

The Klondike Nugget

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

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1901.

THE CHINESE WAR CLOUD.

Despite the assurances which the powers are endeavoring to make each other believe, there seems little doubt now that the Chinese situation is more serious than has been supposed. In fact, the opinion is growing, as the tenor of recent newspaper and periodical articles, indicate, that war between the Orient and the Occident is inevitable. The Chinaman is a subtle diplomat and skilled in the art of employing language for the purpose of concealing his thoughts, but he cannot hide facts which are patent to the eyes and ears and it is such facts that are causing the present apprehension.

According to reliable correspondents, China is being placed upon a war footing as rapidly as circumstances will permit. War footing in China at the present time means identically what it does in any other country. It means equipment with the latest improved weapons, both of offense and defense. It means the employment of European tactics, and to a very large extent European skill.

China is now manufacturing her own guns. Immense factories have been established from which rifles of the Mauser pattern are being turned out by the tens of thousands. In the different provinces away from Peking, forces are being mustered, and preparations for the struggle which the Chinaman looks upon as a fight for emancipation, go unceasingly on.

One correspondent writes from Peking that nearly all the great mandarins have one by one left the capital and have gone to their various districts to give personal attention to the war preparations. Meanwhile Li Hung Chang is conducting negotiations with the powers and with such astute diplomacy that a satisfactory adjustment appears to be about as far removed as ever.

Altogether the situation seems to be serious if not actually threatening. If the Chinese nation as a whole rises up against the civilized world—and the trend of events now points in that direction—the outcome is past prophecy. The Boxer demonstrations have given a fair indication of the manner of war which would be waged. It would be a war filled with barbaric atrocities and horrors beyond description—on one side at least, and to what extent the other side would be influenced or driven in the same direction is a matter of question.

The civilized world need not be too self-congratulatory upon the present peaceful situation. The war cloud is certainly visible on the Oriental horizon and the day when it may develop into a veritable cloudburst no one can say. If the dragon is ever thoroughly aroused, the world may well shudder, for China has seen the birth and death of hundreds of nations, and still lives, and it will give the armies of civilization the hardest task they have ever undertaken to convince the Celestial that its race has been run.

When sentiment among business men and property holders concerning any question affecting the general welfare of the community is practically unani-

mous, that sentiment may ordinarily be accepted as a safe guide of action. The matter of incorporating Dawson has been thoroughly threshed out, the result being a pretty general agreement that the interests of the town will be best subserved by a continuation of the existing order of things. We shall not escape taxation in either event, but it is very clear that the present method of conducting the affairs of the town is more economical than would be a regular municipal government, and equally efficient. There is nothing to be gained by incorporation and possibly a great deal to lose.

Canada never occupied before, the important position which she holds today in the councils of the empire, and that position could not be more ably maintained than it will be under the guiding hand of the present premier. In returning Sir Wilfrid Laurier to power, the people have demonstrated a remarkably intelligent appreciation of the great things which lie before the Dominion.

Well, what's the use, anyway; let's swear on again.

Don't forget to write it 1901.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

In Boston all the aldermen are admitted free to the theaters.

Agnes Sorma is to act next winter in Athens, Alexandria and Constantinople.

Clyde Fitch's new play, which is of the society class, will be called "The Climbers."

The heroine of the new poetic drama by Stephen Phillips, "Herod, the King," is Marianne.

Richard Mansfield has accepted a dramatization of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and will produce it probably in January.

The shah of Persia in the course of his recent visit to Paris was entertained at the Opera, he choosing for the occasion a scene from "Faust."

Marie Studholme, well known in America, has been engaged for the leading roles at the Gaiety theater, London, replacing Violet Lloyd.

Miss Madge Lessing has joined the Francis Wilson Opera company, replacing Miss Minnie Ashley, who recently withdrew from the organization.

Sarah Bernhardt says that the wearing of diamonds destroys the best expression of the face, dims the fire of the eyes and makes the teeth look like chalk.

The management of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company has received over 500 applications for positions in the chorus of the new organization.

Alice Nielsen's birthplace, Nashville, will next winter for the first time since its youthful townsman became famous have an opportunity to hear her in her operatic repertory.

Nearly every actor has his hobby. Richard Mansfield's is said to be horse-back riding; Joseph Jefferson's, fishing; Sol Smith Russell's, his library; Tim Murphy's, sketching; Nat Goodwin's, his English country place.

A Head to Fit the Facts.

J. M. Barrie's story of how a telegraph editor, receiving a dispatch that the Zulus had "taken umbrage," headed the news "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus," has been paralleled by an editor in the west. Shortly after some anti-Semitic riots in Austria a slight shock of earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Vienna, and a cable dispatch put to tersely that there had been "seismic disturbances" near the capital. He headed the item "Down With the Jews."—Exchange.

A Slop in the Face.

A pathetic incident occurred aboard an inbound West Point train the other day. A woman and a beautiful girl, evidently her daughter, entered a car and found seats facing an elderly man. The girl was directly opposite the man. He looked straight in front of him, and his gaze rested on her. She was evidently discomfited by what appeared close scrutiny, and her mother at last became angry and commented on "the impudence of some people." Still the passenger looked. Thoroughly exasperated, the woman arose from her seat and on passing into the aisle struck the object of her rage across the face with a glove. The man paled, raised his hat and said: "Madam, I beg your pardon if I have offended you. I did not mean to. I am blind."

The woman was so mortified that she forgot to make an apology, and followed by her daughter, passed down the aisle to another seat.—Ex.

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

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"See that gay-looking, careless-appearing fellow over there who looks as though he hadn't a care in the world?"

The Stroller saw the man indicated and asked what there is about him to distinguish him from the common herd.

"Nothing," replied the first speaker, "except that he is probably as devoid of the prerequisites that go towards making a man as any other biped in the north. Now that fellow is married and his wife is a hard-working and very economical woman, and as an evidence of her thrift she saved her wages for honest work the neat sum of \$650 in cash which, until a few days ago, was carefully rolled up and in her purse."

"But women, you know, have a foolish way of being shy on sensible pockets in their clothes, hence they very frequently ask their husbands to carry their purses. Well, this woman asked her husband to put her purse in his pocket one day when they were coming down town and he did. After walking around together for a short time they separated agreeing to meet at a certain store in 30 minutes. The man dropped into one of the gambling rooms and sauntered over to the far table. He decided to risk a V, but on second thought realized that he had no money of his own, so he decided to borrow a few dollars from his wife's purse. Shades of One-Eyed Riley! In just 13 minutes by the watch the last dollar in that wife's pocketbook was in the dealer's drawer and "hubby" had not even had the drink he went in to get. A few minutes later he met his wife as by appointment and she asked for her purse, as she had seen something, probably in a millinery store, she wanted to buy.

"Well, do you know that man hadn't even the self-respect to fix up a lie to the effect that he had lost the purse or been robbed? No, sir! he just out with the story of how he lost her money and all about it. Of course, the poor woman was almost heart broken, for what her husband had lost in 13 minutes took her more than 13 months to save. Yes, she is still living with him and, woman-like, is probably trying to make another stake which is liable to follow its predecessor unless she carries her own pocketbook in the future."

Two New Year's callers at the A. E. Co., after having probably called 20 different times during the day, were bidding each other good night last midnight. Said one of them:

"O'm, fifty-seven years of age an' a hix' celebrated holidays from Antrim county, Ireland, till now an darn me if O'fiver had a better toime, not exceptin' the tin years O' worruked in a brewery in Cincinnati, than O' hov injud today."

His friend said:

"I gesh zash right. I too, have (hic) been feelin' all day as if I didn't owe shert in zer world."

And then a heated argument ensued as to which would take the other home, each entertaining the idea that his friend needed assistance.

"I very much fear I cooked my goose last night so far as my social standing in Dawson is concerned," remarked a well known and popular government clerk to the Stroller today.

On being asked how he came to slip a cog, the respondent man replied:

"By leaving my property scattered all over the city. I left one glove at one house, its mate at another, my card case at another, my muffler at another and so on all along the line."

"Today these items have been sent to me accompanied by curt notes from the ladies of the various houses where I called. I guess they were afraid I would go after them, so they have forestalled my visits by sending them. I'll know in a week or two whether I am to be turned down or not, but I very much fear my name will come off the list."

While the young man was closing his lament he was handed a bulky looking envelope which he opened.

"My handkerchief, b'gosh! Well, I am afraid to read that note, so I'll put it in the stove. Now, if that odd cuff would show up I think I would have everything together again. I managed to change hats sometime during the night but as it is a man I will have to settle with for that, it is not worrying me. Ugh, what a taste I have!"

Strength in Aluminum.

In reply to the question which, it is said, metal workers frequently ask, "What is the strength of aluminum?" The Aluminum World says that cast aluminum is about equal in strength to cast iron in tension, while in resisting compression it is comparatively weak. Under transverse strain aluminum is

not very rigid, but it will bend nearly double before breaking. The tensile strength of aluminum is greatly improved by forging and pressing at a temperature of 600 degrees F., and aluminum alloyed with nickel is much stronger than the pure metal.

They Changed.

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that."

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

How He Dealt With Cowards.

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, but end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said:

"I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Locusts Good to Eat.

All native African races eat locusts. With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beer and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the dish of grilled locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

The Song of the Yukon River.

"There is something peculiar about the Yukon river that I have never heard of in connection with any other stream," said Captain Gray, who has been running boats on the big Alaska artery. "From the mouth of the Yukon up as far as there is any navigable water the stream is constantly singing. No matter where you are, there is a sound like that made by escaping steam. At first I used to think that maybe it came from the boiler or engines. But when we were tied up at night, with everything cold, the sound was the same. I have puzzled my brain to find an explanation of the phenomenon, but without avail. The singing goes on day and night. "When you get up stream some distance, you can also hear the rocks rolling over the bed of the river, and this produces a most peculiar sound."—Portland Telegram.

Slow Poison.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M.D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man. "I have taken it daily for nearly 80 years."

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Mason's Meeting.
The stated communication of Yukon lodge (M. D.) A. P. and A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, Thursday night, Jan. 3, 1901. All master Masons in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
C. H. WELLS, M. W.
J. DONALD, Sec.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinks.
Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.
Hay and oats at Meeker's.

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BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.

MACKINNON (NOEL), Advocates, Second st., near Bank of N. A.

HENRY BLEEKER (FERNAND) DE JOURNEL BLEEKER & LE JOURNEL—Attorneys at Law. Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building. Residence—Third street, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

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TABOR, WALSH & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers. Telephone No. 40. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

N. F. HAGEI, Q. C. Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McKelvey & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

WANTED.
WANTED—Position of any kind by colored man. Best of recommendations. Saml. Crofter. This office.

WANTED—Experienced woman cook. For a few weeks only. Apply Nugget Office.

LOST AND FOUND
FOUND—One dark brown dog, about three years old, bushy tail. Owner call at No. 10 Eldorado and pay charges.

E. A. Cochrane, the expert watchmaker, will put your watch in proper order. Second street opp. Bank of B. N. A.

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

Dolge Felt Shoes
Fur & Kid Mitts
Fur Caps . . .
Lined Overalls .
Usters, Etc. . .

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Financial Broker
Special correspondent for
The London Financial News
Quartz Property Handled for the
London Market a Specialty.
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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; cater to no class—unless it be one that demands a live, unpeddled and readable newspaper

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