

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S FRONTIER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
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LETTERS

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

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

FRANCHISE DENIED.

Commissioner Ross has declared himself in opposition to the idea of permitting aliens to vote at the approaching municipal election. Briefly stated, the Commissioner is of the opinion that aliens who desire to vote should take out naturalization papers and become Canadian citizens. This view of the matter, while under ordinary circumstances it would seem just and reasonable, will not serve to adjust in a satisfactory manner the peculiar conditions which exist in this community. Granting that a general desire for citizenship should manifest itself among the alien population of Dawson, there are comparatively few who have resided here sufficiently long to entitle them to papers.

Many of the old timers have left Dawson and their places have been filled by others who, while heavily interested in various business enterprises, are not qualified under the law for citizenship. Their desire to participate in the coming municipal election is based merely upon a natural wish to have a voice in the selection of the men who will be authorized to expend the municipal revenues.

More than one-third of all the taxes called for by the recent assessment will be paid by less than ten business concerns and individuals, all of whom may be classed as aliens. Nevertheless, it is the opinion of the commissioner, that the voting franchise should be confined to citizens, and in expressing that opinion he is undoubtedly in harmony with the federal department from which he receives his appointment.

Mr. Ross is too astute a politician to make a public declaration such as appeared in this paper yesterday in connection with the franchise matter without knowing exactly where he stands. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that his views will be supported by the Yukon council, and that for the time being at any rate, aliens will not be permitted to vote.

The Nugget believes that the best interests of the community would have been subserved had a different line of action been determined upon, but as has been said before in these columns, the alien population of Dawson, notwithstanding their extensive interests, are in no position to make demands for the privilege of voting. Had the privilege been granted, it would have come merely as a matter of recognizing the potential influence exerted by aliens in building up the community, and as the Commissioner takes a different view of the matter, it remains only to submit to the inevitable with the best grace possible.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The threat of the White Pass company to raise the rates from Skagway to the Summit, sufficiently to offset any reductions made by the Canadian government, will prove of no avail if proper representations are made to the United States government. The regulation of railway rates in unorganized territories such as Alaska rests entirely in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior. In the spring of 1899, when the White Pass road had been completed only to Log Cabin, a rate averaging \$40 per ton was established for the transportation of freight over that portion of the line which passes through American territory.

That rate has never been changed

as yet and in order to make any increase it will be necessary for the railroad company to secure a special ruling from the Interior department. As a matter of fact, that rate itself is altogether too high, and entirely out of proportion to the charges which will be made next season for through delivery. It is quite evident therefore that representations should be laid before the Interior department of the United States in order to prevent any action which might be taken, if the case of the railroad only is heard.

The time to compel the company to change its attitude toward this territory is right now, when the matter is being prominently discussed in the outside newspapers, and while the officers of the railroad are making desperate efforts to perpetuate their present oppressive policy.

Every American citizen in Dawson and in the surrounding mining district should make it an immediate duty to forward a personal letter to the Interior department, protesting against any increase in the rate now allowed the White Pass line from Skagway to the Summit, and requesting that a new rate be established in conformity with the action taken by the Canadian Minister of Railways.

An appeal of such a nature must certainly bring the desired results. It rests with the people of the community themselves to settle the railroad question, once and for all, and if every individual will interest himself in the matter, along the lines noted, the desired end will be accomplished.

WILL DANCE FORTNIGHTLY

Social Diversions Under the Auspices of the A. B.'s.

For the purpose of liquidating the indebtedness now hanging over the new A. B. hall the camp has decided to give a series of balls every two weeks during the remainder of the winter, the first to take place Friday evening, December 13. The dances will be given under the auspices of the camp and should prove the most popular social diversion of the winter. Within the membership of the A. B.'s are practically all the society leaders of the city and as they are manifesting a great interest in the affair there can be no question of their success socially as well as financially. Tickets including supper have been placed at the modest figure of \$5 per couple; extra ladies \$2 each. Cards of admission can be procured through Arctic Chief Kalenborn (Rudy's drug store) and Dr. A. F. Edwards, arctic recorder.

A New Reading Room.

Editor Klondike Nugget: Dear Sir—Will you be good enough to allow me to inform the general public, through the columns of your paper, that a portion of St. Paul's Rectory has been set apart as a reading room for those men of the town who may care to make use of it as such. The room is small, but comfortable, and has been equipped with a number of books, magazines and papers.

I desire to extend a cordial invitation to the men of the town to the free use of the room, and will be only too pleased if they will come and make themselves thoroughly at home in it. Thanking you for your valuable space I am, yours sincerely, JAMES R. H. WARREN, St. Paul's Rectory, Dawson, Dec. 3rd, 1901.

At the Auditorium.

Everybody is talking about the play, "Friends," at the Auditorium this week, the general expression being that it is by long odds the best ever seen in Dawson. The house was again packed last night and will probably be tonight. Tomorrow night, being family night, will doubtless witness the biggest crowd that has ever patronized a Dawson theatre. Already many reservations have been made for tomorrow night.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, dyed and repaired—both men and women—J. P. GOLDBERG, tailor for Hershberg.

Candies, nuts, etc., for the holidays—Kligors & Landahl's.

Reduced Prices
ON
Fur Coats,
Caps and Mitts
See Our Window
J. P. McLENNAN
235 FRONT STREET

NERVE OF CORNY JOHNSON

He Did Not Look It But He Had It All the Same.

Took a Suit Home to Try on, He Was Married in It and Returned It as a Mistake.

Had you seen Corny Johnson driving into Saline Ford from up Plate Bottom way, where he lived alone on his eighty acres of sand and buffalo grass, you would not have put your mark upon him as a man of colossal nerve. His team was raw-boned and ill fed, his wagon unpainted and rickety, himself sleepy eyed and loose jointed. When he dismounted from the high wagon seat and walked around to fasten his team in front of the general merchandise store there was a high hitch in his gait that suggested a horse slightly affected with string-halt or spavin. Certainly you would not have pointed him out to a friend and remarked, "The nerviest man on Plate Bottom."

Certainly up to this particular time the community at large had not recognized him as charged with those characteristics of fearlessness, force and "carrying-a-thing-through-against-all-odds" that are so dear to a western man's heart. But a great transformation had taken place in Corny Johnson's life.

Early one evening he had left his little low-built shanty and gone across the sand-bottom covered with the thick young buffalo grass to the house of old Denny Nolan, set close to the sloping bank of Clear creek, to borrow a rip saw. The old man, his wife and daughter and all the little Nolans were just sitting down to supper. They asked Johnson to stay, and he took the chair between his host and hostess, the buxom, red-cheeked, laughing daughter sitting opposite. Johnson made good work with the asparagus soup, the fresh beef, the dumplings and the brown bread, and though the setting sun shining through the window took him full in the face, he managed to keep his eyes upon the girl across the table. He had met her before and had spoken a few words with her at the village store on a Saturday, but never before had he taken time to study her closely. He noted approvingly that she seemed to be the head of the table, served the things deftly, looked after his wants, pressed this or that upon him. Moreover, her smile pleased him as well as the full round throat and the strong, shapely figure.

After the meal the two men went out on the porch and while the women cleared away the supper things smoked their cob pipes and talked of the spring plowing. Then the mother and daughter came out, and all four discussed the last winter's revival, the stone mill being built at the Ford and the new neighbors from Missouri up the road.

The moon came up and a thin gray mist crept over the bottom land. Something stirred near the door, and Johnson looking around found that the girl had disappeared. Suddenly the conversation became lifeless to him, the porch seemed empty. He had never felt just so before. Off across the grassy distance he could see faintly his own small house standing out cold and cheerless. A dog barked far away and he knew it was his hound.

Thinking that the girl would return he waited half an hour, but as she did not come he finally took his leave of Nolan and the old man's wife and walked around the house and across the front yard of thin blue grass sod toward the road. The barb-wire fence had been cut and a cheap, unpainted gate set in. Upon this leaned a woman's figure with her back to him. Johnson saw that it was Nolan's daughter, stopped abruptly and then went on. The girl heard him, turned and gazed at him silently. Johnson took off his hat sheepishly and began running the brim wheel-like between the fingers of his two hands.

"Did you cook supper?" he asked finally.

"Yes," she said simply, smiling at him.

He moved nearer and leaned an elbow on the gate post.

"It was fine," he said.

Then they were both silent, though the girl was smiling to herself.

"I want you to cook for me—all our lives," he said suddenly.

"She smiled up at him again and he reached over and awkwardly put his arms about her and kissed her twice. They went in then to tell old man Nolan and his wife.

All being sensible people, they decided that the sooner it was over the better for all concerned. The next Sunday, four days later, was set for the event. Mrs. Nolan said that this would give her husband herself abundant time to invite all the neighbors and she relatives. Johnson said that he could get the house fixed up a little by that time. And the girl said that it would suffice for her to make a new dress and for Johnson to go to town and buy a new suit of clothes.

This remark of the girl gave Corny Johnson much food for reflection. On his life he could not have raised ten dollars in ready cash, and saw little prospect before him for the next fall. Yet he would expect him to wear that new suit. In fact she had mentioned

it, and under the circumstances of his courtship he felt as if he scarcely knew her well enough to set things before her as they really were.

Responsibility suddenly and unexpectedly pushed upon one brings forth latent powers, produces nerve, makes a man. Lying on his bed wide awake that night, while the soft wind blew ceaselessly through the open windows, and far away on the hills across the river a coyote yelped its troubles away, Corny Johnson thought of the thing out, and the next morning drove into Saline Ford to get his suit of clothes.

"A suit of clothes? Yes, sir. Sack or cutaway?" said the storekeeper.

"Well, I dunno," said Corny Johnson. "I want something nice, something to be married in."

"Not for yourself?"

"Sure. It ain't nobody else." "The devil and all the angels! How does this happen?" said the storekeeper in the free and easy way of the newly settled country. "Who'll hitch up with you?"

"Old Denny Nolan's girl. Now, what I want is a good suit of clothes, something dark and that will wear. The wedding isn't going to come off just yet, but I want to take the suit out for her to see it."

"Oh, a clay-worsted is just the metal. Wear like cast-iron boiler metal. That's double lined and triple riveted."

After 20 or 25 minutes a suit was selected.

"Throw in suspenders, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so," replied the storekeeper, "since you're going to get married. With the compliments of the firm."

The package was done up and passed across the counter. Corny stood still for a moment irresolute.

"Well, it seems to me that you ought to give a fellow a cigar too, at a time like this," he finally suggested.

"All right," answered the storekeeper, promptly. "Here's a 'Stockman's Delight.' Just the thing for you Plate Bottom fellows."

"Thanks," replied Johnson, biting off the end of the cigar and putting the weed in his mouth. "Now, I'll just take this suit out today and show it to her. If she thinks it'll do I'll come in and pay you. If it won't do, I'll be in early next week and change it. And, say, seems to me, since there's somebody else interested in this deal just as much as myself, the firm ought to stand something for the girl, kind of by way of remembrance—say, a sack of horsehond candy."

The storekeeper handed out the flat brown sticks of the popular country confection, and Johnson walked haltingly out to his wagon and drove slowly northward to his home.

On Tuesday of the next week he brought back the clothes.

"Won't quite do," he said. "Black don't seem to be just the thing for me. I'm in a darned big hurry just now. Got to meet a fellow down by the mill. I'm coming in again the latter part of the week—in a few days, perhaps—and I'll look over your stock again."

"Say, Corny," said the young man who worked in the store, looking up from sorting out raisins, "when is it that you're going to get married?"

I want to tell the boys, and we'll all come out and shiver you. When's the wedding coming off?"

"I'll let you know when it's time to come," said Johnson evasively.

The following Friday the storekeeper sat in his office chair reading the Weekly Saline Ford Times.

A man and his wife entered the door. Dropping the newspaper into a chair he rose and greeted his customers.

"Good morning, Mr. Masters. How are you, Mrs. Masters? And what can I do for you today?"

"I want to get a suit of clothes," the storekeeper led the way to the rear of the room, where he kept his small line of clothing, followed by the farmer and his wife.

The storekeeper pulled out several suits of clothes and threw them across some piles of overalls.

"I hear that Mrs. McGinnis up your way is quite sick," said the merchant. "Not expected to live, some body told me—pneumonia or something of that kind."

"Yes, the doctor's given her up. Says there ain't no hopes. A funeral and a wedding in one week is a good deal for us on Plate Bottom to go through."

"How would you like this brown check suit, Mr. Masters?" asked the storekeeper. "It's just the thing for a man of middle age like yourself. We've been selling a lot of them of late. What would you say—a funeral and a wedding? That's a good deal for one week. I suppose you refer to Corny Johnson's match?"

"Corny Johnson and Bess Nolan's? They were let's see one of those black suits in that pile over yonder."

Mrs. Masters brushed back her stringy hair and poked her bony finger at a thin pile of coats.

"Oh, a clay worsted. Here's just the thing. Mr. Masters would look well in it, too—stylish yet genteel and modest. It'll wear like iron, too."

"Corny Johnson got one like it didn't he?" asked Masters.

"Yes, did you see it?" "When I saw his," put in Mrs. Masters. "I said to Jim right then and there that he'd got to get a suit like that."

"I'm glad you liked it. Corny did, too, but I guess his girl didn't. Early last week he took it out to show her,

brought it back day before yesterday—no, Tuesday."

"Brought it back," said Masters. "What did he do that for?"

"Didn't suit. Said he was in again and pick out another. But he hasn't come yet. Just try on this coat, Mr. Masters. You and Johnson are about the same size, and this ought to fit you. It's the same coat he took out. Say, when's that wedding coming off?"

"Wedding coming off? It's come off," snapped out Mrs. Masters. "He was married last Sunday afternoon, and in that same coat!"

"That night the storekeeper told the clerk that he could go. He would close the store himself."

Walking slowly to the "grocery side" of the establishment he put down the lid of the pickle barrel and placed a brick upon it. He turned right the faucet of the molasses barrel and pulled down the hood of the green kerosene can. Then he put out the cat, locked the back door and pulled down the shades. Taking a blue checked calico cover from underneath the counter he pulled it carefully over the meager array of overalls, working jackets and ready-made clothing. Then he came back to his high desk, and dragging out the heavy ledger, made the following entry:

"To profit and loss: 'One Stockman's Delight cigar and 1-lb. horsehond candy, 10c.'—H. G. Shedd."

THE SEEING OF GHOSTS

Is Vouchsafed to Some People and Denied to Others.

"Some folks have the power to see ghosts, while others do not, so they say. However that may be, as ghosts usually make their appearance in the night at the hour when graveyards are said to yawn. But to look up from the table in broad daylight and see the wrath of a relative who has been dead many years falls to the lot of few. Yet such has been the experience of Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the well known New York singer."

The Smith homestead at Peterboro, near Cazenovia, is one of the oldest fashioned estates on one of the oldest family estates in the country. Peterboro is a little town of 600 inhabitants, and the Smith house is the show place of the neighborhood.

Previous to the civil war and along in the forties and fifties the resident of the Smith mansion was Gerrit Smith, a wealthy man and an abolitionist of national reputation.

The Mrs. Gerrit Smith of that day was in full accord with her husband. She was, moreover, greatly interested in spiritualism, which at that time was creating a furore in the land mainly through the work of the Fox sisters.

Stories of the abolition days and the doings of the Fox sisters are remembered now by the very old people of Peterboro and Cazenovia, but Mrs. Gerrit Smith of New York knew of them only by hearsay.

She and her husband, Dr. Smith, went up to the old homestead for a visit. The place is now owned by Mrs. Gerrit Smith, aunt of Dr. Gerrit Smith, and by Mrs. Green Smith, her daughter.

One afternoon in August the family were about the tea table. It was 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the fashion at Peterboro being to dine at noon and to have supper in the evening.

On the afternoon in question the sun streamed through the conservatory window and lighted up every nook and corner of the drawing room. From the hall and the dining room across its objects under the sunshine were thrown into relief like a meditation upon a dark wall. Besides, six o'clock in the summer time comes early, and the whole house was as light as at midday.

Mrs. Gerrit Smith sat at the dining table exactly opposite the doors opening into the drawing room and facing them. Dr. Smith sat at the end of the board, his side to the doors. The two other ladies sat with their backs to the doors and facing the younger Mrs. Smith. Suddenly Mrs. Smith saw a figure pacing up and down the drawing room. There were no other guests in the house, and she looked the second time with natural curiosity.

The whole figure was then plain. It was that of a slight, white haired woman dressed in the fashion of bygone times. She wore a gray dress with a full skirt and trim fitting waist. About her neck was a white kerchief. She walked lightly and gracefully, and seemed perfectly at home, as the mistress of a house might in walking in her own room. The most striking fact, however, was a certain peculiar forward bend of the neck, graceful and characteristic. The figure walked with hands folded in front and did not look about curiously at anything.

Mrs. Smith noted these things casually as her eye fell on the visitor. Something about it startled her slightly, and just what this something was Mrs. Smith has never been able to say.

"Who is in the next room?" she asked.

"It must be one of the maids," said Mrs. Green Smith naturally.

"No, no," said Mrs. Dr. Smith. "I do not think it is one of the maids."

She rose from the table and stepped across into the drawing room. No one was there.

Mrs. Smith had seen the vision as

...Show Us, Commissioner...

The project is on foot to incorporate the town of Dawson. A splendid idea, that, it sounds fine. But on second thought, what inducement is offered the people for the change. Can we, for instance, have a voice in the affair, or are we to be placed in the position of the Britisher in the Transvaal. Are the people who pay the principal part of the taxes of this territory to be allowed a vote in the municipal affairs. We understand as the law now stands an alien, with certain property qualifications, has that right. Is it the intention of the Yukon council to change the law for the purpose of disfranchising the alien residents of this city? Commissioner, you will make a mistake if that policy is carried out. The best interests of this country can be better subserved by giving to the people more generous laws than in stultifying those which favor us.

First Avenue

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

AMUSEMENTS

=THE AUDITORIUM=

W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER

Ralph E. Cummings
Auditorium Stock Company.
Curtain Rises Promptly at 8:30 O'Clock.

TONIGHT!
AND ALL WEEK.

THIS WEEK
FRIENDS

ADMISSION
50c - \$1.00 - \$1.50

Monday and Tuesday
Ladies' Night

By this time the rest of the family had become interested, and they, too, looked about.

The most minute search, however, failed to reveal any one around the place except the family and the servants.

Finally the elder Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the mistress of the house, asked, "What did the woman look like?"

The younger woman described her, mentioning her dress and the fact that she walked up and down slowly with her hands clasped.

"Why, that's mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

The New York woman added that she had noticed the bent head of the figure.

"Grandmother exactly!" said Mrs. Green Smith. "That bend of the neck is peculiar to the Fitzhughs."

Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the grandmother, had been a Fitzhugh of Virginia. In short, the figure which Mrs. Dr. Smith had observed walking quietly in the drawing room corresponded exactly to that of the former mistress of the house, who had been dead many years. An examination of old portraits corroborated the evidence of her eyes.

First class music—furnished—violin and harp—for balls, socials, and receptions. Please address musician, this office, a few days before engagement.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

To the Ladies.
A most appropriate Birthday or Christmas gift to your husband, brother, sweetheart or a friend is a set of selected from our extensive stock of

High-Class Pipes, Cigar Cases and Cigarette Cases, and Holders.

Coin Silver Match Safes, all of English and French manufacture. Also a Box of our own imported and domestic Cigars and Egyptian Cigarettes.

ALL OF ABOVE AT MOST PRICES.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO.
Five Cigars, Tobacco and Smokers' Articles.

Wholesale and Retail. King Street, Block B Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

We are sole agents for Herring, Hall, Marvin FIRE PROOF safes. All sizes in stock. Sold on easy payment.

B. A. DODGE
STAGE LINE
—FOR—
Last Chance, Hunker and Dominion.

DAILY SERVICE
LEAVE DAWSON 9:00 A. M.
LEAVE CARIBOU 5:30 A. M.

OFFICE - HOTEL McDONALD

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit 50c

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THE FAMILY GROCER
Corner 2nd Ave. and 6th St.

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For Amateurs and Professionals.
A COMPLETE STOCK

Field and Marine Glasses
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Printed and Bound. 25c

The Right Kind of
Paper, Type,
Design and Presswork.

The Nugget Printery

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\$25
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NOR

STORY OF DOG NAME

She Was too Smart Landlady

And Afterwards the Men
from a Wife - Can't
Effect.

"There must be a girl
John Locke as he took
overcoat. 'I never saw
more anxious to get home
you are!'"

"I do enjoy my evening
Elmer Stearns, and I
pleasant companion."
walked away whistling a
tune.

Elmer Stearns had many
acquaintances in New York
city one friend, Elmer
Stearns, who stuck to his
big counting room, but
seldom left it but he
thought of business and
went up to the enjoyment
of his pipe and his faithful
hand pointer named Clover.

He stopped for her now
living stable and the two
together to her boarding
house, his landlady, had
very vigorously when Elmer
if it might keep a dog
lover had walked, stroller
and finally gone
sweepingly and made her
all in response to Elmer's
"Go and beg her to let
Clover," her face relaxed
and, "I never allow no
Mr. Stearns, so don't ever
own animal go in that
house stairs."

Elmer was not obtuse
wood the emphasis on
"no."

He easily taught Clover
him into the hall and over
a bound, as Mrs. Nubbs
to come in, "though she
of dining room door in
he should not, and she
Elmer a brown paper
night which was always
tain tidbits for the dog.

City life was new and
then both, and though the
interest and variety in
things she saw from the
box stair where she spent
and Elmer enjoyed doing
was fitted for, both felt