

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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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.

From Saturday's Daily.

AS TO CLIMATE.

When gold was first discovered in the Yukon basin it is very doubtful if any one considered that this great, at that time practically unknown wilderness would ever become the seat of a permanent population. The impression held by most people as to this northern country was anything but favorable. Vague ideas of an eternally frozen wilderness in which almost total darkness prevailed the greater part of the year constituted the mental picture which came before the vision of the average Klondike bound gold hunter.

A couple of winters spent in Dawson serve to disprove this theory entirely. The prolonged continuance of severely cold weather, which the outside newspapers so studiously pictured, has failed to materialize. Last winter the average temperature was no lower in Dawson than in several of the Northern States, and in the middle Canadian provinces. The six months of total darkness which we were told would shroud the country have dwindled down to a few weeks, during which time there is always a short period of daylight. At the present time there are nine hours of working daylight, and within two weeks more artificial light will no longer be required during ordinary business hours.

It will surprise a great many people on the outside to learn that the average business man in Dawson has worn, this winter, identically the same clothes he has always been accustomed to, with the possible exception of cap and mitts. Moccasins, German socks and other similar paraphernalia in so far as the man whose business keeps him in the city is concerned, belong to an exploded theory.

It is a remarkable fact that persons who during long residence on the coast have contracted chronic catarrhal and kindred ailments, experience an entire disappearance thereof after a few months' residence in Dawson.

Briefly summed up, actual contact with the terrors involved in living through a Klondike winter proves conclusively that these terrors have no existence outside the imagination of a few versatile newspaper writers. The climate of the Yukon valley is more favorable to permanency of residence than that of almost any other inhabitable country of similar latitude. The snow fall is light, there is little or no wind to add to the intensity of the cold in winter and in spring and summer more perfect weather could not be asked. In so far as climate is concerned there is no reason why the Yukon country should not ultimately become the center of a large and permanent population.

The Nugget ventures the prediction that the boats which leave St. Michaels

for Dawson in the latter part of the summer will be just as crowded as those which leave Dawson for St. Michaels at the opening of navigation. They are bound to be hundreds of disappointed Nomads who, rather than return to the states, will prefer to come up the river and find out what the Klondike country looks like. In addition to these will be many others whose property interests will compel them to return to Dawson before cold weather sets in next fall. There is no reason to believe that Dawson will be less lively next winter than it is at the present time.

Senator Mason's speech on the Boer war was a distinct play to the galleries. Such a resolution as Mason proposed would be uncourteous and uncalled for, to place the matter mildly. As a matter of fact, however, none of Mason's antics are accepted with any degree of seriousness. He is a political accident and an evil which the United States senate must carry until the people of Illinois return to their senses and replace him with a statesman.

Today's eight-page Semi-Weekly Nugget will be brim full of newsy matter from first to last. It will contain every bit of interesting local and foreign news that has come to hand in the past three days. The Semi Weekly is meeting with constantly growing favor among parties who desire to keep their outside friends posted on events as they transpire in Dawson and the adjacent country. It fits nicely in an envelope and hence is in growing demand as a substitute for correspondence.

It does not cost nearly as much money to maintain a Boer soldier in the field as it does to keep one of her majesty's troopers in proper condition. When the Boer soldier goes to war he is satisfied to live for weeks on a diet consisting almost entirely of dried meat, upon which he is said to thrive. This fact renders the Boer commissary question one comparatively easy of solution.

Contracts are already being let for transporting large amounts of freight to the creeks for summer use. Claim-owners and roadhouse keepers alike are determined that the breaking up of the trails will find them well supplied with everything they need for the season when the trails become practically impassable.

Suicides and murders which came along with monotonous regularity last winter have been surprisingly few and far between the present season. There must be a distinct improvement in the quality of Dawson whisky.

Great Britain has placed a single order with Chicago packing houses for 5,000,000 pounds of canned meat. It certainly is an ill wind that blows good to nobody.

The Mail Arrives.

Early this morning 18 sacks of U. S. and Canadian mail arrived at the local postoffice. It is being sorted today, and will be ready for general distribution Monday morning. This mail left Seattle and Vancouver during the first week in January.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

See our stock of valentines. Cribbs & Rogers, Dawson and Grand Forks.

Meet me at the Rochester bar tonight.

"Here's looking at you." The Rochester bar.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Hey, there!" yelled a saloonkeeper to the Stroller a couple of days ago, "that merchant who told you he is stuck on the Sunday law as enforced here ought to have lived in Connecticut in the days when the 'blue laws' were in effect and which made it a criminal offense for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and in which there was just about as much sense and consistency as there is in the Sunday law here. They make all us fellows close up our saloons and yet they issue special permits for people to work—carpenters to work, b'gosh—on fixing up saloons in which they would cinch the owner if he was caught selling a drink. The saloon men are by far the heaviest tax or license payers in the country. Our license amounts to nearly \$7 for every day in the year, yet there are 52 days in the year in which we are prohibited from doing business. It is not right and it is not just. I'll bet \$10 that same merchant who gave you the sanctimonious spiel gets off in some little room and wins his clerk's weekly salary back at poker every Sunday. Such a law might do back in some old eastern town, but to attempt to Sabbath-anianize a mining town like Dawson is all poppycock. What! You won't take a drink: You'd better go and hunt up that selfrighteous merchant; you belong in his class."

It looks good to the eye to see old Phoenix at work on the scene of the late fire shaking himself and rising from the ashes. On the Sound the words "Seattle spirit" is often heard, but the "Seattle spirit" is not in the same class with the Dawson spirit. What other town in the world would get out and build houses with mercury at 50 degrees below zero. There is none; even Seattle, with mercury at zero, but would suspend hostilities until the gentle springtime. As the home port of get-up-and-get, Dawson is the leading city on the North American continent.

The Stroller heard a new cure for consumption yesterday and for the benefit of his children he will tell all about it. The cure is simple, pleasant to take and the more of it taken the more pleasant the effect. The Stroller had dropped into the Aurora and as there were fully 100 men there, he went up to the stove for the purpose of getting his share of the heat from it. While standing by the stove he overheard the following, which emanated from a hollowed son of Sweden: "Aye tank Aye got da consumption puty bed; da doctor ha not taie me so yust een plain language, but ha hint it puty tam strong. Now Aye know yust what will cure da consumption and that ees plenty good whisky. Year ago da first of Yanuary Aye drive nail een door of ma cabin and swear Aye neffer take anudder drink while da nail eet been da door; so today Aye yerk out Ja nail and from dose time on Ae expect to drink like hale."

Two hours later the Stroller met the same Swede when it was evident from his appearance that the latter portion of his statements had been carried into effect.

The sight of an occasional lawabiding citizen in court for having unknowingly violated some law of the land always causes the mind of the Stroller to revert to one and only one time in his life when he was in the clutches of the law. It was at Cedar Keys, Florida, where the Stroller had gone to inhale the sea breeze and hear what the wild waves were saying. At the hotel where he stopped was a number of young men from New York and Montreal who were out on a grand hunting and fishing expedition, and as guests were somewhat scarce at the Magnolia the young men, including the Stroller, in a moment of youthful abandon, decided

to "drum" a train from Jacksonville in the interests of the hotel. Alas! Four of us were arrested by a nigger marshal, taken before the mayor who was so black he had to cover his head in the morning before the sun would dare to rise, and "soaked" for \$15 per capita.

P. S.—Cedar Keys had an ordinance which required hotel porters to take out licenses.

"I tell you what it is," said a prominent official to the Stroller a few days ago, "there are too many men in this country who are endeavoring to conduct business on big scales and no capital but wind. Take for instance many of the laymen on the creeks; they have contracts with their men to wait until the cleanup for their pay, which is all right provided the pay is being taken out of the ground and put in the dump. But supposing it isn't there to take out; then where will the laborer get off? Wind is a good thing for sailing vessels but a poor article on which to conduct business."

Two bits, drinks and cigars. The Rochester bar

Valentine day, 14th of February. We have some pretty conceits for the occasion. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

The liquors are the best to be had at the Regina.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Are you planning any improvements in the building line? Place orders for lumber with the Nugget Express. Omce, Boyle's wharf.

Don't forget the grand sacred concert at the Palace Grand on Sunday night. Tickets at Reid's drug store.

M. McDermott, please call at this office. Important.

Carbon paper for sale at the Nugget office.

Frank Belleau, please call at this office for important letter.

Get your eyesight fixed at the Pioneer drug store.

If you are heading for

Nome

We can outfit you.

If you are staying at

Home

We can supply you with anything you want in the

Grocery or Provision Line

P. P. Co.

Fairview Hotel
Clean, Comfortable Rooms...
ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN EVERY ROOM
Mrs. Bertha H. Purdy, Prop.

Health is Wealth!

JOIN The Club Gymnasium.
\$10 per month entitles you to all the uses and privileges of the Club. Baths free to members. Instructions in Boxing and Wrestling.

3rd Avenue BERT FORD, Prop.

Orr & Tukey

Freighters
Teams Leave Every Week for
Scow Island, Selwyn
and Intermediate Points.
Freight Contracted for Both Ways.

Office S. Y. T. Dock. Corral, 2nd & 5th Ave. S.