

The Klondike Nugget

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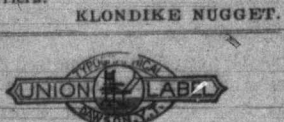
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LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Honker, Dominion, Gold Run.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1902.

\$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.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Sowing the Wind." Auditorium—"Niobe."

VICTORY AND ITS RESULTS.

The battle is over and the victory is won. The conscience of the people has found manifestation at the ballot box, and the Yukon for the next three years is assured of the services of the Hon. James Hamilton Ross in the house of parliament.

Never for a moment during the progress of the long campaign has the Nugget doubted the result. We had perfect confidence that the good judgment and honest common sense of the people would be asserted and the outcome has demonstrated that our confidence was well founded.

In choosing Mr. Ross as their representative at Ottawa the electors have proven their ability to sink passion and prejudice, even though engendered by real grievances, before the call of duty to self and country. The Yukon has honored itself as it has honored the man whom it has so gloriously carried to victory.

It must not be said that the election of Mr. Ross is a vindication of the mis-rule which prevailed in this territory in the early days, and the man or newspaper who makes such an assertion mis-states the facts and insults the people.

Just grievances have existed and do exist in this territory, and the election of Mr. Ross must be accepted as a declaration on the part of the electors of their confidence in his ability and willingness to see that all their wrongs are righted.

It is for this reason that the Nugget says the people have honored themselves. They have shown that their consideration for the future welfare of the community weighs more heavily with them than a desire of revenge for past misdeeds, and by so doing have justified in every particular their right as men of patriotism and intelligence to govern themselves.

As to the part taken in the campaign by this paper, we have only to say that the Nugget has fulfilled its obligations to the people with unswerving loyalty and with all the force and ability at its command.

We have followed the line of duty without respect to consequences and of our record we feel justly and deservedly proud. At would be, however, an act of folly and ingratitude to claim all the glory for this paper, and the Nugget freely shares the honors of victory with the men who through thick and thin stood to their guns till the battle was over.

It has been a great triumph, a glorious triumph, and there is honor enough for all who participated in its winning.

We truthfully believe that the Yukon has passed successfully through the greatest crisis it will ever be called upon to face.

We believe that a future bright and prosperous lies before the territory and in that future the men who opposed Mr. Ross will share equally with those who fought for him from beginning to end.

The smoke of battle has now cleared away. Right has asserted itself as it always does where the people rule, and it only remains for every man to lay aside the anger and

heart-burnings engendered by political strife, and rally unitedly around the upright, courageous and conscientious man who has been delegated to represent the Yukon on the floor of the house of commons.

The Sun this morning accuses the government of purchasing the support of the Nugget during the late campaign for the sum of \$7000. In behalf of the gentlemen who so ably managed Mr. Ross' campaign as also in its own behalf, the Nugget pronounces the statement a deliberate lie. The Nugget supported Mr. Ross without the promise or tender of a dollar.

The creeks showed up remarkably well and the figures when viewed in the light of claims made by the opposition are simply astonishing. It was the custom of the Clarke speakers after visiting the creeks to buttonhole every Ross man they could find and assure him that not one vote in fifty would be for Ross. All of which goes to prove that liars may figure although figures never lie.

If Mr. Ross had been in the territory himself he would have scored three times the majority which he will be shown to have gained when all the votes are counted. Under the circumstances the victory is a splendid one and to each and every man who assisted in winning it much credit is due.

The strength manifested by Mr. Ross on the creeks will prove most gratifying to that gentleman. Districts which were heralded far and wide as Clarke strongholds turned out to be veritable towers of strength to Mr. Ross.

Had not the mercury persisted in hovering around the forty mark, the majority for Mr. Ross would have been largely increased. Many voters were kept away from the polls on account of the severity of the weather.

The morning organ essays the role of comforter to the evening organ. It doesn't require reading between the lines to see that the Sun's grief for the News' defeat is more genuine than its joy for Mr. Ross' victory.

The outlying districts yet remaining to be heard from will swell the Ross majority considerably. When all the votes have been counted Mr. Ross should be well over 600 ahead.

Joseph Andrew Clarke is the possessor of some ability which directed in proper channels would make him a credit to himself and to the community.

The Nugget has won two straight fights against the News. It is about time the evening egotist began taking unto itself a full-size tumble.

It is now understood that the expression "I did it" is no longer popular in the News office.

As has been previously noted in this column it is impossible to coin hot air into votes.

Councilman Prudhomme is entitled to a vote of thanks for switching when he did.

Beddoe, Beddoe—where have we heard the name?

Look Pleasant. The late Professor Virchow had a sense of humor and appreciated that quality in others. One day, while he was lecturing, he noticed that one of the students, instead of listening and taking notes, was staring vacantly out of the window at a tree. "Young man," said the professor, "let me call your attention to the fact that we are studying pathology here, not botany." On another occasion the joke was on the professor. He was angry because a student could not name the exact color of a preparation and he showed him. Finally he asked, sarcastically, "What would you say was the color of my coat?" The coat had been better days, and the student replied promptly: "It seems to have been blue." Virchow laughed loudly at this bit, and after asking a few more easy questions, let the student pass.

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THIS IS OUR NIGHT TO CROW!

(From Tuesday's Extra.)

HEAVY SNOWS

All Hope of Finding Egan-Alive is Abandoned.

Kalisep, Mont., Nov. 8.—The fifth day of the search for Superintendent Egan ended with a fierce snow storm raging in the mountain district over which hundreds of men are toiling. The Great Northern railroad is compelled to use its rotary plows to keep the tracks clear. All hope of finding Superintendent B. F. L. Egan alive has been abandoned and the Great Northern Company has offered a reward of \$500 for the recovery of his body. It was stated the reward of \$1,000 had been offered but a bulletin issued places the amount at \$500.

A number of Flathead Indians and reservation police have been enlisted in the hunt and a special train left here this morning with large parties of men for the scene. Unless Egan's body is found by nine o'clock tonight there is hardly a chance of recovering it before spring.

Several hundred men are engaged in the quest, with an agreement to meet at a common point covering every foot of the ground Egan could have traversed. It is now known positively that Egan killed his last game on the North Arm of Half Moon Lake. A deer was found at that point last night. It had apparently been killed about forty-eight hours before. The animal's throat was slit as if with a pocket knife.

Superintendent Egan's hunting party had agreed that if any member of the party became lost, he was to travel due north by the compass and this agreement, it is feared, has proven fatal to the superintendent. In the blinding snow storm which has been in progress, it is felt that he could never have reached the railroad unassisted.

B. F. Egan, in company with Dr. H. E. Houston, the Great Northern physician, and Roddy Houston, formerly of St. Paul, left here in Superintendent Egan's private car to hunt between Coran and Belton, on Tuesday. They left the car at Lake Five, sending the car to Belton and commenced hunting around Lake Five and Half Moon Lake. Dr. Houston and Mr. Egan separated about 3 o'clock. It began snowing before they separated and after the storm subsided the snow was piled up to a depth of thirty inches.

LOST—Silver fox muff. Finder please return to Nugget office.

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No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska. Good meals, good beds, good bar. Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-off at the mouth of Lost Chicken which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.

WATOONA

Nearly 100 years ago Peter Stanwix was a member of a great government exploring expedition which penetrated the wilderness of the great Northwest. Peter was a younger son of an old, aristocratic New York family. He shared the danger, the toil and the privation of the expedition from pure love of adventure. With his fellows, after three years of almost unparalleled hardship, he returned to civilization and to his old New York home.

In his later years Peter Stanwix, experienced religion. He had become a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and no service, week by week or Sunday, was missed by Peter Stanwix. People said after the church joining, "Old Peter has something on his mind." He was not a rich man, but he gave of his substance much more than the title of a tenth usually enjoined on the purse of the faithful.

Forty years passed away. Peter Stanwix lay dying. The quaint old clergyman of the Reformed Church had been with him an hour. He left the bedside, and passing into an outer room, said to old Peter's son and some of the Indians who spoke English, "Stanwix asked to see the oldest man of the tribe present in the village. They took him to the tepee of old White Eagle, whose locks were like the feathers of his bird janesake.

Stanwix smoked with the old Indian and then drew out the dog's head, and, without a word, showed it to him. A sparkling interest came into the dim eyes of the ancient warrior. "I have seen the salmon come and go ninety times, but I thought my eyes would not see this. There are few of us who know this, only a few whom the weight of many seasons has broken, and the last one of the line of Thunder Voice, who thirteen seasons before I saw the glittering light on the mountains was the great Shoshone war chief."

Stanwix drank in every word. When the old fellow hesitated for an instant he leaned forward and said: "Tell me who is this last one of the line of old Thunder Voice who knows this story." "She is watoona. Her father was a chief, his father a chief; his father was a chief and his mother, was the daughter of old Thunder Voice. Watoona has been taken by some of your people for part of the seasons for a long time. They call her Mary. She is learning their ways, but she loves her people and visits us. She is here now in the lodge of the wife of Spotted Elk. Come." Stanwix rose and followed the tottering old form which led the way. They came to the tepee of Spotted Elk's family. A girl not more than 17 years of age stood just without the entrance to the lodge. She was

dressed, partly in civilized costume and partly in the picturesque garb of the Shoshone. She turned as Stanwix and his guide approached. The surveyor looked full into the girl's face, and then for an instant he experienced a shock and felt the blood rushing into his cheeks.

"Watoona," said old White Eagle, "the stranger wishes to speak with you."

"What is it you wish, sir?" said the Indian girl in perfect English. For answer Stanwix held out the gold nugget.

The girl looked at it and became visibly excited. "At last it has come," she exclaimed. "We Indians, sir, have family traditions and we pass them down as faithfully as do the whites on their printed pages. We hold family duties as well, and they are given from father or mother to son or to daughter until the duty be done. You have brought me a nugget of gold in the shape of the head of a dog. My father told me and his father told him and his father told him and his mother told him that when a white man came with this nugget he was to be given this" and the girl slipped something from a slender chain which hung about her neck and was completely concealed by her bodice of doekin.

Stanwix held out his hand to receive the little object which the girl held. He looked at it and his senses were fairly staggered. It was a ring with an inset seal bearing the arms of the Stanwix family.

The girl saw his agitation. "Should I go to you?" she asked. "Yes," he answered. "I will tell you all I know," she said. "Some of the knowledge has died with the years during which it was to be transmitted. My father's father's father had this ring from a white man who came to this country with many armed men. She was the daughter of Thunder Voice. The white men went away, but the daughter of Thunder Voice wished him who had given her the ring to come back, for I think, and the girl lowered her eyes a little, "that she loved him. She gave him this nugget that you have, for she knew that all white men loved gold, and she said that where it was found there were hundreds and thousands like it."

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