

The Klondike Nugget

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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.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

LITTLE TO COMMEND IT.

Dawson is not in favor of incorporation. This fact will be made very plain to anyone who reads the article dealing with the matter which appears on another page of this issue.

Nearly all the representative business men and property holders of the city have already affixed their signatures to a petition directed against incorporation and the only reason that the great majority of the balance have not done so is that the petition has not as yet been presented for them to sign.

As has been set forth in these columns on previous occasions, conditions at the present time differ vastly from the situation as it appeared when the question of incorporation was originally advanced. Briefly summed up, it may be said that Dawson is now well and economically governed and that incorporation, even though desirable, men were secured to fill the various offices, must necessarily increase the expense involved in conducting the affairs of the town with a strong doubt left as to improving the efficiency of the present system.

Certainly as a matter of theory it is far better that a community such as Dawson should handle its own affairs, but in dealing with the cold practical facts as we have found them to be, the arguments are all in favor of a maintenance of the status quo.

Incorporation at this time would simply mean to place in operation a duplicate of a large portion of our present governmental machinery, effecting a cost to the tax payer of double the amount contemplated under the present system, with no material compensatory advantages offered.

When it is considered also that the franchise could not legally be extended to others than British subjects, it becomes apparent that any elective municipal government could only be partially representative of the interests for which it would be called upon to legislate.

Incorporation would have been desirable in the earlier days of Dawson's history, but at the present time it has little to commend it.

SHOULD KEEP REGISTERS.

Inquiry by this paper has developed the fact that many of the roadhouse keepers along the trail exercise little or no care in the matter of keeping registers. It appears to us that an order should be issued by the authorities requiring registration of all parties who have occasion to stop at any place of public accommodation in the territory.

Several cases have occurred where parties have disappeared entirely, no trace whatever being left by which they might be discovered. In such instances immediate light will often be thrown upon what otherwise would prove an unfathomable mystery, if a proper system of registration is maintained by hotel and roadhouse proprietors.

Such a system is particularly necessary at this season of the year when travel to and from the outside over the ice is at its height. In fact the advantage of such registration are so obvious as scarcely to require comment.

The News says that it has no opinion on the matter of incorporation. This is due to the fact that the man with the poke has not yet appeared on the scene.

Christmas week has been filled with all manner of festivities in Dawson including weddings, which latter, by the way, have ceased to be the momentous affairs they were once considered, that is when viewed from a public standpoint. Time was when a wedding in the Yukon territory's capital was an event which entitled the entire town to a holiday. Now such things come and go as they do elsewhere, and public interest is but momentarily aroused. Dawson is indeed becoming prosaic.

Made Its Own Funeral Toilet.

There are certain insects that have such a respect for Mrs. Gruffy and are endowed with such an innate love of neatness and order that not even death, or rather decapitation, can prevent them from making one grand final toilet, which is clearly designed to give them a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

Dr. Ballion, a skilled entomologist, discovered this remarkable fact. "During one of my recent horseback rides," he says, "I frequently caught one of those large flies which annoy cattle and horses so much, and I promptly got rid of it by crushing its head. One day, instead of throwing the mutilated insect away, I placed it on the back of my hand and indolently watched it. For some seconds the insect remained motionless, but then, to my unbounded surprise, it moved its front legs forward to the place where the head should have been, and, after it had rubbed them nervously together, apparently in anguish, it began to brush its body and to smooth its wings with its hind legs. Under the gentle pressure of these limbs the body gradually became extended and the extremity curved, while the wings gradually changed their natural position and left the upper part of the body exposed. Meanwhile the hind legs continued to brush each other from time to time.

"Naturally I watched this extraordinary sight with great interest, and, in order to see the finale, I took the insect into my study, where it lived an entire day, spending the time at the ungrateful task of making its own funeral toilet."

Couldn't Resist.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late."

He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused. "Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some newcomer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs. S. in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around. Millinery Trade Review.

A Mystery of the Sea.

One of the most curious finds ever made from the sea was that which came to the Azores in 1858. The island of Corvo was then in the possession of two runaway British sailors. One morning there drifted ashore a craft which had evidently been frozen in the ice for a long time. It was an ancient and battered brig, without masts, bulwark or name, but the hatches were on, the cabin doors fast, and the hull was buoyant. She had little cargo, and that consisted of skins and furs in prime condition.

No papers were found in the cabin, but it was figured that she was a sealer or trader, carrying a crew of 10 or 12, and that she had been provisioned for a year. The flour was spoiled, but the beef was perfectly preserved. She had been abandoned when frozen in an iceberg and drifted for years. The date of the letter found in the fore-castle showed that the brig had been abandoned nearly half a century before. The two sailors got out the furs, which eventually brought them \$4,000, and two barrels of beef and then set fire to the wreck. No trace was ever found of its name or owners.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.



The Lights Are Out

The last Christmas of the 19th century has passed into a memory and the tired little eyes have closed their eyes in happy slumber. Possibly on that occasion of gift giving you may have inadvertently forgotten some one. So here's a gentle reminder—

A New Year Gift will make it all right.

We have, notwithstanding an immense sale of Christmas gifts, a large and varied stock of appropriate presents for New Year.

HERSHBERG The Reliable Seattle Clothiers
Opp. C. D. Co.'s Dock

DEATH WAS NEAR THIS TIME

Mrs. Gallup Was Down in Her 32nd and Last Sickness.

Mr. Gallup Was Busy Reading of the Great Worth of Persian Stomach Bitters.

Mr. Gallup had gone town after supper to hear the political news, and it was 9 o'clock when he got back home. He had left Mrs. Gallup clearing away the dishes and singing "Happy Day," but when he returned she was lying on the lounge with her eyes closed and the house quiet as a graveyard. He sat down after a glance at the figure and laboriously untied his shoes and pried them off and then picked up the family almanac to see what time the moon would be in her last quarter. Ten minutes passed, and Mrs. Gallup uttered a long drawn sigh. Two minutes later she groaned. A minute after the groan, as Mr. Gallup had paid no attention to her, she sat up and said:

"Samuel, you've come here jest in time. I was afraid I'd hev to go without biddin you goodby, but you are here. You hadn't been gone from the house ten minits when I went to carry the milk down cellar. I wasn't thinkin of death or anything of that sort when all at once I heard a voice sayin, 'Git ready to soar away and become an angel.' You may tell me, Samuel, that it was the vinegar bar'l workin or that it was a gurglin from the soft soap, but I know better. It was my summons to go, and I come right up stairs and begun to git ready. It won't disturb you much if I die tonight, will it?"

Mr. Gallup didn't reply. He had found the moon's last quarter and was deeply interested.

"I've never bin no hand to make you trouble, Samuel," she continued, "and I shan't begin now. If you'd rather I'd die in the daytime, I'll try and hold on, though I s'pose one ought to die when the hour comes. Mebbe you've bin thinkin that when I died you'd hev to pay out a great lot of money over the funeral, but I wan't you to kin different. I've never bin an extravagant woman, and I kin git along with a cheap funeral. I was reckonin it up t'other day, and I was surprised and pleased with the figgers. Do you know, Samuel Gallup, that the hull thing, from fust to last, won't cost a cent over \$30?"

One of Mr. Gallup's eyebrows was slightly raised in a questioning manner, but he made no verbal reply.

"Only \$30, Samuel, and that includes one of the best lots in the graveyard. If you wanted to bury me out in the back yard, the cost would be reduced to \$25, and I don't think any husband on earth kin complain of that. There are wives who'd kick ag'in bein buried in the back yard, but I shan't say a word. And I've arranged other things fur you, Samuel. While you've bin busy with politics and lawsuits I've bin arrangin fur death. In about an hour from now, when I breathe my last, you'll go over and rap three times on Mrs. Watkins' door. Three raps mean that I hev soared away, and she'll be over in ten minits to take charge. Then you kin go right to bed and go to sleep, same as usual. The funeral will take place the day after. Mrs. Green will lend you 14 chairs, and Mrs. Taylor will pick out the hymns to be sung. Mrs. Jordan will milk our cow and strain the milk, and Mrs. Johnson will

come over and git your meals. Are you listenin to me, Samuel?"

If he was, there were no signs of it. He had got through with the moon and passed on to the medical testimonials, and he seemed to be reading with bated breath.

"All you'll hev to do," she continued after a sob or two, "is to move about kinder sorerfullike and shed a few tears. I've had 32 fits of sickness since we was married, and sometimes you've had to hire the washin done fur me; but, after all, you'll be kinder sorry when I'm gone. You'll remember how I made one tea kettle last 14 years and how I alus made the tea and sugar last longer than an other woman in town. I shan't ask you to break down and weep, Samuel, but if I was yo I'd shed tears, I not only deserve 'em, but all the folks will be watchin you to see if you are affected. You've got fix handkerchiefs almost as good as new, and you won't ruu short even if you shed tears from both eyes. Don't you think I'm right, Samuel?"

She wiped her tears and held back her sobs and waited for a reply, but none came. Mr. Gallup was reading how the life of a man who had fallen on a pitchfork had been saved by Persian stomach bitters, and his ears were closed.

"As to buryin me in the back yard, of course you kin do as you think best. In one way it will save you \$5, and in another it'll take up ground fur cabbages. You'll marry ag'in, of course, and your second wife will want a ham-mock out under the trees. Mebbe she'll object to my grave. If I was your second wife, I wouldn't object to your first wife's grave, but I'm different from most women. You'd better think the thing over purty seriously. And there's another thing, Samuel. A long time ago I told you that if you ever got married ag'in I'd haunt you. I was mad and said more'n I ought to. Of course I could come back as a ghost and roost on the footboard of the bed and keep you awake nights, and I could hide down cellar and skeer you most to death when you come down after cider, but I'm not that kind of woman. Right here and now I want to tell you that I'll never haunt you nor your second wife. Don't you think I'm purty good, Saumel?"

Mr. Gallup had finished the pitchfork testimonial and struck one where a man had been blown up with a stump, and he was so interested that he didn't hear her question. She wept for three or four minutes and then said:

"No, don't go to any unnecessary expense to lay away my mortal remains, Samuel. As my speerit will be flyin around in heaven, it won't make no great difference about my body. When Mrs. Thompson died, she wanted a funeral to cost \$250, but I'm not Mrs. Thompson. You'll marry again, of course, and you'll need all your money to flam out with. Second wives allus flam. Yours will want a new disspan, new curtains, new knives and forks and as many as three new tablecloths the very fust thing. Speakin of tablecloths, Samuel, I've made the last new one last seven years. I don't expect any praise fur it, but when your second wife shakes one all to pieces in six months you'll see a difference. What kind of a second wife are you goin to marry, Samuel? You needn't be afraid to tell me, fur there isn't a jealous hair in my head. Will she be old or young?"

Mr. Gallup yawned and stretched and thrust out his legs, but he had nothing to say.

"Mrs. Roedecker says you'll probably marry a young chit of 17, and Mrs. Jackson says you'll probably look fur a widdier with as many as five cows, but I ain't goin to find no fault in either case. On the contrary, I kinder pity you. Second wives allus smash

and break and bust things, and if you say anything they'll sass back and pull your hair. You'll be rid of me and my troubles, Samuel, but there'll be times when you'll sit down on the wash bench outdoors and wish I was back. Yes, yo'll acknowledge to yourself that I was hardworkin and savin and that I was no hand to gad about, but I'll be an angel, and you'll hev to plug along the best you kin without me. That's all, Samuel, and I will now die and hev it over with."

She stretched out on the lounge and folded her hands and closed her eyes, and for ten minutes there was silence. Then Mr. Gallup yawned again, looking around and saw her there, and as he rose up to wind the clock and go to bed he observed:

You'd better turn the cat outdoors and see if the kitchen window is fastened up."

M. QUAD.

Muffers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Table de hôte dinners. The Holborn.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

New Year presents at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinsky's.

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

**Dolge Felt Shoes
Fur & Kid Mitts
Fur Caps . . .
Lined Overalls .
Usters, Etc. . .**

J. P. McLENNAN.
Front Street.

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people: in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper