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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903



AMUSEMENTS: Auditorium—"A Black Sheep"

AN ACT OF FOLLY: All the information at hand confirms the position of this paper in relation to the necessity existing for the establishment of a public water system.

PLenty OF STAGES: Mail Coming in Every Day Part of Next Week.

The White Pass expects a stage in about five o'clock this afternoon with nine passengers and a small mail.

The White Pass stage which left at one o'clock today had as passengers Miss Lillian Lee, Mrs. Floyd L. Kenyon and Mrs. E. Scott.

The Merchants line has two stages which may come in at any time with big loads of second class mail and passengers.

Every influence in the territory should be indulged in at this time. Assurances have been given that reforms will be forthcoming from the federal government.

The harsh criticisms directed at Mr. Ross before he has been sworn in as member of parliament are founded in vindictiveness and by no desire to advance the common interests of the country.

Every reasonable man will admit that important legislative enactments cannot be secured in a day, and certainly it is an absurdity to expect of Mr. Ross the fulfillment of pledges before taking his seat in parliament.

The men who pose as leaders among what is known as the opposition understand these matters perfectly well, and they do wrong to the whole community and lay their own sincerity open to serious question in pursuing their present radical policy.

The territory is represented at Ottawa by the best and ablest man whose services could be secured. This fact is admitted by the opposition, and yet we find among them men who are deliberately seeking to balk the

purposes which Mr. Ross has in view.

Instead of defamatory newspaper articles and denunciatory speeches, which serve only to give people a wrong impression of the country, if the opposition leaders were sincere they would lay aside partisanship and engage themselves in the work of strengthening the hands of Mr. Ross with a view to promoting the common welfare.

The project of sending Mr. Clarke to Ottawa is born of the veriest folly. It will result in no good to anyone and least of all to the general community.

Mr. Ross is the duly accredited agent of the territory at Ottawa. He has his instructions from the people and the people have his promise that he will fulfill their desires to the utmost of his ability.

He has shown himself to be a man worthy of confidence, and the great majority of the people have absolute faith in the integrity of his intentions.

Mr. Ross is now in the south, building up his energies for the arduous labors that are before him in the coming session. He will shortly return to Ottawa where he will represent the interests of the people manfully and conscientiously and will be judged in accordance with the service he renders.

But why throw stumbling blocks in his way? Why question his sincerity and motives before he has taken his seat?

Instead of pursuing these tactics the opposition would do much better to engage their energies in formulating a practical plan for a public water system and send it to Mr. Ross to aid him in the work he has before him.

By so doing they would give practical evidence of a desire to promote the common good of the whole people.

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Cinnamon Fritz and the Liederkrantz

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG.

Did you ever know a bar's nose is allus cold?" said Limpy Haves one morning, as we sat under a parrot wagon, waiting for the procession to come back from the town.

We could hear the callope, which was at the tail end of the parade, shrieking through "My Gal is a High-Born Lady," and knew it would be a good hour or more before the outfit was back.

I denied any such knowledge of bear's noses and the old circus-man led me over to a wagon-cage, where two cub stiffs were wondering about their narrow quarters.

"Here, Lallah, good baby, comere," said an entertainer gentle to the "smaller" bear, putting his hand through the bars.

Lallah came close up, and he caught her under the throat by the loose skin, and drew her nose through the bars, commanding me to put my hand on it.

Despite the fact that it was an exceedingly hot June day, that cub's nose was as cold as if she had been rubbing it on ice.

"Yes, sir," said Limpy, as we sat down again, putting out a great wad of "fine-cut" from his jaw, "we had a bar one time that had an uncommon cold nose, and he knowed it.

He's a regular bear, too, and was stickin' that cold nose of his agin somebody, when they was lookin' ev'ry chance he got.

You know bar's is funny critters. Takn' oath, I've seen em play a joke and then fall over it. Some bar's is born clowns.

Yes, a good many of 'em, and there's here Cinnamon Fritz was the worst I ever see.

I put him through his sprouts myself for awhile, but the old man hired a trainer from Hamburg that done a whole lot of stunts with bar's and hybrids together, and he just fastened right into Fritz.

The old boy lied him; ton, but that blame Dutchman learnt him to drink beer, just like any chump that a bowlin' turned out. By and by they got so fond of each other they sleep together on the road.

"Long 'bout the second season the Dutchman was with us, we was comin' east, the last week in September I mind, and was gettin' 'bout ready to git into winter quarters, when we stops to play St. Louey, and right there's where that Dutchman went clean daffy.

He bumped into a lot of his old friends, and as near as I recollect, they was goin' to have a big stakin' doin's the next night. Bein' it was Sunday and we was only makin' a short jump, the Dutchman - lessee, what was his name? Oh, yes, August Mendelbaum. That's it.

As I was sayin', he makes up his mind to stay over, and then foller us. When them friends of his, what was so stuck on him, found out he could stay, they just went to the main guy of their club - Liederkrantz I think they called it - and said August had got to have a piece on the bill.

The spielmeister come out to see August, and after they'd had a bunch of schooners them two idiots had it fixed up.

"The Liederkrantz was goin' to have a sort of Dutch minstrel, mostly singin' with variety turns in the last half. They was goin' to have it in some great big theatre, and had been fixin' up for it a couple of months.

The main guy fixed it that Mendelbaum was to do a turn right before the last big event, and since the Dutchman couldn't do any club-singin' and net work, only an act, he was to bring Cinnamon Fritz, if the old man would let him, and they was to do a mighty neat stunt I had taught Fritz on a ball, it was.

"The point in this yarn, the diversification, as the French say, is that these two fix it up that August's turn was to be a surprise. No one was to know just what he was goin' to do. The bar was to be put in one of the dressin' rooms and kept there, and nary a livin' being was to know of it, for I should-a-said the Dutchman had ast me to go long.

The old man was willin' the bar should go, if I went with 'em.

"Well, I would have been far better as the Eyetallians say, if I hadn't never seen anythin' so lively as the bust-up of that show in all my days, by Gosh, Amishky, I hain't.

"Guess I may as well be tellin' before I git any further, of Cinnamon Fritz' likin' for music. He was an food of it, as he was of mornlasses, and that's what a lot, I'd larn him a number of turns that was mighty cute. One of 'em was a Mid-west dance that he done to a T.

"Under was a march with a stick up to his shoulder, like a gun; and he could waltz somethin' delightful. Whenever he'd hear the band play, waltzes or marches, he would want to git to 'em. I waltzed with him when I had him, but the Dutchman cut all that out and wouldn't do any such turns.

"There was 'nothin' in the room to fill in the bar to that would a held him if he took a notion to pull, so we just left him run loose in there, a-bidin' the door from the outside.

Mendelbaum had an awful thirst on him, I should-a said a worse one than usual, so he says, 'Limby, sponse go out and get a glass beer.' I never tech it myself, but I went with him.

"We run slambang into a lot of them Liederkrantz in the s'loon, and had a party fair time till it was time to start the show, leastways I don't know Mendelbaum did, for I tech it myself and I never sung much.

"The main guy got us a seat in a box where Mendelbaum could git 'out easy to go back and dress. I went back to see if Fritz was all O. K., and he was snobzin' in a corner. Mendelbaum found it was so all-fired easy to go out he kep' goin' out betwix ev'ry song, and sometimes in the middle, and at last he didn't come back at all. Thinks I, he started his dressin'. I never thought no more of anythin' goin' wrong than I'd a whale.

"Well, sir, them Liederkrantz was a havin' one of the goblaimest shows you ever seen. A whole bunch showed up in beards, long hair, swords, armor and fixin's would come out and sing and stomp and holler, and then the crowd would holler, then some feller with a voice like a bull in the back paster'd take a fall out of 'em. Then some jitt that thought he was funny would come out and act silly, then they'd sing some more.

"The show was purty well through when the real fun begun. I wasn't back of the stage a-course, but this is just about how it happened, accordin' to all tales, though git accordin' haino torto as the Eyetallians say.

They was havin' a shadder dance, which was purty and new in them days that is a dancier with floppin' white clothes would come out, with all the lights down. Now, as near as I kin make out, Mendelbaum was at guzzlin' beer with some of his cronies, and not lookin' after the bar at all. Some prim-minded fool musta heard Cinnamon Fritz movin' round in the dressin' room, and opened the door.

"Fritz musta git right up and asblayed to the front. Even where I the all-fired yells you'd want him was we heard somebody give one of 'em to, and somebody come pilin' up the stairs to the stage, and went a-shootin' across behind the dancer, gin' for the out of doors. He was a big fellow goin' like a comet and sayin' in a sort of wheezin' whisper 'I could hear plain, 'Ach, mein Gott! Ach, mein Gott!'

"I guess Cinnamon Fritz stood still inside the dressin'-room door in the dark; for the rest of them Liederkrantz dressin' for the last big event, all come out of their rooms to see who it was yelled, and then sein' nothin' went back. I could hear a sorta rumpus down there, then all got quiet. Reckon after all Fritz was just layin' to have some fun.

"Anyhow he comes out and goes into one of them dressin'-rooms full of Dutch standin' before mirrors' puttin' on make-up. He stick that cold nose of his agin a couple of their legs and say-oh, my golly, them fellers screeched like painters and clump up on trunks, shavers and onto the clothes hooks.

"All the other Dutch in the other dressin'-rooms come a runnin' to see what was the matter, just in time to meet Cinnamon Fritz comin' out. Oh, my gracious! It sounded just like an Injun sprin' run afoul of an old maid's home. The band was playin' a waltz for the calico as was doin' the dance, and old Fritz he thinks its time to do a one-two-three like I larn't him. Them Liederkrantz set scattered all sorts of ways, but Fritz was between most of them, and the stairs, so they just stand themselves up and yelled. He grab the nearest one and holds him tight in them two great big arms of his, and goes a-waltzin' all around in front of the dressin'-rooms. The Liederkrantz he'd caught fainter purty quick, I reckon, anyhow Fritz dropped him and went into one of the rooms that was open, and while he was seein' whether there was any beer left in the bottles, the Liederkrantz lit out for the stairs.

"I say, the band was playin' so loud that the crowd didn't git together, make off the nose down stairs, and it bein' so dark on the stage all they could see was things in white and pink and the like, chasin' and chasin' across behind the dancer. From where I 's agin I could see some carryin' their pants, but most of 'em say in all particulars less it was some tin armor, a bunch of false hair, and some shirt-mosin' dyin'.

"When the big rush come, they almost broke the stairs down, and fought and spit and spattered, but when they got up didn't stop to say nothin', just shot across in the shadder for the stage door.

"The dancer kep' a-dancin' and the band kep' a-playin', though ev'rybody else knowed there was somethin' all-fired wrong, and by this time I figured it was the bar. Somenesever I lit on that idee, I jumps up to go down to him, but just then up comes from down below, right behind a little fat Liederkrantz with a white beard, and nothin' the Dutchman's bare legs ev'ry jump he made.

"When Cinnamon Fritz hit the stage he was quite to home. One of the feller's ones had dropped a big wooden sword, and the bar stops, picks this up, puts it to his shoulder, and comes down front salutin'.

"That little trick was all that kep' the crowd from boltin' when they seen him. Most of 'em was up on their feet, but I reckon they

musta thought it was part of the show, for they didn't run, but just hollered.

"But that dancer! Say, takn' oath, when she ketch'd sight of him, over her shoulder, she claps her hands together, lettin' go of her white clothes squawks 'Ach, Himmel! Himmel! Ach, Gott! Ach, du lieber Gott!'

And makes one flyin' dive for the leader of the orchestra, right over the footlights. Ye might jest as well a hit him with a dry-goods store, for most ev'rythin' around there was full of her and her duds. Somebody turned on the luff lights, and sced' a rumpus you never seen.

"But Fritzie hears me callin' him and he drops his sword and comes pilin' right over to the near end of the stage, and into my box. He puts one arm around my neck, and then he turns right round, and luffs and luffs.

"Ev'rybody quieted down purty quick, but there warn't no more show. The spielmeister couldn't get them Liederkrantz back in that theater with a Gatlin' gun. The leader of the orchestra was off in a corner, patten' the dancer's hands and peurin' water down her neck, and wouldn't come back. Some old fool got up and said he thought I oughta have a gold medal for hêrêfêssim, but I got Cinnamon Fritz out and lit out for the deep.

"Way Down Upon the Yukon River Way down upon the Yukon River - Far, far from home. This is what you always shiver. And think of you dear ones at home.

All this world am sad and weary Ever since the Yukon started. Oh, how it makes your heart dreary When at the boat you parted.

Oh, how I do think of my mudder - Far, far from here. And when I think of my dear, brudder I can't help but drop a tear.

The other day I wrote a letter And sent it through the mail. But then I got somethin' better - An' when I read it I turned pale.

It said, 'Dear boy, I want your home' Come as quick as you can. For I would not like you to roam Any more from your dear old man.

So next day I packed my trunk And started off for home. Then to myself I said with a sigh - I'll never any more start to roam. LOTTIE GRICEL.

SCIENTIFIC WORK

Washington, Jan. 31.—The executive committee of the Carnegie institution held a meeting today, at which the principal features were the allotment of appropriations to encourage work in certain branches of science, and a discussion of the policy of encouraging exceptional talent by the appointment of a number of research assistants at fixed salaries.

The grants decided on today were not made public. None of them, however, are of unusual interest, and none involved large amounts. It was announced that the grants so far made by the institution aggregate \$200,000.

The research assistants have not yet been selected. The purpose of this work is to discover and develop such persons as have unusual ability. The annual emolument of these men will not exceed \$1,000 as a rule. Appointments will be for one year at first, but may be continued, and no limitations are prescribed as to age, sex, nationality, graduation or residence.

The year book of the Carnegie institution, which will be published shortly, makes an announcement of the grants made heretofore. Among other things, the institution allotted \$1,000 to the marine biological laboratory, Woods Hole, Mass., for general support; \$1,000 to Dr. J. McCullagh, Columbia University, New York for preparing a list of the scientific men of the United States, and \$1000 to Dr. Hideo Noguchi and Professor Simon Flexner of Philadelphia for the continuation of their studies of the "toxicological actions of snake venoms and allied poisons."

A Big Plot

Lodge, Mont., Jan. 24.—Officers of Carbon county have evidence that the Bridger bank robbery last October was intended as the first step in one of the biggest plots in the criminal history of Montana.

An official says that when the cases of the bank robbers came before the district court the prosecution will prove that the gang intended, after the successful robbery of the Bridger bank, to assemble twenty men in western Carbon county and make a raid on Red Lodge and loot the three banks in that city. This is the second time a plot has been formed to raid Red Lodge. Last summer word was received that the Hole-in-the-Wall crowd were on their way to hold up the town. The desperadoes, however, learned that the officers were prepared to receive them, and abandoned the plan.

See Mrs. J. Langlois Bell as "Isabelle" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

See the opera "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Best hot drinks in town—The Slideboard.

SCHEDULE ARRANGE

New Dates Prepared for the Hockey League

Play Will Be Continued on Percentages, Eagles and Athletics Given Extra Games

The managers of the several hockey leagues, met a few days ago and arranged a new schedule for the remainder of the season by the amalgamation of the teams with that of the D. A. A. A. are now hot with their plans and the rearrangement of the schedule was necessary in order that the petition for the championship might be continued.

It was at first suggested the old score be wiped out completely, a new start be made, but the Civil Service vigorously objected as they so far have six games credit without a single defeat, and with that of the highest average. It was pointed out that it is possible to give up matters decided to give the last teams another game each in increasing their percentage, and finally that such and plans were made nearly on an equality.

Civil Service. Such gives in the following standing which is clear to be the official record and will be added to the time as fast as the game played off.

Played on Feb. 14

Civil Service 8 2 1

City Eagles 7 1 1

D. A. A. A. 8 2 1

The postponed games of these are two, City Eagles vs. A. A. and the same vs. Civil Service. The game between the City Eagles and the A. A. A. will be played off at once in the middle of the week as though the reorganization had been effected. They will not be allowed to interfere with the scheduled games on Saturdays. The new schedule is as follows:

February 14—Civil Service vs. A. A.

February 21—Civil Service vs. Eagles.

February 28—D. A. A. A. vs. Service.

March 7—Civil Service vs. Eagles.

March 14—City Eagles vs. A. A.

March 21—D. A. A. A. vs. Civil Service.

March 28—City Eagles vs. A. A.

April 4—City Eagles vs. Civil Service.

Conditions are admirable for this evening between Civil Service and the D. A. A. A. as they are very much in good condition and there is a large crowd in attendance.

COURT-MARTIAL

Manila, Jan. 24.—The appeal of the trial by court-martial of Edwin R. Glenn of the 10th Cavalry, charged with assisting printers of war, were lost and the court submitted a verdict which was believed to be a acquittal, although the finding was pronounced.

Major Glenn at the opening proceedings read an endorsement devoted to conditions on the island of Samar and published in the measures taken to put the region back to normal.

Major Glenn read the report which counsel for defense had prepared contending that he was killed in Samar while on duty, and that they were not to be held responsible for the same.

Major Goodler, for the prosecution, stated that the evidence showed that the civilian people in that region were being tempted to escape, and that Major Glenn endeavored to force natives to act as guides and then to guide them to safety.

Major Glenn was not willing to consider under threat of death what he believed to be a gain of death, and showed that he was not to be held responsible for the same.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 17, the Young Men's Institute is giving a smoking concert for the benefit of the Young Men's Institute. A variety program has been arranged in which many novelties are introduced.

The committee, headed by J. J. McNeill, chairman, announced that the Young Men's Institute will make the affair one of the events of the club.