

The Klondike Nugget

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

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 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.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre: Tonight and continuing every night this week, "Arizona," the great drama of western life.

REPRESENTATION NOT AFFECTED.

The form of government to be selected for the administration of the affairs of this city has absolutely no bearing upon the question of federal representation.

During the past two years Dawson has been administered practically by the Commissioner of the territory.

The Yukon Council has seen fit, however, to incorporate the town, irrespective of the wishes of the taxpayers, and it now rests with the latter to determine which form of government they desire.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

For the Ball

Slippers, Hose, Gloves, Dress Shirts, Dress Ties, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT STREET

The Sun attempts anything original it generally finds itself somewhere between Charlybid and Pike's Peak, or some other equally lonesome place.

Wine Vault Workers. Even to the non-bibulous there is something novel and impressive in the spectacle of a vast underground world "peopled" with millions of bottles of champagne, on the contents of which a fleet might float, and where thousands of pounds' worth of wine run in the gutters, as little regarded as so much water.

These underground "temples of Bacchus" are seen at their best under the Old World town of Epernay or the Roman architecture of Rheims, where the corridors, hewn out of the solid rock, stretch in all directions for miles, and where the floors descend one below another, like the different levels of a mine, to a depth of 140 feet.

Along these miles of corridors are stacked hundreds of thousands of bottles of wine, undergoing the processes of refining and maturing; and a walk along them may be as fraught with danger as to cross the line of fire in a battle; for at any moment a bottle may burst and hurl its fragments at you with something of the force of shrapnel.

Into these vaults hundreds of workmen disappear at 6 o'clock every morning, only to emerge into the upper air 12 hours later. Unfortunately the conditions that are best for the wine are almost as uncomfortable as one could conceive for the human population of the vaults.

An expert worker will turn as many as 60 bottles a minute and maintain this rate for ten hours a day, handling 36,000 bottles in a day's work.

It is any wonder that after years of monotonous drudgery these men develop all kinds of strange moods and fancies? They become gloomy and taciturn, and get the strangest ideas into their heads.

They naturally all the work in these underground worlds of Bacchus is not of this lugubrious description, for here a small army of men and girls are engaged in cooking, putting on the tinfol which makes the bottles so pleasing to the eye, and labeling.

The corking is done at the almost incredible rate of a hundred bottles an hour. The bottles are handled in rapid succession by a boy to the "disgorger," who with marvelous dexterity whisks out the corks, discharging any sediment that may have collected, fills them up with champagne, and passes them on to the corker.

The corking has for many years been done by machinery, the machine seizes the cork, compressing it to the proper size, and pushing it into the neck of the bottle.

As may be expected, these processes, especially that of disgorging, are not free from danger, for at this stage a bottle of champagne may be as risky a thing to handle as a live bomb, and accidents more or less severe are fairly common.

Although these hundreds and thousands of workmen are allowed a practically unlimited supply of ordinary wine, some of them drink as many as three bottles a day, it is remarkable that drunkenness is almost unknown among them.

Did you overlook any of your little friends on Christmas Day? If so rectify the error on New Year's Day. Toys will be sold at any old price before packing away.

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233 FRONT STREET

Stroller's Column.

"Thar aint no use talkin', every time the weather turns slightly chilly, say like its bin for the past two days, my old bones limbers up once more and if it werent for my loneliness I reckon I'd be 'bout as good a man as I wer forty odd year ago."

It was the sourest of all doughs who spoke and his listener was a man whom the old fellow said was the 85th to remark "It's cold!" and it was after the fellow had been well called down by the veteran that the



"OF ALL THIS BEDLAM I EVER HEERED, I HEERED THEN."

latter dropped into a reminiscent that day on till late next summer, mark and delivered himself of the re-pickled 'em, we had as smoked 'em and 'What is there about this weather that to rejuvenate a man, I would like to know?"

"Re-collections, 'y durn fool! Did you souse 'arter one squar look at me that I had come to a fortune?"

No sir, its the weather as stimulates me. I jes come in from a stimulant trip on the river and I mus say that for a short chilly spell I never seed better prospects."

"Prospects for what?" "Prospects for ice worms, greenie! Did you reckon I was huntin' alligators or yellor 'jesamine, or snoopin' 'roun' fer a mockin' bird's nest? No sir, I was lookin' fer sumthin' that I mus be dearer than Hudson Bay rum-ice worms, sir, is what I was lookin' fer; not that I speoted to find any wiggin', yet, but I was lookin' fer germs, animalcules, craps, would be the scientific name fer 'em; an' my search was rewarded, fer jes' often the-

There are some features connected

"DAM ME, SUH, I AM A CANDIDATE FO' GOVERNAH OF THE STATE."

With the present political situation in Dawson that recalls in the mind of the Stroller recollections of the time Charley Hodges became possessed of the idea, that he was a born sheriff and as such should be chosen to fill that position in and for Alachua county, Florida.

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in gvine fo' me, suh, and no candidate can beat me."

"But," said the Stroller, "you are a candidate for office in Alachua county while Levyville is in Levy county and Live Oak is in Suwannee county."

"Thar he'll!" said Charley, "do you mean to tell me thar aint none of these men I've bin talkin' to fo' the past two weeks, suh, can't support me fo' sheriff of Alachua county, suh?"

"Certainly not," said the Stroller. "They have no vote in this county."

"Then, suh," and Charley swelled up like a garter snake that has swallowed a toad, "dam me, suh, I am a candidate fo' governah of 'th' state."

There is a certain official in Dawson who will in future look carefully at checks made out by his clerk before signing them. Last Tuesday just before closing up the office, on Thursday, Wednesday being Christmas, the official said to his clerk: "Make out a check for \$25 payable to my wife, I wish to make her a present of it."

The clerk who had long cabin sympathies, prudently placed a bottle of Scotch under his desk that morning and who was feeling like singing "Oh, why do we work?" made out the check for \$250 instead of for \$25. The clerk had left his desk several times during the day at which times the boss had

It is not generally known but it is a fact that there is more warmth in freshly printed newspapers than in those that have ripened by time and yellowed by age. Yesterday a man called at the Nugget office, threw a two-bit piece on the counter, and said: "Gimme a quarter's worth of old papers to put under my carpet to keep out the cold. I've been out on the creeks a month and am now going to make myself comfortable in town; I would like to have late papers, say one of each day of this month."

Today closes the year 1901: Pause while you load your pipe and reflect on the changes that have taken place since the retiring year made its bow on the threshold of time.

Reflect that only 12 months ago you were a babe, as one might tarbed repose beneath beds and bunks in the Klondike. The number is now reduced to less than 2350.

One year ago "de ceiling" was the limit for white, blue and yellow checks. Today the score in a social game of whist is kept with Lima beans.

Within the past year-aye, within the past month-aye arisen an army of men who are willing to be sacrificed on the altar of self-denial for the public good.

The Stroller learns from the statistical department at the Administration building that the number of bald 14 per cent during the year. This is heads in the Klondike has increased alarming and it does not require a college graduate to figure the time in the future of this country when baldness will be rare.

Since the dawn of the year which tonight will usher from the arena of eternity no less than four infant industries in the form of moonshine distilleries have been ruthlessly assailed, confiscated and made as though they had not been, and yet, after paying revenue on both whiskey and sugar and two-bit a bucket for water, we are supposed to drink our whiskey toddies with relish.

These are only a few of the changes which have been wrought during the year just closing. In the meantime we are all a year older and the Stroller is sufficiently concerned to believe himself a century wiser. It is a pleasant feeling and don't cost anything. Try it.

The Stroller wishes for all his readers that the year 1902 may bring to them peace, prosperity, happiness and hair. But if it should not, do not come to him with hard luck stories. He has troubles of his own which the public will not.

A Question of Time. Johnny was spelling his way through a marriage notice in the morning paper.

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

THE GOLD COAST OF GUINEA

Is Peopled by Those Who Practice Wonderful Witchcraft.

Tenth Babes Born to Parents Are Slain - Efforts of Christianized Men to Change Customs.

Britain's protectorate, the Guinea Gold Coast, West Africa, is despite all that has been done still the home of many dark superstitions and fetich rites. One man is doing herculean work in stopping infant murder, the marriage of little girls, and witchcraft, and his experiences are interesting.

This man is a native, with a skin as black as ebony, a prince of the royal house of Ga and a Christian, Rev. S. R. S. Ahuma, and is giving himself to the hard task of abolishing among his people practices revolting to civilization.

For this purpose he invokes both the sword of the spirit and of the flesh.

He seeks to enforce British law against the infant slayer as against any other murderer, making it a crime punishable with the death penalty for all who are accessory to the killing of a babe at its birth - that for one thing. He sends his agents among the villages to report cases of child murder and to bring the criminals to justice.

The fetich priests set themselves against his work with the desperation of those who see their age long powers and prerogatives slipping from their hands. At one of the villages a fetich priest spat in the face of Ahuma's agent, a native.

As another plan for diminishing child murder the missionaries and native Christians have established creches for the reception of tenth babies and their mothers. If a mother's tenth child were not strangled at its birth, if on the contrary she endeavored to keep and rear it, she would never again be permitted to live in her home village.

They agreed, and they proceeded to invoke the witch spell. They would not tell him what they did, and with all his mind bent on discovering, he could find out nothing. They stood in one spot and waved their arms about. That was all he could see. Suddenly at the end of from seven to ten minutes, there in the presence of four persons, flames began to spout from the witch boys' mouths and apparently from all over their bodies, playing lambent about them till they were enveloped in fire. Civilized prestidigitators, with all the resources of modern sci-

ence, and the resources of modern science, are able to produce something of the same effect, but it is likely that ignorant negroes understood the use of electricity, phosphorus or luminous plants! The black boys had no appliances at all. After a time they came daily out of their spell, and the prince was as much mystified as ever.

The children of the Guinea, witch people are often born with their parents' uncanny power, whatever it is. The ability to practice witchcraft may also be easily acquired. If you pay a witch a penny, he or she will invest you also with the power, and you can make use of it with the best of them. But there is this danger - one under the diabolical influence you must remain so. That it impels you to, that you must do, and its promptings are to evil and destruction! A painful, painful result follows when, as sometimes happens, the witch becomes converted to Christianity and seeks to put off the old man and his ways. There ensues a struggle as tremendous as that of Christian with Apollyon, as long enduring as that of the man in Balver's tale of Zanol, and his disciple, the man who had given himself over to the Terror. The Guinea people become successful Christians and immediately signify to abandon witchcraft utterly, but find it almost beyond their strength to do so. The "power," they say, instantly prompts them to cast evil spells and do wrong deeds, and their lives are thenceforth an agonizing struggle against its impetus. By faith and prayer and night stirring they seek to escape the devastating thing, which is ever on the alert to pounce upon them. The story recalls old monkish legends.

Pure silk is twice as strong as hemp and three times as strong as flax. It is equal to strong wire of the same dimensions. It is good for underclothing because it absorbs water readily, therefore keeps the body dry and is not a good conductor of heat.

Having a large stock of liquor on hand I propose to give the public cheap buy

WINTER TIME TABLE - STAGE LINES THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

FOR GOLD RIVER AND CARIBOU via Carmack and Dossie

FOR BELL'S LOWER DOMINION via Stewart and Dossie

FOR SKEWEE via Stewart and Dossie

FOR ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING

AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM

W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER

Ralph E. Cummings and Auditorium Stock Company.

Week Comm. Dec. 30 "ARIZONA."

Monday and Thursday Ladies' Night

ADMISSION 80c - \$1.00 - \$1.50

During the Holiday season, in addition to the usual good 25c drinks I will sell

AT \$2.50 Per Bottle

THE CELEBRATED Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky

GOLDEN LEON RYE

AT \$2.50 Per Bottle

Having a large stock of liquor on hand I propose to give the public cheap buy

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FOR SKEWEE via Stewart and Dossie

FOR ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING

FOR ALL POINTS IN Western Alaska Steamer Newport

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