

**The Klondike Nugget**

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
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**NOTICE.**  
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 Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Downtown, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1901.

**A SPLENDID SHOWING.**

Minister of Finance Fielding's speech on the budget which was briefly quoted in our telegraphic columns on Saturday, discloses reasons of the most substantial nature why the royalty now imposed on the gold output of this territory should be materially reduced. Mr. Fielding's report recites the fact that the Yukon territory since its organization has more than paid its way, something almost unheard of in the history of newly settled countries. An amount exceeding \$2,000,000 has been collected from royalties alone, and this, together with the revenues derived from other sources, has served to pay all expenses of administration and leave a comfortable sum to the credit of the territory.

In view of such a showing, it is no cause for wonder that Mr. Fielding is of the opinion that the time has arrived when a reduction in the royalty should be made. The same conclusion was reached almost unanimously by the miners of the territory two years ago and in the interim since that time no opportunity to force the matter upon governmental attention has been lost. This constant pressure together with the splendid showing which this territory has made, have apparently produced the desired result although official information to that effect has not yet been received. It seems almost certain, however, that action has already been taken and we have little doubt that confirmation of the same will be received within a short time.

The most widely read paper in the Yukon country is the Nugget's Semi-Weekly paper which circulates on every creek in the Klondike and Indian river districts and from Skagway down the river to St. Michael. Business men should not overlook the fact that all advertisements inserted in the daily edition include publication in the Semi-Weekly without extra charge. The Nugget is the only newspaper in Dawson which maintains a regular twice-a-week delivery on the creeks.

Whitehorse is wrestling with the incorporation question. The opinion seems to prevail in the up-river town that matters are conducted in a satisfactory manner and that no immediate advantages are to be derived from incorporation. It appears that the agitation for a municipal government will terminate as it has in Dawson, viz: leaving well enough alone.

A romance with a distinctly dramatic tinge might be written from the story of the faithless lover which was published in this paper Saturday evening. As has been the case since time immemorial, truth continues to be stranger than fiction.

Dawson is now the mecca of hundreds of pilgrims who are journeying on the trail down the river with various commodities for the local markets. The feast of fresh eggs, fruits and vegetables will soon begin.

A recent report received from Vancouver states that construction work on the through telegraph line cannot be

undertaken until July, owing to the snow fall in some of the mountainous districts traversed by the line. Should this report prove to have reliable foundation it is not to be expected that the line will be completed until fall.

Possession is generally regarded as being nine points in the law. It will doubtless prove a delicate point to decide, however, which will count the most—possession of the logs of which a cabin has been built or possession of the ground upon which the cabin once stood.

The carnival of sports proposed for Dawson in July will prove very attractive if carried out on the terms as proposed. Dawson has reached a position where such a series of sports ought to be conducted in a most successful manner.

It may be set down as an established fact that something is radically wrong when the News happens to get anything right.

**A Bad Case.**

"No, sir, it is not absentmindedness," and the speaker stopped to dig up a match for his confidential friend. "My mind is right there and going every minute that I'm awake. It's mental abstraction or concentration or something of that kind. That's what it is. You go at me as though it was sentility or brain failure."  
"You've certainly been doing some very peculiar things."  
"I know it. Blamed peculiar! I'm past 40. You know that. I'm mighty near well enough along to claim the privileges of an old fool, and he's the worst in the business. But it's this way—"

"Don't explain unless you want to."  
"But I do want to. I've got to talk it over. Better with a friend than some stranger. I was never in love till two months ago. Then I fell in, and I guess I'll never strike bottom. When I addressed a note to my landlady and inclosed a check, I began 'My darling, I had to settle to avoid a breach of promise suit. After I had chucked the janitress under the chin and called her 'my tootsy wootsy' the old maids about the boardinghouse made such a flutter that I left with an intimation that I was going once or twice around the world."  
"Why didn't you?"  
"Just because of the mental abstraction or concentration or coagulation or whatever it is. I got off at some town just because the train stopped. I engaged three hackmen to take me to the hotel and had to pay them all. There I registered as 'man and wife.' Wouldn't that congeal you? You know that she lives out in the country, and it's very dark after you leave the lighted streets. What did I do but get a lantern of the clerk, light it and promenade the main street in the middle of the afternoon? When a policeman stopped me I asked him the address of a good, reliable minister. I came home instead of going to Japan because the train happened to be headed this way."

"For heaven's sake, old man, get married!"  
"That's the deuce of it. She says that she's no specialist on mental diseases."—Detroit Free Press.  
**Didn't Work.**  
Hardupp—I'm very sorry, but I can't pay you today. You see, the grocery man has just been here, and—  
Butcher (interrupting)—Yes, I just met him, and he said you put him off because you had to pay me, so here's the bill.—Chicago News.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the leaner season will all be gone long before Easter.  
Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regius Club hotel.  
Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.  
Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

**NEW GOODS**  
IN ALL LINES

SHOES SLIPPERS  
COSTUMES  
JACKETS, WAISTS, ETC.  
WILL ARRIVE NEXT WEEK

WAIT FOR OUR OPENING

**J. P. McLENNAN.**

**Guess When the Ice Goes Out.**

It will not be many more weeks before the icy fetters which bind the waters of the Yukon will be torn away and the welcome shriek of steamboats will reverberate from the surrounding hills. While we are anxiously awaiting that happy day let us have a little harmless amusement. Make a guess when the river will open. Everybody is welcome to compete.

To the one coming the closest to the exact time when the ice goes out we will give a Stein, Bloch & Co. Tailor-Made Suit of Clothes, a New Hat, a Pair of Shoes, a White Shirt, Two Collars and One Pair of Cuffs and a Necktie. All of these to be chosen by the winner from the highest-priced goods in our store.

All you have to do is to drop your guess in our Guess Box at our store or send it in to us. We will make a guess: We guess that the river will open on May 6th at 8:05 a. m.

WHAT IS YOUR GUESS?

**HERSHBERG** The Reliable Seattle Clothiers  
Opposite C. D. Co.'s Dock

**Modern Fable.**

Once there was a man who wore a Six and three-quarters Hat and had been so busy staving off the People who needed it right away because they had some Bills to meet, that he never found time to sit down and absorb Culture. Yet he had to go out and meet those who wore Specs and had those high Mansard Foreheads. Sometimes he found himself in the Front Room where every one was expected to discuss Literature, Art, Music and the Difficulty of getting good Kitchen Help.

This Man was a Pin-Head in a good many Respects, but he was as wise as a Serpent. A man does not have to be stocked up with Information in order to be Wise. This man was what Edmund Clarence Stedman would call a Piker. A Piker is one who gets into the Game on Small Capital and Lets On to be holding back a huge Reserve. A Piker is usually safe when he Sagittates among the Well-Bred, because they are too Polite to call a Bluff.

A Piker always has his entire Stock of Goods in the Show Window.

When it came to Music, the Piker did not know the difference between a Fugue and a Cantata. Such knowledge of Literature as he could boast was picked up by reading the Posters in front of the Book Stores. The average Katy-Did had about as much Art Education as he could have spread if it had come to a Show Down, but he never allowed it to come. He had about as much Business in an Assemblage of cultivated Chautauquans as a man with a ragged \$2 bill would have in Wall Street. Yet he managed to Cut Figure Eight over the Thin Ice and he had the name of being one of the Brainiest Gentlemen that ever accepted an Invitation to the Evening Session of the Olympian Circle of Hens.

The Piker knew the value of the Stock Phrase. And the way he could raise a Dust and dodge out of a Tight Place was a little Bit of All Right. One evening the Piker went to call on Mrs. Hester Kazam, author of many unpublished Poems, and the boss Diana of the Tuft Hunters. At the Kazam Home, which is rigged up with Red Blankets and Green Lamps so as to be Oriental, he bumped into Henrietta Hunter Haw, who will be remembered as the Young Lady who poured at the Afternoon Reception to F. Hopkinson Smith.

Miss Haw reclined at half length in the Turkish Corner and asked the Piker what he thought of Sienkiewicz. The Piker knew that he had heard that name sprung somewhere before, but if he had tried to pronounce it, he would have gone to the Floor. He didn't know whether Sienkiewicz was the author of "Lovers Once but Strangers Now" or "The Gentleman From Arkansas." However he was not to be Feazed. He knew the kind of Conversational Parsley that is needed to Garnish a full blown Intellectual Vacuum, and he passed some of it to Henrietta.

He said he liked Sienk, so far as the Psychological Analysis was concerned, but it sometimes occurred to him that there was a lack of Insight and Broad Artistic Grasp. That is the Style of Vapor calculated to keep a Young Woman anchored right in the Turkish Corner and make her believe she has met the Really and Truly Gazip.

The Piker unreeled a little more of the same kind. He said that the Elaboration of Incident showed a certain Modicum of Skill, but there was not enough Plus Human Sympathy in the Coloring of the Subtle Motives. When the Piker got rid of this he was always relieved, for it is an Awful Thing to Memorize and carry around with you.

Afterward Miss Haw went out and told her Girl Friends that the Piker was Terrible Deep.

When they brought up Music, that was where the Piker lived. He could get in early and stay late and never Trip himself up. He had attended a

couple of Concerts and at one time boarded with a Lady who played the Autoharp.

One Evening, when he was out with a few People who were such Thorough Musicians that they seemed Sour about something all the time, a Tall Man with a Low Collar asked him if he had heard that latest Thing by Tschai kowsky.

If he had made it Charles K. Harris, the Piker might have been with him. But he never turned a Hair.

"Impressive, isn't it?" he said, having learned how to Spar for Wind, without leaving an Opening.

"Yes; but it didn't get into me the way Vogner does," replied the Tall Party.

This was the cue for the Piker to insert his Speech on Vogner.

He said he preferred Vogner any day in the Week on account of the distinct Appeal to the Intellectual side, and the Atmosphere of Mysticism, whatever that was. He said he couldn't listen to Vogner without going into a Cold Sweat and Chewing the Buttons off his Gloves, particularly if the Interpretation was made with a Broad and Comprehensive Virtuosity and such Mastery of Technique as to abolish all suggestion of the Intermediary and bring one in direct Communication with the Soul-Moods.

The the Tall Man would know just as much about it as the Piker did.

Among the Acquaintances was a Lady named Wigley, who was Crazy

about Art. In her Parlor she had one of her own Works entitled "Sunset on the Little Miami River," with a Frame that cost \$26. It was Miss Wigley who read the Paper before the Raphael Suburbanites, setting forth that the Highest Effects could not be obtained by the Use of Crayon. She loved to hear the Piker cut loose about Art. Even when he got in over his Head, she was right there, swimming along after him and taking Chances.

Miss Wigley was stuck on his Conversation because he said so many things that could be Thought About later on. Nearly everyone who heard him went Home and Thought about what he had said and Wondered what he had been Driving at.

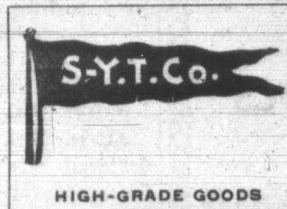
Miss Wigley had a Theory that an Artist who is any Good at all should be able to suggest through the Medium Colors all that he or she felt and entered during the Thyoses of Execution. So she called in the Piker to size up her Picture of the Little Miami River at Sundown and asked him what Emotion, if any, was stirred up within him as he gazed at the Effort. The Piker said it gave him a touch of Sadness. Then she knew he was a real Critic all right.

The Piker kept it up until after awhile he began to think that possibly he was something of a Sassy Savant. He was elected Director of a Museum and was invited to sit on the Platform at Lectures. And at last he departed this Life, with only a few Relatives and intimate Friends being on to him.

Moral: For Parlor Use the Vague Generality is a Life Saver.—George Ade in S. F. Examiner.

**Straight Business**

Honest...  
...Goods



And No  
Chicanery

Everything Strictly "High Grade"

...AT THE...

**S-Y. T. Comp'ny**

Second Avenue 'Phone 39

**AMUSEMENTS**

**SAVOY THEATRE** Week of March 25

FIRST PRODUCTION OF "Viola, the Waif"  
Grand Scenic Effects

Assisted by Savoy Company

New People! New Music! New Scenery! Special Music!

DICK CASE VS. FRANK RAPHAEL 10 ROUND BOXING CONTEST FRIDAY, MARCH 29

**The Standard Theatre** Week of March 25th

THE FOUR ACT COMEDY-DRAMA

Thursday Night Ladies Night **Pawn Ticket** Magnificent Scenery and Mechanical Effects ...210...

**ORPHEUM THEATRE** WEEK OF MARCH 25

J. H. HEARDE'S ED. DOLAN'S JOHN FLYNN'S  
Around the World A Gaiety Girls, in  
In 80 Days ...JAY CIRCUS... "The Two Dromios"  
TO-NIGHT! Reserved Seats at Reid's Drug Store