

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 Wednesday's Daily.) THE OUTPUT OF GOLD.

The machinery era may be said now to have thoroughly dawned in so far as the work of developing the placer mines of this territory is concerned. From the mouth of Bonanza to the confluence of Dominion and Sulphur there are innumerable steam plants constantly engaged, many of them day and night, in taking pay dirt from hundreds of shafts and drifts scattered over the entire country.

What effect this increased use of machinery will have in adding to the amount of the annual cleanup is yet a matter largely of guesswork. Estimates as to what the cleanup will be are already coming in. They vary from \$15,000,000 to \$30,000,000, the majority of estimates ranging in the vicinity of an average between the two figures named.

We are inclined to the belief from advices at hand that the cleanup will amount to at least \$20,000,000. This sum is held to be a conservative estimate by men who are in touch with affairs on the creeks and in fact there is every possibility that it may reach several million dollars more when the returns are all in.

It has never been possible to gain an accurate idea of the gold output by reason of several conditions. The royalty tax undoubtedly covers up a very considerable quantity of gold which disappears from the country without passing through official or any other records. Various amounts, small in themselves, but aggregating in the whole large sums, are being daily panned and gradually placed in circulation. The daily pannings, alone, of which it is obviously impossible that any accurate public record be kept will form quite an item in the output. Sixty days from now a much more intelligent idea of the results of the winter's work can be formed than at the present time. Meanwhile from information at hand it is safe to say that the Klondike will yield more richly during the winter of 1899-1900 than during any previous year since Carmack's original discovery.

SKAGWAY'S OPPORTUNITY.

The city of Skagway has before it an opportunity to reach very considerable proportions as an outfitting point for the Klondike, and in fact the Yukon country in general. Skagway is the gate through which all supplies and commodities destined to the Yukon by the upper river route must pass. Thus far the little town on Lynn canal has been satisfied to act in the capacity of a gate. There is no reason, however, why she should not serve the purpose of a supply depot. As the terminus of the telegraph line Skagway has everything in her favor. When a merchant in

Dawson needs anything with which to supplement his stock he needs it badly and wants to secure it with as little loss of time as possible. If he felt satisfied that by wiring to Skagway an order he would receive the desired consignment promptly and that he would be able to get what he required, it would not take him long to decide in favor of buying in Skagway in preference to waiting returns from letters sent to Sound points or San Francisco.

Skagway has some wide awake business men who we believe are fully alive to the possibilities of their town. The rapid settlement of the Yukon country means a constantly increasing consumption of all classes of provisions and manufactured goods. Skagway has a golden opportunity to securing control of a large portion of this business before a cable is laid down the coast and telegraphic communication opened with Seattle and Vancouver.

The entire available Boer strength is now in the field. There are no reserve forces to take the place of the men who are killed in the future. On the other hand the British forces are just beginning to arrive. They will be pushed on from Capetown in overwhelming numbers until the Transvaal frontier is alive with her majesty's troops. For every British soldier that is killed, there will be ten to rush in and take his place. There can be no doubt as to the end, leaving out of consideration possible international complications. How much time will be consumed in bringing about the close of the struggle is yet a matter of doubt.

A report has been brought into Dawson to the effect that the Bank of France has declined to render financial assistance to the Bank of England during the progress of hostilities in South Africa. As no telegraphic confirmation has been received it is safe to say that the rumor is a rumor pure and simple, and is without foundation in fact.

The storm of last night was almost unprecedented in the history of Dawson. Old residents of Montana and the Dakotas rather imagined that for the time being they had been transplanted back to old haunts. It was fortunate that no fire alarms were turned in during the continuance of the heavy wind.

When it comes to a question of stability a country whose resources are confined almost exclusively to beach diggings will hardly stand in comparison with a country backed by placer diggings, workable 12 months in the year such as we have in the Yukon territory.

The electric lights which now illuminate our streets form one of Dawson's most important attributes as a city of metropolitan pretensions. The management of the electric light company is to be congratulated upon establishing a system so successfully.

Business is reported as being very good at the Forks. We are glad to learn that such is the case. A revival of trade at the little town up the creek signifies a renewal of activity all along the line at no distant date.

\$5 Reward.

Strayed or stolen, from Third avenue, near N. W. M. P. station, tan colored female pup, three months old, black face, black spot over each eye, black tips to ears, four white feet and white tip to tail. Anyone found harboring said pup after Wednesday will be prosecuted. Return to N. W. M. P. station.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Seeing so much ignorance displayed by many persons who have business before the local courts, especially the police court, where a lawyer is seldom called to conduct a case, often causes the mind of the Stroller to revert to an incident of many years ago in the land where the orange distills its perfume. A negro was up for trial on a charge of petit larceny, he having stolen a "razor-back" hog. A jury composed of men of his own color was, being sworn to well and truly try the case, when the county judge, having serious doubts as to the mental capacity of one of the men called to sit on the jury to fully understand the nature of the required oath, proceeded to ask him a few questions. The prospective juror was an aged man by the name of January Jeems. Everybody knew and liked Uncle January, and he was one of the few very old negroes in that country who did not claim to have "toted." Robert E. Lee around when he was a "mere child." "Uncle January," said the judge, "in case you are chosen as a juror to try this prisoner on the charge of petit larceny, and there is found conclusive evidence of his guilty, what sort of verdict will you favor?"

For a moment the old man scratched his yellow wool and looked wise. At length he replied: "Jedge, if I see called on dis heah jury fo' to try dis man fo' petit larceny an' de evience is dead agin de prisoner, I'll say, 'make him suppo' de chiee.'"

The Stroller was fined \$2 for laughing in court, but with the exception of the price of a drink, the judge afterwards remitted the fine.

"I have not seen an Indian in town for a week," remarked one man to another, Monday of this week. "I have not seen one either," remarked the second man, "but I'll bet \$5 I can show from one to a half dozen swashes in three minutes time if you'll come with me, and remember, I have not seen one or a sign of one for a week." Thinking it a safe bet, the first man replied "I'll go you a V," and the second man said "come on." The pilot led his friend into the A. C. Co.'s store and there, sure enough, were nearly half the fish-scented residents of Moosehide. A five dollar bill quietly changed hands and the winner never even said "have something."

"Long before I left Eastern Canada," remarked a man to the Stroller a few days since, "I had heard that there was practically no danger here from scurvy if a person made proper efforts to live anything like a white man ought to live. Since coming here over a year ago I have closely observed conditions, habits and surroundings of several scurvy victims and I do not hesitate to say that three cases in every four are absolutely inexcusable. Of course, there are exceptions when men who have lived fairly well and followed the general laws of health quite closely have been scurvy stricken; but in a great majority of the cases I attribute the cause to the carelessness with which victuals are prepared, the lack of variety, too much strong bacon, strong coffee, and, I might add, strong underclothing. In fact, I think that cleanliness of the person is the strongest safeguard against scurvy. If I was a doctor and a man with symptoms of scurvy would apply to me for advice the prescription I would give him would read, 'Use Pear's Soap.' Then I would send a bill for advertising to the soap company."

The old timer looked outdone last night. As he sat by a barroom stove and "pit-tew!" at a crack in it, the Stroller slapped him on the back and asked the cause of the seeming despondency of the man who has seen more

of this country than any other 40 people in it. "I am outdone on every turn," he slowly remarked. "Heretofore I have been able to entertain newcomers and work them for drinks by telling them of the cold weather I used to see here, and of a wind storm, a regular blizzard that occurred the winter of '91. But its off with me now. Last week with mercury below 60, spoiled the weather act in my entertainment, and tonight knocks me plumb out of my blizzard role, pit-tew. Since the cold weather last week people don't look at me with that degree of respect to which I have been so long accustomed, and now that this wind—really it is the hardest I have ever known in this country—has come, it is all off with me, and I guess I'll actually have to take to washing my face occasionally and take a place in the ranks of the common herd. I fear the worst is coming and I may have to go to work. It is hard to be dethroned as I have been."

Then as the man whose occupation is gone dull, thudded a big quid on the floor, he slowly drew a piece of dried moose meat from his pocket and heaved a sigh as big as a laundry bill.

"I have not struck a lick at work this winter, and I do not intend to, yet I must make a stake soon in order that I may get away with a party of friends on the trip to Nome by the end of the month."

The foregoing was remarked to the Stroller less than a week ago and on Saturday night the maker of the statement was again met. On being asked how he was getting along at gathering his "Nome stake" he smiled complacently and said: "When I talked to you last week I was dead broke, as you remember I got a dollar from you, telling you it was to eat on. Instead of eating, however, I played it; first at roulette until I won \$5, then I switched to faro. Luck was with me from the start; I did not do any plunging, but played carefully. Whenever I began to lose I cashed in at that table and tried another. Altogether I played at five tables that night and when I went to bed at 2:30 in the morning had \$290 in my pocket. I have played very carefully since and have run the size of my pile up to \$540, and now you won't see me grumbling any more in Dawson, as I start next week for Nome. I am not much of a gambler and would scorn to be called a professional in that line, only some times when I feel lucky that I may try a few turns on the green. When I get to Nome I will try for a good claim and if I fail in that direction I will try for something else, perhaps a "sit" as faro dealer. By the way, here is that dollar I owe you."

Another consignment of pure drugs over the ice. Cribbs & Rogers, druggists.

Cribbs & Rogers, druggists at Grand Forks and Dawson.

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

A General Stampede

The Pay Streak
In Two Places.

FRONT ST., Opposite S.-Y. T. Dock
and
Corner Second Street and Fifth Avenue

Inspect Our Complete Stock of

Groceries and Miners' Supplies
What We Have We'll Sell.

P. P. Company.

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