

# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)

ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

ALLEN BROS. Publishers

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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.

## OUR ISOLATION.

In some respects there is a very marked element of the ideal about the life we lead in the Klondike. Removed as we are from contact with the great centers of life on the outside, the most gigantic social and political revolutions take place and we are no more affected than is a ship by a rifle on the ocean. Since the time the majority of the present inhabitants of the territory left their homes to search for gold in the Yukon valley, one great war has been fought and won, and territory large enough and sufficiently populated to constitute an empire has passed from one government into the hands of another. Yet during much of the time required to accomplish this, we were in absolute and blissful ignorance of the whole affair.

Today another war, involving the expenditure of more money and the employment of more men than any other in which either of the combatants has ever before participated is in full progress. Every civilized nation is deeply interested in the outcome, and all have their attention firmly fastened upon the drama that is being enacted in the Transvaal. Every line of trade and industry is affected, and war news, which causes the London broker's ticker to indicate depreciated stock values, effects a sympathetic action in every other of the world's great commercial centers.

But Dawson, cut off entirely from the outside world except as we are enabled to communicate by means of a single strand of wire, and held tightly gripped in the hand of an Arctic winter, pursues the even tenor of her way in time of war as she does in time of peace. Battles may be fought and won, men by the thousands may fall in agony of death, millions of money may be expended and the course of destiny itself be changed and no difference be felt in so far as affairs in Yukon's metropolis are concerned.

Were our surroundings marked with gently purling brooks, and ever verdant meadows, Dawson would furnish an ideal field for the pastoral poet.

## TOWNSITE TITLES.

Considerably more than a year ago, as will be noted in our local columns, notice was served upon the holders of real property in Dawson requiring them to file with the commissioner's office deeds to any town property which they might own. It was stated in the notice that these deeds would be taken up and patents would issue direct from the government to these holders.

For more than 12 months these deeds have been in the possession of the government and in all probability are now safely ensconced among the archives of

the interior department at Ottawa, waiting the pleasure of the heads of the department to recall them to life.

We do not apprehend that this delay indicates any flaw in the titles as they now stand. Assurance has been given by the government that when the patents are finally issued, everyone who can show a clean chain of title back to the original applicant for the townsite, will be protected. But it would appear in all reason as though a matter of 15 months would allow of ample time for even the clogged wheels of the interior department to move sufficiently to take care of a matter so small, but so important as this.

It is a very noticeable fact that when it comes to a question of inventing some new revenue extracting process but very little time is required.

Royalty regulations, claim reservation regulations, closed creek regulations, license regulations, are all passed with a celerity and dispatch that reminds one very painfully of the "while you wait" advertisements displayed in front of shoemaker's shops. But a question which involves such a small matter as clearing the title to an important townsite can lie over for a year or perhaps two without action.

## THE FUEL QUESTION.

Everyone who anticipates a residence of a few more years in Dawson should feel a lively interest in the work of prospecting coal veins which is now being conducted by at least two of the big companies of the city. Should their efforts fail of success, then will the question of our future fuel supply be a perplexing one. It is very conservative to assert that for six months each year an average of 50 cords of wood are consumed in this city every 24 hours, or 9000 cords during the winter season of each year. The next question is: How long will the available supply in sight last at that rate of yearly consumption? It is true there are vast areas of timber up the river, but great inroads upon it are already being made in order to supply the steamer during the summer season and the amount consumed by the steamers in a season is much greater than that required for the city in the winter. Again, all the vast tracts of timber land on the tributaries of the Klondike will eventually be laid bare in order that the capacious furnaces of hundreds of steam thawers may be fed. These are facts the realization of which must be faced within the coming few years, and in case of failure of success on the part of those now prosecuting the work of developing the coal proposition, the situation will be one which will be expensive to solve.

There is no doubt now as to the position the McKinley administration occupies with reference to the Philippine question. Senator Beveridge, who announced the McKinley policy in his maiden speech in the senate, visited the Philippines during the past summer and personally investigated the conditions of the islands. His announcement that the Philippines will be held at all hazards may be taken as representing the sentiment of the great body of progressive, intelligent Americans. It is no small tribute to the high estimation in which Senator Beveridge is held by the administration, that he was selected for the important duty of announcing the administration's Philippine policy in the senate.

# THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Last night several comely variety girls, whose occupations for the present time, are gone, disregarded the conventional customs of the Lenten season to celebrate the 22d anniversary of Mamie Hightower's birthday. They visited the principal places of resort, sang many songs, and indulged in frequent libations of wine. About midnight the fun waxed fast and furious at the Northern Annex. Some sports, who had beat the bank, joined the fair revellers and the frolic continued till the early morning hours. The thermometer was playing in the fifties below; but the cold weather could not chill the ardor nor affect the merriment of Mamie and her jolly companions. Arm in arm and four abreast, they took the middle of the street as they proceeded towards the New Pavilion at 5 a. m.; and the toughest of sour doughs were startled and confounded by hearing the strains of the refrain, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To night."

This thing of endeavoring to do the thinking for a great and growing city like Dawson is apt to bring the Stroller to a premature grave if persisted in. It may have been the result of eating diseased mouse meat or it may have been "hootch," but two nights ago, after Mrs. Stroller and the little Strollers had retired, Old Stroller sat alone endeavoring to do the thinking for this great and growing city. Everything was so quiet that the ticking of the silent watches of the night could be distinctly heard; visions rose up and wan, glimmering lights danced before me. All at once the clouds which bedimmed the future parted and rolled away and I saw Dawson as she can only be made by acts of wisdom on the part of the officials. It was six months hence and prosperity stalked rampant in all the marts of trade. At first I was much mystified, not knowing how to account for the great change for the better which had taken place since last I had strolled a stroll.

Meeting on the street a thickset man with closely cropped black beard tinged with grey, I approached him and said, "Hello, governor, old boy, why all this seeming prosperity I see on every hand?" "Glad to see you, my lad, and I will answer your question. This great prosperity is due to two causes; first, I am no longer governor, and second, over 1000 exclusive franchises have been granted since last we met."

With this I passed on and looked further about me. It was a sight worth beholding. No two men were engaged in the same business and each had an exclusive franchise which immuned him from competition. There was only one saloon in town, the bar being 700 feet long; the cigar trade was all in the hands of one man; the boarding population all fed at one mammoth cafe, where meals cost one ounce; on the site of the late Monte Carlo stood an imposing structure, in front of which was a sign reading "Kelly & Holden, purveyor to the Queen of Red Lemonaë;" further down the street was a sign: "Royal Shoëblack;" Arizona Charley, being still the tallest man in town, had been made Crown flue inspector at a salary of \$20,000 per annum; one man had been granted an exclusive franchise to operate a lawn mower on the sides of the streets, being paid \$1 for each blade of grass and \$2.50 for each weed cut; thistles and Florida coffee weeds were quoted at \$7 each; the man who had an exclusive franchise for gambling operated in a tent which covered four acres of the vacant tract east of Third avenue and north of Third street.

Thus it was with every department of trade; exclusive franchises had been granted in every case and every body in business was getting so wealthy that they were forced to melt their gold into chunks so large they could not be

carried off and which they rolled into their back yards for keeping. After walking around several blocks I again met my thickset friend of the closely cropped beard.

"Ex," said I, "there are not so many people here now as there were six months ago; where have they gone?"

"My friend," said he, "you have not yet been up to the royal woodpile. That is the only industry left in Dawson unprotected by exclusive franchises. It is still open to all comers. All the people in town not on the favored list are up there hard at work, and as our vagrant ordinance is being very rigidly enforced, you had better keep a little shady until a steamer leaves for some place either up or down the river."

"Here, you goose, are you going to sit there until you freeze?"

It was Mrs. Stroller, whom I some times think married beneath herself. It had been all a dream, and the Stroller wound the clock, put out the cat and went to bed.

Ned Williams, a sport of considerable prominence in Dawson circles, recently arrived from Skagway. Last summer, Williams left here and went to Nome, at which place he remained for about two months. Dame Fortune smiled benignly and he departed from Alaska's greatest gold camp with several thousand dollars. He will stay in Dawson till the river breaks, and then return to the beach diggings. During his sojourn in the States, Williams visited the principal cities of the Union. He is full of information concerning the "gang" on the outside. For instance, the Montana sports in Dawson are interested in knowing that the Bull-Neck Kid of Butte, recently inherited \$8000 from the estate of an aunt, who died in Indiana, and that Chicago Joe of Helena is dead. When Williams left here last July, he was no temptation to thieves nor holdups; but now, bedecked with diamond studs and rings, he might excite the envy of evil minded individuals.

## Will Start Saturday.

Thos. Tritton, the veteran musher, who just returned from a round trip to the coast in the employ of the Nugget Express, will leave for Bennett on or about Saturday, Jan. 20. Mr. Tritton has proven himself to be thoroughly responsible and reliable and is prepared to give personal supervision to commissions entrusted to his care. Orders for goods to be brought in over the ice or after the opening of navigation may be left at Nugget Express office, Boyle's wharf.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

We are thankful the fire did not injure us in the least. Our prescription department is, as before, in first-class shape. Cribbs & Rogers.

Call and see our stock of playing cards, leather pocket case with each pack. Nugget office.

One-half, 3/4, 1, 1 1/4 and 1 1/2 inch steam hose at Shindler's, 109 Front street.

FIRE! J. J. Sale & Co., now at branch store, 2nd Ave., next to Palmer Bros.

# The P. P. Co.

CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH

The Best--The Cheapest

Branch Store

Front Street, Opposite S.-Y. T. Dock

Warehouses 2nd St. & 5th Ave.

Parsons Produce Co.