The Klondike Nugget

(TELEPHONE NUMBER 12)
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN ..... Publisher

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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.

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.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 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.

UNION LABEL — TYPOGRAPHICAL — DAWSON, Y.T.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"Lady Windermere's Fan."

New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

NO BITTERNESS LEFT.

Forty-eight hours have now passed since the election, and all signs of strife have disappeared. The animosities which, in some few cases, were engendered during the campaign have completely disappeared and the best of feeling prevails in all quarters.

Even the most enthusiastic supporters of the elective ticket are forced to admit that Dawson has secured a splendid set of men to carry out the necessary work of organizing the new town government. They are all men who may be trusted to perform their various duties in the interests of the public. They have been elected in a good square fight—their former opponents have been provoked to words of admiration for the manly contest which they conducted—and it may be said as a plain statement of fact that the first mayor and board of aldermen of Dawson will enter upon their duties with the hearty support and good wishes of all their fellow-townsmen.

They have before them a task which will not be altogether easy but from the calibre of the men the Nugget has not the slightest doubt that the first mayor and council of Dawson will make a most enviable record.

The campaign is over, and with its termination the Nugget hopes to see all memory of the fact that Dawson was recently divided into hostile camps overlooked and forgotten.

The thing to be sought at the present time is the promotion of the progress and welfare of the entire town without regard to factional interests. Dawson has a future to which she may look forward with the utmost confidence. There are greater things to be achieved than have yet been realized, and it needs now only that the people of our little city should stand with united front for the advancement of the common weal. In the heat of a political campaign strong words are sometimes unnecessarily used, and to that rule the contest just ended is no exception. It is gratifying, however, to note the fact that even this early after the close of the battle all bitterness seems to have disappeared. There is nothing to be gained by carrying election grievances beyond the termination of the campaign. The victors can well afford to be magnanimous and the conquered can with good grace accept of their magnanimity.

If the elective party is ever reorganized it may be taken for granted that there will be some decided changes in the personnel of the leadership. Dr. Thompson may well remark with a certain famous statesman, "God deliver me from my friends."

The intense interest which was manifested in the campaign which has resulted in a sweeping victory for the Citizens' and People's party, is an excellent indication of the public spirit which exists in this city. Everyone who had a vote and hundreds who were not thus qualified took some part in helping the cause of their favorite candidates. The American population took a deep interest in the election and were probably about evenly divided in sympathy between the two tickets. Altogether the campaign has proven an unmixed blessing, as helping to pass a winter which otherwise would have been decidedly long.

The splendid reception given the song which was written by Miss Coleman in competition for the prize of fifty dollars offered by this paper, was well deserved. The words of the song are thoroughly characteristic of the conditions which prevail in this northern country and the stirring music composed by Mr. Boyle is admirably suited to the spirit of the words. Both the author and the composer are entitled to the many words of praise which have been spoken on their behalf. The song will live as long as men dig for gold in the Yukon valley.

The last night before the election the editor of the News took the platform at the A. B. hall and advised the voters to support the elective ticket straight. That was the sixth and final switch which the News made during the campaign.

Had the Sun continued cartooning Mr. Macaulay up to the day of election, that gentleman's majority would easily have reached 100.

Prizes For Early Marriages.

In certain quarters of the world such enticing premiums are put upon early marriages that the only wonder is why anybody stays single.

In our own country, though, where there is not generally believed to be any dearth of population and where the wisdom of late marriages is very generally urged, such offers are as unusual as they are startling. It was the registrar of East St. Louis who recently announced that he would present a huge turkey to the youngest couple securing a marriage license from his office between Nov. 19 and Nov. 27. The matrimonial boom which followed was almost equal to that aroused by the announcement posted outside the office of the Registrar of Marriages in Alton, Ill.:

"To the handsomest couple appearing before me for a marriage license between Nov. 18, 1901, and Nov. 18, 1902, a serviceable kitchen stove will be presented with my regards. Partiality will not be shown to the rich and influential."

The notice emanated from the gentleman responsible for the issuing of the licenses, and who, it is to be presumed, reaps a commission on the resulting marriages.

Some years ago the mayor of a southern town in France offered a reward of $20 to every couple under the age of twenty-four who sought the matrimonial altar during his term of office. The worthy mayor expended many thousands of francs in the manner described.

Many years ago, when the number of marriages in a certain Alsatian town was far below the average, the municipal authorities hit upon a curious inducement to tardy couples to seek the altar. They publicly announced that all persons who married within a certain period should be exempt from local taxes for the space of five years. An epidemic of marriages set in at once.

A well-known Austrian nobleman was anxious to encourage matrimony among the peasants on his estate. He undertook to provide each bridegroom with tobacco supplies for life and each bride with four pairs of gloves yearly. The generous offer acted like a charm, and very soon there was scarcely a bachelor remaining on the nobleman's vast estate.—Ex.

Took Too Much Wine.

San Francisco, Jan. 22.—News has been received by the steamer Argyll that a riot broke out on the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer Columbia at Panama on Christmas day, and that several of the crew were perhaps fatally, or at least dangerously, wounded. The Columbia was on the way down the coast of Valparaiso from this port and through the kindness of Capt. Hughes nearly every member of the crew, composed principally of Chileans and Peruvians, celebrated Christmas by imbibing freely of wine.

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

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Bargains in Skirts

Tweed Skirts $5.00

Sateen Underskirts
Black and Colored.
$3.00 Each.

...J. P. McLENNAN...
233 FRONT STREET

The Nugget's Department for Children

The Spider That Longed for a Good Time.

The earth was fair and golden as a dream, for sunshine rioted everywhere and all young things rejoiced, as if life were one long glad holiday. The tender green leaves whispered and tittered merrily together, as the gentle breeze romped among them; and all the birds seemed to be playing at hide-and-seek, flying now here, now there; all the butterflies seemed to be out, as if to add their beauty to the rest; and bees, gnats, flies, and I know not how many more little folk, flitted, hummed, worked, and enjoyed. And only one little spider was unhappy. He was no thing of beauty; nobody was his friend, all the world were his enemies; no one heeded him, no one wanted him; all his family had a bad name. It all swept over him that fair May morning, when to live was such a joy to all other living things, and nothing, as it seemed, to him, a poor ugly spider.

"Yes, I am ugly," he moaned. "I have a bad name, and I never shall get on in life and win a better one, although I long to do something useful and noble and grand, like the rest of the world—something for the general good!"

Ah, children! The little spider was very wretched just then. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," says the wise world; and thus many a poor little trembler with a bad name has gone down, and won no better one, just from down-heartedness at the coldness and the cruelty of those looking on.

But to return to the spider. There he lay, with his head resting on his small black claws—if a spider may be said to have claws—a wee, sorrowful thing, weeping and moaning in the very dust.

"Why, you poor little mite, how now?" cried a frog, in his usually hoarse voice, briskly leaping towards him, as if about to swallow him up. "Why, this is a pretty way to spend a bright May morning! What's the trouble?" he continued, as the mite glanced up, disdain curling his tiny nose, and then down went his head again.

"I want none of your croaking," he muttered in the dust.

"Well, child, I don't want to croak but nature is nature, and I can't help it. What is the trouble, though, I say? The old story of ugliness?" said the frog, looking as grave as a judge.

"Yes, and my uselessness, and my bad name," moaned the spider. It is a comfort to have even a frog to talk to when we are in trouble.

"Well, some folk say I am no great beauty, but I don't let that stop me from being useful in killing a slug now and then."

"But they all believe me as useless as I am ugly, and as bad as both!"

"Eh, who is that talking of being ugly?" It was a toad which spoke, peering wisely out of a flower-pot which lay close by.

"Me, Mr. Toad"—you see, we cannot expect spiders to understand anything of grammar—"I am a useless, bad-named do-nothing."

"Well, I never did agree with people giving themselves bad names—the world will do that fast enough. They say I am ugly, but then I don't believe it. I am sure my eye is a perfect gem of beauty, and I know the gardeners like to see me in their gardens." And the toad laughed a knowing laugh.

"But they say I do harm," moaned the spider.

"So they say of me. They say I poison folks. Ha! ha! that's a good joke. Poison them, indeed!"

"They say I'm spiteful, and bite, and that my bite kills sometimes. But who wouldn't bite and snap, poked about as I and my family are?"

"Cheep, cheep, cheep! how do you do?" chirped a robin. "I help to keep the spiders in order—

'If it wasn't for the robin and the
knowing little wren,
The long-legged grizzly spider would
overcome a man.'"

"'Tis a lie!" shrieked the spider, stung to the quick by the taunt.

"I heard you say something about biting," spoke a cockroach, halting in his morning walk to listen. "I know a better way than biting when ill-used."

"What?" The spider opened his bright, eager eyes now, and rose from the dust.

"I breathe a very unpleasant smell wherever I go, that teases people more than a bite—something the same as evil-speaking does among men. I only give a sly bite or two in self-defence."

"Shame, Mrs. Cockroach, to give such advice!" said the little ant, creeping along and overhearing the talk. "I am for helping the world and making it better. I know it is but little I can do, still—

'Many little heads and many little
hands
Can scatter little blessings over many
lands.'

That's my opinion."

"Well, as you are a wise little lady come and teach this poor discontented spider his duty, for I don't know what it is."

"How should you? Everybody should learn their own duty first and it seems you haven't learnt yours. Now, I don't want to boast, but this I will say, that as I teach industry so a spider can teach patience. Don't any of you remember the king who learnt patience and trust from a spider, and went and won a great battle afterwards? Go and teach the world this."

"I am so ugly, and have such a bad name," sighed the spider.

"Go with your ugliness; the lesson will be just as beautiful. Beauty of work is better than beauty of form. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' says the world, dear lover of beauty though it be. Teach the world to trust and take hold, to clutch and cling, to hope and work on, to throw self aside, and who knows that your name will not be handed down with that of some great king and conqueror, as that of your far-off relation is?"

The ant made a homely bow and plodded on its way; the cockroach had long since crawled on its course; the frog and the toad hid away from the sun; the poor little spider was left alone, with all the glad sounds of summer life wooing him to the right and the true.

The tiny creature crept away into a barn near, as we can suppose that other spider of Scottish history did, and pondered and mused, till by-and-by the night came on, and the world slept. A homeless wanderer lay slumbering and sleeping just below where the small insect was perched; he wondered if that could be some king whom he was to encourage to fight another battle. A feeling of awe crept over him, his heart throbbed with a longing to do what he could. But no, not a king, he decided, as the hours glided on; then came thick smoke, burning, and flame; and still the man, who was no king, slumbered and slept.

Down on the sleeper's face he dropped—he never knew why. Something prompted him; it may have been the wish to do good—he never knew. But the next morning he heard the man say to the owner of the barn—

"'Twere a spider done it, master. If he hadn't woke me when he did, the whole lot would have been burnt down." So the spider did a good turn for the farmer, and saved his farm, and, taking courage therefrom, felt that, with his ugliness and his bad name, he could be of use, and looked right and left for more work.

Winter came, and he crept into the house. Up, Up, always up he seemed to be mounting, and at last he found himself in the sick-room of little Nina. He climbed into a sunny window and began to weave, while two little languid eyes watched the tiny thing, now breaking his thread, now joining it, now going on with a right good will. Watching thus, the child's weary tossings to and fro ceased and she slept. When she awoke, they hoped with glad surprise that she was better, and again she lay, smiling and watching the spider.

"See that spider, mamma!" There was a ring of pleasure in the weak little voice. The spider had been weaving for days, but only Nina had noticed it, so anxious had they all been about the little girl herself.

"Dear me! let me poke him down" said mamma.

"No, mamma, don't; it makes me better to watch him," pleaded the child; "he's so pretty and so hard-working. I should like to be a spider."

"Pretty and hard-working!" The little weaver's heart throbbed with joy as he listened.

"Yes, spiders are hard-working little fellows, dear; but let me poke this one down," replied mamma.

"No, mamma, he makes me better" was the child's plea. So mamma let him stay; and by-and-by she and Nina called him "Dr. Spider," because he made the little sick thing laugh and grow cheerful, and with cheerfulness came strength.

But by-and-by a day rolled round—frost and snow, with biting winds, were abroad out of doors—when Nina was carried down stairs, and Anne, the servant, came to air and dust the room. Poor little Dr. Spider in the window; poor, eager-eyed, tiny worker, with such a future of usefulness stretching out, as bright and golden as a spider's future could be! Anne saw him, knew nothing of his healing powers, nothing of what he had done for Nina; she only saw him as a long-legged, grizzly spider. She poked him down, she crushed him, poor little longing, throbbing heart and all! He lay on the window-sill, not dead, but quivering with intense pain. Must he die? It was hard, very hard, for him to be cast aside like this, but he had thrown his mite of work into the world; he had not lived uselessly, though but a poor little ugly insect with a bad name. True he had sent no great king to battle, strong and brave and full of hope, like that spider in history; still he felt he had not lived in vain. He bowed his head and grew calm, and just then came Nina's mamma into the room.

"Oh, Anne, what have you done? Killed poor little Dr. Spider!" So she said, and crossed over to the window where he lay. "Why, I do believe he has done more for Nina than all our nursing and the doctor's medicine together, for we never could get her to smile till he came. And now he's dead!"

A tear dripped down upon his small mangled body; it thrilled him through and through. He panted, his heart gave a great leap of gladness, it burst, and he was dead!

That human tear of sorrow at his loss had crowned his life and made his death a glory.

A Hotel for Dogs.

A very kind lady went from Boston to live in a little town in Nebraska. It is very cold there in winter. The lady felt sorry for all the cats and dogs that had to sleep out of doors. When she saw a stray dog about her yard at night she would call it in, and give it a nice warm bed behind the kitchen stove. On some cold nights she would have half a dozen lying asleep, so her lodging came to be very well known and barked about.

One bitter cold night, while they were having a blizzard, the lady and her son Louis sat by their cheery fire. All at once they heard a loud scratching at the door. Louis opened it and there stood "Rowdy," a dog who had lodged there before. With him were two dog friends, whom he tried to introduce. He said, as well as he could, "Please give my friends shelter."

"Rowdy" did not try to come in, but looked first at the dogs and then at Louis in a pitiful way. The boy asked his mother what he should do. The lady came to the door and looking at the dogs, said to "Rowdy," "No, Rowdy, your friends have warm shaggy coats on, and our beds are about full. They must go to some other hotel. But your hair is very short and thin, and you are very cold. You may come in and go to bed."

"Rowdy" turned around and seemed to explain to his friends how it all was. They quietly walked away, while "Rowdy" came in and went to bed.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

When all the words described are rightly guessed and written one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of a large bay in North America. Cross-words: 1. To despise. 2. Hard-hearted, causing pain. 3. Of a red color. 4. Partially dark or black. 5. Near, within a small distance. 6. Extreme or sudden fright.

JUMBLED LETTERS.

Find the names (1) a well-known ruler, (2) a famous city in the United States, (3) a city on the opposite side of the earth.

A N C A C
N V O T I
T C T N A
O I R O N

Make one word out of "Red nuts and gin."

Germany and United States.

Berlin, Jan. 23.—During the debate on the estimates of the chancellor's department in the Reichstag today, the imperial chancellor, Count von Buelow, referred to the pleasant relations between Germany and the United States, and the approaching visit of Prince Henry of Prussia. The Chancellor found his opportunity in the remarks of Dr. Barth, leader of the Freisinnige party, who, in discussing the budget, said:

"I want to touch upon the political relations between Germany and the United States, which are traditionally friendly in character. One hindrance to the promotion of this friendship is the protectionism now prevailing in Germany. It is pleasant, on the other hand, to see that the predicted visit of a German prince to the United States has disclosed the existence of a large fund of good will and cordiality among the American people for Germany. We recognize in the union not merely a great and economically effective community, but we know that the achievements of the United States in other fields, such as civilization and culture, are very important. The cultivation of the friendship of the two countries is a thing to be grateful for." (Applause.)

Replying to Dr. Barth, Count von Buelow said:

"I express my thanks to Dr. Barth for the works and am glad he has spoken of our relations with the United States. I still must ask him not to overestimate the difficulties from the way in which we formulate our tariff policy.

"I can only repeat," continued the Chancellor, "what I said three years ago in the Reichstag, and I believe the views I then set forth in detail will today meet with the concurrence of the house—namely, that we are filled with an earnest desire to maintain, on the basis of perfect reciprocity and mutual appreciation, the traditional good relations which have always existed between ourselves and the United States. The visit of Prince Henry to America is an expression of these good relations and I am convinced his reception will be in accord with the friendly feelings, the two great nations have for one another."

The Chancellor's statement was received with prolonged cheers from all parts of the house.

Dr. Oertel, Conservative, said the Right attached as much importance to the maintenance of good relations with the United States as the Left, but these relations would not be maintained by means of economic concessions. The closer these relations the more attention should be paid to the preservatian of reciprocity.

Chancellor von Buelow, rising, said he wished it to be understood that his previous reference to perfect reciprocity and mutual appreciation referred not only to the United States but equally to all the other countries of the world.

No Information Gained.

New York, Can. 23.—Diligent inquiry in shipping circles failed to confirm any particulars of the statement in the Daily Express of a meeting of trans-Atlantic steamship owners held in London at which all the owners of vessels plying between British and American ports were invited to come into a gigantic pool, says the London correspondent of the Herald.

This pool was to regulate the freight tariff on the North Atlantic. There was even some details given on what the pool expected to accomplish. It was pointed out that the men who have certainly taken part in such a conference had one been held, are now either in New York or are expected to arrive on the Celtic.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.
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J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

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AMUSEMENTS

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ADMISSION 50c - $1.00 - $1.50 $2.00
Lady Windermere's Fan
LADIES' NIGHT Monday - Thursday - Friday
NO SMOKING

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Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 3
20 Star Artists!
Burlesque and Vaudeville Show.
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Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.
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