

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 15
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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, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1901.

\$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.

From Tuesday's Daily.
STILL GROWING.

The Nugget presents its readers today with an eight-column newspaper filled from first to last with live matter. This improvement in the paper is in accord with the policy which the Nugget has pursued since its inception. We stated at the time the publication of the Nugget was undertaken, as a four-column weekly, that the paper would keep pace with the growth of the field in which it is published. This promise has been kept to the letter with the result that the Nugget offers its readers today a paper which from every standpoint will bear comparison with many metropolitan dailies.

The amount of detail work involved in the organization and equipment of a large daily paper, can only be appreciated by those who are familiar with the various difficulties and obstacles which of necessity must be overcome. Of these it is not our present purpose to speak.

The public judges of such matters by results only, and the Nugget is perfectly willing to be judged by that standard. We do not ask our readers to take into consideration what we have attempted. We merely ask them to view the Nugget from the standpoint of results actually accomplished.

The Nugget has to use a current expression, grown up with the country. It started when Dawson and the Yukon territory were in their infancy and the growth and progress of the community has been well reflected in the improvements which from time to time have been made in the Nugget. We do not wish to convey the idea that the limit of growth has been reached, either in respect to Dawson or to the Nugget.

We hold to the opinion frequently expressed in these columns that greater things are before this community than it has previously experienced even in the days of its greatest prosperity. We believe that the Yukon territory will continue to grow in wealth and population, and we shall aim in the future, as we have succeeded in doing in the past, to keep the Nugget in the lead as an exponent of clean, progressive journalism.

THE FLOOD.

The disastrous flood which occurred on the White Pass road last week is the most serious affair of the kind that has occurred in the history of this northern country. There is cause for congratulation, however, in the fact that the flood has occurred so late in the season. Had it happened two or three weeks ago, a good many hundreds of tons of freight, now lying safely in local warehouses,

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235 FRONT STREET

Stroller's Column.

The fact that the hunting season is on, had ever brought down a moose drawing near causes such expressions as "I do not intend to leave this town as to which would have country until I shoot a moose" to be frequently heard, and a number of hunting parties are already being



"BLAWST ME HYES, ITS NO BLOOMIN' MOOSE BUT A BLOODY MEWEL."

arranged in Dawson. The locality of the headwaters of both forks of the Klondike river has always been a favorite resort of the hunters for big game, and it was to that place, 80 or



"SOME OF DESE WHITE FOLKS IS H— FO' FISH."

100 miles up, that a couple of Dawson's professional men accompanied some hunters a couple of seasons ago. The professional men were both called "Dr." whether human, veterinary, dental or of divinity the Stroller will not say. Neither of the doctors

not record the existence of a mother mule and her colt, and this is why Bill Nye's mule blushed at the thought of its ancestry and mourned for the future of its race.

Questioned as to where he had seen the mules, the doctor explained that the location was but a short distance from the camp, and that he had left the mother quietly grazing while the colt was frisking about her. Being curious to see such a curiosity as a mule and her colt the other members of the party asked to be guided to the spot. The doctor complied, and on reaching the place and looking around saw a cow moose and her calf. For not being able to discern between a mule and moose the original discoverer was not allowed to molest the mother or her offspring which, on seeing the party, took to the woods and were saved for later hunters. The doctor who had reported seeing a mule and her colt was most cruelly grieved, the other doctor taking delight in even making his friend at night and making him discuss mother mules and their colts.

After a week or ten days the party started on the return trip to Dawson.



"LIMPIN' GROUSE HELD A PASOL OVER ME."

son, still steadfastly keeping their eyes open for moose, as it was known to be good hunting for fully fifty miles nearer to Dawson. When still forty or fifty miles up the Klondike, and when at a place called the Meadows, they camped for a night and next morning the doctor who had not discovered the mules further up the river, started out for a prow around the swamps while breakfast was being prepared. He had been gone but a few minutes when the men at the camp heard three or four shots fired in rapid succession, but although the doctor appeared shortly afterwards he made no remark of having shot anything. Thinking it strange that he maintained silence after having fired so many shots, the other members of the party decided to investigate after breakfast, with the result that they came upon the body of a freshly killed and still warm mule.

No explanation was needed. Bartlett Bros. had just put up a lot of hay at the Meadows and were wintering a lot of mules there, and the doctor had mistaken one for a moose and shot it full of holes. Not until he rushed up to bleed it did he notice that his supposed moose was shod and then he said: "Blawst me hyes, it's no bloomin' moose, but a bloody mewel!"

On reaching Dawson the doctor settled with Bartlett Bros for \$175. He and the other doctor occasionally meet but they never mention either moose or mules. Only last winter one of them is said to have left a restaurant in a huff and without eating because moose was on the bill of fare and he took it as a personal thrust. The other doctor threatened to put a man out of his office only the other day because he happened to remark that the Yukon council had materially modified the game law.

A well-salaried office does not by any means insure a man from the ordinary cares of life, especially when his position necessitates his living in Dawson, and it is not every official in Dawson that lives in a shingle-covered house. Dirt roofs are warmer in the winter-time, besides, they don't warp. But in case of a sudden pour down of rain they are very apt to leak in thin places. Last Friday night, as many Dawsonites have occasion to remember, there was a heavy down-pouring of rain which was not long in finding a number of thin places on the dirt roof of a certain official's residence, and when he was awakened by the paper of the ceiling bursting and letting about four gallons of water down on the bed he decided it was time for prompt and decisive action. All the matches in the house being wet, he grouped around until he found an umbrella, which he raised and gave to his wife, then he kissed her good-bye and telling her that if the water came up over the bed to lie flat on her back, keep her lungs full of air and float, he went out to get a tarpaulin from the wood house to spread over the roof. The tarpaulin was contrary and while the official was chasing from one corner to another in his efforts to spread it over so much territory as possible he was startled that he almost fell off the roof by a policeman on patrol who yelled:

"Hi, there! If you don't get down and put on some clothes I'll run you in for indecent exposure."

The Stroller has on several previous occasions referred in his writing to the colored man Zion, who for a long time was in his employ as general handy man in his Florida printing office. Zion was a character

Make a Guess

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SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

about whom columns could be written, although the articles might not pass muster as scientific literature. When not worrying over domestic affairs, Zion devoted much time and thought to religious matters, and more he studied the subject the more

he wanted to believe the Bible but being unable to read he was, therefore, dependent on what he heard for his information, and very frequently entertained wrong ideas as to Biblical statements. One Monday morning after being up two entire nights at a camp meeting and having a big chicken breakfast, (niggers invariably steal chickens on the way home from camp meeting.) Zion appeared at the office very much "pestered" in his mind. It was not his nature to keep his troubles long to himself, and at length he said: "Dat persidin' elder out to Hogg Town Flat done read io'm de Bible las' night dat Jonah swally a whale an' heit him down fo' three days an' I is worritin' 'bout how he done done it."

Zion was becomingly rebuked for even entertaining a doubt as to what he had heard the presiding elder read from the Bible, but the Stroller could see that a strong conflict was still going on in his mind for several days following, and while he said nothing he gave his head a doubtful shake every time the subject came to the surface in his mind. About a week later Zion came in one morning and by a glance it could be seen that his mind was at ease.

"I done been pestered a powful heap 'bout dat whale story lately," he said, "but I done reckon de Bible hit tell de trufe 'bout it. Yo' see, his an' dis way. De chances am dat Jonah was a white man, an' dat ain't no use'r talkin', some of dese white folks is hell fo' fish."

"I aint no 'Merican and I aint no Britisher. I'm too broad-minded to belong to any one nation. I'm cosmopolitan, I am. I drink 'Merican, Scotch, Irish, Canadian and all kinds of liker; zash just how cosmopolitan I am; see? I'm a cosmopolitan fightin' — zash what I am, an' don't nobody fergit; set."

A drunken fellow delivered himself of the above in one of the water front warehouses a few days ago, after which he went away. An hour later he entered the same warehouse as a dilapidated looking man as was ever seen in Dawson. Both eyes were blackened and nearly shut, his nose was split and bleeding, one ear was torn and his face scratched and bleeding all over.

"Hello," said one of the warehouse men, "here is our cosmopolitan friend again."

"Beshelife," said the battered individual, "an' ish more cosmopolitan now zan ever. Ise just been licked by a 'Merican, a Canadian, a Frenchman, a Scotchman, an' Irishman an' big Swede. Beshelife, I've had cosmopolitan lickin' er man ever got."

"It makes me ache," said the sourest of doughs, "to hear men what aint been here no longer than Tom O'Brien and Frank Birtusa, such as a little matter of 15 or 18 years, talk 'bout airy and late falls and what is unprecedented and what aint."

As he spoke the old man squared himself on his stool, scolded his three-legged dog for burning his nose on a freshly discarded cigar stump, "peached" at the crack in the saloon stove and continued:

"Seems to me if this country is settin' more smart Alaska every week of its existence. Fellers set around and talk 'bout the weather if they manufactured it outen baking powder or some other of their new-fangled but pizious articles."

"Talkin' of late falls on the 17th of October gives me lumbago in the

This Is a Bad One.

An Irishman was once observed closely buttoning in wintering garments last summer and upon being questioned as to the reason for dressing in that manner replied, "Begob, I'm keepin' the hot air out." He can even up now by keeping the hot air in, for cold days are upon us and warm clothing is a necessity. It is needless to add that we are in a position to supply you with all that's essential to your comfort for the coming winter. There is no "hot air" in that statement.

HERSHBERG,
CLOTHIER

AMUSEMENTS

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knees. I think it was in '77 or '78, leastwise it was 8 or 9 years after I seed the last blue snow that it actually peared at we want going to have no winter at all. I think it was the 19th of November that me an' "Limpin' Grouse" started down from Stewart river where we went fer a ton or two of P. tarmigan, an' on the way down it was so all-fired hot that Limpin' Grouse had to hold a pasol over me while I steered the boat, 'begob; an' when we got down to where her folks was camped, where Klondike City now is, every P. tarmigan was spiled by the heat.

"The river never closed that year till a week arter New Year's an' then the ice wasn't thick enough to hold a malamute durin' the balance of the winter."

"If I didn't know no more 'bout this country — than youse fellers, I'd keep my old mouth shut 'ceptin when I opened it to take a drink."

The hint was too much for the Stroller, who suggested the patriarch to nominate his drink. He did so and, turning to the barkeeper, said: "If you aint got none of that old hootch left, gimme some Canadian."

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