

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 Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1902.

\$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.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"The Nominee." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

PLENTY OF TIME.

There are altogether too many men in this territory who under the guise of defending the public interests are really actuated by a desire for personal aggrandizement. Ridiculous as the statement may seem, there are more than half a score of men whose names might be mentioned, who have staked themselves to be the first representative in the Dominion House from this territory. More than that they are already pulling what wires they can lay hold of in the hope of strengthening their position—notwithstanding the fact that there is no absolute certainty as to when the right to elect a member of the house will be granted.

With the majority of these perennial candidates every move they make, and every public utterance to which they give voice, is in reality directed toward the promotion of their private interests, although nominally clothed in the form of some sort of demand for different laws or new government policies.

If the individuals concerned—and none of them will experience any difficulty in determining who are intended—will pause to consider the situation for a few moments, they will discover the fact that not only are they pursuing a course which is almost certain to accomplish the defeat of their own desires but may result in delaying the right of representation for an indefinite time.

We would like to draw the attention of these worthy gentlemen to the fact that none of the men who are occupying positions of public trust in the gift of the people of this community can be classified as office seekers.

No one had ever heard of Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson as political possibilities, until the day they received their nomination for members of the Yukon Council, and it is a well-known fact that Mayor Macaulay repeatedly refused the nomination of the office he holds and did not accept until the pressure of opinion became too strong for him to resist, and the same thing may be said of other members of the city administration.

These are facts which some of our would-be M.P.'s would do well to remember. They will accomplish nothing by thrusting their claims to recognition so strenuously, before it is known when the right of representation will be granted. There will be plenty of time after an election is called for every man who thinks himself entitled to parliamentary honors to show the community upon what grounds he bases his claims.

The Yukon Territory has as much to fear from its own impetuous friends as from its worst enemies. Had it not been for the insane actions of some of the former, the Ottawa delegation would now be en route to the capital, supplied with funds and otherwise well equipped for the accomplishment of the object for which they were appointed. As a matter of fact, however, the whole thing is in a demoralized condition—the delegates, with possibly one exception are not supplied with funds, and the public as a matter of course is losing interest and already has begun to treat the affair as a fake. If all the earnest work which was performed by the committee of the mass meeting comes in the end to naught, the public will know where and upon whom to place the responsibility.

The Nugget is authoritatively informed that the magnificent sum of eight dollars has been raised and is now available for the purpose of sending the three Dawson delegates to Ottawa. Meanwhile, the Treadgold octopus has not lost a single one of its many tentacles.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Arthur Brunet, nephew of Jacques Brunet, member of the house of commons from Montreal, has been arrested for attempted bribery of a witness before a court of justice. He was recently in trouble of a similar nature in connection with election matters. The Montreal lacrosse team has accepted a challenge from the Winnipeg team to play for the Minto cup, which is already held at Montreal. The games will be played June 28 and July 1 and 5.

Rev. Dr. Lang, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Dundas, died in a Toronto hospital yesterday after undergoing an unsuccessful surgical operation. He was 70 years old.

J. A. Filmore, a well-known railroad man, died of pneumonia at San Francisco yesterday.

William Mathews, a Hamilton and Dayton railway fireman, this morning entered the Bank of Plato, overpowered and locked the cashier in a back room, took \$1500 from the safe and caught the freight train for Glenoe, Minn. He was arrested and confessed his crime. All the money but \$10 was restored.

Miss Stone will not return to the United States for several weeks. Her aged mother lives at Chelsea, Mass.

A Berlin dispatch denies that Prince Henry will visit Canada before returning to Germany.

Isadore Turcotte, a Montreal veterinary, threw a lighted lamp at his wife and then killed himself with carbolic acid. The woman was severely burned.

The street railway union at Kingston, Ont., has disbanded.

Prince Henry visited the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon yesterday, dining at the White House in the evening.

Germany is much pleased at the reputation accorded Prince Henry in the United States.

Beautiful Specimen.

Lew Craden is exhibiting today one of the most beautiful specimens of gold bearing quartz ever seen in this or any other country. The piece is somewhat larger than a dollar, is round and probably half an inch in length in its thickest place, is as white and free from either mineral or vegetable stain as the most exquisitely polished piece of Parian marble and is literally flecked with particles of virgin gold varying in size from an almost invisible speck to the head of a pin. Mr. Craden received the specimen yesterday from one of the "one Star group." It came from a pocket found near the foot wall at a depth of 54 feet.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

Job printing at Nugget office.

Dress Goods AT A BARGAIN We are offering a large line of Black and Colored Dress Goods at Half Price J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET

Stroller's Column.

A mean trick was played the other night in the matter of selecting delegates to go to Ottawa. The choice was to be determined by the votes of 20 men, those voted for being previously placed in nomination. One of the 20 placed in nomination, the name of another and a ballot was taken. The man whose name was placed in nomination, being desirous of making the trip to the capital city and, thinks of course, that a number of votes would be cast for him, put his usual very acute sense of modesty in his overcoat pocket with his gloves and voted for himself. When the ballots were counted he found he had received but one vote, his own. And then the fellow looked at the man who had placed him in nomination, but refused to vote for him, and the one word which is spelled by the initial of the name of the nominator—a waterworks superintendent, lingered on the lips of the "trun down" man for a second and then slid off with a loud hiss.

To place a man in nomination and then refuse to vote for him is meaner than giggling snipes.

"Do you know," said one man to another while they were sipping hot Scotch—a day or two ago, "that this idea of setting the Dawson time back 45 minutes is a very good one for the reason that as it is just at the present time we have fully 7 hours daylight in the afternoon against a scant 5 hours in the forenoon. I really think the idea is—"

"All dod-drotted foolishness!" The men sat their glasses down and turned to see from whom had come such forcible interruption of their social talk, and there on a pile of wood behind the stove sat the sourest of all doughs. He wore an unusually fierce and disgusted look and the two men were moving stealthily toward the door when the bartender said the old man was only bluffing and really meant nothing by his rude interruption.

"Ask him to have a drink," said the knight of the pleated coat, "he is really very interesting."

"Wont you join us?" asked the man who had favored setting the time back 45 minutes.

"Not in such slops as yer drinkin', but I'll take some stark naked lick."

After the old man had closed his eyes and allowed the red stuff to trickle slowly down his throat he said:

"Pears zif people get lesser sense every day they live. (And the bottle being still on the bar, he took another full glass without a word from anyone.) Do you fellers reckon 'at I am goin' ter sot myself back any 45 minits on account o' some fool havin' diagnosed the sun or read statology by moonlight? Do you reckon 'at when I want a drink I'm goin' ter say 'no, ole man, taint time yit, y'll have ter wait 45 minits?' Do you reckon me as aint never owned a time piece in the country is goin' to say to that three-legged dog that when he come ter my bunk in the mornin' and rubs his nose lovin'ly over my face 'go way, you scoundrel, yu're 45 minits ahead o' time?' Maybe Limpin' Grouse lived 45 minits arter she was dead, ye gol-durned chumps. Nex' thing people 'll be sayin' the sun aint risin what he'd order, or some temperance 'crank 'll be devisin' some scheme ter keep th' moon from gittin' full. I tell ye I'm tired o' all sich dratted silliness."

"What did me an' Limpin' Grouse care about time? Not a guss, ar' that aint never been no sich well regulated family in this country since she died of enlargement of the heart out'en pure love ter me, b'gosh. I'm durned glad nobody come in an' ketches me drinkin' with you. I reckon if ye had any chickens ye'd go home an' kill 'em fer crowin' fer midnight at 15 minits arter 11. S'long, ye gol-durned ninnies!"

Grand Forks, Feb. 26th, 1902.

My Dear Stroller— How could you be so awful cruel and say: "That the map of my face explained why my hand was no' sought in matrimony?" Why, dear Stroller, it was not the hand, it was my loving heart I wished to give to some dear creature of a fellow. Say, Stroller, I got a real big heart and a nice home of my own. Many a poor old sour dough would be pleased to get a nice, comfortable home with a wife all of his own. I admit that I never posed in a beauty contest, but a man would never be in fear that someone would elope with me. Had you, dear Stroller, seen me when I was sweet sixteen you surely would not sit home every night stirring flap-jack dough by candle light—and think of all good things you have missed.

The other day Manager Bittner sent

for me and wished to know if I had ant desire to go on the stage. He wanted me to take the leading part and assured me that I would make a great hit. I surely would like to go, but would like to ask your advise first. Another chance I had to make something for myself was that several saloon keepers of Grand Forks offered me a half interest in their bar. They told me I would bring trade to the house. Now, dear Stroller, think well before you tell me what to do.

To the man who decides to make me his loving wife I will promise that he don't have to ask his neighbors for nails so as to keep his suspenders and pants together anymore. Oh, how I envy Jane. Maybe, dear Stroller, if you took another trip up "Hoonker" you would find another popular man, and how I would enjoy the trip with you. I am ever your

BLACK-EYED MAMIE.

Mamie, your letter has a sort of cheery tone and the Stroller is of the opinion that the man who gets you will soon tire of his job. You appear to have the man mania about as badly as the old maid who stole out beneath a large tree at midnight and with all the fervor of a longing soul prayed: "Oh, Lord, wilt Thou be pleased to send me a man!"

And an owl in the top of the tree said "Hoo-Hoo." Thinking it was in answer to her prayer the time-worn female replied:

"Anybody, Lord, so I get him soon!"

You surely mistook some laundryman for Bittner when you said he had offered you the position of leading lady.

Go to Koyukuk, Mamie! Perhaps you will find some superannuated wreck there who would take you in; but the fact that you have been here four years without being located and staked does not foretell success in any country. What was passed up here in '98 either had a bad breath or was 80 in the shade.

The recent suggestion by the Stroller that a "He Never Cares to Wander" club be organized struck a responsive chord in the breast of many an old-timer, even one or two of the delegates selected to go to Ottawa having almost concluded to join the club and remain at home.

If the municipal officers elect will make dates for a conference with the Stroller before their first formal meeting next Monday night they will learn something to their advantage. At a skating rink is not the only place where it is possible to get off on the wrong leg.

Verbum sat sapiente.

SERGEANT ERSTLING

Says Eagle is Painfully Quiet.

Without Mining or Town Lot Boom in Sight—Telegraph Work Progressing.

First Sergeant Erstling is at the Yukon hotel, having arrived there yesterday from Eagle. His time of service is up on March 2, and the new commandant gave him a few days grace, as he has been at Eagle since 1899. He says Eagle is dead, with not a single land or mining boom in sight just at present, which must be very bad for Eagle, and that although he has been there so long he goes away without anything on his mind in the shape of town lots or rich-placer mines.

The sergeant has been in charge of a special detail of twenty-five United States soldiers, under two officers of the signal corps, working on the telegraph line from Eagle to Valdez. He says that all the wire from this end has been laid on the snow, and that the officers talk over it each night as to the progress of the work. This is done by means of a field kit, a complete telegraphic outfit in a compass to be slung over the shoulder like a small camera, by which messages can be sent and received at any point by connecting with the wire. As long as the snow is dry this works all right, but if the wire touches the bare ground the connection is broken and the current grounded.

The gap in the connection now, says

the sergeant, is only about 150 miles, and there is no doubt but that the line will be all strung on poles and in operation from Valdez to Eagle very early in the spring.

Enjoyed the Show.

Some charitably inclined individual meeting a couple of MacKenzie river Indians on the street a few evenings ago bought them tickets to the vaudeville at the Savoy and it is doubtful if a play was ever enjoyed more by anyone than by those two dirty Siwash seeing for the first time in their lives a few of the sights of civilization. The singing and jokes of the comedians they did not seem

to appreciate, but when John McGan did a few simple slight of hand tricks their mouths gaped open in wonder. The trapeze performance was also a source of intense wonder, and when Mason made his usual ad from the bar their eyes bulged out of their sockets.

All kinds of game at Bonanza Hotel, next Post Office.

Send a copy of Gortman's Book on the history of Klondike. Price \$1.00 sale at all news stands. Price \$1.50 The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail at Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street. AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM THE NOMINEE LIFE MOTION PICTURES NEW SAVOY Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 28. Nat. C. Goodwin's FARCE COMEDY "CONFUSION" MASON, EVANS & EDGERTON

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