

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 and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1900.

(From Wednesday's Daily).
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

In recognition of the fact that tomorrow is Thanksgiving day the Nugget will not be published.

ONCE MORE THE NEWS.

Last evening, the Dawson Daily News—the paper which during the late campaign offered to sell its support to Thomas O'Brien for \$2500 and on the offer being refused compromised with the Prudhomme-Wilson managers for a less sum—endeavored to lay the entire blame for the trouble into which it has of late brought itself upon the Nugget.

The principal article in the News last evening was headed as follows:
FRENCH PEOPLE MISLED BY THE NUGGET.

How It Incited the Mischief.

Knowing full well that the News' editorial was a compliment to the French, it worked upon their patriotism by calling it an insult.

In the body of its article, the News works out the idea suggested in the heading in the following language:

"The Nugget not being able to plead ignorance of the English language, knowing full well the exact value of every word used by the News in its editorial expressions * * * was perfectly aware of the News' position. But it thought it saw an opportunity by playing upon the patriotic feelings of those who may not understand the language * * * to make trouble for the News."

Now, the meaning of all this is simply that the Hon. Justice Dugas, Mr. Girouard, Mr. Noel and the other gentlemen who took public or private exception to the News editorial, do not understand the English language sufficiently well to comprehend the meaning of the terms in which the News expresses itself. This, we take it, is another of those peculiar "compliments" which the News has of late been paying the French of Canada as a mark of its appreciation of their "great genius."

It is hardly necessary for the Nugget to make answer to this silly talk as its absurdity is self-evident. For the sake of accuracy, however, it may be well to point out a few facts in connection with the case. The original article appeared in the News on the 20th inst. On the next day the attention of the Nugget was directed to the fact that much resentment had been engendered among the French of Dawson against the News on account of the article.

The Nugget paid no attention to the matter until the News published a letter from C. M. Woodworth in which the latter disavowed the opinion credited to him by the News. Meanwhile at a meeting of French-Canadians the News had been condemned in a semi-public manner, and it was then and not until then that the Nugget made its first reference to the case.

The French-Canadians did not need to be told by the Nugget or any one else the meaning which was conveyed in the News editorial. They read it for themselves and judged for themselves what was intended, before any word of comment appeared in the Nugget. The imputation cast upon their intelligence by the News last night is as unjust as it was uncalled for. The News tells them that they do not understand English and that the Nugget

has taken advantage of this fact to mislead them. We answer this charge by saying that the News' editorial article, which has brought about all the trouble, had been discussed and condemned by the French people of Dawson before the Nugget said a word about it.

The Nugget took the matter up when it had become an affair of general public concern—something of which people were talking and which required that a newspaper should take cognizance of it.

The News has gone to such lengths in endeavoring to explain its position that it is difficult to understand why it should take occasion to offend again last night. It was, however, thoroughly characteristic of the News to do some such thing and it ought really to cause but little surprise.

Jerry's Version of It.

A prominent Detroit woman with a great interest in juvenile mission work has this excellent anecdote to tell:

One of her classes in a certain mission is composed of little street children to the number of 20 or more whose ages range from 3 to 6. Most of the scholars are boys, though now and then one notices the pinched face of a little daughter of poverty in the ranks.

The other day the lesson was on the peculiarities of English. Words that are pronounced alike and spelled differently and words that are pronounced differently but spelled alike were discussed at length. She explained the difference between lead the metal and lead the verb, and the children grasped the point instantly. Then she took the two words "week" and "weak." She explained the difference in the meaning and use to the tots, and then called up a little fellow, aged 5, to use the word "weak" in phrase. The little fellow thought a moment, then answered, "A weak old woman." The teacher nodded her approval, and smiled into the eyes upturned to hers.

"Now, Jerry Ryan," she said, turning to another little boy, "you take the word 'week' and use it in a phrase." Jerry thought a minute, and then, he, too, replied, "A week old baby."—Detroit Free Press.

It Can't Be Done.

"Yes," remarked the man who had spent the winter in London, "it's funny to see the young Americans over there pass themselves off for Englishmen. I have an incident of the kind in mind. When I crossed to the big town, I was met by a young chap who had preceded me by about two months. When I set eyes on him at the railway station I could hardly believe my own sight, he appeared so changed. Had I met him on Broadway I would have spotted him as a typical Englishman. To me he looked the Britisher to a T. He was dressed in a suit of checked clothes that didn't fit. His shoes were shapeless, his gloves too big and his hat a little flat affair that looked like a fried egg, and, too, when he opened his mouth I learned that he had not stopped the imitation at the clothes. He talked like a 'Johnnie' for all the world.

"I could hardly understand it, and in explanation he said that he had picked it all up for his own benefit and that everyone thought him to be a full blooded Englishman, with a genuine liking for joints and ale. Well, we started up the street, and before we had gone a quarter of a mile my young friend was accosted by a grimy faced and ragged little newsboy who yelled at him, 'Ere ye 'ave it, my cove, th' loitest N'York 'Erald,' and my young friend collapsed. I learned afterward how futile it is for an American to pretend in England. Why, there wasn't a newsboy in London that couldn't have picked my young friend out among a million human beings with his eyes shut."—Detroit Free Press.

Moral Influence Recognized.

"I suppose there are several lines to the east?" he queried at a railroad ticket office in Chicago the other day.

"Well, yes," reluctantly replied the agent, "but if you want the shortest and quickest line"

"That makes no difference to me," interrupted the caller. "I want a line controlled by moral influences. Is the president of your road a religious man?"

"I can't say as to that, but I know that two of our switchmen and three firemen lately joined the Salvation Army and that our board of directors discourage poker and beer."

"That's moral influence," said the traveler as he brightened up, "and you may give me a ticket to New York."—Washington Post.

Glasses fitted by Soggs & Vesco.
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STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Shindler's scheme about writing a story on the subject of 'Empty Pillows' and winning the Nugget's \$50 prize is all right for Shindler, but I'll bet him a widower's supper his story will not be in the same class with one I am writing!"

The speaker was F. W. Clayton and he had just returned to his office from a 10 o'clock breakfast where the coffee was cold, two eyes winked at him from the eggs, the ham made him think of a recent police court report and the alleged "stack of hots" were as tough as trunk hinges, having been baked at 6:30 and warmed over 14 times before they were served. Continuing, he said:

"It is all right to object to empty pillows, but the man who makes that his chief objection to lonely life must be well provided for in other respects. Now, I am writing a story entitled 'What Is Home Without a Clean Dishrag' or 'Terrors of Batching in the Klondike.' My article will be illustrated by a cut showing the attempts of a man to turn a flap-jack by flipping it by the skillet handle when, instead of flipping over it flips up and sticks on his face. I will also have a cut of a dishrag wadded, twisted and hung on the wall where it will look like a bologna sausage. I will touch on the subject of washing dishes in cold water, and will also mention the tendency of bedclothes to become twisted until they resemble a hay rope.

"The only thing that troubles me is that I am afraid I will not be able to boil my story down to 4000 words, as I have already got 3800 and have only disposed of the joys and sorrows incident to flap-jacks. If I fail to get my article in the Nugget's Christmas number I will publish it in pamphlet form, as it contains hints and suggestions to lonely men that should be given publicity. In the meantime, if you know of any 'home cooking' joint, even if bacon and beans are trumps three times a day, please put me on.

"We can live without poetry, music and art. We can live without love and live without heart. We can live without friendship and live without out books. But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

"This is the season of the year when I feel ashamed of myself," said a well known sport to the Stroller last night. On being asked what there is about this particular time in the year to cause him mental perturbation, he said:

"Outside where I came from the people all think I am doing well here and own several groups of claims. They don't even think for a minute that, during the past two years and, in fact, ever since I ate up my grubstake I brought here in '97, I have done nothing but tinhorn around gambling tables and that during part of that time cuffs have peeped out from my coat sleeves, when actually there were no sleeves in my shirt. And fully two dozen people back there think I ought to send them a lot of gold nuggets for Christmas presents. "Last year I got out of it by writing them that it was not safe to entrust valuable matter in the mails as there was danger of it being lost through a hole in the ice. I dislike telling the same lie over again, so this year I am up against it for some 'fill' to give them to explain why the expected nuggets do not arrive. One real bright idea to me just now would help me out of the hole in good shape. Guess I'll go and see Joe Clarke, maybe he can suggest something to fit the case."

Minnie, Seattle: No, I can not advise you to shake the young man to come in here to rustle boxes. You say the young man loves you dearly, but is poor, though honest. Stay with him; he may get over being poor and honest!

And, say, Minnie box rustling in Dawson ain't what it used to be by a long shot.

To be candid with you, Minnie, box rustling is off in Dawson these times and were you to come here now, you might be forced to sling hash in daylight and take in washing at night to sustain yourself in a way that would enable you to go into society. Rents are high, some grades of meat are very low, but water, if you take a cabin back from the business center, will cost you two bits per bucket, and you know, Minnie, that two bits are two bits.

Keep your young man on the string, Minnie, and, if I do not wire you within the next ten weeks to drop everything and come, that box rustling is on a boom, burn the letters I have written you, marry him and make him happy. His honesty need not interfere with his making you a good husband. Keep a straight upper lip and he will never know the difference.

Queer Origin of a Hotel.

They say that the best hotel in Texas is to be found at Belton, a town on the Santa Fe road and is kept by "seven sanctified sisters," as the proprietors are popularly called. Several years ago a woman in the place and her husband quarreled over the best way of expounding the Scriptures to a Sunday school class and were so stubborn that they separated and were finally divorced.

This family controversy was taken up by the town, which was soon distinctly divided between the adherents of the husband and the adherents of the wife. The result was a large crop of divorces, and seven husbandless women, including the original cause of the commotion, joined together and rented the town hotel. One of them did the cooking, another was parlor maid, a third made up the beds, and so they divided the work among them and ran the establishment on the co-operative plan.—Chicago Record.

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The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people: in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind. *****

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper

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