

The Klondike Nugget

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 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.

TAXPAYERS MAY CONTROL.

The taxpayers of Dawson are in a position to take the affairs of the town into their own hands, provided they unite on a policy, and stand together in the work of carrying it out to a successful issue.

A decision against incorporation means a continuation, practically, of the same kind of local government that has been in vogue for the past two years.

During that time a fair critic must be compelled to admit that Dawson has received the benefit of careful and economical administration. Notwithstanding the fact that the Yukon council has been in no particular responsible to the community, that body, it must be confessed, has conducted the affairs of the town in a manner quite satisfactory to the majority of the taxpayers.

From the interviews published in this paper last evening, it is quite apparent that the men who hold the heaviest interests in Dawson are inclined toward the commission idea as against an elected mayor and council.

In any event the first object to be accomplished is to prevent the control of the town from falling into the hands of spoilsmen and professional agitators who have none but their own ends to serve.

Such characters have posed too long already before the community in the guise of political leaders. They should be taught a lesson now which will last for all time to come.

As noted above the entire matter is a thing for the taxpayers themselves to settle and by combined and united action that may determine once and for all that Dawson is not to be turned over bodily to the control of a few irresponsible who are in politics to use a common expression—for what there is in it.

Legitimate theatrical performances are undoubtedly a success in Dawson. The amusement-loving public of the city has signified in an unmistakable manner its approval of the conscientious effort that is being made by the

management of the Auditorium to promote high-class entertainment in the town. The Nugget hopes the good work will go on to the end that it may no longer be said in Dawson that clean, legitimate entertainment does not pay.

The grand jury at Skagway has refused to return indictments against the gambling and bawdy houses of that town, although instructed by the presiding judge to do so. Before informing the jury of his wishes the judge should have called the roll and ascertained how many of them were interested in the very institutions he desired to see closed down.

It is amusing to watch the playful exchanges of hostilities which occasionally take place between the News and the Sun. When it is remembered that both papers are practically one and the same, the joke becomes all the better. The News is able to blow hot in the morning and cold in the evening or vice versa as circumstances may require.

The idea of sending a relief party after the mail is heartily endorsed by the Nugget. At the same time it might be well to relieve the contractors of their burdensome duties altogether.

Pléads Not Guilty.

Dawson, Y. T., Dec. 13, 1901. Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—In reporting the meeting held at Pioneer hall on Wednesday evening last, you mention A. J. Gillis as one of the speakers. Now, sir, I desire to say I am not guilty. The gentleman who spoke at the above-mentioned meeting is known, I believe by the name of Ronald Gillis. I take this opportunity to call your attention to the error, as I should dislike to have my name coupled with the three-cornered meeting of Wednesday night.

Being a taxpayer in the town of Dawson I am satisfied with the present system of city government, and should certainly vote against increased taxation, which under the present existing conditions, must, of necessity, be the legitimate outcome of incorporation. Respectfully yours, A. J. GILLIS.

A Barber's Reflections.

A Birmingham barber was cutting the long, curly profusion of a young man who has some pretensions to being literary, and occasionally poses before his friends as a great genius.

With a supercilious smile and words that could be heard all over the room, the young man inquired: "I say, barber, what makes a man grow bald?"

The barber snapped his scissors open and ran the comb through his beard. "Well," he answered slowly, "if a man has got lots of brains and is a deep thinker he generally gets bald. That, they say, leads to it every time."

Several of the customers looked at the young man's luxuriant crop and smiled rather broadly. The young man, however, did not exactly see the joke. So, pretty soon, when the barber was running his fingers over the curly locks, he tempted fate again.

"I say," he asked, "do you think my hair will come out and I'll get bald?"

The man of the scissors paused reflectively, and then, in a tone as if he were delivering a judicial decision, announced: "No, I don't think you stand in any danger of getting bald."

Then the crowd laughed, and the barber looked surprised.—Ex.

Grand Old Lady.

The grand old lady of the British peerage is the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, who has just entered on her 90th year. She is the daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford, head of the great Whig house of Russell.

Queen Victoria was fond of saying that the venerable duchess put Her Majesty's own record quite in the shade, for she was mother of seven sons and seven daughters. At one time she had 63 grand-children living, and as for her great grand-children, they are past counting. Twenty-two of her descendants have been in the present war.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, dyed and repaired—both men and women's.—H. I. GOLDBERG, tailor for Hershberg.

Give the boy a fine knife for Xmas. See Shindler.

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- Ladies' Fur Mitts, \$3.00
Your Choice of Electric Seal, Grey Opposum, Wool Seal, Coon and Wombat.
Wombat Coats, \$27.50
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J. P. McLENNAN.

THE EFFECTS OF HYPNOTISM

As Practiced on Winedred by the Spanish Tutor

Caused Her to Stand That He Might Extort Her Hand in Marriage His Ruse Failed.

I doubt not that at the period of which I write Winedred Hamilton was the most beautiful girl in all London. At any rate, I thought so, and I flatter myself that I am an excellent judge of a pretty face.

It was about this time that I first made her acquaintance upon joining the household as private secretary to her guardian, Sir Jasper Anconour, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Her beauty appealed to me greatly, and before long I, like so many others, was compelled to acknowledge myself in love with her.

The five detectives crowded themselves into the room and closed the door. "A most important despatch has been stolen from that box," I continued, scarce knowing what I said.

"Where's Miss Hamilton?" I demanded from a footman with whom I had come into violent collision. "Don't know sir."

"I trust the man aside and hurried through the open door into the grounds. I called her, but no reply came, and, panting on, I quickly searched every leafy nook we had explored together.

"Where's Miss Hamilton?" I asked. "I should have thought you could have answered the question better yourself. I do not pretend to be her keeper, you do," he retorted, with a diabolical leer that made me almost fear him.

"I did not wait to handly words but rushed on, and at length found her sitting beneath a tree, her face buried in her hands. Hearing footsteps she looked up, and I saw her sweep her hands quickly across her eyes.

"What do you mean? Whatever are you talking about?" For answer I held out the broken cuff-link. "Yes, it is mine. Where did you find it?"

"In the bottom of the box from which the despatch has been stolen!" I saw her eyes flash and her breast heave passionately. A pallor crept slowly over her already pale face.

"You have stolen it," I said, simply. Through the mist that swam before my eyes I saw her sink into a seat and bury her face in her hands. Then she burst into a storm of sobs.

"You have stolen it," I repeated. "No, no, not so bad as that! For Heaven's sake, tell me, you do not mean what you say?"

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arm, I picked it up and held it to the light. Good heavens! The blood seemed to freeze in my veins and my brain whirled. It was a piece of an enamelled cuff-link, and the owner was Winedred!

"I am not afraid of you, you coward! I will go and tell them all at once, now!" "Go on, then—Only don't forget what he said about Sir Jasper. The blow will kill him! Now, for the last time, which are you going to do, marry me or ruin the country and your guardian?"

"My blood was at boiling point. Whose was the voice? I seemed to know it. My heart throbbled as I waited in suspense for her answer.

"If I promise to marry you will you return the despatch?" "After the marriage ceremony, yes." "And you will never say how it came into your possession?" "Of course not."

"Then it must be so. But know this, that one day your crime shall be revealed. Know this, too, that I loathe you and hate you, and that if I marry you it shall only be to save my guardian's life."

"Ha! a growing sentimental again, eh? I'm glad you realize that he would never believe the truth, especially as that fool, Desborough, has found such an important clue as to when the culprit is. But there is another point. I want the secret code, and you must get it—tonight!"

"I wanted to hear no more, but ran back to the house and shut myself in my study. The few words I had overheard told me the truth, and I would prove to the world that Winedred was innocent. Taking a piece of paper I scribbled out a false code, and then, entering the adjoining chamber, deposited it in the iron box. The detectives, after taking copious notes, had now gone, and Sir Jasper, coiled up in his arm-chair, watched me sceptically.

"What are you doing, Desborough?" he asked. "I want you to lock the box and give me the key. I shall remain in this room all night. Although I have not yet succeeded in getting back the despatch I hope to do so before many hours are over—that is, if you will leave the entire matter in my hands."

"You have found a clue?" he asked, eagerly. "I have found more than a clue—I have found the man," I laid emphasis on the word "man."

"Very well, Desborough, I will do as you wish, only I hope you're on the right track, that's all. Here is the key."

"Thanks. And I'm arranging for an eminent physician to be here with me. I may need his services."

"Don't do anything rash, my boy. No murder business, mind."

"Rest assured nothing shall occur, so far as I am concerned, at any rate, to bring this case into the papers. By the way, was the door of this room locked last night?"

"No." "Later in the afternoon Doctor Malton, the physician whose services I had engaged, arrived at the house and was shown into my room. In a few minutes I had sketched out my ideas on the subject, and told him briefly how I intended to act. I had seen nothing more of Winedred throughout the day, for, convinced of her innocence as I was, I sought every opportunity of not crossing her path.

Night fell, and after a game of billiards with Barnardo, Malton and myself entered Sir Jasper's study instead of going to bed. We closed the door without locking it, and sat down in the darkness to await the coming of the end.

"She will return for that code to-night, Malton," I explained. "And then we shall trap our bird."

Two hours passed, and we remained in silence listening to each other's breathing. Presently we heard a light footfall without, and the door creaked on its hinges. Standing on the threshold fully dressed, and with a key in her hand, was Winedred, and she moved slowly and ghost-like towards the iron box.

AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM

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CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Boy as a Kidnapper.

Helena, Mont., Oct. 31.—A special to the Independent from Great Falls says that late this afternoon G. W. Ryan, a prominent grocer of that city, received a note directing him to leave \$1,500 at a certain point, as a ransom for his 6-year-old son. Unless the demand was complied with by 9:30 the threat was made that one piece of glass would be rammed into the child's eyes, and his hands cut off. The police were notified, and a search made for the boy and the kidnapper. About 6 o'clock the child walked into his father's store, gagged and crying, but otherwise unharmed. He said he had been kidnapped shortly after school by a boy named Southwick, who had first taken him to his home, and afterward to a spot he could not locate.

The Southwick boy was soon found and arrested. He is about 12 years old, and at first declared that he had been told to steal the Ryan boy and write and deliver the note by two men. Afterwards he confessed that he had taken his own volition, and that he had no accomplices. He expressed no repentance, and said: "I would have hit the old man for \$8,000, if I had thought he would have stood for it." He refused to tell where he had the child secured, or how the boy got away. Ryan is too nervous and scared to tell a connected story of his escape.

Ted—How did he come out of the dilemma regarding those two girls? Ned—He decided to love the poor one and marry the rich one.

Shot, the Dawson dog doctor, Pioneer drug store.

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The Yukon Song

The Nugget. It was told by a blue blue dog—in a shining blue on the white pillow, a blue in a nice late afternoon. Capt. Reed had only back from a long visit from of China, from where he brought home a great things, and as this had taken his own time, he showed it to every one and finally placed it on a table where he went to bed, lay staring at it as if the bright moonlight wanted to finish a story.

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