

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
L. L. HARRIS, Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
DAILY
Yearly, in advance \$10.00
Six months 6.00
Three months 3.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance 4.00
Single copies 25c
SEMI-WEEKLY
Yearly, in advance \$24.00
Six months 12.00
Three months 6.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance 2.00
Single copies 25c

NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers an 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 its 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 Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1901.

EXIT CARRIE.

Carrie Nation, the Kansas Amazon whose trusty ax has carried destruction and devastation throughout the liquor dispensaries of her state, has finally met her match.

Carrie made the fatal mistake of crossing the border and invading Missouri, Kansas and Missouri are two separate, and distinct propositions entirely. There are many reasons why Carrie's work should succeed in Kansas and meet with total failure in Missouri. Kansas takes more pride in producing a phenomenon like Carrie than in beating the world's corn record. From the average Kansan's point of view, one Carrie Nation is worth more from an advertising standpoint than a yield of 100 bushels of wheat to the acre or even a month of successive cyclones.

Ever since the time when Kansas gained national fame as the home of contention between the abolitionists of the North and the slave holders of the South, that state has held the championship belt as an originator of reforms. Kansas has had reforms growing out of bad times and reforms growing out of good times. When grasshoppers and hot winds leave the Kansas farmer with a slack crop at harvest time, he immediately inaugurates a movement for reform in national finances and clamors for an unlimited issue of paper money.

When bursting corn cribs and wheat elevators crowded to their fullest capacity, proclaim a prosperous season, Kansas forgets her financial woes and finds time to look after her moral and spiritual welfare.

Incidentally she usually manifests a similar interest in her neighbors. Thus it is that the redoubtable Carrie having worked consternation among the saloon men of Kansas, has sought to carry the war into Africa—in other words she has crossed the border into Missouri.

By rights Carrie should have known better. She should have known the Missourian is an unimaginative personage. She should have known that she takes no pride in funnel-shaped clouds or short haired women. In fine she should have remembered that he is still a Missourian and must be shown—also that in per capita consumption of whisky he yields the palm to no one.

Alas, for Carrie, she forgot all these things. She remembered only her ax, and the good red liquor, with which she had soaked the soil of Kansas even as in the days of old John Brown the same soil had been soaked with bright red blood.

Carrie went and saw—but conquered not. She enriched the treasury of Kansas City to the extent of \$500 and accepted a pressing invitation to leave town immediately.

The Missouri campaign probably marks the beginning of Carrie's end. The spell which has seemed to surround the smasher's ax is broken and the smasher herself has been compelled to retire in confusion.

Nevertheless, Carrie is entitled to the admiring plaudits of her state, for she has kept Kansas before the public eye for months, during a time when most people being busy with their own affairs, might otherwise have overlooked the fact that the Sunflower state is still upon the map.

Dawson had rather a close call this morning. Had the wind come from a different quarter the business portion of the city might easily have been de-

stroyed. As it was, the prompt and energetic action of the fire department doubtless saved much loss which otherwise would have ensued.

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES.

There is no reason why Dawson should not be supplied with all the fresh vegetables required for local consumption, from its own gardens. Experiments of last year demonstrated quite clearly that garden vegetables of superior quality can be raised in abundance, and that during the warm season several yields may be taken from the same ground. The almost continuous sunlight of summer compensates for the shortness of the season and it is probably a fact that a given space of ground properly cared for will produce as much in a season as is ordinarily the case in more favored climates.

We believe that the importation of potatoes and other of the hardier vegetables will no longer be required when the possibilities of the country from an agricultural standpoint are fully understood.

The fact that such vegetables can be successfully and economically produced has been proven beyond question.

The only thing required is that this work be undertaken with system and upon a scale such as existing conditions require.

Dawson has ample storage facilities and will provide a market for all the vegetables which can be grown.

There is an opportunity in vegetable raising for men who have unsuccessfully sought fortunes in placer mining.

Several New Yorkers have been arrested for participating in a Sunday production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It would seem that New York is endeavoring to imitate Dawson.

If one quartz mine develops from every fifty locations recorded, the Klondike ought shortly to be denuded by the noise of stamp mills.

When Old Sol really makes up his mind to turn himself loose there will certainly be a hot time hereabouts.

Old Jefferson Bell.

Recent visits by inspectors connected with the department of public buildings to the tall tower which surmounts the north end of the old Jefferson Market Police Court building, at Sixth avenue and Tenth street, reveals the fact, known to comparatively few persons even in the close neighborhood, that for over a quarter of a century there has hung in the belfry, just below the clock a great five ton bell, its voice all these years relegated to silence.

It is this great bell, over a hundred feet in the air, and so suspended that passersby cannot see it, that has occasioned more than once an inspection of the tower by the public building department officials. These inspections are caused by complaints, made from time to time by persons living in the immediate vicinity that the walls of the tower were bulging at the top, forced by the great weight of the bell, and would ultimately cause the tall spire to topple over.

Janitor John E. McCadden, one of the oldest officials connected with the building, said yesterday that the tower had been inspected twice within a year by the public building department officials and the other day by the builder of the tower, and that all had declared it to be in a safe condition. The bell, they declared, served as an anchorage for the upper part of the tower, and should it be taken down as some insist the tower would then indeed be in peril and they would not answer for its safety in the first stiff gale that might blow about it.

The bell it seems has a most interesting history and is inseparably connected with that of the old New York fire department. The rooms of the Exempt Volunteer Firemen's Association are located in the building at the junction end of the tower, and here was found the old official bell ringer of the district, John Van Wort, appointed by Mayor Oakley Hall in the early '50s. Mr. Van Wort is a finely preserved specimen of the old red-shirted volunteer fire brigade, and, though 87 years old, looks a score of years younger.

The old fireman's face was a study when asked to tell something about the history of the bell and the alleged dangers it may cause by its continued hanging in the belfry. "To begin with," said he, "I love that old bell, but I wouldn't go up there and ring it now for all the money in the world. I'll never forget the day when a safe company got \$500 for hoisting it to its place, and the shock it gave the tower at the first and only stroke it ever got up there. This was away back in '76 and all the folks from Greenwich village were on hand to hear how the old bell would sound in its new resting place. Well, sir, with that one stroke the tower fairly rocked on its foundation by the vibration. The crowd in

the street set up a yell and fled in all directions, and it was then and there decided never to ring it again for fear the tower would topple down. Besides they couldn't have got anybody to ring it for anything.

"Lots and lots of old people who live around here remember well how the tower shook and shivered on that occasion, and they can never be persuaded out of the idea that the tower and the bell will come tumbling down some day when least expected. A number of persons tell me that the top of the tower bends and sways like Old Ned nowadays when the winds blow very hard, and they are the people I guess who complain about it."

On the site of the present Jefferson Market Police Court building which was begun in 1872 under the Tweed regime and finished in 1876, there formerly stood an old courthouse and jail erected in the early years of the last century. On the Tenth street side were located the quarters of Engine No. 29 and Hook and Ladder Company No. 11, to which belonged the very pick and brawn and muscle of the village of Greenwich, now known as the Ninth ward and frequently called the old American ward by reason of the fact that the great majority of its residents were born and raised there.

In the center of the block and situated in the open space, separating the jail, courthouse and the engine house, was a tall watch tower nearly a hundred feet high. At its top was hung the present great bell especially cast for it in Troy in 1850. It measures eight feet from lip to lip and is as tall as the average man.

For more than twenty years the citizens of old Greenwich used to set their watches and clocks by its noonday strokes and at nine o'clock it again tolled the hour, announcing the hour that all good folks were supposed to be ready to go to bed. But the main business of the bell was to sound the alarm calling for volunteers whenever the watchman in his nest beside it espied a fire in the district.

When in 1865 the old volunteer fire department was ushered out of existence by the creation of the Metropolitan Fire Department the bell still continued its duties. In 1872 when the Tweed gang, then in power, planned the present courthouse and jail, the old buildings were demolished and the tall watch tower was razed to the ground.

During the years that the present building were in course of erection the bell occupied the top of a tall trestle built in the square at Sixth avenue and Ninth street, and here it remained to ring out the hours and sound the alarm of fire until the new tower was built, when the bell was hoisted to its present resting place.—N. Y. Journal.

Shot Three Sailors.

San Francisco, April 4.—Two men were fatally shot and one seriously wounded in Joseph Anderson's saloon on Pacific street early this morning. Joseph H. Cordes, of Elmhurst, Alameda county, did the shooting. He was trying to kill Kitty Eisel, who formerly lived with him, but missed her each time and struck three innocent bystanders, all of whom were sailors.

John Carlson was the first of the victims to succumb. He died almost immediately after his arrival at the Harbor Receiving hospital.

Peter Sjorgren, of the transport Indiana, was shot through the head. He was hurried to the city receiving hospital. Casual inspection convinced the surgeons that Sjorgren would soon die.

A. J. Shanley, of the bark Harvester, was shot in the back. At the city receiving hospital the bullet could not be located. His chances of recovery are fair.

Fresh oysters. Selman & Myers.

When the ICE Goes Out!

Guess nearest to the going out of the ice and we will give you

- A tailor-made suit of clothes
- A pair of shoes
- A hat
- A fine shirt
- Collars
- Cuffs and necktie

Anyone can guess. It will cost you nothing.

WHAT IS YOUR IDEA OF IT?

Now the guesses are pouring in. Everybody has evidently made up his mind when the ice will go out. We wish to announce that competent men have been engaged to count and tally up the guesses and that the fortunate one who catches it right will get the complete outfit which we advocate.

The contest closes at 8 p. m. on the 27th of this month—Saturday night. If you have not guessed as yet, do so at once, you may be the fortunate one.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK

HERSHBERG

Babe Found on Doorstep.

A ring at the door bell, the sound of retreating footsteps and the discovery of an infant on her doorstep was the strange experience of Mrs. Albert Leslie last Wednesday night at 10 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie have adopted the child and will rear it as their own. It replaces a child of about the same age which death took from them only a few days before the little stranger came.

Mr. Leslie, who is a compositor employed by the Post-Intelligencer, stated last evening that he did not desire to discuss the matter for publication; and would only do so because it was so much out of the ordinary that he believed it might be of general interest. He says he had gone to work when his wife heard a ring at the door bell of his residence, 919 Cherry street. Mrs. Leslie, who had retired, dressed and went to the door. There she found a girl baby lying, wrapped comfortably in good, substantial clothing. She took the infant into the house and found a letter pinned to its clothing. There was no address and no signature. The letter read as follows:

"This baby needs a good home, and I heard you lost your baby, just two days older than mine. I am alone in the world, the baby's father having deserted me before it was born. I am not capable of making a living for myself and baby, and I feel sure you will both do what is right by this baby."

"You need have no fear of my ever bothering you, for I have made up my mind that it is best for her. Good pure blood flows in her veins; she is of respectable parentage. My parents died when I was young and I know how to appreciate a good home, for I was friendless and homeless. Good bye."

There were absolutely no marks of identification. The clothing was inexpensive but comfortable. There were no ornaments of any description. The little girl has brown hair and dark eyes, and seems to be healthy. By the statement that she is two days younger than their own child, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie have decided that the child was born March 20, and they have made a memorandum of that fact, and of the date of her coming to them, April 3.

They have named the child Delena Irene Leslie, and by that name she will be known through life, unless a mother, able to prove her claims, should some time appear.—P.-I., April 5.

A Conspiracy.

When brother and sister disagree, honest sentiments have a pretty good show for expression.

"Oh, I know all about that, Bud! You can talk about not marrying the best woman you ever saw and about the delightful freedom of bachelorhood, and you can pretend ennu, and

you can pose as a hater of our sex, but I know all about it."

"So? What a feminine little Solomon you are!"

"Shut up! Wise women don't have to be like Solomon to be a whole lot wiser than he ever was. You pretend indifference because the girls are so indifferent to you. That's what is the matter, and I know it. You couldn't make any headway with them, so you put on a bold-front and superior airs. I know several of them that you're not fooling, and it only makes you ridiculous."

Bud was boiling, but tried with an absurd effort to look pleasant.

"Is that so?" And there was a sizzling note in his voice. "Would you condescend to name the girl outside of yourself who is the most skeptical as to my sincerity? What! Kit Jones, your special chum? That girl fairly courted me."

"Fairly courted you? She took the only plan she could think of to keep you away. She would die an old maid if you and she were the last two people on earth."

"We'll see," he snapped.

And they did see. Level headed Miss Jones led Bud a weary chase. She told him his faults, changed the subject every time he showed serious symptoms, plainly indicated that he was a nuisance and when she did finally accept his suit declared it was the only way to get rid of him. Then she and her prospective sister-in-law got together in each other's arms and gloated over the success of their conspiracy to knock Bud off his hobby.—Ex.

F. A. Cleveland is prepared to do heavy or light freighting and packing to Montana and Eureka creeks, the Black Hills country and the conglomerate mines across the Indian river. crt

Just In Over the Ice

Men's Spring Suits and Overcoats; Latest Shapes and Shades in Stetson Hats; High Top Slater Shoes and a Complete Line of Gent's Furnishings in all the Latest Styles!

Largest Stock in the Territory. Prices Most Reasonable.

San Francisco Clothing House

OPPOSITE YUKON DOCK, FRONT STREET.

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway

Comfortable Upholstered Coaches.

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m. Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m. Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager J. FRANCIS LEE, Traffic Manager J. H. ROGERS, Agent

Alaska Commercial COMPANY

Hats

Blocked

To

Fit the

Head.

THIS STORE CAN FILL YOUR EVERY WANT

From the most complete and extensive stocks in the Yukon Territory, and at prices that

APPEAL TO ALL CLASSES

of buyers. Now is the time to fit yourself out in

SPRING ATTIRE AND AT REASONABLE PRICES

A. C. Co.

Savoy Theatre

WEEK OF Mond'y, April 22

Flynn & Guichard

Big Burlesque Co. in Living Pictures

JIM POST'S LAUGHABLE COMEDY

HOT NIGHTS

Come and See the Big Show

The Standard Theatre

First production in Dawson of M. B. Curtis' comedy drama in four acts, entitled

Thursday Night, Ladies Night SAMUEL OF POSEN Monday, April 29

—Shore Acres— 23 People 23

FULL STRENGTH OF COMPANY IN THE CAST.

RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE

ORPHEUM THEATRE

TO-NIGHT!

Hearde's Huckleberry Picnic.

Lucy Lovell and Larry Bryant in "The Lunatics"

Eddie Dolan, "Automatons"

Three Shows in One. Don't Miss It.