

The Klondike Nugget

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morning and find the community dominated by professional agitators and mischief makers.

A Skagway newspaper complains that the mounted police have taken a crazy man to Skagway and turned him loose. Skagway is a chronic kicker.

AGAINST THE MILITARY

Lawyer Corcoran of Nome, Says Money Was Accepted.

San Francisco, Nov. 5.—M. J. Corcoran was introduced by the respondents in the Nome contempt cases today to testify in their behalf.

LETTERS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 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.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

TIMBER SUPPLY.

Fears have been expressed at various times that the supply of timber available for the Dawson market will not last for any number of years. This fear has been grounded partially upon the fact that immense bodies of timber are annually destroyed by fire.

The witness claimed to have practiced as an attorney in mining camps for twenty-four years. He testified that while he had been granted a one-third interest in claims extending along Anvil creek for a distance of two and one-half miles.

Late Pence was called as a witness in rebuttal by the amicus curiae, and testified that he was with the attorneys who visited Maj. Van Orsdale after the arrival of the writs, and demanded that the military assist in their enforcement.

The Seattle P-I is greatly agitated over the origin and use of the word "electrocuted." The word is described in a late dictionary as "a vulgar, newspaper coinage."

We were in Paris in 1874—had gone there to spend the season, and it was towards the end of our stay I perceived that Sir Richard had been in the city. He had been in the city for some time, but I did not know his name.

The resignation of Chief Stewart from the fire department recalls the fact that the resignations of all the men in the department were filed some time ago. At that time the Nugget urged upon the council the necessity of reorganizing the entire department.

Well, he did not appear at all. I went out to the next morning, and I at once went and put the police in possession of the facts. All particulars of Sir Richard's dress, habits, etc., were noted, and the authorities, not forgetting that he was a rich man, promised to do their utmost.

Our good neighbor the Sun extends the olive branch of peace and softly murmurs a hope that the newspapers of Dawson will be able, hereafter, to get along without quarreling with each other.

The sixpence was duly handed over with the question: "Now, what does your employer put in the milk?" "Why," said the boy, with a cunning smile, "the put's the measure in every time he tak's any out."—Ex.

As usual the chronic talkers and agitators were to the front at last night's meeting and the men who pay the bills remained by their comfortable firesides.

At \$5, \$7.50, \$10 Up. ...SILK SKIRTS... AT VERY LOW PRICES.

J. P. McLENNAN... 253 FRONT STREET



A Yukon Song.

THE GOLDEN BOWL OPIUM DEN

And the Purposes to Which the Spiked Room Was Put.

It Contained the Secret of the Loss of Sir Richard Neville Wearing an Empty Stevie.

I have often been asked how it came about that Sir Richard Neville possessed but one arm during the last twenty years of his life.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Sir Richard must have noticed the unhealthy appearance of his face, which was attributable to the fact that he was an excessive consumer of opium.

One morning he did not make his appearance at the breakfast table, and though I was rather surprised at this I did not make inquiries.

Knowing the firm hold his weakness had taken upon him I began to fear that he had by some means got into one of the opium dens which at that time abounded in Paris.

The next two days I heard nothing of Sir Richard—the police had discovered nothing, although everything that was possible had been done.

On the third day after his disappearance I found myself in one of the lowest neighborhoods of Paris, outside the "Golden Bowl," one of the most notorious of Paris dens.

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The Nugget this year proposes to offer fifty dollars for a song. This Yukon territory, in the growth and prosperity of which every inhabitant takes the very deepest interest.

We therefore invite every poet in the territory in whom the divine spark has been planted to call upon the muse and compete for the prize.

He then described as well as he could remember the appearance of the man, which tallied exactly with Sir Richard's. I took my departure, determined to see the inside of the den.

It was a complete blank; he could remember nothing that had happened on the previous day. He could remember my coming into the big room and the struggle, but beyond that he remembered nothing.

I moved before I was seized from behind, my arms were bound to my sides, my legs tied together, the ropes binding my feet to the grating were cut.

At the rate at which I judged it to be moving I reckoned it would take about five hours and a half before I should be impaled upon the murderous spikes.

The room, or rather cellar, in which I found myself was, I should imagine, a sort of lumber room; it was half full of rubbish, and standing round me were three men, one of them an evil looking Frenchman.

I explained the situation to him, also my plan. His sleep had done him good, and now fully realized the peril we were in. We must remove sufficient bricks and spires to make a cavity in the ceiling to contain us both.

I was startled, but he explained the situation to him, also my plan. His sleep had done him good, and now fully realized the peril we were in.

Nothing fresh happened, however, and with frenzied hands I tore the bricks from the ceiling.

At last I considered that the hole was large enough for our purpose; it was about 4 1/2 feet square, or rather longer than broad.

I then sat up and talked matters over with Sir Richard. We had been talking for about twenty minutes when a key was inserted in the lock.

At this moment a most unfortunate accident occurred. The door, directly he let go his hold, started to swing back with the key outside.

I tore off my braces and found the semi-conscious keeper. I then asked him which he would prefer: like Jaek to have a spike driven through his miserable head.

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