

The Klondike Nugget

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1901.

NO FEAR.

Volunteer military forces often prove unsatisfactory. Men with absolutely no knowledge of what is involved in the life of a soldier in the field will frequently offer their services, impelled so to do by a sudden wave of enthusiasm, or some other similar cause.

The case is vastly different with the members of the N. W. M. P. From long and hard service on the frontier they are thoroughly acquainted with all the details of active service and understand perfectly well the nature of the work which will be expected of them in case they go to the front.

In view of these facts the enthusiastic response which has been made by the police to the recent call for volunteers for South Africa constitutes an exhibition of loyalty rarely excelled. As long as Britain is able to recruit her armies from such bodies of men as the Northwest Mounted police there need be no fear expressed for the future integrity of the empire.

A ROUGH COUNTRY.

It has been announced by Superintendent Crean of the Dominion telegraph system that construction of the through line via Quesnelle will be renewed at an early date. It is anticipated that the line will be completed not later than May 10, at which time communication from Dawson to Vancouver will be permanently established.

A guessing contest on the question of Commissioner Ogilvie's successor is now in order. The report from Ottawa that Mr. J. H. Ross is to be the man has not been received with general credence. In this as in other matters emanating from the federal capital, we shall know when we receive official advice and not before.

The ceremonies attending the opening of the first parliament in the reign of England's new king were conducted upon a most magnificent scale. Judged from our late telegraphic reports a

more dazzling pageant has rarely been witnessed.

Tom Had a Funeral.

After dinner as we sat on the veranda of the hotel an old man came up the steps from the street and said:

"Gentlemen, maybe you'd like to walk up the street a few rods and show up at Tom Jackson's funeral. I've sent up the road for a preacher, and his wife has combed her hair and put on her shoes, and if you'll drap in fur half an hour it'll be beginin the show a good send off."

There were four of us, all strangers to the little Arkansas town, and as we had nothing to do that afternoon we decided to go. We therefore followed the old man up the street to shackety old cabin and were met at the door by a middle-aged, slatternly woman, who said: "It's powerful kind of you to drap in. Take cheers and squat."

In a few minutes the preacher arrived. There were about ten of us in the room altogether, while a cart waited at the gate to convey the body to its last resting place. Pretty soon the preacher stood up, cleared his throat and began:

"Another member of our circle has fallen by the wayside in the journey of life."

"Scuse me, elder," observed the wife, "but you've hit it dead wrong right at the start. Tom didn't do no falling down as we know of. He was tooken with a chill along in the night."

"In the midst of life we are in death," continued the preacher after a painful pause. "We know not what a day may bring forth. We cometh up as a flower and are cut down. We—"

"Tom was no flower," said the wife as she shook the folds out of her bandanna. "If thar was any man in this yere county who could lay him on his back, I'd like to see him."

"The deceased had his faults and his virtues, the same as the rest of us," remarked the good man as he shifted about uneasily.

"Yes, that was Tom to a dot," put in the wife. "If he found a stray hog in the woods, that hog was his meat, but he was so kind hearted he'd gin away his law chaw of terbacker."

"The deceased was not a professed Christian, as I understand it, but believed in a hereafter just the same. He believed"—

"Hold on, elder," interrupted the wife; "let's keep in the road as we move along. Tom didn't hev nuthin ag'in churches, 'cept he thought the singin and prayin skeered game away. He didn't go shucks on no hereafter, however. He thought a feller who was bo'n and raised around yere and had plenty to eat and drink all the time would be a blamed hog to want to go to heaven afterward. Tom Jackson was no hog."

"We must not judge him too harshly," continued the elder, much put out, but feeling that he couldn't cut it off too short before strangers.

"As I take it, every man is guided by his own conscience. He does what he thinks is for the best. For instance—"

"Scuse me, Elder Rider, but thar was no for instance about Tom Jackson," interrupted the wife again. "He was jest a plain, everyday man and no scollard. You are dead right about the conscience, though. That's what guided Tom. If he took a bushel of co'n mo' than was actually needed, he was troubled in his mind and would grunt out in his sleep. Anything else on your mind, elder?"

"No, not as I knows of," he stammered as he looked around.

"Waal, I reckon you've hit the mark high 'nuff. Tom was no talker hisself, and he didn't keer to be around what folks was blabbin. If you want to pray, elder, drive ahead, but don't spin it out."

"I kin skip that," he replied.

"All right. We'll tote the body out to the cart. Strangers, will you tote?" We lifted up the coffin and carried it out to the cart, and the widow mounted up beside it and said: "Thankee, strangers, and you needn't bother no mo'. I'm suah it was powerful kind of you. Be mighty keeful 'bout holes and rocks, Jim, fur Tom did despise to be jogged and burped about."

Three hours later I passed the cabin, and the woman sat on the doorstep using a snuff stick. I lifted my hat in salutation, and she waived her hand and said:

"Kivered up in good shape, and I'm much obleeged to uns fur drappin in." M. QUAD.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the lentesen season will all be gone long before Easter.

Brewitt makes clothes fit. Hay and oats 10 cents at Meeker's. Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

PUBLIC OPINION.

In discussing the mad dog question at the Zero Club recently A. H. Mogridge said: "I knew a man years ago in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company named Walter Nixon who told me that there was a time up in that country when wolves and foxes went mad, showing all the symptoms of rabies and devouring each other. He was a close observer and could be depended upon for veracity. That makes me think of an incident," he added, "which is worth publishing. Nixon was employed by the Smithsonian Institute to furnish that museum with different specimens of flora and fauna of the far north. Among other commissions was one to procure a specimen of the famous white eagle, the largest bird on the American continent. He obtained one, a female, and for six years was constantly on the lookout for a male specimen. One day while making a long journey along the coast, becoming tired, he lay down to rest and, in looking off in the distance saw a bird which gradually flew towards him until at last it circled on outstretched wings above where he was reclining. It was the very bird which he had waited all those years to obtain and, hastily reaching for his gun he brought the noble bird to the ground. It was a splendid specimen and a male at that. Highly elated Nixon took the dead bird to his cabin where he hung it outside preparatory to treating for shipment. After making the fire and emerging from the cabin you can imagine his rage when he discovered an Esquimo tearing the last feathers from the bird. The native thought Nixon was going to eat it and probably concluded if he helped in the dressing he would be invited to the feast. The specimen was ruined and Nixon never saw another."

"I do not think cold weather has anything to do with dogs going mad," answered Superintendent Pullham of the C. D. Co., when spoken to relative to that subject. "I know when I was in the Hudson Bay country it got much colder than here. I have seen it 75 below and no dogs got mad there that I know of. Possibly the canines get poisoned from eating the refuse which is dumped on the ice at the lower part of the city, at least I do know that one dog went mad that was seen eating these. Talking about the Hudson Bay country makes me think of an incident which occurred to me while driving a dog team on an extremely cold day. I used the whip only once on the run I made that day and that was when just emerging from the timber and the crack of the lash was heard in camp fully ten miles away. The boys thought we were a few hundred yards from camp at the time, when in reality it took us almost two hours' travel to pull in."

"A strange thing is noticed in this country relative to electricity," said a local line man, "and that is that frozen ground is a non-conductor, consequently any one touching a live wire is immuned from receiving a shock when they are standing on the ground. This applies of course to this season of the year when the crust of the earth is frozen solid. However, under any circumstances it is a safe proposition to keep as far away from a live wire as circumstances allow."

A party of hunters were gathered in a Dawson hardware store examining a Mauser rifle which had recently arrived and one who has used a similar gun this winter said: "That gun will shoot on a dead line for 1000 yards. I have tried it repeatedly at that distance and find it accurately sighted. At less than 1000 yards the gun should be depressed a trifle. The long distance shooting record in this country is held by a hunter whose name I cannot remember, he killing a moose at 1700 yards. His partner kept telling him where his shots were striking, he having a powerful pair of field glasses. He raised his sight gradually to the 1700 yard mark when he brought down the beast on the fifth shot."

Dawson's Water Service.

D. D. Buchanan, of the water works company of Dawson, is registered at the Dominion hotel. Mr. Buchanan has just returned from a trip to Southern California, where he has been enjoying a well-earned vacation. He will leave for the north again in a short time, and is now considering what mode of travel he will adopt from Whitehorse to Dawson.

In speaking of traveling overland during the winter season in the northern territories, Mr. Buchanan said that there were practically four ways—that of walking, using sleighs, horses, or bicycle. He preferred the latter mode, and considered that it was the most popular among the Dawson people. People of course, who were bringing

goods of any kind into the northern metropolis, preferred using the sleighs. Victorians would never think of using a bike in this kind of weather, yet, in the north the bicyclist would consider it ideal for a run.

In Dawson the bicyclists tried all manner of schemes to prevent their tyres from rotting from the effects of the snow, such as winding fine rope around them, etc.

On arriving in Dawson Mr. Buchanan will take charge of the water works system of that city. He says that during the winter some interesting experiments have been made by the company in their efforts to keep the water from freezing. So far they have succeeded. The company commenced operations about a year ago, and have excavated a well about 42 feet deep near the Klondike river. The water from the river filters through into the well, and from there is conducted through the company's pipes to the city. During the winter great difficulty is experienced in keeping enough water in the well or reservoir, on account of the ground freezing, and the water being thus prevented from filtering through into the well. This difficulty has, however, been overcome so far by keeping a continuous flow of water through the connection between the reservoir and river. About two-thirds of the water, of course is, wasted, but the population of Dawson will in future experience no inconvenience for want of water during the winter.

There is generally a supply of about ten feet on hand during the summer. In the spring the company expect to put down a six or eight inch pipe, which will further increase their facilities for serving the public of the Klondike capital.—Victoria Times, Jan. 11.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for an act to amend the act respecting the Dawson City Electric Company, Ltd., and to extend the time limited for the commencement and completion of the electric railway and tramway by said last mentioned act authorized to be constructed.

BELCOURT & RITCHIE, Solicitors for the Applicants. Dated at Ottawa, this 10th day of December, 1900.

Robinson the tailor from Vancouver makes you the best suit you ever had. Prices moderate. Room 10, Hotel McDonald.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

Rex hams and soft wheat flour; job lots, at S. Archibald.

Fresh turkeys at the Denver Market.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

ANOTHER BOAT IS ADDED TO OUR FLEET THE MILWAUKEE This, with the Rock Island, S-Y-T. Co. And... Seattle No. 3 Campbell ... Will Allow Us to Land in Dawson... 2,000 TONS OF MERCHANDISE Early in the season on the first run of our boats. In the meantime we must make room for our coming shipments. Call on us for estimates. "HIGH GRADE GOODS." S.-Y. T. Co. Second Avenue TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS SAVOY THEATRE SATURDAY MATINEE GRAND FAMILY MATINEE SATURDAY, FEB. 23 James F. Post's Peck's Bad Boy Comedy Assisted by Savoy Company ADMISSION 50c & \$1.00 COMMENCES AT 2:30 P. M.

The Standard Theatre Week Commencing February 18 HOYT'S LAUGHABLE FARCE COMEDY Thursday Night Ladies Night Texas Steer Fine Mechanical Effects Special Scenery WAIT FOR THE DANCE

HALF PRICE SILKS Your choice of any piece of silk in the store at half the regular price. TAFFETAS, SURAHs, LIBERTY, FANCY ALL AT THE SAME REDUCTION ..J. P. McLENNAN..

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry Fresh Meats Bay City Market Chas. Bossuyt & Co. THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

The Nugget The Nugget reaches the people: in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper

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