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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1903.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

Auditorium—"Virginia."

THE CHARGE ADMITTED.

The Sun this morning acknowledges itself to be a liar. Honest confession is always good for the soul and the Nugget trusts that its morning confession, popularly known as the Joke, is now in possession of all the comfort and consolation that usually follows a season of penitence and contrition.

The language of the Sun in its issue this morning is all that could be desired. The Nugget yesterday accused the Sun of calling itself a liar and the Sun today admits that it is a liar. Here is its exact language: "The Sun did state that party politics did not enter into the Ross campaign and by not carefully qualifying that statement the Sun did lie."

That statement from the Sun is all the Nugget wanted. We simply wished to bring out the total lack of responsibility and disregard of truth that is manifest in every issue of the Sun and we are free to confess that our purpose has been achieved more successfully than we had anticipated.

The Sun is without exception the most unreliable newspaper that ever was published in Dawson. It is constantly giving publication to sensational balderdash which it is daily called upon to deny. Witness the yarn of last Sunday in which two men were accused of swindling a claim owner out of \$20,000. The alleged deal was made the subject of a full page article in the Sun and the most blood curdling details were furnished.

On Wednesday the Sun contained the following editorial:

"The Sun has been unable to discover any truth in the Zarnovsky story that appeared in Sunday's Sun."

Yesterday morning a petit larcenist escaped from the police and the Sun endeavored to convince the people of Dawson that their lives and property were in imminent danger of destruction.

The Indian massacre yarn which the Sun was compelled later on to denounce in its own columns as a fake furnishes another instance of the utter unreliability of the sheet.

And today to cap the climax—the Sun has been forced to admit that it lied in dealing with the question of party politics in the territory.

We feel that it is a mere waste of effort to deal with these matters for the public long ago ceased to regard

the utterances of the Joke with any degree of seriousness. However, an occasional rebuke such as we administered yesterday may have the effect of improving the conduct of the Sun and if the Nugget can do a little missionary work of this nature it will only be too pleased.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget will be found the annual report of the free library. This institution has been a power for good in the community ever since its establishment and it is a pleasure to note the fact that a good strong board of officers has been elected for the ensuing year. There is much work ahead of the organization the officers of which will be able to lend valuable aid in placing the Carnegie library upon a working basis. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Carnegie has undertaken to provide a building only and that the equipment and maintenance of the institution rests with the public. The latter is already well provided for by appropriations both from the local and Yukon councils, but here remains the task of securing the necessary supply of books, periodicals, etc., and in this work the library association will figure prominently.

The excellent work that has already been performed by the institution places its officers in a very favorable position to appeal to the public for aid in establishing the new library upon a good substantial footing.

There should be absolute reciprocity between Canada and the United States so far as concerns the importation of machinery and commodities into Alaska and the Yukon territory. Both districts are in their infancy and need all the aid and encouragement that can be given to them by their respective governments.

The Yukon council will have as elected members a doctor, a preacher, a hotel man, a merchant and a politician. To a man up a tree it would look as though the Yukon districts are not favorably disposed toward the man with the pick.

If the government lays the proposed overland cable to prevent interruptions in telegraphic communication with the outside world, an untold blessing will be conferred upon the whole Yukon country.

A glance at the editorials in last night's News would lead the reader to the opinion that the evening organ is about ready for the apotheosis.

The fact that the Sun is still in existence furnishes proof positive that the fool killer does not include the Yukon in its itinerary.

It would be just like that pesky gusher to run dry before spring.

Men May Go Out

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 27.—The striking shopmen of the Union Pacific are preparing to call a strike on all the eastern and western connections of the Union Pacific if the strike is not settled by the conference which takes place in New York next week.

The information was given out at the strikers' headquarters today. The principal concern connection of the Union Pacific, as the Chicago and Northwestern, and the shopmen on that road are said to have already pledged themselves to go on a sympathetic strike to assist the Union Pacific men. The shopmen of the Southern Pacific, the western connection, have been ready to strike for the last three weeks, and are withheld from doing so only by the leaders of the Union Pacific strike. The Southern Pacific men voted on the question some time ago, and at that time decided to strike immediately, but were persuaded not to. But they are now getting impatient and reports received by the strikers in Omaha show the men are anxious to walk out.

The Santa Fe shopmen are also said to have expressed a desire to strike in sympathy with the Union Pacific men, but the matter has not passed the union officials.

The strikers expect the matter to be settled by the New York meeting before the end of the week, but are preparing to extend the strike should the end not come. While no definite date will be given out on which the strike will be called, it is understood among the strikers that Saturday, January 30, will be the date. On this day the agreement which the Southern Pacific workmen made that they would hold out and give the strikers an opportunity to settle the strike expires.

Yesterday the strikers worked a clever ruse on the company and succeeded in passing one of their experts through the cordon of guards which surrounded the big Union Pacific shops at this place. This expert was in the shops several hours and made a thorough examination. The strikers refuse to give his name, but he is thought to be Walter Amos of Chicago, chairman of the executive

board of the district lodge of masons of all Chicago. He says there are something like one hundred men in the shops, where three weeks ago there were six hundred. The force is constantly dwindling, and he asserts that by Monday there will be no more than fifty men in the shops.

UGANDA MINES

East Africa Syndicate Has the Only Concession so Far.

In the house of commons the other day, Lord Cavanboe said: Under the regulations of British Central Africa and Uganda no recruiting of labor may take place without the permission of his majesty's commissioner. There are other provisions in the labor regulations enacted for the protection of the natives. Hitherto, labor recruiting in these protectorates for South Africa has not been permitted, but the subject is now under consideration. His majesty's government are not aware of any concessions being granted either to persons or companies in Uganda, except in the case of the East Africa Syndicate, who have been granted by his majesty's commissioner an exclusive permit for one year with power to extend permit for an additional period of six months, subject to approval of his majesty's commissioner, to prospect for precious stones and minerals over a tract of country 700 square miles in extent, with its center at Buliaba Station, in the province of Unyoro.

As regard the East Africa Protectorate, a concession for working certain pearl fisheries off the coast of the protectorate has been granted to Mr. Rule for a period of ten years. The East Africa Syndicate have been granted certain prospecting rights for minerals under the mining regulations. Besides these certain small concessions have been granted locally for the development of Mombasa and other districts.

Morocco's Pretender

Tanger, Morocco, Jan. 2.—The pretender has issued a proclamation announcing that he is not fighting for the throne for himself but for the sultan's imprisoned brother, Muhammad, surnamed the "One-eyed."

It is now confirmed that the sultan has ordered his brother's release and that the honors of his rank be paid to him.

The governor, at a recent conference with the Kabyle chiefs, pointed out to them that they are responsible for the safety of the roads running through their territory.

The Spanish school of war Infanta Isabel has arrived here. Guns were being mounted on the walls for the defense of the city, but the rebels remained inactive. They have not sufficient supplies for expeditions.

The city of Fez continued quiet, but the high price of food is causing discontent.

If the situation becomes more grave the sultan will abandon the capital, retire to Rabat and summon the border tribes to a holy war.

The sultan then will proclaim himself shereef and defender of Islam, renounce all European trainings and then at the head of a new force attempt to retake Fez.

Chicago, Jan. 2.—Arrangements which have been completed between the Chicago open board of trade and the Western Union Telegraph Company bid fair to make the former in substitution a formidable rival of the latter one across the street.

On Monday morning the quotations of the open board will be put on the Western Union wires an hour in advance of the figures furnished by the Chicago Board of Trade.

It is understood that the open board and the telegraph company have entered into a contract covering a period of ten years, the telegraph company paying a remuneration on a graduated scale a nominal rate for the first year, to be increased each twelve months.

It is also announced that negotiations have been consummated whereby the old open board building on La Salle street will be remodeled by the Miners' Trust and Savings Bank, which controls the property, for the benefit of the open board.

With commodious quarters and the co-operation of the Western Union, the officials of the open board see no reason why they cannot cut a noticeable figure in the commercial transactions of La Salle street.

Work Begins
Denver, Jan. 2.—The first shovel of earth on the Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Railway was turned today by a construction gang at a point eight miles from Marshall and opposite South Boulder Creek Canyon. There was no ceremony, but at 7 o'clock the contractors, Orman & Crook, had about 200 men begin work.

Contractor Orman said: "As rapidly as possible we will place 4,000 or 4,500 men at work and there will be no delays."

"Tell me," said the easy mark, "what sort of a girl should I propose to?"

"Oh," rejoined the fortune teller, "one who is rich, of course—and foolish."

There's the most ignorant man I ever met. He thinks that Julius Caesar was emperor of Germany.

What a charming historical novel he could write!

Stroller's Column.

Boys, the Stroller wishes he had never said a word about those horns. The only boys who came down from the creeks came to help defeat us. Still we got one of our men in, and that was better than you did. However, everybody in town is growing satisfied with the result. All the campaign managers are agreed to let things rest as they are, although there are a lot of the "know-it-all" fellows whispering to them how easily the election could be upset and we could have it all over again. The Stroller does not know what the feeling is up the creeks, but he can assure the boys there that Dawson does not want another election right away. And the creek boys, it seems to the Stroller, have no kick coming. Everybody in Dawson supposed that the creek men would naturally desire to have miners to represent them in the Yukon council. But what business has Dawson to suppose anything of the kind? Let Dawson mind his own business. You did not want miners. You needed in the council a parson and a publican, and you set to work and elected them. That's right. Max is a royal good fellow and as for Pringle, why he is the only man who drove a dog team from Glenora to Teslin, on the "All-Canadian" route, who never swore a word. He ran across the Stroller when he came to town yesterday, and in his cheery off-hand way says: "Don't call me reverend, just plain John." That shows what politics will do for a man.

They were making a call on the captain. At least they said that they were, but the young man of the party of two knew that he had engaged the lady to make the call so at a might, he cast his eyes on the beauty of the captain's daughter. The captain and his wife received the visitors and then, both excused their wives. The captain is not a society man anyway, and his wife had other duties to perform. But presently it struck her that she could show her domesticated daughter what she was, so she went into the parlor and as the young lady to come into the kitchen and help her. The young lady was at that moment seated at the piano playing that brilliant bravura "The Overture to Fauna," and she testily said: "But mamma, I must finish my practice. I can't be bothered now." As the old lady retired in not the sweetest temper the young lady changed the tune to "Kind Words Can Never Die." But the young man did not alter together like it. He said to the young lady at the piano: You go and wash the dishes and I will wipe them for you, and we'll have lots of fun. Why, yes, of course she would be delighted, and how clever it was of him to think of it, and so on, and they repaired to the kitchen. "Love Lightens Labors." It recalls to the Stroller his salad days, when one of the most popular songs in the London concert halls had this refrain: "Now what this maid bewitchin' was adoin' in the kitchen." "I could tell you if I was a little fly."

But the Stroller takes delight in sticking to facts, and, in the absence of a fly detective, will not try to tell what really did occur in that kitchen. He will merely report the few words that found their way through the cracks in the thin partition. It was she who said it, and not he. "Yes," with a sigh, "there are no more to wash." And then there was a pause. Then, like the smart American girl she is, she added: "But what's the matter with dumping them over again in the tub and washing them over again." And that was what they did. "Love Lightens Labor."

Say, boys, a prisoner escaped yesterday and you had better lookout. I don't mean that you should lookout your cabin doors against him particularly, although if he happened to be found there by the police you might have an awkward explanation to make, but I want you to be on the lookout against those fellows from Seattle who were on the hunt for Tracy. There are three of them here, and they all have the most rapacious appetites for grub and juice and yellow stories that ever it was your fate to run up against. Lock the cabin door and put the key in your pocket for the next few days, unless you feel convulsively inclined.

Do you happen to know Mark, the pirate? Well, you should make his acquaintance. He has lots of stories to tell of when the decks were slippery with blood and all that kind of thing, and it is a lot better to listen to such stories from the lips of real pirates than to read fictions of such things written by men who would be as quick coming down the Yukon. Mark ought to have gone with Harry Meadows, in his crusade against the Tiburon island cannibals, but he is here, and is acting as a swain of the dog watch at the Regina.

Mark's other name is Ellington, and the Stroller recalls a case in which the pirate, as the Stroller has christened him, determined to get the

THE PROBLEM OF RELIGION

BY CORDIAL RICHARD.

The problems of religion are in the hands of Divine Providence. I firmly believe that there is a direct Divine guidance of things in this world, and the events of the day, the difficulties thrown in the way of religious development, do not shake my faith.

God himself will easily find a way of solving any problems that may occur if we fail to find the way ourselves. When Christ slept in the bark while the tempest raged, His disciples became alarmed and called upon Him to save them. It was not what He desired of them and He rebuked them, because it showed how weak was their faith in Him.

If we allow ourselves to be overcome by a similar unfeeling fear we shall merit the same rebuke, for it will show that we have forgotten that it is He who rules and guides the world, and not ourselves. It is just that we should deplore the evil we see, and as children of our Heavenly Father, lament that there are so many who do not love Him and seem to oppose His designs, yet it should be with a firm faith in Him and in His power to set all things right in their time.

I am not of those who always weep and who see only evil in this world. There is also much good, and, perhaps, there is more good than evil. We judge men only from the outside, and who knows whether we always judge rightly? We cannot see into men's thoughts or consciences, and many things they do which we judge so severely may have their excuse before God.

On the other hand, if the liberty of believers is restrained, if they have to submit to what seems a persecution and are unjustly treated, it may be permitted by Divine Providence for their own good. When we do our duty in the midst of difficulties we show that our religion is not an idle word, that it can lead to noble and heroic actions, that our faith is pure and sincere and that our hope is strong.

I do not think that religion is losing ground. If the number of believers diminishes, which I do not believe to be the fact, the faith of those who still believe, is more pure, they do not need miracles to convince them that a Divine Providence guides the world.

We see men of talent and genius publicly pointing out the "moral" advantages of religious belief. Ladies

of distinction and members of fashionable society take pleasure in religious instruction to children of all classes. There are even cases where the course of events has changed the indignant apostles, and we have seen the enemies of religion become its defenders. I do not love strife. Religion should elevate our morality and secure interior peace and happiness. These objects are not attained in the midst of strife and contentions. Mutual union and good will, not war between brethren, should be our motto.

There are numerous seekers of knowledge and men of science who are troubled at some of our social evils. Their reason and intelligence give them peace, but their science does not give them peace. If they want peace and liberty, let them find these things in the ever living words of Christ: "Love ye one another as I have loved you."

Our lives, if shaped according to this principle, will give us patience and accord best with the designs of Divine Providence. It will convince our opponents that religion is the purest of gifts, that it inspires the purest sentiments, and that the doctrines and morals which it inculcates conduce to the happiness of mankind more efficaciously than abstract science and philosophy.

Years ago, when I was still Vicar-General of my native city, Nantes, and while studying and writing the life of Blessed Francis d'Assise, I selected as my motto the mystic words which were always on his lips: "Pater noster, domine, que dies scilicet in te vivimus."

"Act above all that God may be loved above all."

The words of the motto, as I explain them, mean that we are to act as perfect Christians. We must prove by our lives that our faith is sincere, that our love for our brethren is real, and that our confidence in God is unlimited.

Men will know by our lives whether our intentions are selfish or generous, whether our principles are good or bad. The honest, upright life of each Christian will help to solve many difficult questions. The one great task of religion is to draw men nearer to God, or, as it is expressed in my motto, to make men love God above all things.

MURDER BYBritish O
the NWas in Co
Steamer

best of the courts and the lawyers. He was then Captain Ellington, of the brave Norwegian bark Triad. He had put into the Sound port of Port Townsend, and was lying at anchor there with his lights burning brightly, when he was run into by the steamer. Premier, belonging to our old friend Commodore John Ingham and his company. The Triad did not sink because she was in ballast, but she had a big hole driven into her stern, and Mark sought for damages. The marine adjusters went over the vessel and gave their decision in favor of the steamer. The Mark went to law, and there was a most bitter fight. They had forty witnesses on each side, and were paying each witness \$10 a day. These were glorious times for sailors and deck hands. The evidence being all taken the court at Seattle rendered verdict, and it was not delivered until six months afterwards. Meanwhile Mark had had his bark repaired and was gone to Sydney, Australia. There he learned that the court had found both vessels in fault and that the costs were to be divided between them. Mark got an idea that it was the vessel that was to be divided between them, and he thought he would divide it there and give it to the fellow the trouble of towing it half back to Victoria. So he got a couple of divers to work below the water and started in to saw the bark in two from stem to stern. Then it was explained to him, and he sold the vessel for enough to start out for the Klondike. But he never forgave Commodore John Ingham.

Bells Jangled

By James Whitcomb Riley.

He low-coiled in a nest of dream
The lamp gleams dim in the old
And the stars at the casement
Of misty light through the hazy
Where I lie low-coiled in dream.The night-wind comes o'er my bed
And the dew drops fall on my face
In a dewy flood that ebbes and flows
Washing a surfeit of dim white hair
Under my throat and the dark
In the shade of my dusk-dream
Face.There's a silken strand of an
strange sound—
Slipping out of a skein of song
Eerily as a call unwound
From a fairy-bugle, it slides
In a silken strand of sound.There's the tinkling drip of a fair
guitar
There's a gurgling flute, and a
ling horn
Blowing bubbles of tune afar
O'er the misty heights of the
to the drip of a faint guitar.And a dream that I neither sleep
wake—
Careless am I if I wake or sleep
For my soul floats out on the
that break
In crests of song on the storm
drip.Where I neither sleep nor wake
—James Whitcomb Riley
San Francisco is real bitter to
its carnival of crime. Here is a
single paragraph from the Call:
"These nights of hold-ups and
crimes of midnight marauders
police officers are entitled to a
highest consideration. They are
ceeding admirably, in keeping on
the way, and are sparing us the
millions of being robbed."**Monogram Hotel**

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