

The Klondike Nugget

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NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of 'no circulation'.

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creek by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

A MISTAKE.

It will be a fatal mistake to attempt at this time to give fictitious values to the many quartz prospects which have been found in this district.

There is every reason for belief, in fact there seems scarcely room for doubt, that quartz of a character that will pay to mill has been located within a short distance of Dawson.

Desired results cannot be accomplished by sending broadcast fictitious statements and highly colored reports.

The Nugget confidently believes that quartz development on a large scale will be in progress within the near future, but we feel convinced at the same time that it is a mistake to herald broadcast rumors and reports which cannot be substantiated on investigation.

CONSISTENCY.

An inspection of the assessor's rolls would disclose a startling state of affairs. The combined amount of taxes paid by the chief promoters of the incorporation movement would not pay for a single wheel of the fire engine.

Great Handkerchief Sale

Lace Handkerchiefs, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. Homestitched Handkerchiefs, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

J. P. McLENNAN.

taxes paid by other people the community would be under lasting obligation to them. Consistency is still a jewel.

Within a very few weeks the lengthening days will proclaim the fact that winter is rapidly passing. Should the record of the past two months be duplicated in January and February, it will be almost impossible to realize that there has been any winter at all.

Our esteemed contemporaries, the News and the Sun, are engaged in a controversy as to the calibre of the gray matter which lies behind the composition of their respective editorial columns.

A movement has been inaugurated among the pro-incorporationists to side track the most undesirable of the agitators, and fill their places with reputable business men.

Slips by Great Authors.

When Mr. Anthony Trollope pictured Andy Scott as 'forming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth' he not only proved that he had never made personal experiment of the double feat of smoking a cigar and whistling a tune, but he was unconditionally following in the steps of still greater writers who make their heroes do amazing and impossible things.

Those who remember their Robinson Crusoe may recall a most wonderful feat of this hero of childhood. When he decided to abandon the wreck and try to swim ashore he took the precaution to remove all his clothes, and yet by some strange magic, of which the secret has been lost, the author makes him, when in this condition of nature, fill his pockets with biscuits.

The great Shakespeare himself had a peculiar facility for making the impossible happen in his plays. One of the most remarkable of these feats occurs in the fifth act of 'Othello,' when Desdemona, after she has been fully smothered by the Moor, comes to life again and enters into conversation quite rationally, even inventing a generous falsehood to shield him from the consequences of his crime before she decides to die.

Shakespeare, too, had a trick of introducing the most glaring anachronisms—so glaring, in fact, that there is more than a suspicion that they must have been introduced consciously for some unknown reason.

For instance, he makes a clock strike in ancient Rome at a time, more than a thousand years before clocks were invented, when such an event would certainly have been the eighth wonder of the world.

Quite regardless of the evidence of geography, he transports Bohemia to the seaside, and he introduces a printing press long before the days of Gutenberg. He calmly introduces a billiard table into Cleopatra's palace, and makes cannon familiar to King John and his Barons.

Thackeray was no mean rival to Shakespeare in vagaries of this kind; but in his case they appear to have been the result of pure carelessness and forgetfulness.

The moon has innocently been the cause of much blundering on the part of authors. Wilkie Collins in some mysterious fashion made it rise on one occasion in the west; Rider Haggard in 'King Solomon's Mines' contrives an eclipse of the moon for the benefit of his readers; and Coleridge ingeniously places a star between the horns of the crescent moon as she rises in the east.

Chipped diamonds, yellow diamonds or faded diamonds can not be bought at J. P. Sale & Co.'s. They carry only the best.

Stroller's Column.

Not only is a hat pin a powerful weapon in the hands of an infuriated woman, but it is also a weapon of destruction in the hands of a man who has been kept awake nearly all the time for two weeks by mice running over the paper ceiling of his house.

A certain Dawsonite who has had only snatches of sleep for some time, owing to mice in the ceiling, armed himself with a hat pin belonging to his wife a few nights ago and began warfare on the mice. He mounted a chair and listened and every time he

tured I would not want to be reasoned. Please reply at once as every day counts with me. I am triple-concentrated devotion. JANE.

Well, Jane, to use a wire-grass expression, you are in a bad way. However, the Stroller believes he can arrange to have you kidnapped here, thus saving you the expense of the long trip to Turkey. There are brigands on almost any of the creeks here who would kidnap you if you will but give them half a chance. Try



SHARPOONING-MICE WITH A HAT PIN.

would hear a mouse running over the paper he would give a vicious jab with the pin and then pull it out and look on it for blood. He is not sure that he succeeded in killing any mice but he managed, by driving his fist through the paper in fifteen or twenty places, to necessitate the outlay of \$40 for having his house repaired.

"Can I borrow your cat tonight?" is a request heard many times these days as the town is fairly overrun with mice and rats.

Dawson, Dec. 18, 1901.

Dear Stroller— I am going to have a plain talk with you on a subject which is all important to me. Like the flower that blooms on the rugged mountain side I have realized that I was born a feroce game for \$125 more than he had in his pants. But he was not made some man a most loving and intelligent wife, yet all my life I have been passed up by the men and ever one of them found himself alone with me he would fidget and twist in

Bonanza, Eldorado and Dominion, and if you fail, the Stroller will get you kidnapped he will put in paying your way to Turkey.

Never was the old saying, "All things come to those who wait" more fully verified than one day this week and right here in Dawson. The story is this:

Two years ago this winter there was a young man who would get on a full head and steam around burning holes in the sidewalk in making his presence felt wherever he appeared. At the saloons he was "high game," at the dance halls he was used as "spending money" and at the gambling houses he was a "rube" of the first water. It was then that the young man in question went against a feroce game for \$125 more than he had in his pants. But he was not made some man a most loving and intelligent wife, yet all my life I have been passed up by the men and ever one of them found himself alone with me he would fidget and twist in



JANE DESIRES TO BE KIDNAPPED.

his chair, look at his watch every minute and finally say something about having an engagement or going out to smoke. Other women not so attractive as myself have passed me in the race and are now loving wives and mothers of large and increasing families. Two years ago I came to Dawson hoping that I might get in the swim, but it has been no go; men are as cold towards me as they were on the outside. They treat me with respect, but turn up their coat collars and shove every time they meet me. Only the other day a clerk who was selling me some under garments accused himself while he went to rear of the store and put on his overcoat.

The question on which I wish your advice is this: Do you think there would be any chance for me to be captured by brigands if I were to go to Turkey or Bulgaria? Oh, how I could love a big brigand with a painted ribbon and a garbled legless Law me, what a Fix Diavolo romance it would be. If I was cap-

handed back accompanied by the two words "no funds." Things were coming in bunches for the gambler in those days and the fact that the check was not honored gave him but little concern. Two years reeled off and then came a change. From feroce and other gambling games the feroce became so "poppo-cookedly" moral that when four men sat down in a public house to even play a social game of whist, or solo they had to use Khria beads, matches or some other such unbecoming of things instead of checks to keep tab on the game. Then is when the gambler who still carried the dishonored check, began to walk around on his uppers. To him a four-bit siew comprised of "overs" with only toothpicks on the side was a welcome sight.

In the meantime the giver of the check had put on a rough lock. He took to putting a squirt of lemon in it, and as for dance halls, he cut them dead. Another thing that bothered him several rounds on the step-ladder of fame was being ap-

pointed to a job in the civil service. Being eminently qualified, he filled and continued to fill the job efficiently and after a few months of incumbency in office he did what very few young men do, namely, became the owner of a bank account.

The other day the gambler was bemoaning his hard fate while going over some old papers with a view of destroying them before moving into a suburban cabin where he expected to make an effort to live on Lima beans won at whist, casino, mumblepeg or some other Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor amusement.

"There," said he as he unfolded the check in question, "is a dishonored check 20 months or more old that I might as well destroy."

Being asked by his room-mate and companion in misery who the check was on, and the information being given, the companion said:

"Why that fellow has had a good job for a year and ought to have some money by this time. Present the check again and perhaps it will be honored."

The suggestion was acted upon. The check was taken to the bank and landed to the ledger clerk. That individual looked at it and marked "O. K." on its face and two minutes later the gambler walked out with \$125 in his pockets and the "big feed" followed.

As the young man has probably forgotten all about having given the check he will probably have a think or two coming the next time his bank account is checked up.

The Stroller is pleased to see that celluloid checks are no longer permitted as counters in games of whist, bean at five cents per pound, or matches being used instead. They are much more handy than checks, and at the same time they look so much better on a table. The sin of gaming is not in the game itself. It is all in the use of checks, a wicked and baneful creation. Now with beans or matches it is entirely different. There is something about a bean that suggests agriculture, and what can be more honest than tilling the soil? There is something about counting in a game with beans—that reserves in the mind of the Stroller recollections of boyhood's happy days when he played seven-up in the hay mow or down in the hollow on a sycamore log.

Return, oh beautiful days of my youth! Down with the sinful check! Live la beans!

Mr. Newred: "There is no use talking—I won't eat any more of your cooking!"

Mr. Newred (tearfully): "And you—you said—you were willing to—die for me!"

"But, madam, there are worse things than death."

"No, but the bill gave her husband."

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

Will Retire From Business Jan. 1st

Diamond Rings from \$10 to \$600. Diamond Earrings from \$30 to \$1,000. All Stones Guaranteed as to Weight and Quality.

ALBERT MAYER, Jeweler, Orpheum Bldg.

What Love Needs.

Love, that foundation stone of married happiness, without which no place can be called a home, must put itself to school to common sense and unselfishness before a sweetheart can grow into a good and helpful wife. Without an enlightened principle of action and some real knowledge of how to rule over and administer her affairs as the steward of her husband the most devoted affection will fail to produce a happy home.

A Georgia man who moved to Kansas some time ago writes to say: "This is the best country I ever saw. My wife is chief of police, and she has promised me a job on the force."

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. Best jewelry at the lowest prices at L. Schuman.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

To the Ladies.

A most appropriate birthday or Christmas gift to your husband, brother, sweetheart or a friend may be selected from our extensive stock of High-Class Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Cases.

And Holders. Can Silver Match Safes; all of English and French manufacture. Also a Box of our own improved and domestic Cigars and Egyptian Cigarettes.

ALL OF ABOVE AT RIGHT PRICES.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO.

Five Cigars, Tobacco and Smokers' Articles. Wholesale and Retail. King Street, Bank Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

We are sole agents for Harting, Hall, Marvin FIRE PROOF SAFES. All sizes in stock. Sold on easy payment.

Send Out A Christmas Present

In the form of a Souvenir of Dawson, 200 Handsomely Executed Designs of the City and Surrounding Territory....

Goetzman's Souvenir FORMERLY \$5.00 NOW \$2.50

AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM

W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER. Ralph E. Cummings. Week Starting Dec. 16. THE MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE. Monday and Thursday Ladies' Night.

HAY AND OATS FOR SALE

DAWSON WAREHOUSE CO., Limited. WARM AND COLD STORAGE.

Regina Hotel

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr. Dawson's Leading Hotel. American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky

ALSO GOLDEN LEON RYE. Having a large stock of liquor on hand I propose to give the public a cheap buy.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO.

We have the Highest Grade and Finest Assortment of Liquors sold anywhere in the world, and plenty of it. Come and Get Our Prices. We Can Save You Money. TELEPHONE 161.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

HICKS & THOMPSON, Props.

Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE. FLANNERY HOTEL. First Class Accommodations.

Winter Clothing

High-Class, Honest Goods. Suits, Caps, Moccasins and Furnishing Goods.

Sargent & Pinsky

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINES THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

FOR GOLD RIVER AND CARIBOU via Caribou and Dawson. FOR GRAND FORK via Caribou and Dawson.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport.

OFFICES

SEATTLE, Col. First Ave. and Yale Way. SAN FRANCISCO, No. 30 California Street.



Yukon Song.

TITLES THAT GO BY

For the Reason That Owners Refuse Them

Work House Inmate Refused Made a Baron—Some Just the Viscount Ransleigh.

There are more than a few going begging in this town with estates attached, and one will take the trouble to get out of the town and of these a dozen or more. In many cases the owners have been traced, but none of their own they flatterly assume their titles and are among the "upper ten."

One of the most powerful Scotland at one time was Hamilton, though the title has become dormant because it was in anything but allusion to his name. In 1858 the late Pansborough died and the title vacant. The family name, and as the Baron left no son, an enterprising nephew a short time back thought such an individual. He had a good deal of money in looking for a fortune enough to stand in of succession, and eventually what he considered "righted him" in a lawsuit. He thought he would finally in persuading him to claim and reward him for his trouble, but to his surprise he found that he was a pauper when he was, and had man did not wish to be a barony. As he died he left the title in still vacant of the name of Lord Hamilton, called New Hall, but properly because no one would be Lord Inverness, to name it really belongs. The name is Stewart of Craigie Hill. Lord Inverness died some time ago and left no male issue. His estate was not to be divided, but there is a possibility because unaccounted for money was found in his pocket at the time of his death. The great family of James Hamilton figure in the pedigree, but because it is so great that a member will continue by claim to being Hamilton. The last viscount was closely allied with the House of Stuart, and in 1706 he was executed, but there is a slight shadow of doubt in the possession of the name. It is fully entitled to call himself Hamilton if he can be persuaded to look up his title.

It is a fair thing for a man to be asked to be a baron, but this was not the case in 1855. At the present time the last of the House of Hamilton, and the House of Stuart, until the year 1706, when some one was a baron, named George William Hamilton, died, and the title was forfeited to the crown.