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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.
(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.
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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.

\$50 Reward.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1903.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—High class vaudeville.

For Members Yukon Council.

DISTRICT NO. 1.
Dr. ALFRED THOMPSON
C. W. C. TABOR

DISTRICT NO. 2.
ARTHUR WILSON,
M. G. B. HENDERSON.

THOMPSON AND TABOR.

The Nugget today adds to its list of candidates for the Yukon council the name of Mr. C. W. C. Tabor.

Of the various candidates now before the electors of the Dawson district, with the exception of Dr. Alfred Thompson, who has already received the endorsement of this paper, we regard Mr. Tabor as best qualified to perform the duties of councilman. He is an old timer in the country, is familiar with all its interests and is a man of sufficient breadth of mind and strength of purpose to place public demands ahead of private considerations.

It will be remembered that by common consent of all interested, party lines have been dropped in the campaign for the Yukon council. Everyone seems agreed that a strong and concerted effort should be made to select the best men, irrespective of their party affiliations and with this view the Nugget is in perfect accord.

The merits of the various candidates have been sifted by this paper as thoroughly as is possible under the circumstances, and we have been brought irrevocably to the conclusion that Messrs. Thompson and Tabor are the best men in the field.

It will, therefore, be the aim of the Nugget to contribute in every legitimate manner to the election of the two gentlemen named, in the belief that they are best calculated to serve the interests of a majority of the community.

YESTERDAY'S ELECTION.
The election of R. P. McLennan to the majority chair demonstrates again that the taxpayers of Dawson are desirous of having their affairs entrusted to the keeping of safe and conservative men.

Mr. McLennan was essentially the representative of the substantial, law abiding interests of the community.

The showing made by Mr. D. W. Davis was remarkable and served to indicate that the old time customs man is still a popular figure in Dawson. The contest between Mr. Davis and Mr. McLennan was perfectly friendly as was also the case with respect to Mr. Adair. Mr. McLennan was second choice with most of the supporters both of Mr. Davis and Mr. Adair and many of them have stated that the result is quite satisfactory to them.

With regard to Jefferson Davison the same can not be said. Mr. Davison showed plainly his willingness to stoop to any means, however contemptible, in order to effect Mr. McLennan's defeat.

The circular issued early yesterday morning indicated plainly the animus behind the candidacy of Davison and a very fitting rebuke was administered to that worthy by placing him at the bottom of the list.

Mr. Davison's ignominious defeat shows very plainly that the people of Dawson will not tolerate anything in the nature of crooked politics.

Concerning the part in the election taken by this paper, we have merely to say that the Nugget has followed what seemed to be the line of duty. In so doing success has been achieved, which fact speaks most eloquently in its own behalf.

Some word should be spoken for the unceasing and faithful work performed by the members of Mr. McLennan's committee in his behalf. Hard work and persistent work was performed by each and every one of them up to the minute the poll closed and it is a pleasure to the Nugget to acknowledge the services rendered by them.

We think that the citizens of Dawson may well congratulate themselves upon the outcome of the second municipal campaign in the history of the town.

An indication of the influence exerted by the News in the municipal

election will be found in the vote cast respectively for Messrs. McKinnon and Greene. The first named gentleman who was thrown down so badly by the News polled 185 votes, lacking only 20 to have been elected. Mr. Greene who was substituted for Mr. McKinnon by the News-secured 86 votes, less than half the number cast for Mr. McKinnon. Had the News let go of McKinnon a day earlier he would have been elected.

All during the mayoralty campaign the News candidate was labelled in that paper "Joseph H. Davison." Our contemporary very evidently is of the impression that a man who is an "unworthy instrument" must of necessity be called Joe.

It affords the Nugget much satisfaction to be able to announce the fact that Mr. Davison also ran.

It was by no means an easy victory, and the change of a very small number of votes might easily have brought about a different result. However, all is well that ends well and Mr. McLennan is as strongly entrenched in the confidence of the people as though his majority had been 200.

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We were about to make a remark concerning the Sun, but really it isn't worth while.

To Bag Some Turkeys.
Rapidan, Va., Dec. 29. — President Roosevelt and his family, with the exception of Miss Alice and little Quentin, reached Rapidan on their special train at 2:35 this afternoon, much to the surprise of the natives. The president's coming was kept a profound secret by Joseph Wilmer, whom he is visiting, in order to prevent the gathering of a crowd, and no more than half a dozen people were at the station when the train arrived.

Mr. Wilmer, the president's host, is an old friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's family. The lady of the White House visited here before her marriage to the president, and the boys have spent many happy days in vacation upon the big plantation owned by Mr. Wilmer, who is a bachelor. Mr. Wilmer is the owner of a magnificent old fashioned country mansion and is a keen sportsman. If the birds can be found it is the intention to flush a few turkeys for the president on Monday.

During the afternoon President and Mrs. Roosevelt went driving. The start back to Washington will probably be made about noon. Monday, after the president tries his luck at the elusive Virginia turkey which foiled his plans upon his last visit to the state.

First Xmas Candle—I'm just burning to know when it's time for us to go out.

Second Ditto — Bosh! Twelve o'clock! You are not up to snuff!

The head of the family expends many dollars on presents and receives two handkerchiefs and a pair of mitts. Then is the time to be merry.

Barrett is long on shorts.

There were a lot of boys in town for the municipal election but there were also a lot of them too busy up the creeks to come in, and the Stroller feels it a kind of a duty to let those into the fun of it and to tell them what they missed. Well, when they read the fact that there were twenty-three candidates and "der kerpel" running for office they can form some idea of the gory times we have been having for the past few days, and the grand celebration which wound it up last night.

And then there were the funny stories as to how it happened. There were hundreds of shrewd political managers who knew every vote in the city, and it seemed that by only the most fortuitous circumstances had a tie for all the candidates for mayor been avoided. One man after another would take the Stroller into a dark corner and mysteriously whisper: "We had thirty-one votes all in a bunch, and they were solid and cinched and copper-riveted. What? How could we? The dough didn't come. That's what. If we had only—"

There were hundreds of yarns like that, though it is quite a question if there was any dough at all in the matter until the election was over and the dough went over the bar. You always hear these stories from the old timers who chance to be defeated, and it seems to the Stroller to belong to the old, old times before men were sufficiently educated to appreciate the value of a ballot, and when a dollar in the hand was worth more than independence and a possible ten dollars saved in personal taxation by voting for the right man. No, boys, there was not much of "the good old days" business about this election, but there was lots of fun for all that, and you would have enjoyed it. You would have enjoyed the racing of the teams after voters—and you never saw, you couldn't have believed that we had so many fine rigs in Dawson. All the fine horses and all the old plugs were out and all were driven at their highest speed. And then when you got to the police court, it was like being suddenly dumped into a crowd of hotel runners at a metropolitan railroad depot. A little hundred swarmed around you calling you by name or what they thought might be your name, and thrusting cards in your face, and hollering out the name of

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"Say, I've just seen George Calvert, and he has decided for the doc."

"Hurrah, hurrah, boys, let's have something," says the doc.

Then other candidates would come in and do the graceful and go out again, and the boys got thirsty once more. There would be some more whispering and one man would go out at the back door and come in through the front door with a rush and yell, "Calvert's thrown us down and given it to Cresswell." There would be more cheers and Cresswell would insist upon setting them up twice. And the same game was played so far into the night that Cresswell had to say, "You bought some cigars from me the other day, charge this to the account," and the doctor was trying to say, "If ever you fall down, old man, I'll pull you leg for nothing."

Meantime there was great doings up at the new mayor's house. The boys were all standing around the dining room table and drinking and talking at the same time. The mayoress was leaning over the banister and laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks, with enough of noisy boys pulling at her skirts to make a wholly elective territorial council. She was laughing at the an-

Stroller's Column.

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tics of about six hundred voters, every one of whom at that moment believed that he had cast his vote for McLennan. Suddenly there was silence. The crowd had dragged out the mayor to make calls upon the other successful candidates. An hour after there was another uproar in the dining room and a voice came down the gangway from the poop deck: "R. P., stop your fooling and come up here. Bridget, take a broom and sweep up." And Bridget took a broom and swept all the noise into the street.

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their candidate and whispering instructions how to vote and trying to get you to one side. If you didn't happen to have a vote you could have lots of fun. But it came out all right, boys. You all know "R. P." and that he will make a first class mayor, and you probably know most of those who were fortunate enough to be elected aldermen.

The story told by the Stroller about the Basutoland medal led to two or three letters from sordid souls who fought in South Africa, one of whom had known the gentleman upon whom it was conferred and was glad to hear of him. One of these writers, Thomas Colville, says that the Stroller was incorrect in one of his statements. It is more likely that the man who received a medal would be the best authority on such a subject, but for all that the Stroller gives Mr. Colville's criticism for what it is worth. It is as follows:

"Permit me to correct several inaccuracies which appear in your paper in the Stroller's column re South African wars. You state that the British government never gives medals to local soldiers who take the field with Imperial forces. This is entirely incorrect. All the local volunteers who served in the Kafir and Zulu wars received medals. The Basuto war, which was fought during 1880 to 1881 and not 1880 to 1883 as stated in your paper, was carried on by the Cape government, the Imperial government taking no hand in it whatever. No medals were given for this war, so that the bar referred to could not have been received for the Basuto war, but must have been given for the attack on Murrroi's mountain which took place before the Basuto war and was an entirely different affair. I may also state that there never was a war carried on by the Cape Mounted Rifles alone, without the aid of other local forces."

Will ApPOINT Dr. Crum
Washington, Dec. 16.—While no official announcement has been made it is understood that the president has decided to appoint Dr. D. W. Crum, the colored applicant, as collector at Charleston, S. C. Investigation of the charges involving the integrity of Dr. Crum has been made by the president, and it is stated that they have been found unwarranted.

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Now here himself a bound over succeeded in enforcing barracks. The only down could West was seen at his old age to be a good any more and dead past at their old riled. The testimony of the police court, the transaction and denied his nature of the information. This all caution in the so palpably to every endeavor that his lord and declared twenty upon no only de does given to men trans bankman.

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The Game

The book on Sunday club, to de previous ev The league played on and the ex two team representat to play th

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