

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1 No. 291

DAWSON, Y. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1900

PRICE 25 CENTS

Everything..

BOLD, BAD ROBBER

to Wear

Worth Wearing

....at....

SARGENT & PINSKA,
Cor. First Ave. and Second St.

Gasoline Plaster of Paris

SHINDLER'S
The Hardware Man.

CLEARING SALE
FOR XMAS
HUB
2nd Ave.

Granite Steam Hose
Holme, Miller & Co.

Change of Time Table
Dorr & Tukey's Stage Line

HEALTHFUL, TOOTHsome
CITY MARKET.

SLAVIN-WHITE, GLOVE CONTEST

Savoy Theatre, December 21, 1900.

THE RIDGE CABLE CO.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

Holds up Clark and Ryan's Grocery Store With an Empty Gun

AND TAKES AWAY THE WEALTH

While Mr. Prentice Stood Behind the Door Waiting

TO AVOID BEING MUTILATED

The Robber Had a Disagreeable Way of Talking About Brains Which he Was Prepared to Scatter.

Seventy, seventy, seventy; I wonder what that fellow wants." Mr. Clark of the grocery firm of Clark & Ryan, at the corner of Sixth street and Second avenue, was footing up the day's receipts of his business about 10:30 o'clock last evening when a tall man, with his face muffled to the eyes, entered the store. Mr. Clark merely glanced at him and went on with his work. He was alone at the time and while his attention was divided between the footing of his first column of figures and the supposed wishes of the customer, something wearing a cold, hard glitter was pushed under his nose and a low stern voice said:

"If you say a word you're a dead man." Mr. Clark was leaning over the counter at the time, and when he straightened up he was careful to avoid doing anything which the bold, bad man facing him could construe as "saying a word." He just looked at him feeling hot and cold by turns, and keeping the tail of one eye on the gun. "I want \$100," said the robber, "and don't make any fuss about it or I'll blow your brains out." Hundred dollar bills are not found wrapped about sardine boxes or pickle bottles, and the grocer was loath to part with his wealth, but then, on the other hand he reflected that brains are one of the necessities in carrying on a grocery business, and if his were to be spilled over the staples they would be of little value to him afterwards, so he began temporizing. "I haven't got \$100 here," he said, "you'll have to go up stairs with me to get it." "Don't speak so loud, or I'll blow your brains out," said the robber who seemed to take an unholy joy in thus referring to the gray matter of the man behind the counter as if it were so

much merchandise. Mr. Clark also recalls the fact this morning that the man who held him up had a most unpleasant way of trifling with the gun trigger, while speaking about his brains.

The till was opened when the gentleman with the muffled face obligingly signified his intention to take what happened to be on hand and call it good without taking the trouble to go upstairs to make up the deficiency. The bills in the various compartments were passed out to him when he said: "Now pass over that silver."

The silver tray was lifted out and politely layed before him, the grocer from force of habit, being just about to smile pleasantly and ask if there was "anything else today?" when the door opened and Teamster Prentice entered, but did not notice anything wrong or unusual in the attitude or actions of the man whose back was towards him, and did not see the gun till the man holding it, turned and pointed it towards him, telling him to get behind the door and stay there during the next two and a half minutes. He also imparted the information that if he was so indiscreet as to stick his head out during the time mentioned, his brains would also be found somewhat scattered over the codfish and soap.

Mr. Prentice, being an obliging man, and of good sense, withal, immediately hid him behind the door, to the frosty surface of which he so closely held his head during the next ten minutes (being careful to give good measure), that his hair froze fast. The man with the gun then took his departure and the money.

Mr. Ryan the other partner, heard from the room above the fall of a pile of boxes, and thinking a scrap was in

Looks Like Hockey Mad Dogs Last Night

All advocacies to the contrary, it looks very much as though the disease known as rabies is prevalent in this vicinity.

On Wednesday as one of the Lew Craden's teams was coming down the Klondike river and within an hour's drive of the city a white bulldog was met which made a dash at one of the horses, leaped up and fastened his fangs in its nose. The horse shook the dog loose when it made another spring, this time fastening on the horse's neck. Having an ax on the sled the driver took a hand in the trouble, killing the dog before its hold on the horse's neck could be broken.

An hour later and just on reaching the woodyard on First avenue the horse was taken with something like spasms. The suffering animal was taken out of the harness and stabled as soon as possible, but its condition has grown steadily worse and today the animal is kicking, biting and striking at everything within reach, and will probably have to be killed to end its suffering.

There is a gentleman in Dawson who is very anxious to secure alive any dog that manifests rabies as he is desirous of diagnosing the case. He promises to take good care of the animal while in his charge and cure it if possible. So far as known, no one has yet volunteered to lasso the dog.

No Council Meeting.

There was no meeting of the Yukon council last evening, although it was the regular meeting night. The reason for the failure to meet according to schedule is that Mr. Wilson did not put in an appearance, and with Major Wood sick and two members absent from the country, no quorum could be had.

Mr. Wilson's failure to materialize at the meeting was due to the illness of his mining partner, which was severe enough to prevent the absence of the councilman from his claim.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.
Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.
A good sign cheap; see Vogee.
Choice fresh potatoes at Meeker's.
Fine watch repairing by Soggs & Vesco.

progress acted upon his old reportorial instincts and rushed down stairs and in at the back door, where Mr. Prentice assured him from behind the door that he had not moved.

Mr. Clark, from the front of the store, whether he had followed the robber to discover if possible which way he had gone, made known to him the facts of the case, and the police station was visited, with the result that a man was arrested who gave the name of Stanley.

Harry Spencer, who was arrested as the suspect in the case, gave a very good account of his movements during the evening and was discharged from custody this morning.

The robber, who ever he may have been, left the way of his going pretty clearly marked, as the gun with which the holdup was most probably effected, was found this morning on Sixth street, near the store, and is at present in the Nugget office.

Mr. Clarke, on being shown the revolver said he believed it to be the same, but owing to the similarity of pocket pistols he could not say positively that it was the one pointed at him last night across his counter.

Mr. Clarke would like to believe that it was not the same gun because if it is, he was held up by a very harmless engine, as it was not loaded when found. The revolver is a 32-calibre imitation Smith & Wesson nickel plated and of cheap make. Beyond this no clue to the present whereabouts or identity of the robber exists.

So far as Clarke & Ryan are concerned, they have entered in their books, in order to make them balance, this entry:

"Paid under threats of death, \$108.50," and this they consider closes the matter.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

ROBERTS LEAVES

For Cape Town and Is Given an Enthusiastic Send Off.

HE WILL BE MADE A DUKE

Sir Arthur Sullivan the Comic Opera Writer Is Dead.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW SHIPS

Will Build Three Battle Ships and Six Cruisers—Dewet Hemmed In—Krugger Received by Wilhelmina.

Durban, Dec. 6, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Lord Roberts has left for Cape Town. He was given an enthusiastic send off.

Sir Arthur Sullivan Dead.

London, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, England's noted comic opera writer, is dead. He was 58 years of age. The funeral was largely attended by people in all classes of life.

Will Be a Duke

London, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—It has been announced that the queen will confer a dukedom upon Lord Roberts in recognition of his services during the war in South Africa. Parliament will also be asked to vote him an appropriation of £100,000. The announcement has met with great popular enthusiasm.

To Build Cruisers.

Washington, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Bids have been opened by the naval department for the construction of five new battleships and six armored cruisers.

After DeWet.

Hawai North, Dec. 6, Skagway, Dec. 14.—Dewet has been hemmed in at this point for several days, but managed last night to double past the British right. The plans of the British were immediately changed and pursuit given. Dewet is now hard pressed on all sides, and has been compelled to abandon 500 horses and carts. Surrender seems inevitable.

Krugger Received.

The Hague, Dec. 5, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Queen Wilhelmina has received Krugger in formal audience.

Roland Reed Dying.

New York, Dec. 8, via Skagway, Dec. 14.—Roland Reed is confined in a local hospital with but small chance of recovery.

Given Twelve Months.

Whitehorse, Dec. 13.—Robert Clegg was today sentenced to 12 months hard labor for selling a team to the Canadian Development Co., which he had stolen from George Surgeson. The C. D. Co. prosecuted and recovered money paid for the team.

WHOLESALE A. M. CO. RETAIL

This Business Increases Constantly

Because we give people the best values, treat customers right and will refund their money if not satisfied. Full pages of advertising often say less.

AMES MERCANTILE CO.