

The Klondike Nugget

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

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901.

UNNECESSARY DELAYS.

From Wednesday's Daily.
The Weekly Columbian is a newspaper published at New Westminster, British Columbia. In its issue of March 20 appears the following dispatch: "Ottawa, March 12.—The government decided after three hours discussion that the Yukon royalty be reduced to five per cent."

There is nothing particularly startling about the above, aside from the fact that it required 19 days, after the reduction of the royalty was announced in Ottawa, before the news was officially received in Dawson.

The matter may appear to many as being of little moment, but from our point of view, it is of considerable importance.

The royalty reduction is a measure which the people of this territory have sought with much earnestness for three years past.

Every possible influence has been brought to bear upon the government to secure relief from the royalty burden, and while the entire territory was waiting with utmost anxiety to know the result, 19 days were being consumed in the slow process of sending the news from Ottawa to Dawson. It is impossible to understand why such delays should occur. Five days at the outside should be sufficient for messages to reach this city from the capital. Press dispatches require no longer time and certainly the Dominion government which owns the telegraph line should be able to do equally as well, particularly where matters of such importance are concerned.

It would do no harm to address the government on the matter and ascertain if information respecting legislation affecting this territory cannot be forwarded to Dawson with more expedition.

THE UBIQUITOUS NEWSPAPER MAN.

The town of Valdes has a newspaper. There is not much evidence at hand to indicate that Valdes has much else to boast of in the way of civilizing influences, but the ubiquitous newspaper man is on hand ready to grow up or down with the country just as the case may be. There is no class on earth who can so easily adapt themselves to circumstances and who are so ready and willing to grapple with the varying twists and turns of the road to fortune as the frontier newspaper man.

Wherever a handful of people gather together, it makes little difference for what purpose or under what conditions, there is almost certain to be found among them the man who is willing to establish a newspaper. If the sunshine of prosperity beams kindly upon him, and dame fortune vouchsafes to smile benignly upon his efforts, well and good. He knows perfectly well that he is justly entitled to all the favors the gods may see fit to bestow. And on the other hand—and as is ordinarily the case—should the dark clouds of adversity hover threateningly near, and the fickle goddess, who presides over the pokes and pocketbooks of mankind, refuse even a glance of encouragement, he is neither cast down

nor disheartened, for he is essentially a philosopher. His equanimity is never disturbed, for if his reward does not come in the shape of dollars and cents, or nuggets and gold dust he has at least the knowledge that he is playing a part in the noble work of redeeming the wilderness and making it fit for the habitation of man.

The frontier newspaper man with his little press under one arm, his cigar box full of type under the other has always been in the vanguard of civilization, since civilization has been a thing worth speaking about. We have no doubt that when some hardy discoverer finally reaches the north pole he will be greeted with a request to purchase the latest edition of the Daily Iceberg—or a paper with some other equally appropriate name.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish the address delivered by Mr. R. S. Harris on the occasion of the presentation of the Nugget's presidential souvenir to Hon. William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Harris' speech of presentation is a most able effort and will be read with much satisfaction by all who participated in the election which resulted in the souvenir being awarded to Mr. Bryan. The Nugget takes occasion again to acknowledge its deep obligation to Mr. Harris for the manner in which he has executed the important mission entrusted to him. His services in this connection are greatly appreciated not only by this paper but by the hundreds of miners in the territory who cast ballots in favor of the distinguished Nebraskan.

The poor old News has been nibbling around the incorporation hook for a matter of four months, but has never mustered courage sufficiently to take a good substantial bite. Finally the silly old thing has sent a man all the way to Skagway to tell the people of Dawson what a joyful thing it would be to incorporate. But the News man in Skagway got just as far away from the facts as the News usually does in Dawson. Verily it doth appear that our good friend and neighbor would take unto itself a tumble.

Carnegie's gifts to libraries and other public institutions now amount to more than \$16,000,000.

Mrs. Nation and Literature.

A paper somewhere in the west announced a few days ago that Mrs. Carrie Nation was to be divorced. Mrs. Nation wrote a letter of comment upon the statement. Her letter read as follows:

"Tell that editor to correct that lie and do it quick by telling the people that what he wrote was manufactured in hell and is in the mouth of devils. 'CARRIE NATION.'"

Mrs. Nation's literary style may be open to criticism but he thought, like her hatchet, is a smasher when it comes to argument.

Mrs. Nation has been indulging in a hand to hand fight with what she considers a great evil. She has entered barrooms in defiance of all masculine threats and smashed glass and spilled liquor. There has been no display of etiquette, senatorial courtesy or society folderol in Mrs. Nation's calls. Neither do we see in her literary style the graces of a Howells, nor the picturesque of a Kipling. In each we see a determined mind, an unusual courage and a quick-impulse to arrive at results. Mrs. Nation's hatchet first caused the United States to laugh and then to philosophize. Later it involved the police and lawmaking forces of the country in a serious problem. In a like manner her speech and her written thoughts, if allowed free rein in their frank honesty and crude portrayal, would cause more disturbance in this quiet world than did her hatchet in Kansas. There is spice in variety and the humdrum of life is only relieved by the unusual. We, who are looking on, can thank Mrs. Nation both for her efforts to increase the glassware trade and her contribution to American literature.—Ex.

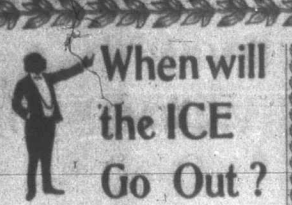
Slip of the Tongue.

Eager Freshman—I'm sorry but, professor, but I really couldn't get back in time. I was detained by important business.

Professor—So you wanted two more days of grace, did you?

Eager Freshman (off his guard)—No, sir; of Laura.—Yale Record.

Fresh oysters. Selman & Myers.



When will the ICE Go Out?
The Contest Closes April 28th, 10 p. m.

JUST FOR FUN
As you know we are having a little guessing contest. If you can tell nearest the time the ice will go out in front of Dawson we will give you:
A Tailor Made Suit
A New Hat
A Pair of Shoes
A Fine Shirt
Two Collars
A Pair of Cuffs
A Necktie
It Costs Nothing to Guess.

HOW ABOUT A HAT?

We have a particularly Fine Stock of Hats, all nobby shapes, and the latest outside styles. All the popular makers are represented in our stock. We will fit your head to one with the same care as we fit your form when you order from us a suit of clothes.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK **HERSHBERG**

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Pechew, pechew, pechew."
It was around the stove of the Free and Easy and everybody knew that when the owner of the three-legged dog "pechewed" three times at the crack in the stove that there was something on his mind and that it would be expressed very soon. With a scornful look at the man who had just said he thought snow here in April was unusual the old man said:

"Pears ter me zif I would keep my mouth shet 'bout habits of a kentry 'at I'd been in only fourteen year. You don't know nothin' 'bout it and nobody about 'spects you to know nothin' 'bout it. Yet you have the gall to up an 'talk 'bout 'unprecedented weather' zif you'd bin here upwards of half a century. Sich presumption makes my bones ache. You ain't bin here long 'nuff to know what's unprecedented and what ain't."

Having thus given vent to his outraged feelings, the old man's voice assumed a more kindly tone and his conversation took a reminiscent turn. He said:

"'Twas two winters after I seed the first blue snow and that was in '67, so the time I'm speakin' of would be in '69. Ther winter'd bin fairly 'bout 89 below zero on an average, an' after me an' Limpin' Grouse hed got up somethin' like 200 pounds of cured ice worms to make soup outen ther next summer, I reckoned as how we'd order be havin spring purty soon, it bein' then the tust of Aprile. Limpin' Grouse axed me had I seed a purple ptarmigan peckin roun' our tent door durin' ther winter an' I said as how I had. Then she told me till not show my ignorance by talkin' 'bout spring; that purple ptarmigan was a sure sign of lots of snow in Aprile an' a very late spring. Since that time which, if you have 'nuff sense to figer, you'll see is 42 year, an' durin' all that time I never seed purple ptarmigan in winter what warn't followed by a cold, late spring.

"Did I see any purple ptarmigans this winter? Well, I reckon I ain't blind yet! If I seed one I seed a thousand an' a more pronounced purple I never seed in 45 year. The rest of youse could 'er seed 'em if you'd bin able ter tell a ptarmigan from a raven which youse ain't. I've bin not only lookin' fer this snow but I'm lookin fer a hull lot 'wot's goin' ter come yit. Ther spring of '69 the ice never moved from the river till June 23d and ther war s'much ice runnin' 'at canoin' warn't safe till latter part of July. Ain't one 'er you fellers gon' to say sumphin'?"

One man bought a drink and another slipped a dollar in the patriarch's hand who, when he slipped it into his pocket drew out a piece of dried salmon and fondly held it to his nose. It caused him to think of his family and large tears protruded from his eyes. He was invited to take another drink and, being human, he took it.

Renegade Willy Wally Astor is having a rather hard time in his efforts to extricate himself from his lonely circle. Snubbed by Europeans, despised and loathed by Americans, his hermaphroditic nationality has placed him in the same class as was the bird spoken of by the Dutchman who, in his attempt to quote the old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," got it mixed and said "a bird mit only one feather in his tail goes in von crowd mit himself."

Willy Wally's last effort to square himself cost him a very large sum but left him in the same steamboat slough of despair. His last act was to present to the Queen Alexandria fund for the benefit of widows and orphans of the British soldiers killed in the Boer war a check for \$25,000. Considering the source from whence it came and knowing that it was not prompted by any feeling of compassion

for widows and orphans, the queen at first refused to accept it, but finally did so after having explicitly stated that the gift in no way altered her previous opinion of Mr. Astor. John respects Johnathan and vice versa; but neither John nor Johnathan respect Johnnyrenegadeathan.

"Oh, the lovely, sweet things!"
The Stroller heard the above exclamation from a lady who was gazing into a show window of a dry goods store and, thinking that something out of the ordinary was on exhibition, he stopped to take a look for himself and this is what he saw: A lot of light and airy summer shirt waists, collar-ettes, chemisettes, tan gloves and a pair of corsets.

Who Supplied the News?

London, March 16.—In the house of commons yesterday the chancellor of the exchequer presented the report of the select committee on the civil list with reference to the publication in the London Times of confidential statements on the subject, and recommending the speaker to take steps, either by the expulsion of the Times representative from the house or otherwise, as he saw fit, to prevent a recurrence of such an offense. The speaker promised to render an early decision.

The members of the house of commons are greatly stirred up by the London Times' alleged breach of secrecy in regard to the publishing in advance the government's civil list proposals. A curious feature which has not leaked out in the papers is the implication of the Birmingham Post in the same charges, and there is a half-humorous and half-serious attempt upon the part of the Irish members to connect Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's warmest supporters, and if the Liberals can get this organ punished they will take it as a personal score off the much disliked secretary.

A Conservative member of parliament

informed a representative of the Associated Press that the majority of his party would be delighted to see the London Times suspended for, say a week, not with the idea of seriously affecting its news service but with giving it "a much needed lesson."

Mr. A. J. Balfour, the government leader in the house of commons, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, and Mr. Wm. Court Gully, the speaker, have been consulting together during the week. Among the suggestions which they will consider is one to examine all the members of the civil list committee separately under oath, and so run down the culprit.

The Daily Mail prints an editorial in this connection headed "Unusually direct charge of venality in high places," in the course of which it says: "Should the speaker, as he certainly won't, decide to have the London Times reporter thrown out of the house, our contemporary would have no difficulty in employing further honorable members or officials to supply it with as much news as it may desire to publish. If the committee cannot find powers to act as the guardian of its own honor and to prevent the disclosure of information which is solely in its possession there is no remedy."

That's All.

"In proof of the assertion that the world is growing better," remarked Optim, "let me mention the fact that we never find stones in the coffee we buy at the grocery stores nowadays." "No," growled Pessim. "The reason for that is that most persons who buy coffee have it ground when they buy it. The grocers pick out the stones for fear of ruining their mills. The world is growing more enlightened in its selfishness. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

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10 inch Cylinder; 16 inch Stroke; 8 inch Suction; 7 inch Discharge.

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Reserved Seats for Matinee at Reid's Drug Store NO BAR