

The Klondike Nugget

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From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
HERE'S TO THE SOUR DOUGH.

We publish today a letter from Chris Sonnicksen. Mr. Sonnicksen objects to the stories of sour dough days which at various times have appeared in the press of Dawson. He thinks that ice worms and kindred subjects should be left severely alone. Such frolics of imagination have a tendency, he believes, to discredit the veracity of the old timer and to instill in the mind of the new arrival a doubt as to the genuineness of all tales which are laid in the dim and hazy past.

We must confess that we are unable to look upon the matter in exactly the same light in which our correspondent views it. Mr. Sonnicksen would take all the romance out of Yukon life and have us confine ourselves to mere, simple, prosaic facts. What would the poor space writer do if when all other subjects have been exhausted he could not turn to the sour dough and find material for a story. And on the other hand what would there be about the sour dough to entitle him to particular marks of distinction, unless his early experiences differed materially from the run of things at the present time.

For our own part we are impressed with so deep a feeling of admiration for the real, genuine sour dough, that we dislike to consider plain, ordinary "hop yeasters" on the same level with him. We enjoy weaving about the old timer a halo of wonderful things. We like to consider him as the hero of stirring events. If fifty miles is a good day's travel at the present time, it pleases our fancy immensely to think that twice that distance was the regular thing in sour dough days. When the mercury drops completely out of sight and pain killer displays symptoms of reaching the congealing stage, it rejoices us to think that the air is still soft and balmy compared with "ye olden time." If, therefore, on occasion, our enthusiasm gets somewhat the better of us and in the narration of the things of early days, a point or two is by accident strained, the fault must be laid entirely to the fact that our greatest weakness is our admiration for the Yukon sour dough.

TWO METHODS OF CIVILIZING.

From the tenor of our telegraph news today, it appears that China is to be divided up among the powers after all. At least the powers have reached that conclusion and all that now remains for them to do, is to place armies of sufficient strength in the field to convince China of the seriousness of their intentions. It is not improbable that objections of a very forcible nature will be entered from the Flowery Kingdom before the plans of the powers so nicely laid out on paper are carried into execution. It is an easy thing to partition a country on a map; but it is a different affair entirely to carry out the actual division itself.

We apprehend that before this is done, the Dragon will bring forward very strong evidence to prove that he is still a live Dragon and that his sting has not been removed. Should the Chinese find themselves confronted by a contest in which their actual existence as a nation is at stake, they will develop resources and a capacity as fighters as yet almost unsuspected.

Modern methods of civilizing the heathen are certainly remarkable. For the past half century we have been taking up collections and subscribing our spare pennies for the purpose of introducing the gospel of the Lowly Nazarene to the Chinese. Results from this process have been rather slow, so it is proposed to substitute Maxims and bayonets for missionaries and Bibles. There is not much doubt as to the effectiveness of the new plan. Even a Chinaman can appreciate the argument contained in a nickel bullet when the force of a five-cent testament is entirely lost upon him.

The emotions which the former will

awaken within him, however, are not such as will be productive of a contrite heart—the scriptural pre-requisite to conversion. On the contrary, it is rather to be anticipated that the Celestial will be inspired to strike back to the very best of his ability.

The final outcome of what now seems the inevitable onslaught of Christendom upon the stronghold of heathensim, will be worth watching. The situation is a curious one and things of a curious nature are always interesting.

In the end some light should be thrown upon the respective merits of the Bible and the bayonet as civilizing influences.

A WEAK SISTER.

Our contemporary the News is a very weak sister. The News has used every device within the limited range of its newspaper knowledge to secure expressions of opinion favorable to the incorporation of Dawson as a municipality. It has quoted everyone who could possibly be induced to speak favorably of incorporation—the total number being about four—and has even gone to the extent of publishing the opinions of the same individuals as many as three and four times. During all this time it has endeavored to conceal its own views, though its efforts in this respect have been so crude as to cause a ripple of quiet laughter to pass around. The News has never had the courage of its convictions. It exploits the beauties of incorporation as strongly as it dares, but invariably injects a saving clause to the effect that it has no opinions to offer of its own—a method of procedure which merits and receives nothing but contempt.

The tone of the News of late is like the language of a man who has lost his own self-respect and suspects very strongly that other people agree with him in his opinions of himself. We can always respect the possessor of convictions who has the courage and intelligence to express them. But God save the man or newspaper who is lacking in all three particulars. Yes, the News is a weak sister.

GOOD JUDGMENT.

Bryan has made the definite announcement that he will not again be a candidate for the presidency of the United States. In so doing he has acted with the utmost wisdom and discretion. During the next four years the party of which Bryan has so long been the recognized head and front, will undergo a radical change, if present conditions may be accepted as pointing to future developments. A strong effort will be made to shelve the radical wing of the Democracy, which wing is now in control of the party organization, and replace the reins of power in the hands of the old line leaders.

This effort will probably result in a compromise which will lead to bringing forward a new Moses to direct the party fortunes. In any event it is clear that Bryan will not again be available as a candidate, and in publicly declaring his intention to devote his efforts in the future to his newspaper, the silver apostle has displayed remarkably good judgment.

One of the recently imported statesmen who are bolstering up the effort which is being made to show that incorporation is a desirable thing, has furnished an estimate of receipts and expenditures for the municipality for the period of one year. Among the expenses noted in his list is an item of \$10,000 for hospital purposes. During the past three years the hospitals have cost the Yukon council in the neighborhood of \$50,000 annually. While this amount is larger than in all probability will be required for the ensuing year, it is by no means to be expected that \$10,000 will approach the amount which will be necessary.

Now that the thermometers are beginning to register in the neighborhood of forty, there ought to be a good demand for palm leaf fans and sunshades. If the mercury ever by chance gets up as high as twenty-five degrees below zero, we shall think the Klondike has

been transferred all of a sudden to the region of the torrid one.

Up to the hour of going to press today, the News office has not been on fire.

Little Men for the Army.

A common impression prevails that a tall man is necessarily better fitted for a soldier than one possessed of fewer inches. The idea is a relic of the days when the tallest men were selected for the grenadier and light infantry companies of a regiment, while anyone was considered good enough for the battalion companies.

The standard of height for the army has periodically varied, according to the state of the recruiting market; at times it has been as low as 5 feet 2 inches. The standard for the rifle brigade and king's royal rifles has generally been lower than the rest of the infantry, and there are no better soldiers. The average town lad is small compared with the country lad of a like age, but he is very frequently quite as strong and hardy. There are no finer fighting men than the Goorkhas, who are very small. In these circumstances, there would seem to be no reason why the standard of height for the infantry should not be lowered to 5 feet 2 inches for lads proportionately developed.

On the subject of small men, it is worth while reading an article in Baily's Magazine, by Sir Richard Green Price, urging the formation of a regiment of Lilliputian horse to consist of men under 5 feet or 5 feet 6 inches, weighing not over 11 stone, of good chest measurement, and mounted on ponies not over 14.2 and equipped with light arms and accoutrements.—London Globe.

CURRENT COMMENT

"Just give me a little send off; I am going to open up in the restaurant business and quit the ring," said a local pug to a Nugget scribe. "How many lines? About ten?" "Ye-s! Say, make it strong. Say I am ready to meet all comers; and—You know how to work it up." "Pay now?" said the pencil pusher, who was "on." A flush of anger surmounted the battered face of the retired pugilist as he disgustfully exclaimed, "Don't yer print der news?"

"Should you be bitten by a dog mad or not, you should bathe the lacerated part with some strong anti-septic." The informant was our own Rudy. "Bichloride of mercury makes a good application or in its absence a solution of carbolic acid is a splendid substitute. It is my impression that genuine cases of rabies are to be found here; in fact one case came under my personal observation, the affected canine, a house pet, developing all the symptoms before he was killed. Fortunately the dog did not bite anyone."

"The best thing to do should you freeze your hands or feet is to immerse them in kerosene oil. It is very painful, but it does the work and will take the frost out better than by any other means, and will not destroy the tissues of the skin," said T. H. Heath. "I remember a man who had his feet badly frozen up river two years ago and we treated him that way. It took five men to hold his feet in the oil, as the pain was intense, but it did the work and his feet were saved." "When one thinks of it," said a bystander, "the reason coal oil is so efficacious is that oil will absorb more frost than most any other liquid, not freezing until 60 degrees is reached, consequently the frost is absorbed in the oil and coating of ice does not form around the frozen limb as would be the case for instance if water was used. It is also an irritant and helps circulation."

"Talking about freezing," another said, "I know of a hunter who froze to death 11 miles from town because he did not know how to start a fire. He had matches with him, but they got wet by snow falling in his pockets and melting from the heat of his body. All he had to do was to cut a piece of woolen cloth from his clothing and fire into it; the powder would ignite the wool which could be blown into flame from which a fire could readily be started."

Dean Lauder Dead.

Ottawa, Dec. 22.—Dean Lauder, of Ottawa, died at New Brighton, England, today. Deceased was chaplain to the senate.

Prince in Politics.

Copenhagen, Dec. 22.—A great sensation has been caused throughout Denmark by an article in the government organ Berlingske Tidende, written by the Crown Prince Frederick, defending the prime minister, M. De Schested, from the attacks of Count Frijs. The action of the crown prince of mixing in party politics has made a bad impression.

Regarding Bettinger

Although Capt. McDonell is still up the river conducting a systematic search for traces of the missing Dr. Joseph Bettinger who was seen for the last time at or near Ogilvie early in December, having left Dawson on foot and alone for Whitehorse, nothing has been found to give even the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of the missing man.

The theory that Bettinger was murdered does not find favor with the police or anyone else who has studied the case. On the other hand there is a growing belief, for which there is very apparent foundation that he passed out all right and that his failure to report himself along the route was due to a premeditated arrangement on his part, the object being either to lead his wife to think he has ceased to live, or, with her aid, to create that belief in others. The latter is the more feasible explanation as, since talk and action regarding the case has come up, letters from Mrs. Bettinger of a contradictory nature have been received here. In one of these letters the writer gave the name of a man in Selkirk whom she says told her he had seen her husband pass that point. On being questioned by the police the man says he never told Mrs. Bettinger anything of the kind. This and other contradictory statements lend tone to the growing belief that the passing out of Bettinger incog. was a prearranged matter.

Yankee Election Day.

The designation of the day for holding the presidential election is left to congress. The first act passed by it relating to the subject was in 1792. It provided that presidential electors should be appointed "within 34 days before the first Wednesday in December." This left each state free to select a day to suit itself within those limits. Pennsylvania chose electors on the last Friday in October. Other states elected theirs on different days between the beginning and middle of November.

When Harrison was elected in 1840, the Democrats asserted that his success was due partly to fraudulent voting, which was made possible by the lack of a definite election day. It was alleged that Kentucky and Ohio Whigs had voted in both states, the election being held on different days. So in 1845 the Democrats passed the law now on the statute books making the first Tuesday after the first Monday election day.

At that time but five of the 26 states had their election in November. In Michigan and Mississippi voting was carried on through two days—the first Monday and the following Tuesday. New York had three election days—the first Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—but had finally confined voting to the middle day, or the first Tuesday after the first Monday. Massachusetts chose state officers on the second Monday in November and Delaware on the second Tuesday. So congress selected the first Tuesday after the first Monday to consult the convenience of three states out of five, one of the three being the important state of New York.—Ex.

Regardless of Cold.

Agent J. H. Rogers, of the White Pass & Yukon Route, who left for the outside last Saturday, telegraphed Acting Agent Frank Mortimer from Selkirk yesterday of his arrival there the previous night in "first-class shape after a not unpleasant journey of less than five days from Dawson. The party was intending to push on at once. No inconvenience from the cold weather was mentioned.

Sol's Reappearance.

Old Sol made a desperate effort to break through the fog that envelops the town this morning, but failed owing to a lack of strength, caused by his recent long sleep. His efforts show that his heart is in the right place and that he still has some consideration for us poor mortals, and while he was only able to reach the top of the hills this morning, we may expect to see him smiling at us again within a few days.

En Route To Nome

Geo. Friend, a Yukon pioneer who is well known from Selkirk to Circle City, arrived Wednesday night from the outside en route to Nome, where he owns some valuable mining property in one of the most recently discovered districts. But few people in Dawson have seen Friend since his arrival, as the following morning he left for Bonanza where he has a brother. To the few with whom he talked he imparted considerable late Nome news, he having left there for below on October 22d, on one of the last boats to sail. He tells of the death of Hugh Madden, formerly of Dawson, which occurred early in October. Friend made the trip from Dawson to Nome over the ice last year and will make the same trip this, leaving here in about four weeks.

Pneumonia on Dominion.

Moise Monnette, a former resident of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, aged 60 years, died of pneumonia at 19 below lower discovery, Dominion creek, early this morning.

He had been sick five days, and was cared for by his son, who is one of a family of nine, besides the widow, all of whom are living at St. Hyacinthe.

The body is being brought to town for burial today.

A Brutal Exhibition.

At the Savoy last night, Ed Collier, a colored gazelle, and Pat McHugh, an Hibernian gladiator, met in mortal combat. They were matched to go ten rounds, but were ordered from the ring by the police at the commencement of the third, as McHugh took a notion to devour the colored man, he (McHugh) developing marked symptoms of rabies as the go progressed. This culminated in an attempt on his part to separate from the colored man a chunk of meat by the aid of the McHugh molars while locked in a clinch. Neither man had any right to appear in the ring as they were not only devoid of skill at the game, but lacked human intelligence. McHugh in particular is a disgrace to the human race and should be carefully watched as it is not safe for such brutes to be at large. Such exhibitions as last night's will certainly kill the sport in the city.

International Boundary.

Toronto, Dec. 20.—The Globe's Ottawa correspondent, in a dispatch to that paper this morning, says that while there is no immediate prospect of the resumption of the high joint commission sittings, negotiations with respect to the Alaskan boundary are said to have recommenced and an active interchange of diplomatic notes is now understood to be in progress between the United States and the British government. It is impossible to say, owing to absolute secrecy maintained, whether any progress has been made toward a settlement of the question, but it is possible the negotiations may be so far advanced by the time parliament meets that ministers will be able to make some announcement.

Following Up His Customer.

A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fete day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor and ascertaining that he was attending the fete, about a mile out of town, set out after him. When he arrived there, a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage he stepped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other aeronauts. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of "and now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"

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