

The Klondike Nugget

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From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY.

The News displays the genuine Bourbon-spirit in dealing, or rather in pretending to deal with the incorporation question. Having been instructed by the "powers behind the throne" to lie low for a time, and therefore fearing to give any expression of opinion itself, the News undertakes to assail the Nugget for the position this paper has taken in opposition to the proposed plan of incorporation.

We have no intention of entering upon a defense of the Nugget's attitude in this matter. No defense is required. The mere fact that the great majority of business men and property holders in the town have given enthusiastic support and endorsement to the Nugget's anti-incorporation campaign would be all the defense necessary under any circumstances. The Nugget has always held to the theory that Dawson should administer its own affairs, provided that certain prerequisite conditions could be fulfilled. In this view we have every reason to believe that the majority of citizens have concurred. It has developed, however, as has been shown from time to time in the columns of this paper that it is impossible at the present time to meet these conditions.

Meanwhile, the urgent reasons which were advanced sometime ago in favor of incorporation have largely lost their force. Dawson has in practical operation a town government which in every way is as efficient as might be expected to result from a regularly called municipal election. The various interests of the town are looked after with care, and what is more to the point, the expense of administration is nominal in comparison with the cost of conducting a completely organized municipality.

Dawson has, therefore, to decide between the economical and capable administration which we have at the present time and a necessarily more expensive and doubtfully efficient regime, selected by vote of a small portion of the community.

There should be no difficulty in reaching a conclusion in the matter. The affairs of a town are like the business of big commercial concerns. Every taxpayer is a stockholder, and it is to the interests of each to see that his business is managed with as little expense as possible. We apprehend that this is the view which most citizens will take of the matter, which view will urge them to support a continuation of the present state of affairs.

RING IN THE NEW.

The curtain has been rung down upon the nineteenth century and today we welcome for better or for worse a new year and a new century in one and the same breath. It is too early as yet to pass judgment upon the influence of the past hundred years in advancing civilization and uplifting humanity. We are at too close range. It is easy enough to go back 300 or 400 years and discuss with intelligence and without passion what was accomplished in this century or what that one might have achieved had it been alive to its opportunities. But to turn the search light of impartial and unprejudiced criticism upon events practically contemporaneous, is almost an impossible task. The historian of a hundred years hence will place a far more just and accurate estimate upon the cycle just brought to a termination, than anyone at the present time can hope to do. Not only will he have a better and broader knowledge of events themselves but he will record their occurrence in the light of results, which will give him pre-eminent advantage over present day writers.

In any event, however, we are more concerned with the future than with the past. The twentieth-century holds out possibilities more alluring than ever before were opened to the reach of man. If it is fair to argue from the old saw respecting shadows of coming

events, it may be said without danger of serious departure from truth, that the progress of the twentieth century will be attended with one continuous succession of triumphs. Problems which have consumed the energies of scientists for the past hundred years are now approaching solution and the

practical effects thereof will be realized during the new century. It is not without the range of probability that methods of transportation both on land and sea will be completely revolutionized, while instantaneous communication between distant points, without the use of wires is certain to reach successful accomplishment. These are but suggestions of the things which are in store, but in themselves they speak of consequences of the utmost import. They tell of new fields for human endeavor. They will present new opportunities whereby latent energy may be brought into action and will create a market for the absorption of surplus labor.

Undoubtedly, life in the twentieth century will be lived at a rapid pace. The candle will be burned at both ends and the chief end of man will be to crowd the most into the least possible time. The game of life will be played out in a constantly decreasing number of years, but into those years will be thrown a proportionately increasing amount of experience which will act as a sort of equalizing agent. It is good to be alive in an age when human blood leaps fast in the veins and fame and fortune stand with smiling face and beckoning hand for him who has the will and the power to attract their notice.

Such is the new century upon which we have entered. Never were opportunities more plentiful nor possibilities greater. This is the outlook at the beginning. The end no man can foresee. But whatever that end shall be, it may be said in all truth that never was beginning brighter with promise.

When the first movement in favor of the incorporation was made, Dawson had no graded streets, no sidewalks, no street lights, no sewers, no fire department, no proper sanitary arrangements—nothing in fact that a town of its size should have. At the present time all of these things are in evidence and no local taxes have yet been collected. In view of these circumstances it is not difficult to understand why so many people have chafed their minds in the matter of incorporation.

A municipal government in addition to the present system of administration of public affairs means simply that another load will be saddled upon the one industry upon which Dawson and the entire territory depends for existence. A city election will not serve to do away with the present officials, nor will it lessen the salaries which they are paid. It will simply mean a doubling up of expenses with no material advantage to be gained. This point should be well weighed by every citizen.

The sensational story, published by the News sometime ago respecting a so-called strike in the Tanana country is effectively punctured in the Nugget again today. On another page we publish an interview with a man who has just arrived from the Tanana country. Nothing had been heard of the strike, and no one along the Yukon knew anything of it except where the News "report" had been seen. And still the News poses as an "educator."

When Dawson really and truly makes up its mind to enjoy a holiday, as for example is the case today, a stranger might pass up and down the streets and think he had fallen into the midst of the Deserted village in winter time. A little investigation would soon convince him of his error. Dawson is at home celebrating—that's all.

We don't suppose that a resolution on the part of the News to stick closely to the truth hereafter could possibly have any effect in the long run. The

fact of the matter is that our contemporary got off on the other foot in the very beginning and nothing short of something in the line of the Keeley cure could now induce it to turn from the error of its way. The News tells the truth by accident, once in a while. But never when it can avoid so doing.

The laboring man should interest himself in the incorporation question. If he owns a cabin in Dawson or expects to own one, it is to the furtherance of his own welfare that taxes should be kept down to the minimum. Incorporation means increased tax rolls.

It is really too bad that the price of Mumm's, etc., should be so materially reduced at such close proximity to New Year's. There is no way of telling how many good resolutions will be ruined by \$3 wine.

Farewell to Roberts.

Cape Town, Dec. 12.—At the reception in honor of Lord Roberts yesterday when the British commander rose to respond after the presentation to him of the sword and casket, all present rose to their feet, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. The demonstration continued for some minutes. At its conclusion Lord Roberts made an eloquent address. After expressing deep thanks for the honors accorded him, he said the war in South Africa had a peculiar interest for him, inasmuch as it enabled him to bring to what he had hoped was a successful conclusion the work entrusted to him 20 years ago—that of dispelling by force of arms if necessary the aspirations of the Boers to render themselves independent of British control.

Referring to his abortive visit to the Cape in 1881, he said:

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. The guiding hand of the Omnipotent will bring good out of what to our finite understanding was the most unfortunate war of 1881, for that war could not have consolidated the whole British empire as firmly as this had done because it was fought by regulars alone, whereas the present war was fought by the militia, yeomanry and volunteers, the admirable and workmanlike colonial contingents all fighting as brothers in arms under the dear old flag of the queen."

In this respect Lord Roberts said he held the unique position of the first field marshal having the honor to command such an imperial outburst. He was convinced, he declared, that this spontaneous outburst of patriotism was not ephemeral. England had only to give the signal and her sons would again flock to her banner from the ends of the world. Never had a mother more reason to be proud of her sons than had England today. God had brought them out of what in the dark days of December had appeared to them the valley of the shadow of death; and they could not remember the days of tribulation with deep gratitude for the mercy vouchsafed them.

Lord Roberts then paid a deeply moving tribute of gratitude to all who had worked with him. He added that his interest in South Africa would not cease on leaving its shores, but that he should watch its settlement with the utmost eagerness. Dwelling upon the necessity of co-operation between the Dutch and English, he said it would be his proudest boast if he could claim to have done nothing but what stress of war had compelled to hinder the friendly fusion of the two races in the republics. They must try to forgive and forget all that tends to bitterness of feeling, leaving the idea that nothing remained to be atoned for on either side. "God has given into our hands," said the field marshal, "a great heritage, for which a heavy price has been paid in the blood of the best and bravest, and we must not be neglectful of the trust, as we have been in the past, but must be able to give a good account of our stewardship, and must remember there are other duties than national glorifications."

He declared that he could not better conclude his speech than by quoting the first verse of Kipling's recession: "God of our fathers, known of old; Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Arrives With Oysters.

Frank H. Hall, former steward of the steamer Bonanza King, arrived yesterday evening, 16 days from Whitehorse with a consignment of fresh eastern oysters for the local market. Mr. Hall says the trail is at present in bad shape and will only be bettered by use. He predicts considerable travel in the near future as there is already a large amount of freight accumulating at Whitehorse which it is intended to freight in on the ice.

Ed. Dolan Plugged

Ed Dolan is nursing two things this morning with care and tenderness, although the method of treatment is different, and ultimate cure effected in widely divergent ways.

One of these things is a wound in the calf of his leg, and the other is his wrath. Both wounds were received at the hands of George Troxwell last evening during the production of "Champagne and Oysters." The piece is a one act comedy, and as produced last evening was even more productive of mirth than the author counted upon, that is, to every one but Dolan, but it won't be so funny tonight, because Dolan won't have his other leg hurt, and so far no understudy has been found who is willing to take any chances with the Troxwell artillery.

Early in the play there comes a place where Geo. Troxwell as Mr. Troot, feels called upon to do a little Fourth of July business with an abnormally large six shooter, said six shooter being loaded with blank cartridges of course, in order to avoid injury to the anatomies of the rest of the cast.

The gun was properly loaded with blank cartridges by props, but a little larger wad of candle wax than usual was used to hold the powder in place, and Troxwell was a little nearer the Dolan limbs than he thought for, and besides the hay had been left out of those legs in dressing, so there was nothing but a stocking to stand off that chunk of wax. At the proper time Mr. Troxwell deployed his artillery, and great execution was down among the enemy.

Bang! Then Dolan's face suddenly took on a look of pained surprise; he was heard to make some remarks not wholly complimentary to Troxwell, and he shook the wounded leg fore and aft, and departed from the stage in a manner not set down by the author.

When he got off the stage he kept right on saying things, and it is understood that he is undecided whether it was a deliberate attempt on his life or an open insult. If the gun had been loaded with lead he would have known what to think; but when he is gone after and shot with a wad of candle grease he don't know what to think.

The gun was a 44-calibre affair, and Dolan thinks there was enough wax plugged into his leg to start a candle factory.

He will recover.

That Little Straight Jacket Jim

BY BELLE DORMER.

Turn out of your bunk, there, partner; Can't you see it's getting late? And this is New Year's morning And we're going to celebrate!

The assessment work is all finished, And the claim is ours for a year; She's going to pan out in the spring, Bill; She'll do it, as sure as you're here.

There ain't no town in these mountains— If there was we'd paint her red— But we'll cook an extra pot of beans, And make some sour dough bread.

And there's plenty of beans and tobacco, And bacon, and whisky for two, So I'll just tune up the fiddle And leave the cooking to you.

And for fear at this jollification The attendance is going to be slim, We'll write out an invitation card To that "Little Straight Jacket Jim."

He's a little high-toned for us, Bill, Yet I reckon he means well enough, And I somehow think that heart of his Is made of the genuine stuff.

For I saw the tears come into his eyes At news of your brother Richard's death; Then all of a sudden his lips got white, And he went to gasping for breath.

I wonder what he's doing up here? For this ain't no kind of a place. For a fellow of his education And delicate, well-bred face.

I'm willing to bet some woman's hand Mixed up this dose for Jim; And I seem to have knocked him endways But he's built all-firedly slim.

We'll just step in and surprise him With our little dance and song. The door wide open? Blamed if it ain't! Why, Bill, there's something wrong.

For here on the bed beside him Is a six-shooter full of lead; 'An' I s'pose heart failure came along With this bullet hole in his head.

Pull up the blankets gently And close the sad eyes of blue— Poor little chap, I am sorry That we ever made sport of you.

Why, he's holding your brother's picture; And it looks as natural as life; And written upon it in pencil "I used to be Richard's wife."

A. E. Co.'s At Home

Under the guiding hand of Manager L. R. Fulda, ably assisted by Messrs. Brown and Lindsey, the A. E. Co. entertained today in a manner that reflects great credit upon the management. Immediately inside the main entrance was arranged a circular counter which served as a bar and from which were dispensed to all visitors the choicest viands to be had from the A. E. Co.'s big stock of which there is none finer in the northland. Egg-nog, punch and the pure "old stuff" was bountifully dispensed, the mixed drinks, the product of the skill of Ben Fergusson who presided as a chief mixologist with the dignity of a Roman conqueror. In addition to the unequalled fluid refreshments two experts were kept busy serving lunch which combined the properties of delicacy and substantiability.

Since 10 o'clock this morning there has been a steady procession to the A. E. store, where the entire force from Mr. Fulda down to the warehouse truckmen have been zealous in seeing that each caller was happy during his sojourn in the big store. No goods were sold, but all devoted their time to entertainment. The hospitality of the Alaska Exploration Company will forever be linked with the first day of the 20th century in the memory of all who called there today.

Tragedy of Civil War.

New York, Dec. 12.—The body of Confederate Brig. Gen. Herman Bins has been found in Blackswamp, four miles from Morristown, N. J. He was known as the hermit of Wanong mountain. For 35 years Bins had lived a solitary life on the side of Succasunna mountain. He had little to do with any one and his retreat was far removed from the nearest house. His cabin was found in ashes by those who went to it after the body had been identified.

Bins made his appearance on the mountain in 1865. When he first came he wore a gray uniform and on it were the stars of a brigadier general.

Ten years after Bins settled on the mountain his life story came out through no fault of his. William Becker, a veteran of the Union army, who had occasion to visit Atlanta in 1875, commenced an investigation and found from the Confederate reports that Herman Bins had enlisted as a minor officer soon after Sumter was fired upon. He rose rapidly and at the close of the war had the rank of brigadier.

At the outbreak of the war Bins was a well-to-do planter in middle Georgia. While he was in the army his two children died. When Sherman marched to the sea, cutting a gap through Georgia and leaving desolation behind, Bins' home was one of the places of which nothing remained but ashes. Mrs. Bins had fled before the arrival of Sherman and joined the refugees. Exposure and hardships brought her to death.

When he returned to his plantation he found the ashes of his home, the graves of his children and near them the grave of his wife, whom faithful slaves had carried to the plantation and buried. Gen. Bins at once left and until Mr. Becker informed them his friends did not know what had become of him.

No one knows how the old man came to his death.

A Clever Boy.

Boston, Dec. 11.—The case of Morris Aaronburg, the youth who has confessed that he stole \$8837 from Mrs. Margaret Beck, which has puzzled the police from the first, still staggers the officials, although the boy had declared his guilt. It is the first case in police records here where a man or boy has confessed to having stolen money and has stood ready to take all the punishment which could be given for the offense without making restitution and trying to escape the full penalty.

The police have figured it out that if Aaronburg goes to prison for the maximum term of five years, without returning the stolen money, he will come out financially as if he had been at work all the time on a salary of about \$1800 a year. All evidence is taken as indicating that Aaronburg has the money safely concealed and intends to go to prison without revealing its hiding place. He will probably be sentenced today.

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