

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 72. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 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—Alabama. New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

TOO MUCH PREJUDICE.

The News endeavored last evening, through the agency of a labored editorial, to convict this paper of expressing contradictory opinions in respect to the mining regulations.

The first paragraph in question cited the opinion that the mining regulations taken as a whole are favorable to the miner and the industry which he follows.

The News endeavors to argue that one or the other of the two opinions must be wrong. We hold to an entirely different view of the matter.

The tendency of the laws is toward increased litigation, as the Nugget stated, but that fact does not warrant the statement that the laws are all bad.

The great difficulty with the News rests in the fact that anything emanating from the interior department in connection with the administration of affairs in this territory, must be, in the opinion of that paper, entirely wrong.

The News has failed to make its point clear. The two opinions expressed by this paper, to which our contemporary has taken exception, are not contradictory nor do they conflict with each other in any particular.

From freight quotations already made it is safe to argue that a sum

amounting to not less than \$500,000 will be saved to shippers during the coming season as compared with amounts paid for that purpose last year. This simply means that the same amount of work can be done on the various creeks of the district as was accomplished last year and with an expenditure of half a million dollars less than was then involved.

While the council is in the way of appointing inspectors it would be well to incorporate among the duties of one of them, the work of looking out for "short cords" of wood. The cost of fuel forms a very considerable item in the average householder's expense account, and instances are not wanting to indicate that unsuspecting purchasers of fire wood are not infrequently imposed upon.

Any plan for corralling the scarlet women of the town in the residential district will be met with prompt and effective opposition. It is not outside the bounds of common sense to take practical measures for controlling this as well as other evils.

The local debating society is losing a very successful and energetic member. The purposes of the society were organized and have been well carried out in the program that have been rendered during the winter, and the fact has been well established that Dawson possesses literary, elocutionary and forensic talent of a high order.

The long continuance of cold weather and the unusually heavy snow fall have occasioned the fear that high water is to be anticipated when thawing sets in.

Local transportation companies should take up the matter of inducing tourist travel to the Yukon. A summer trip to Dawson and return via St. Michael affords an ideal method of spending a vacation and it should not be difficult to keep a steady stream of tourists turned in this direction during all the months of open navigation.

It is comforting to remember that it is an ill wind that blows good to no one. Otherwise one might feel disposed to object to the zephyrs that have been blowing so steadily for the past several weeks.

Correspondents who indulge in objectionable personalities cannot expect their contributions to be published in a reputable newspaper.

Halt interest in the best paying bakery in the city. Inquire for particulars at this office.

Trophies of the Hunt

There is at the corner of Bushwick avenue and Meserole street, Williamsburg, a saloon where hunters assemble to tell of their own prowess and of the skill of friends. Ninety-nine pair of antlers adorn the walls, and to each one of them is attached a story. Then, there is the paw of a bear and a stuffed wild boar's head of enormous size to testify to the prowess of the proprietor, Nicholas Gentzlinger. The trophies represent thirty years hunting in Europe and America.

The collection of antlers by no means tells of all the deer that have fallen before the Williamsburg Nimrod. He has saved only such as were gained after unusual difficulties. Mr. Gentzlinger has proof positive and the evidence at hand for one hundred and one tales of the forest and the plains. The Deer Slayers gathered in his place not long ago to eat venison on an occasion they will remember when they look at a fine head from the Adirondacks, which has just been added to the others. The host had, of course, to tell the story of the death.

"It was a remarkable kill," said Gentzlinger. "I was in a runaway and heard him coming fast. My guide had scared him up, and he was heading straight for me. I did not have time to fire properly, and just let loose. I missed, and it was a hundred to one that I had lost him."

"The bullet must have been mighty close, and its hum, with the accompanying report of the rifle, brought the buck to an abrupt stop. You would not think it possible for anything going at such speed to stop so short."

"He hesitated for the fraction of a second, and I had him. He dropped in a heap. When the guide and I looked him over there was not a mark to show what had killed him. At last we found the wound. My bullet had hit him straight in the mouth and had carried through the brain to lodge in the heavy bone at the base of the antlers."

The venison was good to the taste, the German wine was in abundance and seductive. The company was congenial. The deer story brought forth another. A little old man, spare of frame, but still sturdy, with a keen gray eye and a merely bristling mustache, said:

"We were in Missouri, in the Iron mountain region, where the deer were still plentiful. I don't believe there are any of them there now. They made cheap meat for mining camps. Well, we drove into the woods behind two good mules and with a week's provisions. It was splendid October weather. I had taken my 11-year-old nephew with me to watch the outfit while we were hunting and he had with him an old-fashioned shot-gun. I did not want him to take it, but he did."

"We left him with the mules and about four miles off got a glimpse of a fine buck. I ever you know. There was no chance for a shot at him, but with the dog we meant to get him. Some time later there was a shot from the direction of the wagon. I was mad clear through, for I knew that fool boy had started shooting squirrels with the old gun, which roared like a cannon. I started for him, and I cut a switch on the way. When I got there he asked in an improper style what luck we had found. I started for him, and he dodged around to the other side of the wagon."

"What do you mean, you young imp, by shooting that blunderbuss and scaring off the deer?" I asked.

"'Tain't a blunderbuss, but the best gun in camp," he answered.

"Wait till the others come up and then I'll get you!" I cried in rage.

"Then you won't get any venison he said."

"That boy had the nerve to tell me he had killed the buck. I did not believe him, and thought he was going entirely too far. Finally we compromised, and I agreed to go where he said the buck had dropped. Sure enough, there it was with a great hole just back of the shoulder. He

had not seen the boy, and had stopped on a little clearing on a ridge not twenty-five yards away to reconnoitre. The boy said that he had been too excited to shoot at first and then when the deer made a nervous movement he collected himself, aimed, and sent a heavy charge of buckshot into the animal. To make it short, that boy did not get licked. I propose that boy's health."

A blonde giant, a middle-aged man, bowed and blushed in acknowledgment. Then Nicholas Gentzlinger told of the killing of the bear.

"It was in Germany," he said. "The big beast was at bay and slaughtering every dog that came close to him. They could not get a hold. He was on a raised spot, and in climbing to get a good shot at him I slipped, falling heavily. Just then he went through the circling dogs for me. They were good dogs, and several caught him as he charged but they might as well have tried to stop a locomotive. I fired and I don't know how I did it. I didn't even have the gun to my shoulder, and it kicked me in the head, so that I did not know anything for a little while. When I came to the dead beast and I were close together, and one of the dogs was licking my face, evidently trying to revive me."

"You ask me about the bear's foot and I have told that story to you a hundred times, but if you must have it you shall. We were in Colorado and had a hard day of hunting. There were four in the party and we were all sound asleep in our tent."

"Now, a bear is a curious sort of a fellow, and likes sweets. Maybe he guessed that there was sugar in the camp. At any rate, he came in. He was nosing around when he woke me. Without any noise, I got out a long knife that was in my belt. He was stepping over the sleepers very carefully and sort of tiptoeing around like a skillful burglar."

"He came close to me, and I let him have it in the neck, but missed the jugular. In a second there was the real sort of 'rough house.' The beast gave me an ugly tear in the chest, but did not bite. Man and bear were in the merriest sort of a fight, and the other fellows were shouting and stabbing every chance they got when they were sure they would not hurt me. I don't just know who killed the bear, but I think I did with a solar plexus stab. His hide was ruined. I was not half as much hurt as you would think and lived to enjoy the bear steak. Wish we had some here tonight."

Child Buried at Sea.

Victoria, March 28.—Out in the Royal Roads, where the sailing ships drag at their anchors, Henry Slurgis, a retired man-of-war-man, formerly a member of the crew of H. M. S. Pheasant, buried his child Thursday. The Rev. W. D. Barber of St. Saviour's church officiated. The funeral party started from the warship's pier at the Esquimalt harbor in a dingy, hired from a boatman. In the bottom of the boat lay the body of the child and in the stern sat the minister, robed in his full canonicals and the sorrowing mother, father and nurse of the dead child, who were as the boatman piloted the silent party from the harbor. A mile at sea the boat was stopped and as the minister read the Anglican burial service the father lifted the body, which was wrapped in canvas and weighted with a big stone, and lowered it into the sea.

Proposed Canoe Corner.

In anticipation of a spring freshet that will cause residents on the Dawson flat to move into the second stories of their houses and in the absence of second stories to take to the hills, it is reported that an attempt is being made to corner the canoe stock of the city as the prediction is freely made that for a week or ten days after the thaw sets in Dawson business will be transacted a la Venice.

It is apparent, however, that chachacos are more scared over the prediction than are sourdoughs, who say they have no fears from high water.

Chance for Quartz Miners.

In answer to an article in Dawson Weekly News of April 4th, 1902, signed "Australian Miner": If any quartz miner owning a quartz mine in the Klondike district will bring quartz to the Munger Mill which will run \$5.00 to the ton it will be milled FREE of charge. Notice—The miner MUST be present in the mill during the entire time of milling his quartz.

EDWARD SPENCER, Manager Munger Mill. Public Notice.

All hotels and restaurants wishing to employ cooks, waiters, bakers, dishwashers and yard men can do so by applying to the International hotel. Mr. J. W. K. Prop. Job Printing at Nugget office.

WANTED 100 MINERS to purchase their Hardware at the Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. SECOND AVENUE. PHONE 38.

RENT OF 'PHONES Beginning April 1, 1902. DAWSON. Class A—Independent service, per month \$20.00. Class B—2 parties on same line, per month 15.00. Class C—3 or more parties on same line, month 10.00.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. Fire Proof Safes Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

The Auditorium Week Commencing Monday April 7. Alabama NO SMOKING Monday, Thursday & Friday.

Orpheum Theatre Watch for the Street Parade Grand Opening Monday Night, April 14. The Grand Military Spectacular Production. SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR Grand Old, New Stars and Many of the Old-Time Favorites. Popular Prices.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE On and After March 20 Dawson to Whitehorse, \$125.00 BY THE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE. Making through trip in five and one-half days, stopping at Whitehorse, Dawson, and Fairbanks. Travel only by an established line.

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin"—"Farallon"—"Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska. Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railroad for Dawson and interior Yukon points. General Offices... 201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

The Northwestern Line Chicago and All Eastern Points. All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul. Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wash.

The Foolers... Characters: Four May, Elsie and... Richey, a... old lady, who... A room of... May and L... Oh, look... Brown: won... she sees... No such th... girls, here co... play a trick o... too good to... put on... been invited... this afterno... I wonder... Richey does... with Elsie... I don't bla... I'll tell yo... envelope with... it, address... think 10... get one... comes in... (shyly): Oh... and Laura: ... Been Apr... (laughing): ... anyway... Laura: Well, yo... Never g... Are you... party th... (slowly): ... Laura: Ahem, at... were invited th... May, I won... she is wavin... (entering): ... a letter fo... the street. (Ha... other girls... line (delighted)... How sweet... with it, May... Oh, don't... mind if you... I know wha... as invitation... doesn't it... shape of her... Laura (pretendi... Then you have... (blushing)... Laura and... Richey (w... of wool? ... girl? How... you see... Elsie Sec... (to Elsie): M... out the letter... (shyly): ... Richey, M... think you so... thank you b... the party. I... come... Mrs. Richey: ... about m... and I said... it into you... wouldn't drea... name was... by my... to give thi... Laura (to Ma... Did you... May Br... I've thoug... letter... (perplexed)... I fixed... dropped it... found the... shall we... Richey... I hope y... really you, El... head of you... Good-by... you... (turning... as delighte... why I had... thank you, M... Mrs. Richey: ... I'm going... we... Laura: Yes, E... Laura: We m... Elsie: But y...