The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
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ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN ..... Publisher

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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.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 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, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

..CITIZENS' TICKET..

FOR MAYOR

Henry C. Macaulay.

FOR ALDERMEN

F. M. Shepard
Geo. Murphy
Charles Bossuyt
Peter Vachon
H. E. A. Robertson
H. C. Norquay

HENRY C. MACAULAY.

UNION LABEL — TYPOGRAPHICAL — BOSTON

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"Lady Windermere's Fan."
New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

TO CHAS. MACDONALD.

The thanks of the community are due Mr. Chas. Macdonald for withdrawing from the mayoralty race. While the direct reason for his action is based upon a telegram received from the Minister of Justice, advising against his candidacy, we have the strongest reasons for believing, also, that Mr. Macdonald has been urged to that action by a sense of the duty he owes to the city in which he lives. No one has realized more strongly than Mr. Macdonald himself that in a three-cornered fight the welfare of the community would be jeopardized. When good men are divided against each other opportunities are invariably presented to influences of an evil nature, and experience has amply proven that such influences are always ready to take the utmost advantage of every opportunity which presents itself.

In the present campaign a large portion of the voting strength of the community which should be united upon every question affecting the welfare of Dawson, has been divided between Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Macdonald. The graceful withdrawal of the latter gentleman will result in solidifying the strength of both candidates behind Mr. Macaulay, making his success at the polls almost a certainty.

The Nugget is glad, therefore, to acknowledge what Mr. Macdonald has done, as a practical demonstration of good citizenship and patriotism which fully establishes and justifies the high regard and esteem in which that gentleman is held by his fellow townsmen.

A CLEAN ISSUE.

At last it may justly be said that the mayoralty fight has resolved itself into an issue, in respect to which every voter should be able to determine his position without difficulty.

Mr. Macdonald's withdrawal has cleared the situation in a remarkable manner. The contest has narrowed itself down to a clear and well defined campaign of good citizenship vs. political jobbery.

Every voter in Dawson is familiar with the elements of strength which are behind Dr. Thompson, the candidate of the Elective party. They consist in a large degree of an organized gang of professional politicians who have no object in view other than the promotion of their own selfish interests. The ringleaders of this gang will be in control of Dr. Thompson's administration if that gentleman is elected, and their boasts of what will be done, and what will not be done, are common talk upon the streets of Dawson. They are seeking to establish in this community an organization upon distinctly Tammany lines. They propose that the men whose candidacy they support shall act in accord with their bidding and everything points to the fact that their boasts are by no means idle.

The men who have had most to do in bringing forward the ticket headed by Dr. Thompson, are non-taxpayers who have no interests to protect, and hence have no reason to advocate economy in the expenditure of public funds. They are on record already as demanding high salaries for their aldermanic candidates, which in itself is an indication of what may be anticipated if by any misfortune they should be placed in power.

Their candidate for mayor has qualified for office by means which have brought upon him the censure of his professional associates and which should be sufficient to defeat him at the polls. The legality of the method he adopted is still open to question and cannot be definitely determined until it is brought before a court of law. Should he be elected a contest might be instituted at any time and the city placed at the expense of holding another election.

On the other hand Henry C. Macaulay is before the community as the candidate of the citizens who are hoping to see the new municipality organized upon straightforward business lines. Mr. Macaulay stands upon a platform which is before the people and which should commend itself to every unbiased man who reads it. To that platform Mr. Macaulay is committed in an unequivocal manner and he has already given practical proof of the earnestness of his intentions. The platform advocates among other matters of importance the abolishment of the liquor permit system.

As proof of their sincerity in this particular Mr. Macaulay and his associates have caused the petition which was published in the Nugget on Saturday to be circulated.

That petition demands that the importation of liquor be controlled upon lines identical with those which apply in respect to other commodities and that every dealer be allowed without restraint to go into the open markets of the world and make such purchase of liquors as he may desire. Thus it will be seen that the provisions of the platform which Mr. Macaulay stands upon, mean far more that a mere array of well-sounding words.

The Citizens' ticket offers to the voters of Dawson an opportunity to place their public affairs in safe, clean and honest hands. The success of the Elective ticket means the domination of political plunderers. Voters, which do you propose to support?

A Domestic Tragedy.

Eureka, Cal., Jan. 12.—J. H. G. Saenfeld, a restaurant keeper, shot and killed his wife in the presence of his seven young children and then ended his own life. Domestic infelicity was the cause of the tragedy.

Bargains in Skirts

Tweed Skirts $5.00
Sateen Underskirts
Black and Colored.
$3.00 Each.

...J. P. McLENNAN...
233 FRONT STREET

ARIZONA'S FEMALE RANGERS

Whose Captain is Miss Kitty Richards.

Run Down Cattle Thieves and are General Terrors to Evil-doers Handy With Guns.

Arizona has a band of intrepid girl rangers, captained by Miss Kitty Richards, the pluckiest young woman in the territory. A short time ago the Arizona legislature officially declared that the "bad men" must go, and appointed Bert Mossman and a dozen other man hunters to carry out its edict and round up the cattle rustlers, highwaymen and others of that ilk.

Captain Kitty Richards and her band know Mossman's men for their worth. But when a bold cattle rustler capped his depredations by running off Kitty's favorite horse, the girls didn't wait for Mossman's rangers, but did a little skirmishing on their own account. So many animals were stolen in their neighborhood that Mossman had declared his intention of rounding up the thieves as soon as he could leave the south, but the girl gun-fighters forestalled him.

"I guess things are hustling enough in the south to keep you stepping pretty lively, and I guess we can look after these parts," was the message Captain Kitty Richards of the volunteer rangers sent Captain Bert Mossman of the Legislature's picked rangers.

"You're Jim-dandies," was the laconic congratulatory reply of Mossman, who had just heard of their capture of a cattle thief.

There are five young men in the band of rangers who intend to scare the cattle rustlers from Yavapai county by driving them over the great divide. The Richards and Baker cattle ranges adjoin and the girls of these two families are the venturesome man-hunters who have already tallied one dare-devil cattle thief to their credit. Kitty Richards, her sisters Irene and Maud, and Eliza and Mary Baker are typical mountain-bred, fearless girls who can herd sheep, bake bread, lasso a cranky steer, make a dress and brand calves. Even the cow-punchers take off their sombreros to Kitty Richards when it comes to fancy shooting. It was by right of her superior aim and the might of some of her past deeds of prowess that the girls appointed her captain when they banded together to wipe out the cattle rustlers who had been depleting their fathers' herds.

For some months the Richards, Baker and adjacent ranges had been visited by a mysterious cattle thief who seemingly dropped from nowhere, took his pick of the choice herds and disappeared into the night, leaving no clue behind him. The cow-punchers set their traps for him but he was too wily to be caught by their devices. So successfully did he escape detection that the cowboys decided that the devil himself was in league with the thief. Only one man on the ranges had ever seen the fellow, and that man displayed a trophy of the encounter. He was a half-breed Mexican named Frijole Pete, who had been working for Mr. Richards a few months. There was no doubt of Pete's handiness with the lariat or gun. He was a quiet, peaceable chap, and the other cow-punchers were well disposed toward him. One morning two slick steers were missing in the count and the boys knew the "rustler devil" had been there.

The next day Frijole Pete rode into the camp and told the men a story that sent them jumping for their saddles. Very early that morning Pete had gone out looking for a mountain lion, and the chase led him down steep ravines and into the brush. He was making his way through the chapparal, when under a bunch of oaks he caught sight of a man and several moving cattle that made him pull his revolver. But the stranger had heard Frijole Pete crackling through the brush. There was a quick exchange of long-distance shots, and then the "devil" spurred his horse. Frijole Pete was unmounted and could not follow, but near the stolen steers that the cattle rustler had abandoned Pete picked up a finger which his bullet had evidently nipped from the thief's hand. Pete tore through the brush and made for the corral to put the men on the thief's trail.

The excited cowboys found the steers under the tree, just as Pete had said, but all other tracks of the rustler were lost in the brush. The men did not give up the hunt until they had exhausted every trail and scoured the country round. But the man might have dived through the earth for all the traces of him they could find. Had it not been for the fleshy evidence of that finger the cow-punchers might have concluded that the steers had wandered off themselves and that Frijole Pete's encounter with the "rustler devil" was merely a "pipe dream." As it was, they could not doubt that he had really met the "rustler devil" at shooting distance.

Two weeks after this unsuccessful hunt "Bab," a handsome black mare, was missing from the stable. Bab was Kitty Richards' special pet, and no one else ever rode her. Kitty refused to be consoled by her father's offer to buy her another mount equally fine, and declared that she herself would catch the rustler. But that much-hunted individual was evidently lying low, for the weeks went by and no more animals were missed.

About five weeks after Bab was stolen Elsie and Mary Baker came over to spend the night with the Richards girls. They brought the news that some cattle stolen from a nearby ranch had been found in Utah. Conclusive evidence was adduced from this that the mysterious cattle thief was one of the famous Hole-in-the-Wall gang who "rustle" cattle through four states. Mr. Baker had also heard that Mossman and his rangers were coming up to make it lively for the man who was playing the Yanapal end of the game.

"Mossman's man won't catch him," declared Mary Baker, "if our cowboys can't do it. It seems like an insult to them to send us the outside rangers."

"I'm going to catch that thief myself," answered Kitty Richards, "and you girls can help me if you want to."

At once they agreed to assist her in carrying out the elaborate scheme she had devised to trap the thief. But fate did not give them a chance to execute her plans.

After having with due ceremonies elected Kitty captain of the "Arizona Girl Rangers" and having sworn to do their duty unflinchingly, the girls turned to the more feminine pastime of making shirtwaists. They did not finish their sewing that night and it was decided that Kitty should ride over in the morning and tell Mrs. Baker that Mary and Elsie were going to spend the day at the Richards' ranch.

So very early next morning Kitty, with her dog trotting along in attendance, started for the Baker place. It was barely light and she kept her eyes on the trail, mindful of the mountain lion Frijole Pete had seen lurking in that vicinity. At a turnoff he came upon some tracks that caught her eye and set her heart beating—the imprint of a steer's foot with a notch cut in it—a notch that she knew her father had secretly cut in the hoof of a fine steer when he "planted" the animal in a certain pasture with a view to catching the "devil rustler." There was no reason why that particular steer should not be in the pasture unless—when Kitty came to that word "unless" she held her breath. Could the "devil rustler" at that moment be running this steer off?

Kitty softly called to her dog to keep behind, then with her eyes fixed intently on the clipped hoof-track she started through the brush, following the new trail. In half an hour she heard a noise in the brush. She cautiously drew near. Suddenly, through a break in the undergrowth she caught sight of a man urging several head of fat steers before him.

That sight was enough for Kitty Richards. She knew she had overtaken the "devil rustler." Only one thought now possessed her excited mind, to fly back, get the girls and capture him. She looked around to get her location and saw at once that he was making for the Grant's Gap to escape from the valley with his plunder. There was no other way to get out on the course he was heading. Kitty knew that if she rode hard she could summon the girls and get back to the entrance of the gap in time to head off the thief before he could work the cattle through the brush.

She did. In a little over an hour the five girls rode their foam-covered horses up the last declivity that opened into the gap. Kitty Richards jumped off her horse and carefully examined her surroundings. "He has not passed yet, girls," she declared, "so we're sure to catch him. Now let's hide and decide just how we'll meet him."

A half-hour later muttered imprecations came up from below and presently five big panting steers came lumbering up the slope, urged by the lashing of a man on a stout buckskin horse. Kitty Richards was watching from behind a big boulder that formed a pillar of the gap. The man caught sight of her sombrero. With a curse he pulled a pistol and banged at her head.

"Shoot! Shoot!" screamed Kitty, "or he'll kill us."

Instantly four revolvers cracked from as many places about the surrounded cattle thief. Bang! bang! came two more shots in quick succession and the man tumbled off his horse. The fellow had sand, however, and, badly wounded as he was, he managed to pull himself together and roll over against a big stone. He sat up with his back braced against it, revolver ready in hand for a shot at the first head that should show itself.

"Drop that gun!" called out Kitty coolly.

The wounded robber only peered more keenly about, trying to catch sight of the speaker. But Kitty, mindful of the first shot he had taken at her, was careful to keep out of sight.

"Drop that gun!" she repeated "We've got you covered and if you move we'll fill you full of lead."

"Bluff," snarled the horse thief.

"Is it?" answered Kitty, and she fired a shot that chipped the rocks within a foot of his head.

"I quit," said the thief, "don't shoot," and he flung his pistol ten feet away.

"Get his gun, Mary," called out Kitty. "I'll keep him covered and shoot him if he tries to trick you."

So Mary walked fearlessly out from behind the boulder and picked up the wounded thief's pistol. All the while she kept her own gun pointed at him.

"The devil!" he ejaculated, "it's nothing but a girl—the Baker girl."

Mary looked at him closely. "Why, girls, it's Pete," she cried, "Frijole Pete."

They call came out, guns in hand, from behind their boulders.

"So," said Kitty, "you're the thief who has been running off our cattle. Well, we've got you at last."

Captain Kitty and Mary watched him, pistol in hand, while the other three girls rode home to get the men to come for the wounded cattle thief. Their surprise knew no bounds when they learned the identity of the "rustler devil." No one had suspected that Frijole Pete was such a "sly fox," and his subterfuge of pretending to have exchanged shots with the "devil" was his clever ruse they had never dreamed him capable of devising.

The cowboys were for swinging Pete from the nearest tree but Captain Kitty and her four rangers claimed him and insisted that the men tie him to a horse and take him back to the ranch. They did so with much grumbling and there Frijole Pete settled all disputes by rolling over and dying when they laid him on the ground.

Kitty Richards, her sisters and the Baker girls are ready for any other cattle rustler who takes a fancy to stock in their vicinity. Judging from Frijole Pete's fate, "bad men" have much to fear from the Girl Rangers of Arizona.

But one mystery still remains unsolved. Where did Pete get the finger which he showed as his trophy of the fictitious encounter?—San Francisco Examiner.

CHAMBERLAIN STANDS PAT

Makes Assertion "I Defend Nothing, I Withdraw Nothing."

London, Jan. 11.—Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, in speaking at Birmingham tonight, took occasion, without entering into a controversial rejoinder, to notice the criticisms showered upon him in the Reichstag during the past week, especially Count Von Buelow's castigation. In referring to the animosity of foreign nations he said that he was aware that in some quarters it was attributed to the indiscreet oratory of the Colonial Secretary.

"What I have said," continued he, "I have said. I withdraw nothing, I qualify nothing, I defend nothing. As I read history, no British Minister has ever served his country faithfully and at the same time been popular abroad. I therefore make allowance for foreign criticism. I will not follow the example that has been set me. I do not want to give lessons to a foreign minister and I will not accept any at his hands. I am responsible only to my sovereign and my countrymen.

"I do not depreciate the importance of the good will of foreign nations but there is something more important. It is the affection of our kinsfolk across the sea. Even our great losses in the war that has been forced upon us have brought in their train one blessing of infinite and lasting importance. That war has enabled the British empire to find itself and has shown to all whom it may concern that if ever again we have, as in the past, to fight for our very existence against the world in arms, we will be supported by the sons of Britain in every quarter of the globe.

"How can I," said Mr. Chamberlain, "be made responsible for what Lord Grey has called 'filthy lies,' and what Lord Rosebery described as 'vile infamous falsehoods,' which have been disseminated in foreign countries without a syllable of protest, without the slightest interference by responsible authorities? My opponents must find some other scapegoat; they must look further for the causes of hostility, which I do not think deserved, but which always comes to the surface when we are in difficulty and which I am glad to say has never done us serious harm."

Strive For Knife.

San Francisco, Jan. 12.—Capt. W. J. D. Horne, of the Ninth cavalry, U.S.A., made a deliberate attempt at suicide late last night in an O'Farrell street store, owned by A. Dalporto. Dalporto was dressing a chicken at the back part of the store when the captain walked hastily up to him and asked him whether the knife he was using was sharp.

"It is," said Dalporto, and in an instant Horne grabbed it and slashed himself across the throat. Dalporto grappled with the captain and a desperate struggle followed, in which the fruitman received a slight gash on the right side of his neck. The shouting and the scuffle between the two men, both standing six feet high and each weighing about 200 pounds, brought a crowd, and with the aid of several men Horne was overpowered and taken to a hospital. He will probably recover from his wounds.

Capt. Horne arrived from Manila in December. While doing service at Manila the captain was seriously ill in the hospital, suffering from dysentery and fever, and has been an invalid for some time. He was to have appeared soon before a retiring board.

Makes Clever Escape.

San Francisco, Jan. 12. — Frank Holt, a military prisoner on Alcatraz island, serving a thirteen-year sentence for desertion, has cleverly escaped. He concealed himself in a large wooden box which was consigned to a clothing firm in this city, and which was put aboard the steamer McDowell. The top of the box was so arranged with leather straps that it could be opened from the inside. It is thought that after the box was put aboard Holt crawled into it and did not emerge until the vessel reached the dock on this side of the bay.

As Holt was dressed in a blue uniform he walked ashore with the other soldiers without detection. The police have arrested as an accomplice Edward P. Simmons, a soldier who was released from Alcatraz about the time Holt escaped.

VERY LARGE FUNERAL

Hundreds of People Pay Tribute to Grant Perkins.

Notwithstanding the fact that mercury marked forty degrees below zero, the Presbyterian church, by far the most commodious in the city, was filled yesterday at two o'clock, the occasion being the funeral of the late Charles Grant Perkins. It is said to have been the largest funeral ever held in Dawson and in addition to many sleighs, upwards of two hundred bareheaded pedestrians joined in the cortege to the cemetery on the top of the hill overlooking the Klondike river.

The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Dr. Grant, assisted by Rev. Heatherington of the M. E. church, and, though brief, were very impressive. On the right of the altar was a large pair of antlers, symbolic of the order of which deceased was a member, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the tips of the antlers being united by a ribbon on which were the words "Our Brother." To the left of the altar and draped in crepe, the frame surmounted by a white dove, was something like an easel on which was the painting of a circular saw from which one tooth was broken, the fracture extending to the centre of the saw which bore in gold-tinted letters the one word "Grant." Both the arrangement of the antlers and the broken saw were the handiwork of Artist and Decorator Max W. Komb, himself a member of the B. P. O. E. About 20 members of the order in a large sled drawn by four horses, joined in the procession to the cemetery. The deceased, having been connected with the N. C. Co. as a book-keeper at the Yukon sawmill, the attachees of that company from the managers of the various departments down to the most humble employes, were out and followed the remains of their friend and associate to the grave, as a token of the esteem in which he was held. The floral offerings contributed by the N. C. Co. employes were both extensive and beautiful.

On the opening of navigation Mrs. Perkins will have the remains, which were enclosed in a metallic case, exhumed and will accompany them to their former home, Port Townsend, Wash., where in Laurel Grove cemetery they will await the sounding of Angel Gabriel's final reveille.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel, Feb. 3rd, 1902.—B. T. Davis, Dawson; Chas. Scofield, Eureka; Alex. Brown, Hunker; R. M. Patterson, Hunker; Omer Sars, Henderson.

Hotel Flannery.—M. A. Brown, Henry Gulch; W. A. Toump, Hunker; W. J. Beanen, Eldorado; M. Williams, Hunker; Albert Heymann, Grand Forks; J. R. Hill, Dawson; C. White, Bonanza.

Victim of the Mafia.

Dubois, Idaho, Jan. 15.—Michael Portolia, the Italian who was found in a deserted shanty on the flats Monday afternoon with more than forty knife wounds in his body, is at the hospital here in a critical condition. He informed the police that members of the Mafia Society had sought his life.

Fire Destroys Hotel.

Brinckley, Ark., Jan. 12.—Fire has destroyed several buildings here, including the Arlington hotel, entailing a loss estimated at from $50,000 to $75,000. Charles Starkey, of Stuttgart, Ark., perished in the hotel.

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Mayor and Council
BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Week Com. Monday Feb. 3
ADMISSION
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Monday - Thursday - Friday
NO SMOKING

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