

The Klondike Nugget

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Commissioners would be directly responsible to Gov. Ross, to whom the community would look to see that the affairs of the town were properly and economically administered.

Dawson's merchants have exhibited splendid enterprise in decorating their stores and making other preparations for the Christmas trade.

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

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 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.

'YOU'RE WANTED AT LEWIS'

Was the Salutation Which Greeted Many People Yesterday.

'You're wanted down at Lewin Bros.'

If there is any man in town who has not been slapped on the back and given the above information Monday, his identity is not known. A guileless Nugget man was thus addressed and scented a 'scoop' in the air, quickly hid himself to Lewin's store.

The present is essentially a strenuous age. The world is hurrying on, moving more and more rapidly every year—each and every human atom that constitutes an element in the composite whole, striving to hold his own or make greater headway than his fellows in the universal struggle for supremacy.

It is a selfish age, for it is a time when individuality counts for more than ever before in the world's history. It is for men now-a-days to make or mar their own fortunes, and in the keen and close competition that prevails in every sphere of human activity, selfishness finds its natural stronghold.

The arena of human action has marvelously broadened, and in consequence thereof, increasing demands are continually made upon the mental and physical powers of men.

Every pursuit, profession or trade calls aloud for highly trained specialists and specialization itself is the legitimate progenitor of selfishness.

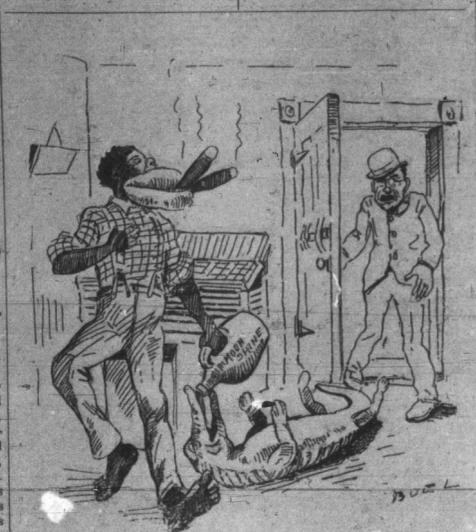
But through all the fierce rivalry that is so thoroughly characteristic of the time in which we live, it is satisfactory to note that the milk of human kindness still remains beneath the exterior to soften and sweeten human lives. If Christmas came more frequently humanity would be better and happier.

The Nugget again extends the greetings of the season to all the people of Dawson and the Yukon territory, and wishes for each and every one a Merry Christmas and expresses the hope that to each and all the day will give a full share of its joys.

In the event the electors of the city should decide in favor of an appointed commission as against an elected mayor and council, Dawson will continue to be governed in the same manner, practically as it has been during the past two years. The three com-

Stroller's Column.

'What yo' gwine ter giv me fo' Christmas?' The above question was propounded by Zion the day before Christmas just as the Stroller entered the office in the morning, and as the latter had many friends among the Spanish cigar makers, also a number who were engaged in moonshining back in the words, he felt safe in promising



ZION SHOWS SOMNAM 'DE EBILS OB'DE CUP'

Zion that he could have the 'overs.' Owing to Christmas tree festivities and other affairs which monopolized the Stroller's attention that night it was well along in the forenoon when he dropped into the office Christmas day to take an inventory of the contributions. Zion had been told getting drunk himself, he had turned Old Somnam over on his back and was doing his best to pour the contents of the jug down his throat.

'Hole yo' mouf open, yo' ole sleep fill I po' some mo' ob dis stuff down yo' froat.' The Stroller hastened up the steps and opened the office door when he saw a sight that probably few men have ever witnessed. A gallon jug of 'hand-made, velvet tan' had been brought to the office that morning and by the time the Stroller arrived had reached the lumber stage of intoxication and had smoked fully a dozen pure Havanas. In addition to getting drunk himself, he had turned Old Somnam over on his back and was doing his best to pour the contents of the jug down his throat.

'Here, you black devil!' said the Stroller, 'what are you doing?' 'Hit an dis way,' said Zion: 'I done forgot to look de do' las' night an' when I come heah dis mawwin' someone had sot dat jug on de table an' dat miserable ole gater was done snoopin' round and thinks I to malsell I'll jis gib yo' a lesson to show yo' de evils ob de cup, so I jis po' some in my mouf and it spill on de do' an' de presumes ob hit done got up mah nose an' fectad mah head. If de smell ob de stuff fect

He had known of old that in North-lands cold, a mighty warrior swelt, Who with interviews, and some rotten news, would wipe him off de veldt.



JANE LOOKING FOR KIDNAPPERS.

me so, what yo' reckon 'ud come ob dis case I swallied a few drops?' 'You are the biggest lian in four states,' said the Stroller. 'I reckon I is,' said Zion, 'fo' Lian done told me dat already dis mawwin' in dition ter sayin' I is de moosier low down nigger in Flurridy. I be sorry fo' what's happened, but 'pash ter me yo' is de one what got de 'obers' die Christmas.'

That swept the land of each command, that upon their friends were burning. Yet, the world will know, for the wires will show, 'twas the gallant Woodside's coming.

Dear Stroller.— Your advice to me about venturing up the creeks with the view of being kidnaped has been acted upon, and while I met with many discouragements a ray of hope penetrated my shrunken but loving breast, for one dear man invited me to his cabin to get warm and while there he asked me if I could build sour dough bread. I said I could and after a while he said the appearance of a woman in his cabin always gave it a more cheerful air. Before leaving I tidied up his cabin with a touch here and there and he seemed real pleased. However, he permitted me to make good my escape.

Another man saw me coming up the road and ran into his cabin, locked the door and hung an old coat over the bottle window until I had passed. Another saw me coming and jumped head first down a shaft where he hid himself on bedrock 68 feet below the earth's surface. I am going up Bonanza again in a few days on my way to Eldorado and will manage to be cold when I reach the cabin of the man who was so kind to me. If my next trip is not rewarded on Bonanza or Eldorado, I will go on to Dominion and Gold Run and if I fail there, I will hold you to your promise to go to Hunker with me. Will you go?

JANE. A good story is told of a certain broker of Dawson whose office is wherever he chances to be at 'der time.'

The other day he dropped into the N. C. store and asked: 'Vat ish you got vat I can sell unt make some monish both of us for?'

He was told to come back in an hour when there would be something decided upon for him. In an hour Lin Ham returned. In the meantime Fairbanks, Thornton and 'the gang' at the N. C. store had taken a whiskey bottle and filled it with a mixture comprising everything from champagne to tobacco sauce and when Lin-Ham returned they gave it to him telling him that it was a sample of Scotch whiskey of which they had 250 cases and which he, if he so desired, could sell at \$30 per case and still make a very large commission. To start him off with a big sale he was told that Billy Baird of the Rochester would give him an order for a number of cases. Lin made straight for the Rochester and to Baird who had been put next.



THE POO-BAH OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

'Tis the story of humanity's reprove. E'en the elements would heald fair and wide That tonight of all the nights is Xmas eve, And tomorrow is the merry Xmas-tide. While they tell me of a village by the sea, Of the mistletoe, with boys and girls at play Of a lonely one who sadly sighs for me, As she murmurs, 'Is it thus our wedding day?' And while midnight bells are ringing And revelers are singing, She is thinking of the Klondike dike far away.

It is lonely 'mong the frozen hills to-night, And the storm seems singing dirges overhead. For I'm begg'd and without a begh 'n night— Every prospect that I had on earth has fled. But a year ago and boundless as the sea, Were my dreams that now a beggar's hope might span— While my conscience nightly lectures reads to me. For her future I should formulate a plan. So I'll write her she must marry Or if really bound to marry That the better rustle up another man.

There is a certain section of the city in which up to a few days ago there were a dozen houses in each one of which has ever been heard infant squalls or children's prattle except when a chance visitor from some other part of the city would drop in with one or more cherubs. A few days ago the spell was broken and now infantile wails are heard in that portion of the town, but they come from only one house, and now on any of these mild evenings from two to eight men may be seen bearing on

him an order for a number of cases. Baird put his tongue to the bottle, smacked his lips and said: 'Fine, fine! Where can I buy a few cases of that?' 'I will furnish you mit dem' said Lin and as a vision of the big profits he would make on the sale flashed before his eyes he loosened up and said: 'Everybody haf somethings mit me. Who gares for expence?' That 'somedings' was followed by other 'somedings' until \$25 of Lin's 'monish' was in Baird's till and then the commission man said: 'I send you o'er twenty-five cases of dot Scotch in half an hour.' Rushing back to the N. C. store he said, 'congratulate me for already I sell twenty-five cases of dot Scotch.' 'Sorry,' said the boys at the store, but since you went out we have checked over our liquor invoices and find we are short just 250 cases of Scotch, therefore your order cannot be filled. But here is something that is really better.' And they handed him another bottle filled with some sort of delectation and bearing an Armour's pickled pig's feet label. They told him to go out and sell from that sample. Lin took the bottle and looked at the label. Then it was that it dawned upon him that he had been worked, and when he thought of the \$25 he had spent with Baird he raved and tore his hair saying: 'By the forefinger of my forefader I has been robbed.'

Will Retire From Business Jan. 1st

Diamond Rings from \$10 to \$600 Diamond Earrings from \$30 to \$1,000 All Stones Guaranteed as to Weight and Quality.

ALBERT MAYER, Jeweler, Orpheum Bldg.

AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM

W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER

Ralph E. Cummings Week ending Dec. 23 PARISIAN PRINCESS Monday and Thursday Ladies' Night no admision

Should disremember how the years have fled. Why come to think, the six we have back east, And courted p'haps, are married now or dead.

Among the boys the best have run their race, Old time has switched 'em on another track. All things have changed about the dear old place.

And few, the friends are left to greet us back, But those remain, Bill, we'll entertain, Bill— We'll show 'em Xmas if all goes well. If not, why, stop here, and drop here.

It's maybe best Bill—maybe all for best, That fortune coy should never cross our path. For how'd we look if we were Christian dressed? And how'd we feel if once we took a bath?

We know a hundred Bill who struck a lead, Then swelled themselves and suddenly got gay— They only proved a guy for shucks to bleed. Till done to death, they're in their graves today.

But all the same, Bill, if fate came bill, We'd show 'em Xmas—and we'd show 'em well— If not, we'll die here some day—and be here.

But—what th' hell Bill! what th' hell! The Stroller wishes to his many readers a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Ever since last Christmas the Stroller has labored with the people here every week without slipping a cog and his labor has not been in vain. Drunkenness in Dawson has decreased 200 per cent. since last Christmas and for this the Stroller takes credit. He has persistently advised getting a squirt of lemon in it until the system has become general. To this act of missionary work on the part of the Stroller more than one royal son has been permitted to accumulate not a cent of it hung in its place from month to month—awaiting a manipulator that never came.

Since last year the Stroller has extended his acquaintance among his readers. Then he had gone and his 'most popular' — was in his hands. If the Stroller has hurt anybody's feelings with the past year he will oblige him by letting him hear of it. Then he will know them and smile and will rub it in until he learns to take a joke.

If any dealer has a lot of cheap domestic cigars, he can keep them as far as the Stroller is concerned. The same applies to the 'vapid' and other cheap brands of bootleggers. The Stroller is not an invalid, but when it comes to a common article of 'gentle' furnishing goods' he is not such a fool as he is. (The Stroller's articles are allowed in which 'no chloroform'.)

To us, and Merry Christmas to you! And that is life. A crust of bread and a corner to rest in. A minute to smile and an hour to weep in. A pint of joy for a pack of stinks. And never a laugh, but the joy come sudden. And that is life!

A credit and a corner that lets you precious, With a smile to warm and rest refresh us. And joys seem sweeter when you come after, And man in the fleet of a smile lauder.

And this is life! So grieve must be bordered with a smile. And the light of a smile More than once in a while Helps a tear to subside in a smile. —Paul Lawrence

THE SOUR DOUGH'S XMAS PHILLOSOPHY It's forty years, Bill—Xmas forty years— Since you and I first struck the trail of gold. We've crossed its hills of hope, its sales of tears. O'er sun-kissed slopes and Arctic's summits cold. We've sought for streak like sunset in the west. We'll find it yet on stream or mountain side— And when it's ours—then we'll go home and rest. Till angels pack us 'cross the Big Divide. But while we live Bill, we'll spend and give Bill. We'll show 'em Xmas if all goes well. And we strike pay here, if not—why—stay here— But—what th' hell Bill! what th' hell!

We'll cut a shine Bill—scout we out a shine? When back again among the dear old 'em. We'll make 'em jealous going down the line. We'll give 'em suggestions, Bill, and buy 'em pearls— We'll set up dinners and we'll treat 'em right. We'll show 'em what it means to be alive. We'll do the balls and operas at night. And just the slickest rig in town we'll drive. In royal state Bill, we'll celebrate Bill— We'll show 'em Xmas if all goes well. If not, why, stick here, and dig and pick here. But—what th' hell Bill! what th' hell!

It's mighty strange, Bill, with this to at least

MISS ISABELLE AND

A Story That Reads Like Wasn't True

Just into and Almost Killed a Married Him Back to Life

Paul Longwood wrote me to find that he was a brother, upon whom he had descended and who was named as his guardian of his property and give him some each year, was a bankrupt. Investigation was made and the estate sold it but a small amount of the stock the brother had inherited the patrimony which father had left him had been lost.

Not a single farthing of the estate could be claimed. His only only brought him a small sum, but disgraced and to none of his former friends he had to go. Basil went to London, and sought some sort of work. He could find nothing, when he was almost at the end of his resources he had an opportunity to get on as driver of a hansom and accepted at once.

For four years he drove and he had become somewhat of a name in the city. He was not only a driver but a well-to-do man. He was picked up one day by a young girl who was driving a car. She was found by a young girl who was driving a car. She was found by a young girl who was driving a car.

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Great Handkerchief Sale

Lace Handkerchiefs, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, Irish Linen, hemstitch and plain \$3.00 to \$8.00 per dozen. Silk Handkerchiefs all Prices. Our Assortment is Immense and Prices Very Low. J. P. McLENNAN.

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