

The Klondike Nugget

ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance, \$3.00...

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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, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 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.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

From Friday's Daily. MUST UNITE.

The call to action sounded by this paper last evening has met with ready and almost united response from the business men of the community. The fact is now being thoroughly realized that the responsible men of Dawson must band together for the protection of their mutual interests, or leave the city to the mercies of an organized gang of political pirates.

This ambitious design must be thwarted, or every man who has a dollar invested in the city will have occasion to rise up and curse the day that Dawson undertook the task of governing its own affairs. The brazen entreaty and impudence of the leaders of this gang is past understanding. Some of them are not even residents of Dawson.

The matter of determining whether Dawson is to be governed by an elected mayor and council or by an appointed commission is a secondary consideration. The first object to be accomplished is to place the seal of public disapproval upon the clique of agitators who are straining every nerve to seize the reins of local government.

For the accomplishment of this purpose it is absolutely necessary that united action be taken by the business and property interests of the city. The other element is organized and will hesitate at nothing which will tend to further its interests.

It remains for the responsible men of the community to stand together and protect the town from the domination of a gang, whose only purpose is to obtain a hold upon the public treasury. Dawson had better remain unincorporated for ever than have its interests controlled by such people.

It may be anticipated with reasonable degree of surety that during the balance of the winter the mail will arrive with some regularity. Nothing would please the Nugget more than to be able to announce that the mail service is being handled with promptness. We have not as yet been in a position to credit the contractors with good intentions even, but we hope to be able, conscientiously, to say a good word for them before the season closes.

A communication in this paper yesterday called attention to the fact that several cases of dogs affected with rabies have recently appeared. The utmost care should be taken that the malady does not spread. Every

dog which displays symptoms of the disease should be promptly dispatched.

There will be something doing in the quartz line before long that will be surprising as well as pleasing. When spring opens again the era of quartz development will have actually begun. That does not mean, however, that placer mining is on the wane. As a matter of fact, much more ground is being worked this winter than the most optimistic had hoped. The Klondike is still in its youthful days.

Within a little better than a week the shortest day in the year will have passed, and shortly thereafter the days will begin to lengthen out appreciably. Even a Klondike winter will disappear if given sufficient time.

It is a saying born centuries ago that a guilty conscience needs no accuser. That is what is troubling our good friend the News of late.

The Sun has come out boldly in support of the Nugget's position on the incorporation situation. Thanks, neighbor, every little counts.

King's Mysterious Guard.

Although King Edward VII has probably a little suspicion or fear of personal danger as any of his subjects he is constantly surrounded wherever he goes by one of the most perfect networks of protection that ever shielded the life of a sovereign, and the most remarkable feature of it is that it is so cunningly devised that how he is guarded.

Of all the officials attached to the court this officer has perhaps the most arduous and responsible duties. In fact, whenever the king is within the United Kingdom his duties and responsibilities are practically without any intermission. With the solitary exception of the king's private secretary, he is the first to learn the program of each day's royal movements, and he must for each day formulate a fresh disposition of his men so that every stage of the king's movements may be sufficiently guarded, and when we consider how wide and various these movements are we get some idea of the difficulty of the task.

His men, most of them in the plain clothes and indistinguishable from "the man in the street," must be so stationed as to cover the whole route of the royal journey; they must keep a watchful eye on all suspicious characters and when necessary see to their removal and no one knows these characters better than the members of this bodyguard, and they must while remaining so far as may be unseen, be ready for any of the countless emergencies that may arise. They watch every avenue to the royal palaces, know every intricacy of their interiors and in all ways act as the eyes and ears of the nation, jealous of the safety of the king.

Many of them are past masters in disguise and detective craft and can track any doubtful character to their lairs with unerring skill. So skillfully they work that the king knows practically none of them, although he rarely escapes their eyes, they are as familiar with Brasenar and Sandringham as with the purlieus of Windsor castle or Buckingham palace.—Ex.

Fast Time. New York, Nov. 2.—New York to London in 100 hours is a problem for which two great American railroad companies are considering two solutions, says the Journal and Advertiser. The New York Central's engineers are working out the details of a plan involving the following route to Europe, with a view of determining its mechanical and commercial possibilities. New York to Boston by the New York Central & Hudson River and Boston & Albany lines. Boston to St. John, N. B., by Boston and Maine railroad and connections. St. John to a port on the Irish west coast by a line of swift steamships to be established. By train to Dublin, packet across the Irish channel, rail to London. Time, four days, four hours.

Xmas cards are now on exhibition at O. Schuman's jewelry store to be given away to the school children of Dawson Saturday, Dec. 14, from 2 to 5 p. m.

A Christmas present will be given away to every child in the Klondike holiday week at Gandolfo's.

Heavy Wool Skirts

At \$5, \$7.50, \$10 Up.

Also... A Nice Line of... SILK SKIRTS... AT VERY LOW PRICES.

J. P. McLENNAN... 233 FRONT STREET

Stroller's Column.

Curly Monroe is in disgrace, having lost his standing in the Never-wear-a-coat club. Nigger Jim now passes him on the street with a dry "howdy" and Tom Kirkpatrick says the partnership must be dissolved. The cause of the setting of Curly's story was this: One day lately he came to Dawson on the Hunker stage. Through force of habit acquired by long years of practice he started without a coat. When half or more of the trip in had



CURLY PROTESTED BUT TO NO AVAIL.

been covered a certain lady who runs a road house on the Hunker road took passage on the stage. She was warmly clad having a heavy fur coat besides a thick fur robe. Being zealous for the comfort of others she soon noticed that Curly wore no coat and had a blue tinge around his ears. "Poor man," thought the woman. "It was the fate of Opie Reed's Buncombe county hero, Risto, to go through life without 'trousers' while this poor man away up here by the North Pole on his journey through life is without a coat."

Hastily divesting herself of her coat and wrapping the fur rug over her shoulders, she said: "Here, poor man, put this coat around you before you perish." In vain did Curly protest, and to others at the great American game no avail. The kind-hearted lady

boundary line and attempt to dictate the policy of two governments. If it was a case of drafting for the war in South Africa instead of a little political affair, the Stroller ventures the opinion that these "warmed over" citizens would not be so broad, comprehensive and elastic in their allegiance.

The Klondike is a country peculiar to itself in that there are more ways of losing money here than in any other country. Everything being high here, when money is being lost it goes very rapidly. Some people lose money one way, some another. Some people lose it in mines, others in mercantile pursuits, some at trying to get corners and falling, some at freighting, and others at the great American game called "draw." The accompanying



HOW TOM CHISHOLM LOST \$1600 IN TWO WEEKS.

would have her way and there was nothing for Curly to do but don the coat. Of course, it was too tight for him and in order to hold it up to his robust form the lady took a lot of baling rope that chanced to be in the stage and bound it around him. Curly took his medicine like a hero but Nigger Jim chanced to see him as the stage drove up the street and that is why Curly is in disgrace and will probably be excommunicated from the Never-wear-a-coat club.

Sweet Marie, Pink tea. Those present, Twigs from off the government tree. As matters of a political nature are stirred up in Dawson there are things come to light which cause the Stroller to exclaim, "What a piece of work is man!"

What the Stroller can not understand is this: How can a man who has sworn allegiance to a certain coun-

opening lines constituted the chorus he was talking to himself and using such expressions as "Mah, soul an' jollyfin' in de Lawd." When the edition had been worked off and one of the forms "piled" in the washing process, Zion approached the Stroller's desk and said: "At de expiration ob dis month yo' can git nodder man."

"What is wrong now?" asked the Stroller. "The done had a call to preach de Word." "Then maybe you will quit stealing my whiskey," remarked the Stroller. "Look hesh, white man," said Zion, "doan yo' talk 'bout whiskey to no man what is sanctified, Heah-tofo' I've been a po' wum ob de airth—a sort ob cotton louse—but no de air light ob salvation is gone shinin' in my heart an' I've been called to preach de Word. Lizan hab done got so chock full ob 'ligion dat up to de atlah las' night she jis go-oon spasms into hysterics and tom hysterics right squar lack into spasms. It done tak fo' preachers to hol' hush. Lizan an' me is happy now kase we're both got 'ligion."

Zion quit early 'dat day in order to rest up for the exercises of the night and because he said the "persidin' elder" was at his house and he thought it best for him to go home. As the Stroller was mounting the stairs to his office next morning, he heard the fall of a body on the floor and a second later heard Zion say: "Yo' dam' ole sleeper! Looks zil' yo' git undah de press when yo' take naps an' not git in gamlan's way what da fall ober yo'."

He had stumbled over Old Sonnam, the pet alligator, spilled the lye pot on his bare feet and was wild with anger and pain. "It is in poor taste for a preacher of the Word to use cuss words," said

On the road to take a lay. On the golden yellow lay. And the fishes a' clinging to your whiskers on the way— On the road to take a lay.

For there's beans and there is bacon, And there's mush and there is bread, And afore you know just where you're at, You've got 'em in the head. For all night I hear 'em crawlin', And I think I feel 'em say, "How you like it Swede on bedrock" On the road to take a lay.

But I've got this consolation, He and you have got it too: That the other fellows' got 'em, Just the same as me and you.



'TSE DONE GUV UP PREACHIN' DE WUD.'

The Stroller to Zion, who was blowing his burning feet with the office bellows. "I've done gub up preachin de Wud" said Zion, and as he hopped around the office, his feet puffing up in great blisters, the Stroller heard more profanity than would drive a young dog team from Dawson to the Forks. After a while Zion said: "I've not gwine et camp-meetin' no mo', neither is Lizan, kase I done put mah foot foww on camp-meetin'."

"Yo' see his ar' dis way: Lizan got up to de moter's bench an' done hab spasms an' hysterics was den ebber befor' an' while de persidin' eldaih was 'tendin' ter po' consolation into hush ear I done see him kiss hush fo' teen times. done clib ober ten rows ob log seats to reach em' when I done say to the persidin' eldaih 'I is de floatin' buoy to whom dis lady mus anchor in de time ob storm' an' if I see yo' po' in anymo' consolation into hush ears an' specially hush mouf, I bruk yo' in two.' Den I tuk Lizan by hush haan and led hush home. 'Cos I done slept in de wood shed, but my medicine done bruk up de camp-meetin' ferah. 'I'll still hol' de job heah, kase it wouldn't be safe fo' a man ob mah winnin' ways to stah out preachin' de Wud."

London, Oct. 31.—The National Review gives the essential terms of the Spatch-Cooked dispatch from Sir Redvers Buller to Gen. Sir George White, when in command of the beleaguered British garrison at Ladysmith. According to this authority, the message ran as follows: "I have been repulsed. You will burn your ciphers and destroy all your ammunition. You will then make the best terms you can with the Boers after I have fortified myself on the Tregua."

Gen. Buller, in the speech which led to the dismissal from the command of the first army corps, challenged the full dispatch and to explain how it was obtained, declaring that he would then publish a certified copy of the

Dawson, Dec. 11, 1901. Dear Stroller,— Being a checco and not from a land of "kids" I am surprised to hear of so many people called kid in Dawson.

Can you tell me whether these same kids do really exist or are they myths. I know some of them are genuine for I have seen a few of them but I doubt some of them. Are you well enough acquainted with the fraternity to give a list of the genuine kids and the myths. I have heard so far of the following:— Sky-light Kid, Pale-faced Kid, Dago Kid, Dirty Kid, Shirtless Kid, Crummy Kid, Blow-Back Kid, Evaporated Kid, Policy Kid, Hot Cake Kid, Ribs of Beef Kid, Sleepy Kid, Wide-a-Wake Library Kid, French Kid, Two-bit Kid, Hypo Kid, Hobo Kid, Tannam Kid, Hungry Kid, Crooked Kid, and God only knows how many more. Respectfully,

CHECHACO.

The Chechaco has done well to ex-

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER. Ralph E. Cummings and Auditorium Stock Company. Week Starting Monday Dec. 9. JIM, THE WESTERNER. Monday and Thursday Ladies' Night.

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original and allow the public to judge the matter. The editor of the National Review now explains that he got the dispatch from a civilian who was in Ladysmith at the time, and who said there was nothing secret about it. He asserts also that he understands that both Gen. Buller and Gen. White have officially asked permission to publish the authorized version, and that he cannot conceive why permission has been withheld.

The same informant, giving an alleged explanation of the fact that there was no co-operation between Gen. Buller and Gen. White during the battle of Colenso, says that Gen. White was informed that the attack was fixed for December 17, but that Gen. Buller commenced the attack on December 15, to the dismay of Gen. White, who had not completed his preparations.

The Morning Leader characterizes the Review's version of Gen. Buller's dispatch to Sir George White as "imaginary and misleading."

Gen. Funston Coming Home. Kansas City, Nov. 4.—It is stated that General Frederick Funston will shortly apply for a leave of absence from the Philippines and return to the United States on a visit. It is said that he is recovering rapidly from the operation for appendicitis, recently undergone at a Manila hospital. Gen. Fred D. Grant will, it is said, likely succeed Gen. Funston in command of the San Fernando district.

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