

AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM

Ralph E. Cummings and Auditorium Stock Company... Week Monday June 13

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

Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901 - Week Days Only... FOR GOLD REX AND CARIBOU

WINE, LIQUORS & CIGARS

Hot and cold lunch at the Saloon... WE Sell Light and Power... CABIN FATES

Bawson Electric Light and Power... FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS... Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON... The Northwestern Line... Chicago And All Eastern Points

The Great Northern "FLYER" LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments... For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

The Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers... "Dolphin" - "Farallon" - "Dirigo"

For All Points in Southeastern Alaska... Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railroad for Dawson and interior Yukon points.

General Offices... 201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

TRAVEL IS INCREASING

Mushers Arriving From Forty-miles Meet Many People.

James Conley, an old Butte miner, well known throughout Montana, arrived yesterday afternoon from Forty-miles, two days out on the trail.

Mr. Conley has been working this winter on Jack Wade creek and is very well satisfied with the results so far obtained.

PLEASANT EVENING

Complimentary Ball Last Night a Big Success.

The members of the Arctic Brotherhood were the hosts last night at a dance given in the A. B. hall to their many friends, and as entertainers the camp has added another event to its list of successes.

WILL SPIEL IN KOYUKUK

Frank Gardner Leaves Today for Down River Mecca.

Frank Gardner, the well-known dancehall manager and speller, left this morning for the Koyukuk, believing that there will be a great rush to that country later on and that it will be wise to get in on the ground floor.

MASON'S GOOD WORK

His Turn on the Bars at the Auditorium Very Clever.

What is lacking in "Too Much Johnson," which has held the boards at the Auditorium this week, is compensated for by the exceptionally fine parlor work of Clarence Mason, by far the most difficult and cleverly executed performance of the kind ever witnessed in Dawson.

Presbyterian Church. Presbyterian Church.—The following special music will be rendered at the above church at tomorrow evening's service: "Sweet Sabbath Eve," an unaccompanied male quartette by J. Al Parkes, will be sung by Messrs. McLeod, Allen, Miller and Bozorth, and the choir will sing Sullivan's anthem entitled, "Hearken Unto Me, My People."

Goldberg. He cleans, presses and repairs my clothes at Hersberg's.

BARGAINS IN WASH GOODS!

25 pieces Foulards, Zephyrs Silk Stripe Gingham, etc., former price 35 to 50 cents, your choice

25c Per Yard. J. P. MOLEMAN, 233 FRONT STREET

JOHN R. KEENING'S XMAS HIS MONEY BROUGHT TO HIM NO PLEASURE.

He Was a Hard, Cold Business Man But His Conscience Would Not Be Stilled.

"Putting up a bluff" is an expressive phrase, even though it be slang. This is what Boomville was doing. It was "putting up a bluff" that it was a city, whereas all the neighboring towns knew it was merely a large village—and they said so with contempt and sarcasm.

John R. Keening had a smooth-shaven, vulpine face—a poker-face, expressionless and inscrutable. At first sight he seemed extremely youthful, but his worn, thin countenance was as old as the Sphinx, and as unreadable.

In the hall Keening encountered his janitor, Mike Kavanah, a war veteran with an empty sleeve pinned to his breast. Kavanah had more than once shown he was a brave man, but he was palpably afraid of his employer, whose eyes and cold steel riveted him to the spot where he had evidently been lying in wait intent upon saying something. And if Mike dare not say it, no man in the building would do so.

"Mr. Keening, sir, I bespeak yer luv for a world wid ye. It's the season of the year, sur, when one man may talk wid another more free like than perhaps—"

"The 24th of December. What privilege does that date confer?"

"'Thru for ye. The 24th it is, sur, an' eight o'clock or a fine frosty mornin' sur. And the very yarmack that makes this the 24th, will give us Christmas tomorrow, if there's any luck in the calendar, sur, sa be that same token I make bold to—"

Keening saw through the design in a moment. An attempt was to be made, using the played-out sentimentality of the play on him of some sort, to get something for nothing; to play upon a supposed weakness. Keening was disappointed. He thought his employees ought to know him better than that by this time, for he had not the slightest doubt that the attack was concerted, Kavanah, a simple-minded, good-hearted man being put forward to take the brunt of whatever resentment might ensue. Keening interrupted his monition.

"One moment, Kavanah. Do the others upstairs know of this?" "They do, sur." "You perhaps talked it over together, and they thought I was to be persuaded into a certain course of action that would be very gratifying to them?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, sur, that was about the way of it." "Precisely. And then none of them had the courage to approach me, so they got you to be their mouthpiece?"

"Indeed, sur. I've faced the guns before, an' there's nobody but meself at fault if what I say is offensive to ye. 'If none of yees like to, I'll lackle the boss meself," I says, 'but he understands in the medicine trade, an' he has a heart in him if ye can only find it," I says."

"Your flattery is excessive, Kavanah, and therefore ineffective. Still, it may be some evidence of my latent heart that I am going to answer them direct and visit no resentment on their foolish spokesman. Come upstairs."

The janitor followed his chief, feeling that somehow he had bungled his embassy. Keening, with rigid formality, requested the attention of those in his employment. His quick, searching eye found the complement one short.

"Where is Rogers?" he asked. Rogers was the office boy. "He was rather ill yesterday, sir, a bad cough, and I told him he could stay home today," replied the manager.

"Are the pay envelopes made out?" "Yes, sir."

"You have deducted twenty-five cents from Rogers' envelope, of course?" "Well, sir—really—I thought you wouldn't mind—" "Quite so. Deduct it at once, and if you feel that this is harsh supply the extra money yourself. There is no particular reason it should come out of my pocket, is there?" "I suppose not, sir."

"None that I can see. Now, Kavanah here, at the instigation of all of you, began a rignmarole about Christmas, to which I have not time to listen. Kavanah says tomorrow is Christmas; I say it is a holiday. Very well; the office will be empty tomorrow except for one man. I shall be at my desk as usual. I trust you will all be enjoying yourselves and I know I shall. You don't need to thank me for the day; you get it because it is a legal holiday. On the other hand, I have nothing to thank you for. You work for me simply because you get higher wages and steadier employment than you can obtain elsewhere. Any one of you would leave me the moment he got a better offer, and quite right. There are no mutual obligations, and our relations are on a strictly business footing. I propose to keep them so, and the next man who approaches me with any nonsense about Christmas I shall discharge on the spot."

John R. Keening went through to his own room, leaving a dense and somewhat gloomy silence behind him. The employees looked at each other, but no one spoke, and the disgruntled Kavanah stole quietly down stairs. Although Keening was rather pleased with himself over his clear enunciation of principle his elation was short-lived. He was not feeling well, and he had difficulty in concentrating his attention upon anything. Trivialities annoyed him, and the new office boy proved a fool, frightened of his boss, and blundering with weird and amazing originality.

When the manager brought in the money of the day, Keening sat there looking at it in a way that filled the chief of staff with foreboding; yet, remembering the prohibition of the morning, he dared not even advise the ailing man to seek a physician—Keening always handled the money himself, allowing no employes of his the final touch of it. Here it lay, bundles of ten-dollar bills, of fives, of twos, of ones, all neatly piled together with rubber bands. Cheques were in separate packets. Everything methodical, exact, and there before him was the statement of it. He realized vaguely that he was expected to do something with the cash. It should be put in the safe or in the bank, or elsewhere, but its precise destination he could not recollect, and a lingering remnant of his old self kept him from seeking a solution of the problem from his manager. As he thought of the manager he noticed that individual standing by the desk, and had a dim idea that the man was speaking to him.

"What did you say?" asked Keening. "Anything else tonight, sir?" "I don't think so. You ought to know. What do I hire you for? I have enough to bother me right here without you asking me stupid questions."

"Yes, sir. Good-night, sir." Keening made no reply but sat there alone in his office. The lamps had been lighted before the manager left for the day, yet they burnt with a flickering blur that was most disconcerting to the bewildered man. A laugh at his elbow startled him, and looking round he saw Rogers, the office boy, standing there with a face ghostly pale, made the more sinister by the incongruous grin that overspread it.

"Merry Christmas, sir," said the boy. "This is December 24th," faltered Keening, not liking the situation in the least, resenting the familiarity of the lad, yet unable to formulate his displeasure in words. He suspected he was losing his grip on life, that the circumstances were uncanny. His visitor should not be there; nevertheless he was.

"Look at the clock. It's Christmas morning," cried the boy, laughing. "You're a hard man, Mr. Keening. You've brought me a Christmas present. Not that that for a fellow down with pneumonia, is it?" and Rogers placed on the desk a little canted lozenge.

Keening helplessly put the lozenge on his tongue, and it dissolved with a sweetish non-committal taste. But as the lozenge melted away so did its giver, leaving the manufacturer once more alone. And now he regretted his absorption of the tasteless concoction. If sweet to the taste its after-effects caused agony enough, and he feebly moaned that he was poisoned.

The next who came in was a pallid young woman, whom he vaguely remembered to have seen somewhere but when she spoke he remembered with greater certainty. "My husband had his hand torn off by the uncovered belt of your mixing machine. Everyone in town has helped us and sympathized with us, but you, who were the cause of it all."

"I was not legally responsible," he urged faintly. "It was the man's own carelessness." "You are a disgrace to your kind," she went on, unbending. "The brutes of the field are more generous. Here is a Christmas present for you."

With that she too placed a lozenge before him. He shrieked out that he would not take it; but the woman smiled scornfully upon him. "I shall remain forever at your elbow if you do not take it." So at last he dissolved lozenge and vision together.

Thus the grim procession went on, one following another, all accusing, each leaving the victim worse than he leaving him. At last the manager came in, and to him Keening appealed. What was this fearful stuff he had to swallow? When was the persecution to cease? "It is a very simple matter," said the manager, smiling maliciously. "We have all been compounding it since midnight set in. I will make up mine here so you may see the operation. I take this crucible and heat it with Hatred. The same is hotter than hydrogen, and they tell me it's the fuel they use in Hades. This vile-smelling stuff is Uncharitableness. It melts quickly. This black adamantite stone is Hardness of Heart; that takes longer to disintegrate. All these are the various bad qualities you possess, and we make a disgusting paste of the lot by mixing in your Courtesy, your Honesty, your Integrity, so that there is a certain sweetness to the tongue. But inside it is a perilous position before we get through with you. Swallow this while it's hot."

Keening must be his chief customer if he were to succeed. He struck at the root of things, and endeavored to get the confidence of the physicians—a highly-educated set of men with consciences. If they failed him, he would appeal to Caesar through the advertising columns of the newspapers, supposing he could get the cash or earn the credit necessary for that purpose. At first, in a single room, he compounded his drugs with his own hand, testing, experimenting, improving. Many a night he sat at his desk until day broke, writing terse letters to unknown physicians whose addresses he got from the medical directory. Often at the end of his resources, he was never discouraged, having supreme faith in his idea. Inquiries dropped in from the most unexpected quarters; a request for a sample from Texas; a slight order from California; and the enlightened postal service of the United States stood his friend, his unerring messenger boy. He swore he would make the drug stores come to him—and they did; slowly, reluctantly, no matter what the standing or despotic power of the customer demanding them. He was resolved, his business methods were as honest as his chemicals, which caused some grumbling and dissatisfaction; but he was an inflexible man, as they soon discovered who dealt with him.

It had been a hard, wearing struggle, but now there was the three-story brick block in Main street, and a busy frame factory on the outskirts of the town. Keening was the chief customer of the printing office, the bookmaker, the paper dealer, the acknowledged enterprising element of the place, friendless, unloved and caring nothing for popularity; but a man whose word was as good as refined gold, who kept his contracts to the letter, not a point beyond, and was pitiless to those who failed, accepting no excuse. This was the man who approached the edifice named for him with a nervous tread, and a pain in his brow that no medicine in his list could cure.

In the hall Keening encountered his janitor, Mike Kavanah, a war veteran with an empty sleeve pinned to his breast. Kavanah had more than once shown he was a brave man, but he was palpably afraid of his employer, whose eyes and cold steel riveted him to the spot where he had evidently been lying in wait intent upon saying something. And if Mike dare not say it, no man in the building would do so.

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 19 (DAWSON) P.O. BOX 19 (DAWSON) PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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NOTICE

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a peculiar admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers, a circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

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

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"Too Much Johnson."

ENCOURAGING NEWS. One of the most important items of news that has been published in Dawson for many days was given exclusively in the Nugget yesterday in connection with the Bonanza railroad.

Briefly stated, Mr. Thos. O'Brien, one of the owners of the road, is in receipt of a telegram announcing that a contract has been entered into by which the control of the road passes to Mr. E. C. Hawkins, late manager of the White Pass & Yukon route.

Mr. Hawkins is now en route to Dawson and it is stated that the actual work of construction will be undertaken immediately upon his arrival. In addition to the fact that the building of the proposed road will furnish immediate employment to a large number of men there are other benefits which will accrue—some of which have been noted before in these columns.

That it will serve to lessen the cost of operating a claim in the district which it will cover may be accepted without discussion and the further fact may be relied upon that low grade ground now lying idle will admit of development at a profit just as soon as the road is completed.

Another factor in the situation, and one which is entitled to much consideration, is the fact which such an enterprise will have upon idle capital which is looking for investment.

The knowledge that a good many thousands of dollars will be expended in the work of building a railroad in the heart of the Klondike mining district will stimulate investors to renewed confidence in the splendid resources of this territory.

They will awaken to the fact that there are good returns to be made from all capital that is invested here in legitimate enterprise, and encouragement will be given to some who have hesitated to place their money by reason of a fear that the camp has not been established on a permanent basis.

The Nugget welcomes the news that the railroad will be constructed as one of the number of signs which point toward an era of greater and better things for this territory.

Different people and different newspapers have varying ideas as to the amenities and courtesies of life. The articles which have appeared in the columns of our contemporaries concerning the incoming U. S. consul may be accordance with fact and may be contrary thereto—the Nugget does not know. In either case, if the papers concerned can justify their position in the matter there are a good many people in Dawson who would like to have them do it.

Any man in Dawson who is able to keep thoroughly in touch with political developments, possesses a depth of insight which is entirely over and above that of common ordinary humanity. The kaleidoscopic changes which occur from day to day are so frequent and varied that it is distinctly a task to keep in touch with them.

Revival Meeting. Messrs. Mabon and Roper will conduct a special revival meeting at the Salvation Army barracks tonight. All are heartily invited to attend. The service will commence at 8 o'clock.

All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

The

CHAPTER

Lily Grey window of the home; she bit clothes around smiting—"Pre to the waxen roses all about in the air—pleasant to the ant to the rolling of pleasant, who sat knitting this red stocking that winter came, and

Many cat, dog, that blinking and Mat was sprag near Lil, spragging eye and eyes in pages of a before him; he had had vision of the "and high love" it was fabled days

"I say, I take stop low to listen Tearing Eye. How I would cry, Tomp Thomas Tib over his arm "But you quiet" and Lily yawned "Sleepy" the Knight As Mat was which was still staring only wish I ago; talk worth, I poking every

Lily looked doring eyes, those times to think of last have to lady and brand digned a bit in shining gold. My pile at name about knight had actor. Sir Matthew de Knight of Lily's eye. "The Pippin (the "Don't o brother, said "the worst stupid—old very stupid "I didn't "No, of eve" did baby states able and w stay all con those soon the trumpet while heads "my track "Oh, don would the how take cradle."

But Mat (the small to his-obje "It would live when, could stay "my good and bur h From him' while the the, ready to be a wreat meet all new were where."

How Mat look, and Lily's treat and to patient little ways, I was with notion of to tell her then, you wishdom get in com the Lily the re the a li look with again "Can't laugh at

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