

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1901.

FAIR TREATMENT.

Hope is held out in our telegraphic advices today that reductions in freight rates will be announced by the White Pass Railway management, before the opening of navigation. No schedules have as yet been issued nor have any specific figures been given out, but Manager Hawkins is quoted as saying before the Board of Trade of Victoria that reductions will be made, the extent of which is yet undetermined. The probabilities are that if a substantial cut is not made it will be by reason of opposition among the London shareholders. The immense earnings of the road have thus far gone entirely into construction work and no actual dividends have been paid. It is something new that a railroad should be expected to pay for its within a single season, but that is what was hoped of the White Pass line by the people who advanced the money for its construction.

The published reports of the management indicate that the earnings thus far have been phenomenal. It is satisfactory to the people of the Yukon to know that the railroad has proven a profitable investment. They simply ask that the railroad people fix their rates at such figures that it will be profitable to patronize the line, or in other words, that it may be profitable to remain in this country. Fair treatment is all that is asked.

The decision whereby the greater portion of the business district of Skagway has been granted to the original town-site applicant has come, apparently, as a distinct shock to the people of that town. They have bought and sold property so long on squatter's title that to be compelled to recognize rights acquired by legal processes will naturally come hard. There is an ancient adage about going ahead after making sure that you are right. We doubt if there will be much consolation to the Skagway people in being told of this wise saying at this particular point in the proceedings, but it may come in handy for them to have it stored in their memory for future reference.

W. A. Clark has been elected to the United States senate by the Montana legislature. After Clark's disgraceful manipulations of a year ago and his practical expulsion from the senate, his return to that body is an insult to the honesty and intelligence of the entire country. His grip on the throat of Montana is so strong that no power seems sufficiently strong to cause it to relax. As a matter of fact Montana is no longer a sovereign state. It is "Clark's ranch," and will so continue to be until its people come to realize that there are better things on earth than the patronage of a man with an illimitable purse.

It is apparent that the end of Queen Victoria's reign is not far away. The Prince of Wales has assumed the regency which is tantamount to official announcement that the sovereign's physical and mental powers are practically exhausted. Great Britain never flourished before as under the Victorian

regime. The prestige of British arms and the glory of British statesmanship were never so widely famed. The new sovereign, soon to be, has no easy task before him if his reign maintains the luster which has remained undimmed through the long years of his illustrious mother's rule.

The decree of the department of justice in the Slorah case will meet with general approval from those who have followed the affair through its various stages of development. It was quite evident at the time the original verdict was rendered, that a doubt remained in the public mind as to the absolute justice of that decree. The commutation of sentence will afford opportunity for the friends of Slorah to throw any light upon the case which may be within their power. It is satisfactory to know that the man is not to hang as long as the most infinitesimal doubt remains as to his guilt.

Betting on the date when the ice will break up will soon be in order. When placing a wager of that kind, simply make a rough guess. Don't allow the record of previous years to influence your judgment in any particular. The Yukon never acts twice in the same manner.

When the new bridge is in position across the Klondike Dawson will be linked to a regular system of boulevards many miles in length.

Fire escapes are being placed on several buildings in town. This is a move in the right direction and should be followed by owners of buildings generally.

Every day sees Old Sol linger a few minutes longer above the southern horizon. Dawson never had a more welcome visitor.

Now is the time to feed your horses while hay and oats are cheap.

Coming Yacht Race.

New York, Jan. 1.—Yachtsmen are more interested in the preparations for next year's contest for the America's cup than they have been in any other contest since the cup was first brought to this side of the Atlantic. With no less than four yachts in course of preparation for the defence of the cup, it is evident that yachtsmen here do not intend to be missed by the idea that England can never lift the trophy. Such an idea was prevalent at the conclusion of the last cup races when Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock was bested. Although America's yachtsmen hope that that idea is correct, they do not intend to make the mistake of having undue confidence. First of all things they are not imbued with the idea that the failure of Mr. Fife to give Sir Thomas Lipton a cup winner the first time means the failure of Mr. Watson to give the Irish nobleman a winner this time. They do not believe that the first failure exhausted England's resources, and accordingly every kind of an effort is being made to more safely hedge about the possession of the blue ribbon of the seas. Mr. Watson's record has shown that he is a designer worthy of respect. Many believed that the Columbia was a safe craft to defend the cup a second time, but with Herreshoff's guarantee that his new craft will beat the Columbia comes the confidence that it will do so. But Herreshoff is not going to have things all his own way, as the yacht building in Boston for Thomas W. Lawson will testify. The designer of this craft represents the younger element, while the news of the third craft in course of construction at Quincy Point for the defence trial fleet tells of extraordinary interest at present manifest. This latter craft will be a return to the former American type of center-board racer, so that it will be seen that the cup will be protected by every possible fast craft. These three new yachts now in course of construction together with the old Columbia will make a fleet of four for next year's trials, the winner of which will be well-nigh invincible for Sir Thomas Lipton's best.

Full line family groceries at Mecker's.

Strictly ranch eggs for sale at Lancaster & Calderhead's.

\$1 reward for sweet potato thief. Mecker.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Hay, oats, rice in ton lots. More than ton lots, less than ton. I will meet any price quoted by anybody. S. Archibald.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

ALL SHORT OF WIND.

NOT A MAN IN TOWN COULD BLOW UP TO SEVEN POUNDS.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster of Jericho, Tells About the Meeting Which Discussed the Advantages of Starting a Brass Band.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

"Look here, pap," said Squar Johnson as he dropped into the postoffice one day when I was alone; "I've got a scheme on hand that'll do more to boost the town of Jericho to the top of the ladder than 40 miles of new sidewalk. Yes, sir, it's a boomer, and if it's carried out, you'll see the price of real estate jump 50 per cent."

He waited for me to get my breath and then lowered his voice and continued:

"Pap, I've got a notice written out for all patriotic citizens of Jericho to assemble at the postoffice this evening, and I'll post her up on the door. I want to spring it on 'em all of a sudden. I want to see 'em turn pale and their hair stand up. Jest say to all inquirers, pap, that Jericho is comin' right to the front like a steer goin' for a cornfield."

I wanted to know what the scheme was, but the squar winked and nodded and looked mysterious and went off



BLEW OFF HIS SOLE.

without givin his secret away. There was a great deal of curiosity durin the day. Some thought the squar had a balloon ascension in view in order to attract public attention to our new cooper shop, and others had it that he had found a way to dodge the state tax, but it was all guesswork. There was a tremendous crowd on hand when evenin came, and the squar went around rubbin his hands together and smilin all over his face. When he had got the crowd worked up to the pitch where everybody wanted to die for liberty, he called the meetin to order and said:

"Feller freemen of Jericho, we hev here a beautiful town, a salubrious climate and a populashun to be proud of. We hev the best of water, the lowest of taxes and skassy any use fur doctors. We hev the telephone, electric doorbells and a town pump. A stranger would look around him and say we needed nuthin else. But we do, and that is why I hev called you together here tonight. We need jest one thing more to put Jericho on the pinnacle, and that is a brass band."

"By John, but he's made a p'int!" said Deacon Spooner as he whacked on the counter with his cane. "Yes, sir, Jericho needs a brass band to boost her, and I'm with the squar. Let us hear what Moses Hopkins has to say about it."

"As I take it," said Moses, "a brass band plays tunes, and I'd like to know in advance what sort of tunes this band is goin to play. If it's goin to play 'The Sweet By and By,' then I'm in fur a band. If it's goin to play hiddle-diddle tunes, then I'm ag'in it."

"That's a p'int as fur as it goes," said the deacon, "but it don't go fur 'nuff. Enos Williams, you was in the hog buyin bizness fur 20 years, and you ought to know about brass bands. What d'you think of the idea?"

"That depends," said Enos. "I don't go much on a brass band that toots its wind all over town and wastes it on the air. If we had a band that would come down to the depot to meet me as I come in from Tarrytown, I think I'd kind of like it."

"By John, but he's right, and he's made a p'int!" shouted the deacon.

"I don't see the p'int," said Squar Johnson as he peered up. "Why should our brass band go down to the depot to welcome a man who hain't never done anything in particular fur Jericho? Enos is a good 'nuff man in his way, but did the outside world ever hear of him? Was he consulted about buildin the new sewer, or paintin the town hall? Has he ever laid awake nights thinkin how this town could be boosted to the top?"

"Enos, he's knocked your p'int out and made one ag'in you," said the deacon, "but we'll hear from some of the rest. How is it with you, Jabes Fowler?"

"I can't exactly say till I know what the band is goin to do," replied Jabes. "My old woman is mighty fond of brass band tunes which lift up the heels, and if the band'll come over to my house three times a week and give us sunthin lively I'll chip in."

"Mebbe I'm mistaken in this crowd," said the squar as he looked around in a serious way. "Mebbe this is a crowd

composed of freedom Americans whose forefathers fought at Bunker Hill, and mebbe it's made up of men who'd steal the statue of Liberty and sell it fur old junk. To say that I am astonished does not half express my feelin's."

"That sellin the statue of Liberty is a p'int, and a strong one," said the deacon, "but what we want is a free expreshun of opinion. Jube Hornbecker looks as if he wanted to say sunthin."

"I'd like to ask the squar," said Jube in his humble way, "if he expects that band to meet him at the depot when he comes home?"

"Belin I hold the posishun I do," answered the squar. "Belin I'm referred to as the leadin man in Jericho, if the band wanted to go down and see me off or wanted to be there to welcome me home I don't reckon anybody would find fault."

"But I'd want the same thing," said Ebenezer Scott. "I ain't no justice of the peace, but my dairy is milkin 28 cows this summer, and I feel I'm as big as anybody. I go over to Dobbs Ferry once in two weeks; and I should want that band to toot me off and toot me home ag'in."

"There may be a p'int," said the deacon as he scratched his ear, "but I don't skassy see it. Mebbe the squar wants to say sunthin further about liberty and Bunker Hill?"

"I'm sayin," replied the squar as he heaved a long sigh, "that patriotism and love of country seems to be dead—er'n a doornail in these United States. Mebbe there's a man in this crowd aside from me who'd be willin to shed his blood that our glorious republic might be saved from ruin and desolashun, but if that be I can't name him. You might as well disperse to your homes and tell your wives and children that Jericho is doomed."

"By John, but what a p'int—what a p'int!" whispered the deacon. "Before we bust up and go to ruin, however, I'd like to hear from Reuben White. Reuben's bin as far west as Detroit, and he ought to know what influence a brass band has on a town."

"The influence of a brass band's accordin to the leader," said Reuben. "I've seen 'em where they jumped a town right to the front in four weeks, and I've seen 'em where they killed things dead in two. The leader wants to be a peccoliar sort of a man. He wants to be born fur the place, same as Washington was. He wants to be ready to die at two minits' notice or to live fur a hundred years."

"And mebbe you think you're that man?" queried the squar as he pounded on the counter with his fist.

"I do. I know I am. I'm the only man in Jericho as kin lead a band to success and make the town hump herself. I'm a self sacrificin critter, as

you all know, and if this meetin thinks best"

But the meetin shouted him down, and it was five minits before Deacon Spooner could make his voice heard, and then he said:

"There's more p'int's bobbin up here than you kin shake a stick at, but we might as well hev one more. S'posin we hear from Lish Billings. He's the only man in Jericho who kin play on an accordion. What d'you say, Lish?"

"There's mighty little to be said and nuthin to bust up the country," answered Lish. "Do any of you sons of Bunker Hill know how much wind it takes to blow a brass horn?"

Nobody did, and a hush fell upon the crowd.

"It takes ten pounds, reckoned by a lung tester," said Lish, "and you'd want an extra pound fur walkin up hill. There was a lung tester man in town two weeks ago, and every son of us handed over a nickel and took a blow. We blowed and strained and blowed, and Rube White was one of 'em who blowed a sole off his boot, and yit no man reached seven pounds. Whar you goin to git your wind to blow them horns?"

There was a painful silence while you could count a hundred, and then Deacon Spooner said:

"By John, but I'm goin home and tell the old woman that I don't know beans when the bag's untied, and the rest of you'd better do the same thing!"

Palatial Hospital.

New York, Jan. 1.—The new Governor hospital has been opened for business. It is fitted up in a palatial manner, with Turkish and Smyrna rugs, solid silver service and \$1000 grand piano. It has all modern appliances. The building cost \$200,000. There is a kitchen in every ward. The children's ward has a swinging metallic cradle.

Steel marten traps, just in—0, 1 and 1/2. Shindler's.

Brewitt makes clothes fit.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BRYANT, Assistant Gold Commissioner.

Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

All watch repairing guaranteed by C. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, opposite Bank B. N. A., Second street.

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AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE SUNDAY, JAN. 27

GRAND SACRED CONCERT

Prof. Parkes' Wondroscope
With Entire New Pictures and Transformation Scenes.

C. Rannie & Wm. Evans,
Cornet and Trombone Solo.

Misses Walthers & Forrest

Admission 50 Cents Reserved Seats \$1.00 & \$1.50

The Standard Theatre Grand Re-Opening

NEXT WEEK **Esmerelda**

Thursday Nights—Special Performance for Family Parties. Bigger, Better and Stronger Than Ever.

Joaquin Miller's Beautiful Tale of Southern California, entitled

"Old 49"

New Scenic and Mechanical Effects.