

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 15
(DAWSON'S POWER, BELL)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
Yearly, in advance	\$20.00
Per month, by carrier in city in advance	5.00
Single copies	25
Yearly, in advance	\$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
Per month, by carrier in city in advance	5.00
Single copies	25

NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "the 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.

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.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 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.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The longest telegram ever transmitted over the Dominion telegraph line was received at the Nugget office yesterday. It consisted of almost 7,000 words and included a practically verbatim report of President Roosevelt's first message to congress. No other paper in the city of Dawson attempted to handle the report at any length and in consequence it has been the pleasure of the Nugget to furnish the newspaper readers of the Yukon with an exclusive report of President Roosevelt's first official declaration of policy.

The message was of such length that it was impossible for the efficient telegraph operators to handle it entirely before the Nugget went to press yesterday, but the remainder is published today, and we have no doubts it will prove as acceptable as though we had been able to give the entire report in our issue of last evening.

A careful review of the message must bring the conviction that President Roosevelt, although called by chance to the duties of his great office, has demonstrated his fitness for his exalted position in an unmistakable manner. The President has been popularly regarded as a jingado as a victim of erratic theories, but the wording of his message to congress in the language of a far-sighted statesman and level headed, evenly balanced man of affairs. In dealing with domestic matters he shows a clear grasp of the wonderfully intricate commercial and industrial development that has taken place in the United States during the past quarter of a century. He calls for legislation regulating the formation and workings of trusts, but at the same time denies the necessity of forbidding capital to combine for the purpose of prosecuting the vast enterprises which the conditions of the times demand.

He deals with the labor union in a careful manner, upholding the laborer for uniting with his fellows to secure just and proper treatment, but urging at the same time that the labor union must not abuse its power.

President Roosevelt, like his predecessor, is essentially a man of peace, but he believes that the United States may best retain its amicable relations with the balance of the world by placing itself upon an equal footing with them from a war standpoint. He therefore strongly favors a substantial increase in the navy.

The entire document may be said to constitute a reflection of the marvelous growth and prosperity which is rising and has been enjoyed in the States for some years past. It is an able statesmanlike delivery, devoid of unnecessary flourish, but carrying in its very sentence a buoyant feeling of confidence in the destiny of the great republic.

The message will prove a masterpiece for the new executive who has been called so suddenly and unexpectedly to assume the weighty responsibility of his office.

THE WHITE PASS YIELDS.

In our telegraphic news of yesterday appeared the following:
OTTAWA, DEC. 4.—THE WHITE PASS RAILROAD OFFICIALS TODAY INFORMED THE DEPUTY MINISTER OF RAILWAYS THAT NEXT WEEK WILL BE PRESENTED THEIR NEW RATE SCHEDULE FOR APPROVAL AND

THAT THE PRESENT RATE WILL BE VIRTUALLY CUT IN HALVES AS INSTRUCTED BY THE GOVERNMENT. THE PASSENGER TARIFF WILL BE AMENDED LATER.

In the above brief message is heard the climax of the Nugget's great struggle against the White Pass Railroad. The officers of the company have at last come to realize the fact that they have reached the limit of their tyrannical and abusive career. The demands of the government will be conceded and at the opening of navigation next spring a rate for the delivery of freight in Dawson will be established which will give an impetus to every line of industry in this territory, such as could result from no other influence.

This great victory has been won wholly and entirely through the pressure exerted by outraged public opinion. The Nugget has borne the brunt of the struggle in arousing the community to action, and we point now to what has been accomplished as complete justification of the course which we have pursued.

The railroad company has yielded, and by the published statement of its own officers, will frame its tariff sheets for the coming season in conformity with the requirements of the government.

The Nugget rejoices in the great victory which has been accomplished and more particularly because the fight has been conducted in the face of odds which have seemed at times almost insurmountable.

We congratulate the government for the magnificent part it has borne in the struggle, and we congratulate the people of Yukon to whose benefit the fruits of the victory will inure.

Fix It Somehow.

A man has written in from the Temiscanung country asking for 160 acres of land because he has a baby that is the first white child born in that region, but Mr. Southworth says there is no provision for making such a grant. Fix it somehow, exclaims the Toronto Star, and give the child the land, the father to hold it in trust until the youngster is 18. By that time the father will probably have it cleared and fixed up so that the boy can see it, go into town with the money, and cut a dash for a couple of months.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Honest Rustic.

While an honest rustic was rubbing through the city, he saw a sign in a bookkeeper's window which read: "Burns' Works for \$2." Contrary to all precedent and expectation the honest rustic did not get off his wagon and go in and ask if Burns worked by the week or by the month. No, indeed, he clucked to his horse, and said: "I hope he gets it."

For the honest rustic had once been hired to a city job.

Papa's Consent.

She—Isn't it lovely? Papa consents.
He—Does he, really?
She—Yes. He wanted to know who you were, and I told him you were tape clerk at Scripps & Co.'s, and he seemed real pleased.

He—I am delighted.
She—Yes, and he said we could be married just as soon as you were taken into the firm.—New York Weekly.

Man's Inhumanity to Man.

Who would be a negro? What with burning them at the stake in Texas, driving them out of their homes in Missouri refusing them shelter in hotels in England, the African has no place whereon to lay his woolly head.—Ex.

What Did He Mean?

Mrs. Bridgell—I am looking forward with such great pleasure to see the coronation ceremonies.
Mr. Oldman—Oh, yes! We just missed the last, didn't we?—The Sketch.

First class music furnished—violin and harp—for balls, socials and receptions. Please address musician, this office, a few days before engagement. c13

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

Holiday Goods

ALL KINDS.
USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.
Silver, Leather, Ebony, Celluloid, Etc.

AT RIGHT PRICES
J. P. McLENNAN
233 FRONT STREET

OVER THE DIVIDE.

By ED. HERING.

Gold Run creek during the past week seemed to take on its old time form and activity, each and every layman with but few exceptions, has encountered pay dirt and considering the number of laymen this winter on the creek there certainly can be but very little cause for complaint, at least not from a financial point of view, which, coupled with the large wood contracts let to private individuals for cutting and hauling timber lends a light of encouragement to the creek people in general.

Mrs. E. C. Beckenridge, of No. 26a has everything in readiness to work her property this winter. The ground in this particular locality is considered very rich. Mrs. Beckenridge is also owner of 12a-Gold Run, and cleaned up a large sized dump this summer. She will employ a force of ten or twelve men.

William Abbot and partners have commenced work on their lay, No. 12. They are hoisting and throwing by steam. This property is owned by C. E. Carboneau and is being worked on three lays.

John Warner is working a lay on 32. He has eight men employed, and has a large dump, working the property with windlass.

Gold Run creek, like her sister creeks, Eldorado and Bonanza, refused to yield the yellow metal past No. 43, therefore there is but little doing at that end with the exception of No. 77, which property is being developed by Linden and Nelson.

Miss Lulu Casey has leased the Whitman hotel, No. 28, Mrs. Slogie and opened the same for the winter.

The Thanksgiving dance at the Central hotel proved a very enjoyable affair. The merry-makers danced with the music's sweet measure until the early hours. Messrs. Benson and Lowmyer deserve great credit for the efficient manner in which the program was managed, and the turkey feast tendered those participating.

Among those present were the Messieurs Robinson, Evans, Pringle, Ness, Murdoch, Lowry, Robinson, Tyler, Bradbury, Syble, Englebreck, Benson, Holland and Casey; Messrs. Murdoch, Al Chute, Babbitts, Ross, Armstrong, Lavelley, Wall, Peterson, Bradley, Ross, Lowmyer, Anderson, Walker, Larsen and Jessie.

On the register of Chute & Wills' hotel this week appears the following names: R. P. McLennan, of McLennan & McFeely, Mr. Gosselin, crown timber inspector; Dr. Wills, Major Woods, Capt. Rutledge, Mr. Coia, Dominion land surveyor and Carl Douglass, proprietor of No. 30 above on Sulphur creek.

A few Gold Run people were interested in a ghost story from Quartz creek published in one of the Dawson papers some time ago. Among the number was Dick King, the assistant barkeeper at Chute & Wills' hotel. Oh, yes, Dick heard of that ghost, also several others; in fact, he cited several instances of ghosts he had heard of and seen in his travels. "But let me tell you, fellows, there is no danger whatever in a ghost," remarked Dick, in answer to a query from Joe Parks, an old time frontiersman and miner who had just happened in and seated himself just at that time. "No," continued Dick, "and if I'm skeered of any old ghost that ever lived, in fact I have never yet come in contact with any supernatural being that ever disturbed my peaceful slumbers." "Well, I don't know," says Parks, just missing a gilt edged cuspidor which decorated space immediately preceding the mahogany with a stream of tobacco juice and changing the weed to a more substantial position on the other jaw, "sounds to me like hot air, Dick, but I tell you what I'll do: I got just 56 cords of the finest firewood that mortal ever heaved, all cut and stacked up in the gulch, and I wager the whole pile

against a case of Gooderham & Worts's that if any apparition should happen to confront you that you would have no time to play possum with his nibs or even stop to ask the time of day.

Now Dick King may have troubles of his own, so has other people on Gold Run, in fact several that are not here now, but when it comes to a show down in a gentleman's game, Dick invariably persists in seeing the hole card and on this particular occasion his reputation was at stake. He had been over the divide several times himself, and according to his own arguing and point of view it would never do to tip his hand in the presence of the gang, and any chechaks who might be present, there was a case of good stuff looked like a secondary consideration to Dick and he called Joe—the wagger was left to Alex Hadden, the night mixologist, in turn being passed up by the congregation as warm vapor. Not so with the old Circle sour dough; he took his night cap with a knowing smile and retired for the night. Next evening Joe happened to meet "Windy Bill." Bill is one of the fellows, which handles the dough for the firm. They struck up an acquaintance. That settled the cat-hop. Joe was invited over to size up a bird that Dick had found on the Pike between Happy Hoofigan's and the Katzenjammer's headquarters which was introduced to Bill as a rare specimen of the Australian something or another, and brought over by the first Australian delegation to the Klondike. At least that was what Dick's friend Charlie told him, the same being accepted as gospel truth by Bill. Joe took one gap at the feathers. That settled everything; nothing to it but G. & W. That night Dick retired and in the midst of his dreams he was disturbed by a cold, clammy hand which grasped him like a vice; he tried to shake it away but to no avail. It seemed to have wings like an angel, but those eyes, they spit fire and seemed to pierce the innermost depths of Richard's nerve center. It faded from his vision only to reappear in a standing position on a center table.

"Who is there and who are you?" he called out. "Who is there and who are you?" he called out. "Who is there and who are you?" he called out.

"That is my dear uncle," exclaimed Dick, as he slid from his couch, cold perspiration dripping from his brow, gliding along the long hall muttering to himself, "It is him for sure. I can tell by his Roman nose. Those eyes are his for keeps." Dick reached the stair landing. One dash for the bar and all was over—he had swooned. Joe Parks still has his 56 cords of timber on the market, the holidays are coming. Our friend Bill has no more bird than a rabbit. Joe knew an owl when he saw one and any one that can convince Dick that there is a ghost on Gold Run or anywhere else must first prove that he is not from Missouri.

AN ENGLISH CHIT DWELLER.
Something like the pre-historic cliff dwellers of the South—It is John Barney, another English freak, who for seven years has lived, moved and had his being in a niche in a disused quarry in what is known in England as the New Forest. His career is a pipe bough and his table is a flat stone. His household goods consist of a tin mug, a knife and an iron plate. He gave up the trade of carpenter because he wanted to be more free. His wants are so simple that he earns more than he can spend by collecting haggles and snarling and stuffing wrassels, which he sells in town.—Ex.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, dyed and repaired—both men and women's.—I. GOLDBERG, tailor for Hershberg.

HOW THEY FIXED THE YAGUI

Powder and Electric Wire too Much for Them.

A Story of Mexican Border Mining When Guards Were Necessary to Preserve Life.

They said it was a reckless thing to do and that only Americans would have attempted it. On the west side of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico are the roaming grounds of the Yagui Indians, and between the Yagui and Fuerte rivers is their main stronghold. And yet we opened the Sunset mine with only the mountain range between us and every man from president to the cheapest workman realizing that we might be attacked at any hour. The Yaguas have warred with the Mexicans for the last 200 years, and their hands are raised against all others who invade their domains.

We were months in getting machinery over from Chihuahua, erecting buildings and fairly opening the mine, and, though we had a guard of 50 Mexican soldiers, we worked in the shadow of death, as it were. If the Yaguas came through the pass, they would come in such numbers as to overwhelm us. Strangely enough, as we thought at the time, they let us alone, and at length the guard was withdrawn, and we were left to ourselves. We had a force of 30 white men and 100 poor laborers. Not one of these people could be depended on in case of a row. The engine house we made our fort, and 30 men behind its loopholed walls would make a good fight of it. But yet we had something more than powder and lead to depend upon. If the Yaguas came through the mountain pass, they would approach the works, two miles distant, by way of two ravines which led quite to our doors. In some places these ravines were only six or seven feet deep, in others over 30, with stone walls on either side. Under the direction of a civil engineer powder and dynamite charges were hidden away in these walls and buried in the earth and wires connected with the power house and electric battery.

Had it been possible to buy the friendship of the Yaguas we should have attempted it and thus secured our safety, but we knew they were not to be tempted by anything we could offer. We had been working full force for three months, and an alarm now and then when we heard why we had not been disturbed by raiding parties. The whole fighting force of the Yaguas, numbering between 4,000 and 5,000, was gathering for a grand effort to sweep across the mountains and clear the country to the Rio Grande. This had been the dream of the chief for years, and his people had been "treasuring up rifles and ammunition. When the force was finally ready to move, the Mexican government was powerless to stop it except on the north, and it was too late to send out anything like a general alarm. The 4,000 well armed savages, knowing no mercy, fell upon prospector, freighter, hunter, miner and villager, and not a man escaped from their hands. Almost by accident we got word of the movement, and the mine was closed, the people were sent away, and we prepared for a siege. Lookouts were established along both ravines, and we had four days in which to hear the tales of panic-stricken fugitives who passed our way.

The Yaguas had no pity for age, sex or condition. They found the people almost defenseless, and when they had captured a village every man, woman and child was put to the torture. Every habitation was burned, live stock was slaughtered, and even the dogs and cats were killed. The idea was to leave nothing alive behind them. The army did not push forward at swift pace, but halted and spent hours witnessing the torture of its victims. We knew when the Indians finally entered the mountain pass, headed straight for us, and it was half an hour before sunset one evening when we saw the first of their force debouch on the plain and begin a close survey of our situation. We were ready for them, but we knew that an attack would be made before morning. They would have had a long march and be fatigued, and they would wait until all their force was up. An hour after sunrise next morning we witnessed a spectacle that made the flesh creep a bit. Fully 4,000 Yaguas gathered in a compact body between us and the mouth of the pass, and we were only 30 against them. They sent no flag of truce to demand a surrender. They may have even hoped we would show fight, as they had met with no resistance as yet. As we had hoped and planned for the Yaguas advanced by the ravines. A body of about 500 was told off for each ravine, skirmishers were sent on ahead, and the main body looked on. Thirty men with Winchester rifles in side a stone fort are no mean foe, but we soon realized that in this case we were almost helpless. So swiftly and stealthily did the Indians advance and so hot was their fire at the loopholes that we soon had five men killed and could reply except at great risk. Their advance was within a stone's throw of us in both ravines when we

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 served 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 and Auditorium Stock Company. Curate Please Promptly at 8:30 O'Clock.

TONIGHT!	THIS WEEK
AND ALL WEEK.	FRIENDS
ADMISSION 50c - \$1.00 - \$1.50	Monday and Tuesday Ladies' Night

The Standard

Ray Southard, Manager

Dawson's Only First-Class Vaudeville Theatre

Prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Curtain Rise Promptly at 9 O'Clock.

A Quick Retort.

A leading counsel for the defendant in an accident damage case where the injury had been occasioned by a jet of steam scalding the complainant's back and neck as he was driving past the defendant's place argued to the jury that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence and should have looked up to avoid the accident. The quick-witted counsel for the complainant retorted: "Oh, no. If he had looked up, instead of suing for damage to the back of our head we should have had to charge you for the loss of both eyes."—Ex.

Women Shave Their Heads.

One part of Egypt shows where the outward and visible evidences of the aboriginal have been softened down with a veneer which the softeners fondly imagined indicative of inward and spiritual grace. This is along a 350 mile stretch of the White Nile, where the Shilluks live and move and have their being. Now, the Shilluks are a picturesque and a promising people. They have their Fashoda for a capital and their memories of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum which no man may take from them. Wherefore, what matters it that they have lost their original lawlessness, their former turbulence and their cheerful specialty of roasting the enemy on the point of the spit?

New the Shilluks are so "civilized" they carry short wooden clubs after the fashion of the Broadway policeman and occasionally brandish a long spear in true light opera style. They had an enviable life, these Shilluks; nothing to do all the living day but lie on the mossy bank and spear the horny hided hippopotamus as he glides within range, or make a dead crocodile of a live one by the simple expedient of harpooning him through his vitals. As for work, that is for woman, and my lord of the Shilluks never puts his hand to it.

Agriculture is yet an undeveloped industry, and what little developing has already taken place has been at the instance and hands of the wives. The Shilluk country is not the birthplace of the seven brotherhood sisters of glorious historic memory. All the women of the tribe shave their heads.—New York Herald.

A. B. Meeting Tuesday Night.

Tuesday night the regular meeting of the Arctic Brotherhood five more new candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the order. Messrs. Judge Davis, Hall, Moore, Genest and Troughton. The increase in the membership of the A. B.'s has been rapid this winter and Dawson camp today is the largest and strongest of any in the order.

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

To the Ladies.

A most appropriate Birthday or Christmas gift in your husband, brother, sweetheart or a relative friend may be selected from our extensive stock of High-Class Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Cases.

Can Silver Match Safes; all of English and French manufacture. Also a box of our own imported and domestic Cigars and Cigarettes.

ALL OF ABOVE AT RIGHT PRICES.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO.

Fine Cigars, Tobacco and "Smokers' Articles."

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

We are sole agents for Dawson, H. H. Marvin FIRE PROOF SAFES. All made in stock. Sold on easy payment.

Printing

CLEAN, ORIGINAL, ARTISTIC WORK.

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

The Nugget Printery

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

Design and Presswork.

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY

THE PH

RECEIVED BY