

By Using Long Distance Telephone — You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, or Sulphur points.

By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town — You can talk at your residence or place of business with any of the above mentioned points.

Yukon Telephone Sys. — General Office: Third St., near A. C. Co.