

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 15
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical indication of "no competition." 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.

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Office by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Elvado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Cariboo.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

K. ONDIKE NUGGET.

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE.

Our "All-Canadian" contemporary, the News, formerly published in Tacoma, Wash., in its issue last night, made another one of the glorious blunders which have given that paper such a reputation in this community.

From the tone of recent News deliveries it has become apparent that the office of our contemporary has become over-populated and a desperate attempt is being made to discover a political berth for some of its superfluous talent. In the pursuit of this exceedingly laudable purpose the News has called most vociferously of late for federal representation, and in this connection asked last evening the following question which undoubtedly will send a thrill of terror down the spinal cords of every member of the present government.

"Does the government," demands our contemporary in stentorian tones, "honestly intend to introduce a bill giving representation to the people of this district at the next session of congress?"

"At the next session of congress," Well, well, that demand certainly will bring results. We have no doubt that when the leaders of the government at Ottawa learn that the News of Dawson has called for representation at the "next session of congress," they will all fall down in an ecstasy of fear. It may be that they will pass over the formality of an election and merely instruct the News office to send on the man who wants representation from the "next session of congress." Doubtless he would receive a cordial welcome at Ottawa. Anyone with so profound a knowledge of Canadian institutions would be an acquisition to a curio exhibit.

Yes, the "next session of congress" should certainly do something about the matter, if nothing more than to establish a kindergarten for the instruction of some of our aspiring journalistic prodigies in a few elementary geographical and historical facts.

THE STRIKE ENDED.

The great steel strike is at an end. A compromise has been reached between the amalgamated-association and the American Steel corporation by which the men have returned to work. The details of the settlement have not as yet been received but it is evident that the strikers have not attained the objects which they sought from their employers.

Shaffer has been unable to hold his men together, and long before the compromise was reached threats of returning to work at the company's terms were made, and some of these threats came from the executive council of the association.

Meanwhile the public has suffered the greatest inconvenience on account of the strike; all lines of business have been affected to a greater or less extent; the workmen themselves are losers to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars and no good has been accomplished for anyone. The strike, as a means of redressing labor grievances has not proven successful. The advantage always lies with the capitalist for the latter has powers of

endurance which the laborer cannot hope to successfully combat. The upshot of the matter must be that some other means must be found by which the laborer may secure just treatment at the hands of his employer.

The history of the great strikes of the past quarter of a century does not show that they have proven a means of securing redress of grievances.

Emma Goldman, the anarchist woman whose teachings are alleged to have incited the assassin of President McKinley to his murderous work is under arrest. An attempt will be made to connect her directly with the crime. Whether or not the police are able to accomplish their object the woman should be kept in confinement as a menace to society. Her teachings alone are sufficiently criminal to warrant keeping her shut-up indefinitely.

Chinese Mourning.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father or mother, or a wife, suppresses such intelligence and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect shall be punished with 60 blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but previous to the expiration of the term discards the mourning habit and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments or participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offense to 80 blows.

Whoever on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned suppresses the notice of it and omits to mourn shall be punished with 80 blows; if previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative any person eats away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he shall be punished with 60 blows.

When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt or cousin, he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows; if he is again entering into the public service, American Law Review.

How He Found Out.

He had been in town several days, had taken in pretty much all the places of interest and concluded that he would take a trip out on Woodward avenue car. On the car which he boarded were several students from a stammering school. Two of them were sitting in front of him and were very much absorbed in an animated conversation, talking in that long drawn out, monotonous voice and beating time at every syllable with the hand. One was saying: "I was—down—towa—the—other—day—and—met—an old friend."

"Did you?" his friend answered in the same way.

Turning to a young man sitting next to him, the stranger inquired, "What sort of dum fools are those fellows?" when, much to his surprise, the young man straightened up and, getting his arm in action, only beating about 75 strokes a minute more than his friends were doing, said, "I am one of those—dum—fools—myself."

The stranger nearly fell off his seat, and every one in the car was on in a moment. He pushed the button, got off at the first corner and waited for the next car, wondering what sort of people he had bumped up against.—Detroit Free Press.

His Dilemma.

She—You are very depressed, I didn't know you cared so much for your uncle.

He—I didn't, but I was the means of keeping him in an insane asylum the last year of his life, and now that he has left me all his money I've got to prove that he was of sound mind.—Exchange.

Special snaps in string beans, canned fruits, canned corn, for a day or two only. Barrett & Hull, wholesale commission merchants, Third avenue.

Kodaks \$2.50; fresh films Soc. Goetzman.

Cold Weather Goods

Flannel Wrappers, Elderdown Wrappers, Flannel Nightdresses, Wool Hose, Wool Mitts, Wool Gloves, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT STREET

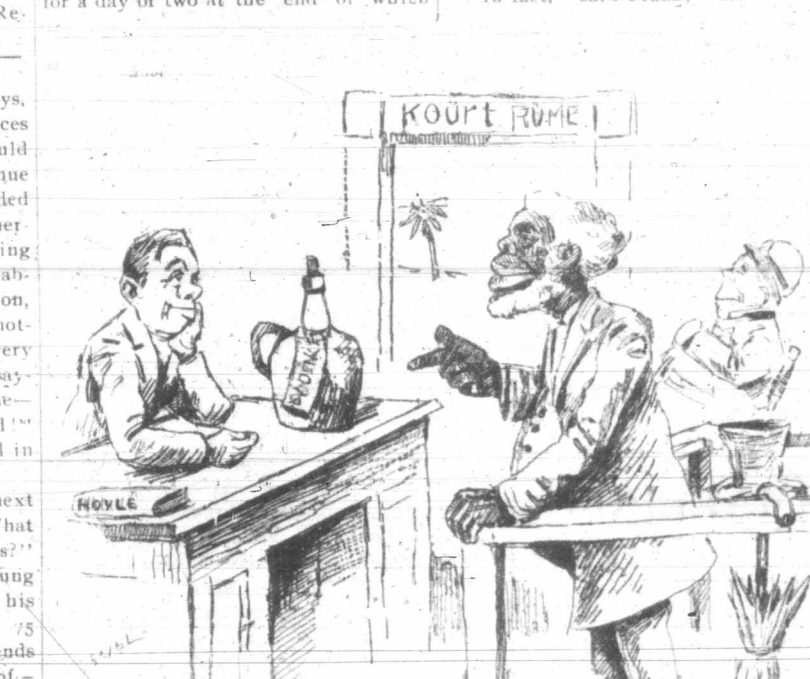
Stroller's Column.

It was in the late fall of 1898 and provisions, especially fresh meat, was very scarce. At that time Frank Slavin, Joe Boyle, Vincent White, Frank Rafael and one or two other men who then or have since made pretensions to scientific attainment in the line of pugilism, occupied a cabin at the mouth of Quartz. Bacon and beans constituted the chief article of diet and the would-be Herculean aggregation found themselves growing thinner every day. A consultation was held and the



"BLAST ME BLOOMIN' EYES IF I CAN SWALLY FRICASSEE OF MULE."

conclusion arrived at that fresh meat must be had at any price; but how to obtain it was the next question that confronted them. For use as pack animals Slavin had brought some burros to the country the previous year, one of which had propagated a colt which was then about six months old, fat, sleek and tender looking. The longing for fresh meat grew as the winter crept on and it was finally agreed that the burro colt was the only thing in sight that would satisfy the craving. It was slaughtered, dressed and hung up for a day or two at the end of which



"I SHO IS GUILTY, I DONE PESTERED WID DE VIPER."

time Vincent White, who was cook for the crowd, prepared what each man endeavored to make himself believe was a cariboo stew, and they all sat down to the "big feed." The stew was passed and each man helped himself liberally and the feast was on.

Water came to Joe Boyle's eyes, he experienced a full sensation around the throat and had immediate business in the fresh air. Slavin said "Blast me bloomin' eyes if I can swally fricassee of mule," and both White and Rafael left the table hungry.

The balance of the dressed burro was left hanging outside on a limb and the old diet of bacon and beans was resumed and accomplishedly eaten.

One day the camp had a visitor in the person of a Dawson lawyer who remained for some time and, as illly became a guest, complained of the quality of grub served. "Why don't you cook

bloody boarders like ain't much stuck on jackass meat."

Then the lawyer took in the situation. On his previous visit he remembered having seen the young burro and that time he had not seen it, but he realized that he had eaten several pounds of it. He would have liked to have thrashed every man in the crowd but after looking them over decided that the contract was too heavy. However, he hastily arose from the table, donned his coat and cap, struck out for Dawson and from that day to this has not spoken to a member of the donkey dinner party.

The other day the Stroller accompanied the police court reporter to a morning session of that cog of the government wheel and while there he came to the conclusion that the people who find themselves in police court lack

Make a Guess
When the River Freezes.

To the one coming nearest the exact time when the river closes in front of Dawson we will give the following outfit:

A Fine Coat, Value.....	\$ 60.00
A Beaver Cap, Value.....	20.00
A Pair of Döige Shoes, Value.....	7.00
A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves.....	3.00
A Suit of Heavy Underwear.....	10.00

Total.....\$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

that inventive genius that should enable them to give a feasible excuse for getting drunk. To get up and say: "Yes, your honor, I made a Poland China of myself" must be very humiliating to a man of refined sensibilities, and yet refined sensibilities are not worth two bits a rod to a man who stands in the prisoner's box alone with his dark brown taste. But this class of people appear to be pretty much the same all over the continent.

From a Florida exchange received this week the Stroller clipped the following, the gentleman referred to as Mayor Thomas, being one of his old and intimate friends:

There was rather a novel mayor's court Monday morning, when the first "victim" called happened to be a reverend gentleman, the Rev. W. H. Murray, who was arraigned before his honor upon a charge of being beastly intoxicated.

It was with a great deal of humiliation that the weak-kneed preacher stood before the bar of justice—a different kind of bar from that which caused his downfall—and faced the stern mayor upon this charge.

"The Rev. Mr. Murray," remarked his honor, "you have been brought into this court upon a charge of drunkenness. What have you got to say? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The preacher arose, looked Mayor Thomas earnestly in the face and exclaimed:

"Mistah Thomas, I sho is guilty, but I'm mighty sorry, an' I want ter tell yer how it happen. Ver see I was er gwine to Micanopy Sat'day night ter to preach de Word yistaday, an' been a little bad wide der 'flammarious rheumatism' I thought as er little gin would do me good. When I dranked er half er pint of gin'a man cum along wid some beer, an' as I was still feeling bad I dun turn to and drink er glass er beer an' it turnerd me hed. Lemme tell yer, Mistah Thomas, I pestered wid der viper, an' I got snake bit. I hope yer will be finiment wid me dis time, and I promise yer not to look at de wide agin."

"Well, Parson Murray, I am sorry for you for two reasons—first, because you disappointed your congregation at Micanopy, and second, because you 'pestered with the viper' and allowed it to bite you with such venomosity as to render you helpless and a disgrace to your profession. While it is with a deep regret I feel it my duty to fine you \$10 and costs, or 30 days on the streets, and I hope this lesson will have a tendency to discourage you from 'pestering with the viper' in future."

There is a little lady on upper Bonanza who will hereafter have to be shown before she takes everything the miners tell her as gospel truth. The lady's husband is foreman of a rich claim. She is but a recent arrival from the outside and while an accomplished woman, knows absolutely nothing of the culinary art.

A few days ago the foreman and another man went hunting and when they returned they deposited upon the kitchen table a number of badly killed squirrels and snipe. On seeing the aggregation on the table the lady was struck with the idea of preparing a game pie for her husband and the boys and her first step was to consider how to get the skins off the squirrels and the feathers off the snipe. A member of the force happened in at that time and she took him into her confidence and asked for instructions about dressing the game, telling him that she was preparing a treat for her husband and the others.

The miner at once entered into the

OVERCOAT SALE

We are now offering to the buying public a particularly handsome line of overcoats. These garments are guaranteed for color, texture and form. They are all tailor made goods, handsomely and artistically constructed and are selling at prices within the reach of all. You can buy a fine overcoat at almost any price. Raglan's, Melton's or fur lined garments.

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STREET CAR

A Mexican Street Car and

Which Would Be the Appearance of the Highwayman

Four miles above Topo Chico, up the road, the heat of the sun, the white home sits on a nest of green, acres of vines and lowing meadows to edge of the steatins of which his and glory.

Patricia, his daughter, also black-eyed, and the oval, luscious lips, with the Laidos of Paris. She had snuffed from the gayety of the Paris she yearned for desolate splendored home.

Have you ever seen a street car line with brown mules? The creeps, between the narrow street dusty fields, with dry and gray, covered with desolate moorland beetles.

Which tower, red to the uprising of Topo Chico, the health giving water pool Ateca, a patrician, have health for a Topo Chico is the narrow gauge, starts in Monte with open seats, width of it, are the morning a few the bath smoke a tedious trip, but the summer sun, green, cool should lone car is always the driver or an of from market.

It was at this time Patricia chose for queer little street car: Annelma, was a romping maid and duenna grew to woman, ramble down the and in the purple side-thicket wait come droning-out, neither spoke and so it was her rear seat while the her mantle now her radiant face, front seat near the little bin to galloping.

The driver was gnat, with light mouth. For his queer little car, like a boat on her delighted in willing ears like mandolins. As the car was in the was content black, most noticeable cigarettes, and wondering have said to the make him drive make him snuff.

Every summer, and just its last the river bed, being leaves across and her chaperon, clandestine frolic became the days and a habit woman who halle.

One night as the driver was laughing over the road, when at his elbow she pronounced in the road. The dog, pet, backed chains. The dog and could to switch bar, but faced the enemy.

"Money or the outlaw in your hand? You can have money, but if you want light."

The robber dismounted, and while woman looked on money box with that jingled in the had left the car, manilla, or away, the robber the diamond in his hand. But the for him. The