The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
GEORGE M. ALLEN .....Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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NOTICE.

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

LETTERS

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

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 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.

GOVERNING THE FILIPINOS.

The Filipino rebellion is quieting down. With the capture of Aguinaldo organized resistance practically came to an end and since that time the American forces have been concerned chiefly in establishing civil government and in endeavoring to bring to the minds of the natives a knowledge of the benefits to which they will be entitled when representative government is once established.

Uncle Sam is profiting, however, by the experience of Great Britain and other powers which have sought to confer upon primitive races the benefits of free institutions. Already it is well understood by the American government that progress cannot be made as rapidly as might be desirable.

The Filipinos must first be brought to a point where thay will be able to understand the responsibilities as well as the privileges which they are to enjoy under self-government before they can safely be entrusted to manage their own affairs.

It is not surprising that after several centuries of Spanish rule, the Filipinos are at a low ebb both morally and intellectually. The purpose of Spanish rule was to subjugate the governed entirely to the will of the governor. Hence efforts at educating the natives were discouraged and superstitious ideas freely inculcated.

These evil influences must be combatted and overcome. Education must be spread over the islands, and the people brought to a knowledge of their rights, privileges and responsibilities under modern systems of government.

The first step toward the attainment of this purpose has been the establishment of public schools. A large number of American teachers have already been sent to the islands and more will follow as they are required.

From this beginning it is expected that such an influence may be exerted upon the younger generation that in the course of a few years, the people may begin to be entrusted with the administration of their own civil affairs.

The work will necessarily be slow but the method which is being pursued is a guarantee of ultimate success.

Cecil Rhodes, who is probably entitled to more credit than any other individual for the power now held by Great Britain in South Africa, is a very sick man. In addition, Rhodes is now the victim of many malignant attacks upon himself and his work as a public man. A century or two hence Cecil Rhodes will be defined as one of the greatest of British Empire builders. Just now he is in the dumps because some of his schemes combat those of other people. A great man never receives his just dues until he has been dead a long time.

On the 5th day of November, 1898, a number of people crossed the river to West Dawson on the ice. When the same feat will be possible this year is a matter of uncertainty. The whims of the Yukon are so variable that it is unsafe to predict what the river will do.

The incorporation question will soon become a very live issue. An ordinance is now under course of preparation which will probably be submitted to the council at the meeting of that body, which will occur during the early part of December. The advsability of forming a municipality at this time will depend largely upon the terms in which the ordinance is drawn. The matter can not be properly be discussed, however, until the document itself is before the people.

The King's birthday will occur on the 9th of the present month. It is unfortunate that the severe character of our winter climate forbids the celebration of the event with outdoor sports. Dawson has never missed celebrating the Queen's birthday since 1898, and each year the festivities have been carried out on a larger scale than previously. Did not climatic conditions forbid, an equally elaborate celebration would undoubtedly occur on the occasion of the King's birthday.

The Sun felicitates itself upon the fact that it is the only newspaper in Dawson which did not enter a protest with the board of equalization. In view of the fact that there is very little left of the Sun excepting its "pull" which enables it to retain the government printing, our contemporary's reason for not protesting against the assessment is at once apparent. If taxes were levied upon "grafts" as well as property the Sun would not view the matter with such equanimity.

The free library concerts have started out under most auspicious circumstances. These entertainments formed a prominent feature of Dawson social life last winter and bid fair to prove even more enjoyable during the coming season. The Nugget hopes to see the concerts well supported.

It is about time that the mad dog question should again come into prominence. With small-pox stamped out and no signs of hydrophobia appearing among dogs, the present winter will certainly be rather prosaic.

Southern Officers for the Whites.

Charleston, (S. C.), October 6. — The determination of President Roosevelt's administration to eliminate the negroes from Republican politics in South Carolina and the South was shown today by the announcement that John G. Capers had been appointed a member of the National Republican Committee, defeating Candidate Deas, a negro, who was strongly endorsed by state leaders. While the President had no connection with the appointment, which was made by Senator Hanna, the National Chairman, it was in accordance with the wishes of the former to leave negroes out.

Deas is Chairman of the State Republican Committee. He is seeking the office of Collector of Internal Revenue, but it has been announced from Washington that L. W. C. Blalock, who is supported by Senator McLaurin, will get the office.

Senator McLaurin is engineering the new Republican movement in this state, though he publicly claims to be still in the Democratic ranks. He has urged the President and Senator Hanna to leave the negro out of the question in making Federal appointments and it seems practically settled that this course will be followed without deviation.

Capers, named on the National Committee today, was a life-long Democrat, but joined the Republican party very recently.

For Sifting Sand.

In police court this morning a man named Oliver had a case against the Electric Light and Power Co. for $20, alleged to be due for preparing sand to be used in the construction of a concrete wall, but which was never used. As the arrangement for the labor was made between Oliver and manager Williams, and as the latter is now on the outside, action in the case was adjourned until his return.

Their New Home.

Since the burning of the Hotel Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Chisholm, Sr., have taken up their abode in the residence of Rev. Father Gendreau, recently vacated by Commissioner Ross.

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All sizes of Fire Proof Safes for sale here on the installment plan if desired.

Col. Chas. Reichenback, Proprietor. Walter M. Reichenbach Manager.

CARDS LEFT FOR POSTERITY

The Writing of Them Opened Two Pairs of Eyes

To the Fact Their Owners Thought They Had Better Inform Posterity of Their Engagement.

They were dancing Sir Roger de Coverly at the Century Ball. The blaze of the lights in the great auditorium had been turned low and the calcium was shedding changing greens and violets, pinks and golds upon the dancers.

Janet Hurston looked as quaint and simple and charming as her name. She was a little body, with the stately carriage of a six-footer. Her hair was piled high on her head and powered to a seventeenth century whiteness, with diamond dust adding to its splendor. She wore a queer, stiff, long-stayed gown that Harry Hilton said "wasted lots of good silk" and "swept as far before her as aft." Hilton had his youthful fun and impetuosity behind the gravity of an Addisonian scholar.

"You look pretty, in spite of those fol-de-rol duds," he said, as they promenaded in a flood of violet.

"Your frankness in engaging," she said, loftily. "I'm sorry I can't say as much of you. You look perfectly ridiculous in that rig."

He bore her scorn meekly, as they trod a measure in rose-colored light.

As they emerged into a ghastly green and pirouetted in gingerly fashion to avoid danger to life and limb on the shining floor, he dared to offer another compliment.

"The title of the Kelcey-Shannon play fits you like a glove," he remarked.

"What is it?" she asked, laconically.

"My Lady Dainty," he said with a deep Roger de Coverly bow.

"Thank you; but please compliment the other girls that you haven't grown up with. It's as stupid as being complimented by your brother."

Here Harry stumbled, and nothing but chagrin appeared upon his powdered face.

He watched her dance the German figure, in which the dancers ran about the floor like restive colts, driven by broad, rainbow colored ribbons. He chewed his mustache, when he forgot it was powdered, and privately informed himself that Seth Watson, who was her partner, was the most ungainly and familiar wretch he had ever seen.

The minuet followed and Alice Colburn, the big, stately brunette, scolded him because he forgot the changes in the figure.

"Where are your thoughts?" she demanded. "Oh, I see," she said, following the eyes to the golden spot where Janet Hurston was curtesying roughishly to her partner, Alice Colburn's fiance.

"Don't look so savage, Harry," said Alice, her black eyes softening. "I trust Tom and Janet means nothing."

They closed the dance in a deep blue bow that brought them near the floor. As he had led her to a seat, Alice said, in a low voice, "And she won't be so tantalizing after you are engaged. Janet is in training for a demure little matron."

Some one announced in a louder voice that before going to supper everyone present might write some sentiment which should be sealed and placed in a box that would not be opened for another century.

"It will be your message to posterity, for you won't be here when it is opened," was the announcement.

A bit of a hand was laid upon the Addisonian scholar's sleeve.

"Run, Harry, and get two of those lovely cards—a pink and a blue. I have a plan. Run and get them before they are all taken."

He was back in a moment with dainty cards of blue and pink, with the inscription in gilded letters, "To the young people of 2001."

Janet gave a little laugh of delight when she saw them.

"Now, let us each write a verse and tie the two together. We'll make the young people of 2001 think they have fallen upon a romance," she said, dimpling exquisitely even under the half dozen coats of what Harry called "that damnable powder."

"Now, where's your fountain pen?" she said; "and what shall we write?"

"You are so fond of the Rubaiyat," he suggested.

"Delightful!" she exclaimed. "Let me see. Oh, yes! Now write on this," handing him the pink card. She dictated:

Ah, fill the cup; what boot it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet!
Unborn tomorrows and dead yesterdays,
Why fret about them if today be sweet?

"And now on this," handing him the blue card:

Yet, ah, that Spring should vanish with the rose!
That Youth's sweet scented manuscript should close.
The nightingale that in the garden sang
Ah, where and whither flown again—who knows?

"Isn't it a joke?" Janet giggled, tying the cards together with a knot of blue taken from the laces of her quaint gown.

"I—I don't know."

She looked at him with wide, disappointed eyes.

"Harry, I thought you would enjoy the joke."

"I do—but I'll tell you, let's make it real."

"Wh—what—do you mean?"

"Let's really be engaged."

"But — Harry. Why, I never thought of such a thing. We've always known each other—we—

"But can't you get used to the thought, Janet? Listen, the clock will strike in another minute. The new century is coming in. There it is beginning. Tell me, Janet," he pleaded.

She looked down at the toe of her blue satin slipped.

"One—two—three," the clock struck, "four—five—six—"

"Janet," he whispered.

She looked up at him with grave, sweet eyes.

"Wait," she said.

"Seven—eight—nine—ten—"

She moved a little closer to him.

"Eleven—twelve."

She raised her eyes again and smiled.

"I wish you a right joyous new century, Sir Knight of the Library," she said, courtesying at his feet.

Harry Hilton, who had "grown up with her," understood. He snatched his card from its case, and beneath his name, "Harry Hilton, Attorney-at-Law," wrote his message to posterity: "It's all right. We're engaged."

ADA PATTERSON.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

One of Jefferson's Stories.

"One of the many laughable incidents of a more or less recent tour in the West," said dear old Joe Jefferson, "took place at Gray's End, Mo. You probably don't know the place, and couldn't find it on the map. All the same, the people thereabout are very good friends of mine, and what is more invariably make an eminently respectable showing at the box office, which increases my regard for them. Now the operahouse at the 'End' began life as a big barn. As is the custom in that section, of the state, the building is raised on pillars, some three or four feet. This, in its barny days, was to prevent its contents from being harmed during the annual spring overflow of the adjacent river.

"Well, on the occasion of which I speak we reached the town early in the day. Illness had depleted the ranks of my supers and I found that I needed at least a half dozen more men in the Catskill scene of 'Rip Van Winkle.' But I couldn't get any of the local talent to help me. They either wanted to see the show from the front, or were shy of making a professional debut. Finally I appealed to the sheriff of the county, a very excellent person, who, I verily believe slept with a small arsenal buckled around him. 'You shall have all the boys you want,' said he, 'or'— I don't know what the 'or' implied, but I do know that, an hour or so later, he appeared with several strapping young fellows on whom he kept a strenuous eye. He also offered to himself become one of 'Hendrick Hudson's' ghostly crew, which suggestion I gladly accepted.

"The curtain finally rose, and my volunteers acquitted themselves nobly. It had been with some difficulty that I had persuaded the sheriff to doff his guns, but he finally consented to do so, with the proviso that they were to be kept habdy at the wings. All went swimmingly until 'Rip's' return home after his long sleep. In the midst of one of the most pathetic situations in this scene there came, from beneath the theater, the strident squeals of razor-back hogs, fighting for a choice morsel. The audience tittered. I continued, but then was heard a volleying chorus of grunts, squeals and screams, that told of a general engagement in the space beneath the floor.

"The sheriff, who was standing at the wings, hissed, in a stage whisper: 'All right Mr. Jeffefson, I'll mak the pesky critters quit.' He grabbed his pistols and disappeared. A few seconds later there came a muffled bang! bang! bang! followed by the agonized howls of the wounded pigs. I stopped. I just had to. Fortunately the spectators did not laugh. It was a familiar sound to them and they remained impassive. The sheriff reappeared, and then the play ran its course without further interruption. We had fresh pork chops for breakfast next day, but I'll never forget that night."—Success.

Aged Prisoner Escapes.

Walla Walla, Oct. 16.—John Thompson, aged 70 years, charged with selling liquor to Indians at North Yakima, escaped today. He was ailing and was taken to a hospital, where the disease was said to be cancer of the stomach. He evaded the attendants and escaped this morning, being gone several minutes before he was missed. Officers have been searching all day, but no clew has been found.

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HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

Schley's Last Battle.

Washington, October 8. — Admiral Schley passed the last hours of his active career as a naval officer today in fighting a battle such as he never has been called upon to fight before. It was a battle involving both his efficiency as an officer and his honor as a aman. It was a battle imposed on him by the Navy Department which he has served for so many years.

Tomorrow he will go on the retired list of the navy, but the battle will continue until he is either acquitted of the dishonorable acts charged against him or until he is convicted of cowardice in the face of an inferior foe.

The prosecution of the Shhley inquiry is nearing an end. From the testimony so far it is difficult to see how Admiral Schley can be convicted upon any of the counts of the precept prepared against him with such care by the Navy Department.

FOUND—Brown and white water spaniel. Came to cabin about Oct. 20. Owner can have same by calling at No. 8 Gay gulch and paying for advertisement.

AMUSEMENTS

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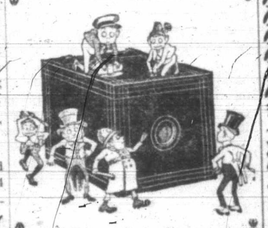

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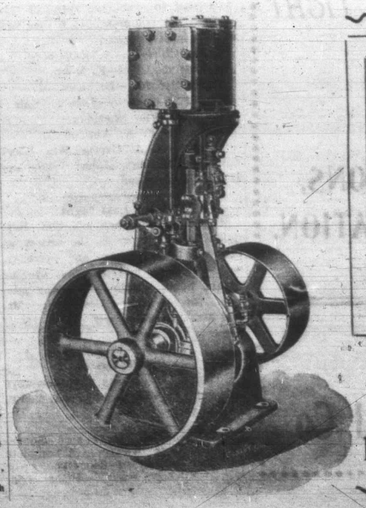

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.
C. H. WELLS, W. M.
J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

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