

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12 (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, Yearly, in advance, \$30.00...

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 Editor by our carriage on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday...

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 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...



AMUSEMENTS: Auditorium—"Sowing the Wind." Standard—Vaudeville.

ANXIOUS TO VOTE.

The long campaign is drawing rapidly to a close. For three months the people have been engaged in animated discussion of the issues...

When the ballots are counted it will be found that Clarke's hopes have vanished into thin air and that his unparalleled impudence has been given a crushing rebuke.

Men of the Day: Rev. Dr. James Guinness Rogers, who according to special cable despatches to the Globe is taking an active part in opposition to the education bill...

Mr. Ross is a statesman, regarded all over Canada today as one of the ablest and most prominent men in the Dominion house of parliament.

Police Captain's Fortune: A fortune of over \$100,000 was found in the desk of Police Captain Donahue of New York in the section house, where he dropped dead.

At an examination held in an agricultural college the question was put "When is the best time to sow barley?"

LOCAL ASSAY OFFICE: I shall advocate the establishment of an assay office in Dawson, where miners may obtain full value for their gold.

Standard Patterns and Fashion Sheets For December. J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT ST.

CLARKE HAS CAST A DOUBT UPON THEIR MORAL RESPONSIBILITY...

Every report that now comes from the mining districts brings the very best of evidence that the creeks will come forward with a substantial Ross majority.

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REVIEW OF THE SITUATION

Summary of the Arguments Used and the Campaign Tactics Employed by Supporters of Mr. Ross and Those of the Opposition—The Results.

In attempting to make a rapid review of the campaign which closes Monday night, of the issues which have been fought out and the people who fought them, some consideration should first be given to the peculiar conditions which surround the contest...

So the cabinet looked all over the country to find a man who was calculated to remedy the woful state of affairs then existing in the Yukon, and the selection fell upon Mr. Ross.

When the train pulled into McArdes a pretty, fair-haired girl got off the pullman with her arms full of bundles and looked eagerly up and down the platform.

"Are there—Mr. Washington," she hesitated, trembling a little, "are there any—er—Indians near here?"

"Yes, Miss, there is one," and he smiled grimly at her. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, indeed, I'm an Indian all right. I think I'm a good Indian. At any rate, I'm a Chickasaw."

"Oh," she murmured, glancing at his well-fitting corduroys and the neat blue flannel shirt that covered his broad breast.

"Wore feathers and bows and arrows?" There was a hint of sarcasm on his handsome face as he said this, and for a few moments they were both silent.

"You're a stranger, while the tobacco juice from his chin and scanning the fashionable garments of the little visitor.

"How shall I get over to Queque?" "Better drive over, missy. Truth is they ain't no fit place in this settlement for to say over night, an' lessee?"

"Goodness no, sir," she laughed. "I never was in the country much. I'm a schoolteacher, you know."

"Well, lessee, you wait here, missy, an' I'll go see if the mail back is left yet."

"The tall Indian and his frightened charge then jumped back into the buggy and fairly raced toward Queque, which they could now see like a painted village outlined against the reddening western sky.

"Hands up!" shouted the foremost, as Washington stopped his team and got out. Miss Mather, very much scared, clambered down into the sand and followed her driver's example.

"No, missy," he answered, taking off his hat, "mail back's gone. They wasn't no mail for Queque, so Juniper he just galloped away. But Boot Jack Washington, he's up there yet an' if you don't mind I expect he'll take ye to your uncle all right."

"What is Boot Jack?" "Is he an Indian, a savage?" "Waal, missy, he is a Injun, but he ain't no savage. Some says he's a looble woo, but I wud' bout some things, but law, missy, he's that skereed, o' Marshal Mather, he wouldn't take more care o' his own sister than he will o' you. Youder he comes now."

"And around the street corner in a buckboard drawn by two frisky mules came Boot Jack Washington. Little Miss Mather watched him drive up, take off his broad sombrero and alight from the vehicle, holding the lines in his left hand.

"You wish to go to Queque, missy?" "Yes, indeed," she answered, all her courage coming back, "if you'll take me."

"I'll be glad to," he answered, putting on his big hat and lifting her lightly into the buckboard.

"What's the fare?" she laughed. "You know I'm only a poor school-ma'am."

He flushed red under his brown, smooth skin at this and as he bowed over a dangling end of the harness, said quite coolly—

"Oh, I'm not running an omnibus, Miss Mather. I'm just driving for pleasure."

"Well, Mr. Boot—Mr. Washington, you're very kind, I'm sure. I hope I haven't offended you?"

"Oh, no." He was sitting beside her now, and as she smiled good-by to the fat old man on the platform, he bawled after her: "Look out for Injuns, Missy!" and chuckled like a Santa Claus as he disappeared in the dust clouds of their wheels.

Miss Mather felt perfectly comfortable beside her stalwart charioteer, till they had got McArdes four or five miles behind them and the sandy road, now lying along the dry bed of a river, wound between the jumble of brown-green timber that lined its banks.

"I hear strange sounds in my ears, doctor!" said the lady patient, languidly. "Well, where else would you expect to hear 'em?" questioned the third physician.—Yonkers Statesman.

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American Institute of Mining Engineers

Will Visit Skagway Next Autumn—Smelter Question at Whitehorse.

Mr. W. M. Brewer, a mining expert who visited Whitehorse a year ago and thoroughly examined the country and afterward made an exhaustive report of the same through the columns of the New York Mining and Engineering Journal, arrived the fore part of the week as a representative of the Crofton, B.C. smelter and with authority to offer inducements to the mine owners in the vicinity of Whitehorse to ship their ores to this company for treatment.

The Crofton smelter is an immense establishment, capable of smelting and converting into blister copper 700 tons of ore per day, and so arranged that its capacity can be increased when necessary to an almost unlimited extent.

Mr. Brewer's visit is in the nature of a preliminary step looking toward negotiations with the transportation companies as to rates to be charged for ores, etc., and his arrangements have not yet reached a point where he feels at liberty to make any statements for publication.

"You!" she murmured, and would have said more, but he growled "Quick," looking back as if afraid somebody would catch him at his rascality.

"You can keep the change," he said, handing her back the pocket-book and calmly pocketing the rest of the booty.

"Only take me to him," she whispered between white lips, "I'll swear to say nothing."

"Then don't get scared," he said more cheerfully, picking up the reins and replacing his wicked-looking gun.

"Hands up!" shouted the foremost, as Washington stopped his team and got out. Miss Mather, very much scared, clambered down into the sand and followed her driver's example.

"No, missy," he answered, taking off his hat, "mail back's gone. They wasn't no mail for Queque, so Juniper he just galloped away. But Boot Jack Washington, he's up there yet an' if you don't mind I expect he'll take ye to your uncle all right."

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If You Are Going to Spend Christmas in the States

Leave Dawson in Time to Catch the "DOLPHIN"

Leaves Skagway December 19

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