

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, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1901.

DAWSON HAS SPOKEN.

Dawson has spoken in no uncertain language respecting the proposal to incorporate the town and the verdict is an almost unanimous negative. The monster petition presented to the Yukon council last evening will undoubtedly have the desired effect.

Without regard to nationality the people of Dawson, representing every class and interest in the city, have risen up and with practically one voice have declared themselves in favor of maintaining the existing form of local administration. That declaration has been made for sound and sufficient reasons. Dawson is not like other cities. We have no class of business men who for the sake of the honor involved can afford to devote their time to the management of civic affairs. Almost every man in the town who would be considered available for the various offices under the municipality, has private interests which require his undivided attention. Were there any pressing necessity at hand, we have no doubt that such men could be found who would be willing to sacrifice a portion of their time to the common welfare of the town. But at this point recognition must be given to the fact that no such necessity exists. The Yukon council now has its work well systematized and particularly during the past six months has given ample demonstration of the fact that the burden of looking after the affairs of the town does not rest heavily upon its shoulders.

Some old time philosopher once remarked that the nation whose annals are the least interesting is the happiest. So it has proven with Dawson. It has been a long time since anything of moment occurred to mar the serenity of the current of local life, and meanwhile matters have moved along in so even a manner as scarcely to attract more than passing notice. A very satisfactory contrast to the early history of Dawson.

In view of this condition, it is by no means surprising that a general disposition should be felt among all classes of people to leave the situation as it is, at least until such time as more forcible reasons are brought forward to warrant a change.

The petition presented to the council last night represents the sentiment of the great majority of the people of Dawson, and if the council pursues the line of action indicated therein we fully believe they will be acting in accord with the desires of the community.

It has come to pass now that every man who returns to the outside from Dawson must display millionaire symptoms or be set down by his friends as a flat failure. This condition has been brought about by the outside newspapers which insist upon crediting returned Klondikers with the possession of enormous wealth, without regard to actual facts. The false position in which he is thus placed often influences the "man from Dawson" to travel a pace which his bank account will by no means warrant—the end being of course dis-

astrous. The best thing the Klondiker can do when he gets outside is to deal entirely in hard luck stories. These will attract little attention from the yellow press, but they may serve in the end to get him a rating in Bradstreets, which after all is much more desirable.

Aerial navigation is rapidly being reduced to a science. On Lake Constance last summer an air ship was built which made several successful voyages. No considerable speed was attained, but the practicability of the plan upon which the ship was constructed was amply demonstrated. More than \$100,000 was expended in the experiment.

Icebergs are being encountered along the coast between Skagway and the Sound with alarming frequency. Old Muir must be breaking in pieces.

The News is gradually getting around to favor incorporation. The man with the poke must be in the neighborhood.

Official Living Expenses.

In view of the recent agitation of the question of wages by Councilman Arthur Wilson, in the course of which he wants employees of the territorial government paid not less than \$5 per day and board, some facts on the subject have been gleaned from the commissioner's office which are somewhat curious.

To a few employees the nominal salary of \$60 per month is paid, but further investigation will show that the employees getting that salary are allowed \$100 per month for living expenses and \$50 per month for room rent. It will be seen by this that the salary of \$60 paid, for instance to a messenger, with the allowance quoted, is not so small after all.

To make comparison, it may be said that in San Francisco, a messenger in federal employ is paid \$75 per month and find himself. Living in the city of San Francisco is notably cheap, or the reverse, at the option of the individual, but when it is stated that the messenger here receives \$210 as against \$75 in California, it will be seen that he is quite as well paid here as there.

To make a further comparison with local application showing that the messenger who gets a salary of \$60 also gets the same allowance for living expenses as does the gold commissioner. Considering the difference between the social positions of the two, and what is naturally their obligations in that direction, the thing seems ridiculous, yet it is a fact.

The lowest paid clerk in the employ of the government costs, all allowances being footed up, \$2700 per year.

When these facts are considered, together with the statement that all these clerks are furnished with first-class transportation to and from the country, it will be seen that their positions are not so undesirable as to call for any great amount of intervention. It is also to be borne in mind that the appointments are also subject to promotion, and that they possess also the advantage of being steady and settled, and the income derived from them never a matter of uncertainty.

Scene Painting.
A good scene painter may get anywhere from \$400 to \$1,000 for a scene. The average price paid to the best half dozen scene painters for a scene is \$500. But there are a great many more scenes painted for \$100 than \$500.

As soon as a married man gets a comfortable home built he begins to worry his wife by talking about selling it.—Indianapolis Journal.

There is nobody quite so busy as the editor who tries to publish a ten page newspaper in a four page town.—Washington Post.

What Hurts.
"The other side," observed the candidate in much apprehension, "are putting some damaging reports in circulation."
"But no money to speak of," rejoined the chairman of the campaign committee complacently.—Detroit Journal.

Candles for the Millions.
I have enough candles, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory.
GANDOLFO,
Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Celery at Meeker's.

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

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.

CURRENT COMMENT

The New Cycle.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—If we scan a short record of opinions of some prominent and other people in regard to the prospect of a new cycle of years before us, and its bearing on the material and intellectual life of nations, we are indeed in a resume of the same that indged the outlook in its entirety is perfectly dazzling and altogether phenomenal. Yet, as a matter of fact, there is in the majority of opinions noticeable and apprehensive that everything may not be as smoothly in the future as might be imagined. As illusionary we may dismiss a notion that the coming series of years would realize dreams of peace and amalgamation of humanity in bonds of universal brotherhood, considering the behavior of the first pair of brothers on record. If our expectations were raised high by a catchy phrase of "socialism triumphant" we are greatly disappointed by being tentatively assured that the millenium is nigh since sociology has been raised to the dignity of a science by the universities and other fountains of knowledge. Classification of races and peoples by the latest approved method, comprising structure of skull, color of eyes and hair, length of ears, relationship with the animal kingdom and other marks of distinction, will in my humble opinion barely suffice to solve some of those knotty problems that the human society has been wrestling with for several decades past.

But the most thoughtful minds seem to be inclined to the opinion that a change in the social condition of people is not only necessary but decidedly imminent, but whether it will be along time-honored lines of evolution or by the sharp and short method of revolution could hardly be surmised at the present time. Whether it will be the one or the other apparently depends on one thing, viz., on recognizing and perceiving the fact that the progress in our industrial life has been so rapid as to leave behind and neglect the adjustment of our social life in like proportion.

The first step, therefore, in the future must be a readjustment of our social conditions according to the status quo of the industrial production and distribution. By disregarding the law of compensation, a correlative of justice and equality, a condition has been called into existence which disturbs the equilibrium of the life of nations. And it must be remembered that history is a continuous record of the rise and fall of persons and nations, and that when the zenith is reached in the life of the most powerful of either the beginning of the decline and downward course has also set in.

If at the present time the nations of this continent are in such a high state of perfection and material prosperity, it may be the zenith in their life and the starting point on their downward grade, who knows?
J. S.

Woman Spy of Boers.

One of the most fascinating stories of the South African war that have as yet found their way into print was told in the London Daily News by that journal's brilliant war correspondent, A. G. Hales. It is the story of a woman whose remarkable personality and still more remarkable cunning enabled her to play the part of Kruger's spy to perfection and to entrap British officers into parting with precious military secrets, the knowledge of which by the Boers was the direct cause of some of England's greatest disasters. Here is Mr. Hales' description of her: "She was a woman of about 30 years of age. Madame was of German or Swedish nationality, married to a Russian civil engineer. She was not a beauty, but her face was full of charm, her eyes had the gift of eloquence and she could say more without opening her mouth than most women can impart who possess a tireless tongue. She could be gay or sad, pathetic, pleading or imperious at will. Her hands were shapely, soft and white and had the trick of clinging caressingly to masculine fingers when the humor suited the dame, and men who knew her well and who later on came under her spell have told me that there was a magnetism in her touch which drew men to her as moonlight draws the sea. Her waist would fit the crook of a man's arm, her bust was fashioned on a model designed by the gods.

"Her first mission was among the Boer women in the Free State and Natal. When she left Johannesburg on her frequent trips, she was not wasting her time, as folks fancied. From town to town, from farm to farm, she went with a restless activity, organizing a system of spying among the Boer women. It was madame who arranged that when our troops arrived anywhere in Natal or the Free State the wives

of the farmers and their best looking daughters should visit our lines with fresh eggs, fresh butter and other little luxuries. She instructed them to take note of the number of men in each camp, the number of guns and the quantity and condition of our horses. Each was advised to send all information so gleaned promptly to the nearest Boer commando.

"Presently she established herself at Cape Town in a sweet, secluded villa and 'looked pathetic in her loneliness.' Among others who fell under the spell of her fascination was a certain British officer of the bluest blood. He was the witch's shadow.

"He thought he was fooling the green grass widow, but she 'knew' she was squeezing him dry. All that she gathered from him went rapidly, either by trusty messenger or by code prearranged, to Delagoa Bay, and from there it soon found its way into the hands of the Boer leaders. At first the noble one had madame to himself, but as his information petered out she snared others, and he had many rivals, and from each she gathered something of use to her and her Boer friends.

"From one she gleaned how many men were with a certain general; from another she learned how many guns he had; from another she found out how many mounted infantry men were with him; from another she got a good inkling of his intentions and the route he intended to pursue, not asking too much from any one, for fear of arousing suspicion, but gleaned a little from each. And all the time our generals at the front wondered how in the name of all that was evil the Boer commanders always forestalled them in every important move.

"But Delilah met her match in Kitchener. She ran her eyes over the still gaunt figure, the rugged face. She looked into the prominent all-seeing eyes, and knew at a glance that she was face to face with a magnetism stronger than her own, and nothing would induce her to go near him again. 'That is the most dangerous man in Britain,' she said. 'I feel as if I were within the shadow of death when I am near him. He is a man for men to conquer. No woman can reach him to use him; he would read me like an open book in an hour, and I believe he would shoot me as he would shoot a Kafir if he caught me red handed. I will try all other men, but not that living death's head. No wonder he conquered in Egypt. I think he would conquer in Hades.'

A London Beauty to Wed.

Lady Helen Stewart, undoubtedly the most popular, if not the most beautiful, girl in London, is engaged to marry. At least this is the story that exclusive circles are whispering about. And her husband is to be none other than Arthur Balfour, the first lord of the treasury and Conservative leader in the house of commons. Rumor doubtless speaks fairly in this case at least, for the prominence of the two contracting parties is such that a mistake in such a matter could scarcely be safely made.

Arthur Balfour is undoubtedly one of the most astute statesmen in the empire. If he were not, the fact that he was the nephew of the prime minister would be sufficient to keep him in the public eye. His fearless nature and his forceful views suffice to do for him, however, without the aid of his kinship. His marriage would therefore be of the keenest interest to Englishmen and to foreigners as well.

Lady Helen Stewart is not less gifted. She is a brilliant, brainy woman, who ranks in London society higher on account of her ability than on account of her connection. The daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry, her position is unexceptionable. Her amiable disposition, her sweet, sympathetic nature endear her to all, and she already enjoys a friendship more extensive, a patronage more surprising than her mother's, for in spite of the marchioness' beauty she was never a favorite owing to her quick tongue and the sarcastic wit. Lady Helen is often accepted as the head of the family and is idolized by her father, the former viceroy of India.

Her marriage to Arthur Balfour would not only be surprising in that the latter was always regarded as a confirmed bachelor and that his disposition forbade it, but the keen pleasure he takes in his political duties so engrosses his attention that it was thought improbable that he would ever think of else. Evidently, however, he and Lady Helen made good use of the little time he has given to social matters.—Ex.

A Happy Old Age in Burmah.

When Burman parents are past their prime their children pray them to "nobo sat," which means that they should be at the children's charge for the remainder of their lives, as the children had first been at their parents'

The turning point is not marked by any formality, but a child approaching parents on a solemn occasion adopts the gesture of veneration. The aged are not idle; they preserve a great elasticity of mind and interest in things; they study their religious book and occupy themselves with their grandchildren. When they are too old to go on pilgrimages with the others they keep the house and tell their beads alone. The old people wear plainer clothes than the young and, according to old Burmese fashion, less of it. The human dignity of the aged is of a kind that apparel cannot add to. Steeped in the spirit of Buddhism the aged never yield to anger. Wanting neither for necessities nor honor the paths of their serene old age is purely that of years. A peaceful end is their lot.—From Ferrars' Book on the Burmese.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.
J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.
Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

New Century apples \$10. at Meeker's

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

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CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

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MINING ENGINEERS.

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

WANTED.

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

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Wines, Liquors & Cigars

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TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

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Mining, Real Estate and Financial Broker
Special correspondent for The London Financial News
Quartz Property Handled for the London Market a Specialty.
Quartz Assayed Free of Charge.

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

STORY OF

When the K... ble in

A Marriage Girl to on Time

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