

# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
ALLEN BROS. Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Yearly, in advance.....	\$40.00
Six months.....	20.00
Three months.....	11.00
For month by carrier in city, in advance..	4.00
Single copies.....	.25

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1900

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Where in the civilized world is there a town of the age and size of Dawson which has no public school. Dawson is well along in its third year as a town. It has been built upon lines so substantial and is backed by resources so extensive as to warrant the belief that it has a long and prosperous life before it.

We have some half dozen church organizations, a paid fire department, an extensive police service, government officials by the score, soldiers stationed here to see that we observe the laws, commercial companies with millions of capital invested, banks, newspapers and other business enterprises such as are found in every progressive community, but still we have yet to see the day when it can be announced that Dawson has a public school supported by public funds and open free of charge to the several hundred children who are now in the city.

This condition certainly should not prevail. It is a reflection upon our intelligence as a community that such a condition does prevail. In the early days of the town's history an excuse might have been found in the fact that the number of children was very limited. But for the past 18 months there has been no room to advance such an excuse. There has been a steady increase in the number of families permanently located in Dawson and at the present time there are several hundred children of school age in town.

Should Dawson become an incorporated municipality, the matter would doubtless be taken up immediately, but in the event that such should not prove to be the case the council should take action to provide some sort of educational facilities at the earliest possible moment.

John Collins, one of the old land marks in Seattle, has been nominated as the candidate of the Democratic party for the mayoralty of that city. Collins was mayor of the Sound metropolis at one time in the early days and has been afflicted with the buzzing of the political bee ever since. He was the heaviest owner in the Telegraph, a Democratic newspaper which he hoped to use as a lever to force himself into high office, but it served only to deplete his pocketbook and was finally absorbed by the Post-Intelligencer. The nomination of Collins is probably regarded by the Democratic leaders of Seattle as a harmless method of repaying one who has often stood the brunt of Democracy's financial requirements, for Collins has about as much show to win in Seattle as Bryan has to win before the country.

Politicians in the States are keenly alive to the importance of Uncle Sam's Alaskan appointments. The judgeships

are very much sought after, and the wires are being pulled strenuously in favor of various candidates. Evidently the experience of Judge Johnson must be pretty well known outside. That magistrate had only exercised the powers of his office for a short time when he felt called upon to resign the robes of office in order to give attention to the demands of his growing private interests. Undoubtedly the ermine can be made the stepping stone to the acquirement of valuable private interests in Alaska, and it is a question whether the dignity and honors of office or the possibilities of acquiring wealth in the gold fields present the most attractions to the ambitious politicians who seem so ready to sacrifice their personal comfort to the service of Uncle Sam in far away Alaska.

London gave itself over to the celebration of a holiday upon the receipt of the news of the relief of Ladysmith. The rejoicing is universal over the empire. With Cronje, the pride of the Boer army, in the hands of the British, a serious blow has been struck at the Boers. The war is not at an end by any means, but without doubt the entering wedge has been placed which ultimately will mean the defeat of the Boers. How long they will be able to prolong the struggle is an open question. Should all their forces be concentrated to oppose Roberts, and a pitched battle ensue, the end may be reached earlier than is anticipated.

The despatch with which the firemen succeeded in getting a stream from the chemical onto the fire last night was noticed and commented on by many of the bystanders. The big chemical is a splendid machine and is well and skillfully handled. The fire department seems to be increasing in its efficiency all along the line.

## Next Sunday's Concert.

A sacred concert will be given at the Palace Grand theater next Sunday evening. The interior of the theater building has been remodelled and now presents a very cheerful appearance. The affair will be under the management of Messrs. Zimmerman and Radcliffe. The Symphonic Orchestra, William Gorbracht, leader, has been secured for the occasion; and the musicians are attending daily rehearsals. Next Sunday's concert will be an entertainment which will equal anything of the kind ever given in Dawson. A number of the boxes and reserved seats have been engaged already. Tickets are now on sale at Reid & Co's drug store.

## Gold Commissioner's Court.

The case of Nevent vs Smith is on the docket today for trial in the gold commissioner's court. The action involves a dispute regarding the hillside claim on the left limit, opposite the upper half of No 34 below upper discovery on Dominion creek.

## Water Rights.

Yesterday afternoon, a grant for three years was issued by the mining recorder to Henry Dook and A. M. Loft for 120 inches to be diverted at No. 2 Lovett gulch, and to be used for mining purposes on the hillside claims on the right limit opposite Nos. 84a and 85 below discovery on Bonanza.

## Preparing for Summer.

Mine owners who intend operating during the summer months are now busy getting supplies laid in and hauled out to their claims before the snow leaves the roads in an almost impassable condition, when freight charges to the creeks will probably be double what it is at present.

## For Sale at a Bargain.

Complete steam thawing plant. Four horse-power boiler in splendid condition. Apply Nugget office.

## STROLLER'S COLUMN

"When it comes to peddling the hovine," said a clothing store man to the Stroller a few days ago, "there is a hash slinger down at a restaurant a few doors from here that caps anything in the Yukon. No matter who goes there to eat this fellow has a 'fil' ready to perpetrate. He is a good fellow and a good waiter, but his gift of speech is especially well developed. He can give you more information while you eat than was ever obtained at an intelligence office, and what he can't vouch for as having seen personally, he will tell you his father saw, and what his father missed his grandfather saw. This fellow has had more experience than Chauncey Depew, and he could spare enough self assurance to start a military school and still have enough left on which to do business. No, I won't tell you what hashery employs him, as I am not a 'knocker.' He is there to speak for himself, which he is very apt to do on the slight opportunity. If that pair is too short in the legs, bring them back and I will have them let down an inch."

The horny handed old miner whose bare skin could be seen through the heel of his moccasin was sitting by the stove in the store of a man who does not advertise and who therefore has plenty of time to listen to the stories of loafers. To look at the old man one would not have suspected that he had ever felt sentiment or had ever even enjoyed the comforts of a home in a civilized land. As he thus sat by the stove and within reach of the cracker box, to which his hand wandered frequently, a tear glistened in his eye and a kindly but far away expression lit up his time-scarred face. He gathered up the tail of his parker and wiped his eye, after which he said:

"I don't know when I have thought of it before, probably not for years; but just now I was thinking of the first time I left home, 39 years ago this coming April. I had been 21 the fall before and decided that I was old enough to strike out and make my own way in the world. There were 11 of us children and I was the third from the top. I had been carefully reared in a Christian home in the state of Pennsylvania and to me the world had always been as a closed book; in fact, I had an idea that the sky and ground came together a few miles from my home on all sides and that I had been reared right where the center pole ought to stand. But I was brave during all my arrangements and getting ready to leave, but when the day arrived on which I was to start I felt that the old home looked sweeter and dearer to me than it had ever done before. However, I pulled myself together and kissed my mother and sisters good bye, shook hands with my father and brothers for the first time in my life and started off for the old country depot with my carthbag in my hand whistling all the time to keep the tears back; but that night while lumbering along through eastern Ohio in a Baltimore & Ohio railroad coach I leaned my head down on the window sill and cried like a baby, and I am not ashamed to own it. I came west as far as Iowa, then a new country. For the first year I fully intended to go back, but at the end of that time the homesickness had worn off and I hired to drive an ox team across the plains to California. After spending two years in the gold diggings of California I came up to the Puget sound country and stayed there until I came to the Yukon with Jack McQuesten over 12 years ago, and I have been in this interior country ever since."

"But did you never return to visit the old home" asked the Stroller, who had grown interested in the old man's narrative.

"No, I never did. You see, it was this way: After being on the Sound two years I married a half breed, and I was always ashamed to take her and the children back to my people. We had twins every clatter and after being married 11 years I was the father of 18 children. Ten days before I started for this country I got a letter from a brother in which he said that he and two of my sisters, both old maids, would arrive in two weeks to visit me and my family. I had never told them but what I had married a white woman, so you see I was in a box. The result was that I could not stand to have them come out and find me the father of such a tribe of Indians, so I skinned out for the north, and as you can see for yourself, I am here yet. I am not an ultra modest man, but still, have a spark of family pride left."

"What made me give up going to Nome over the ice? Well, I'll tell you," said the no account man as he turned around and rested both elbows on the bar, "it is this way: Last fall me and my wife reckoned that I would go down this winter and that she would follow on the first boat, and she would like to have that program, especially the first part of it, carried out yet, but I am too foxy for her. You see, I have a suspicion that my wife is getting tired of me and if I was to go on to Nome she wouldn't come, and the result would be that I would have to get in and make my own living. No, sir-ree, you don't catch me throwing up a good thing when it might be years before I'd get fixed again. If she is still in the notion of going to Nome in the spring, we'll go; but you wont see me take any chances by going and leaving her here, and I doubt if she will care to leave here, anyhow, because her laundry business is well established and we consider that we have a good thing. She gave me a dollar this morning - what will you have?"

## Orpheum Theatre

This Week, Maggie Mitchell's Great Success

## FANCHON

### ..The Cricket

By the Orpheum Company

To Be Followed by a First Class Olio New Songs, Clever Skits

## Electric

A Steady  
A Satisfactory  
A Safe

## Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager.  
City Office Joslyn Building  
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No

The Sun Shines Again and Gentle Spring is With Us.

## Sargent & Pinsky

### Spring Goods

CLOTHING AND FOOTWEAR

"THE CORNER STORE"  
OPPOSITE CHISHOLM'S

# Avery SELLS Sulphur