

The Klondike Nugget

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

\$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...

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

CITIZENS' TICKET.

- FOR MAYOR: Henry C. Macaulay. FOR ALDERMEN: F. M. Shepard, Geo. Murphy, Charles Bossuyt, Peter Vachon, H. E. A. Robertson, H. C. Norquay



HENRY C. MACAULAY



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"Diplomacy." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

About Liquor Permits. Elsewhere in this paper will be found a petition which is being circulated by the Citizens' Committee...

That petition, briefly speaking, constitutes a protest against the present whisky permit system and a demand upon the government that the importation of liquors into this territory be conducted upon the same lines which govern other commodities.

The permit system is an obnoxious, illogical method of dealing with the liquor question and has nothing to commend itself. It originated in Ottawa, and very properly the demand for its change will be made there.

The fact that the petition has originated with the Citizens' Committee is proof positive of what this paper has always maintained, viz. That no influence other than those which seek the highest welfare of the whole community are behind that committee.

The plank in the Citizens' platform which deals with the liquor question, calls positively for the abolishment of the permit system, and the circulation of the petition in question is evidence that the platform is not merely a collection of glittering generalities and platitudes.

The Citizens' ticket is supported by the voters of the city who believe in good government and honest administration. They have no axes to grind, no boosters to place in office and nothing in view but the attainment of that which is for the best interests of all concerned.

The ticket is drawing strength

every day and will continue to gain until the election arrives. Vote for the Citizens' Ticket and honest government.

THE LOGICAL CANDIDATE.

The opposition to the Kid Committee is now centered almost entirely around the Citizens' ticket. The small strength which Chas. Macdonald still retains consists of a few bolters from the Kids with a score or two of personal friends who have stuck to their leader through thick and thin.

There has never been any reasonable argument advanced in justification of Mr. Macdonald's candidacy. That gentleman has been induced to enter a fight which he knows is hopeless and which he is conducting against the dictates of his own best judgment.

As is explained elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget, Mr. Macdonald is a serious hindrance to the ambitions of others who have the parliamentary election in view and who expect to further their own plans by sacrificing Mr. Macdonald in the municipal campaign.

As a federal office holder whose obligations to the appointing power may at any time come in conflict with his duties as mayor, Mr. Macdonald has nothing to recommend him to the electors of this community. It has been the aim of the voters for the past three years to do away with the dual office holding system, which has absolutely nothing to recommend it. Nevertheless they are asked now to pass over entirely the claims of a man who has identified himself with the community as a business man and who by his own individual efforts has established a large commercial house on a successful basis, and go to the ranks of federal office holders for a mayor of Dawson. The thing is so absurd on its face that it seems scarcely credible.

We are quite willing to grant that Mr. Macdonald is a gentleman of many talents, but we deny that he is in any respect an available candidate for the position he seeks. His competitor for the nomination of the Kid Committee is in no better position. Dr. Thompson is nothing more nor less than a professional office seeker. For three months he has been planning and working for the purpose of building up a political machine which should carry him into the mayoralty chair. Dr. Thompson is a professional man but in his mad lust for office he has forgotten entirely the dignity which a man in his position should preserve.

As is well known to the voters of Dawson, Dr. Thompson did not possess the qualifications required by the ordinance to admit his running for the office of mayor. On the revised assessment roll he is taxed for the sum of \$2,500 income. After the rolls were made up and revised by the board which sat for that purpose, Dr. Thompson went in person to the assessor's office and asked to be assessed on an \$520 worth of gold dust, in order that he might be qualified with in the law to run for mayor. Technically speaking, Dr. Thompson may have complied with the legal requirements, but his action under the circumstances must meet with the strongest condemnation from the electors of the community. We mistake very much if the voters of Dawson will support a man who would resort to the means Dr. Thompson has taken to qualify for office.

Opposed to the two candidates whose position is explained above, is Henry C. Macaulay, who possesses in every particular the qualifications which should commend themselves to the community as things to be desired in a mayoralty candidate. Mr. Macaulay is not a politician nor an office seeker. He has been brought into the campaign by the demand of a very large portion of the citizens of Dawson, who wish to see the municipal offices kept out of politics, and the affairs of the town conducted on business lines. For the accomplishment of this purpose, Mr. Macaulay is admirably adapted. He is a successful business man, is accustomed to handling problems such as will confront the first mayor of Dawson, and will have in view no other purpose than to give the community a straightforward, clean, economical administration.

When the voters have sifted the situation down and have secured a clear insight into the influences and objects which have brought the various candidates into the field, they will unite enthusiastically in support of Mr. Macaulay, who is the only candidate who consistently and logically can claim their support.

Job printing at Nugget office.

The Nugget's Department for Children

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Here are ten conundrums. Now see who can send in a correct list of answers to them: 1. Why is a drummer the greatest person of the times? 2. If a tough beefsteak could speak, what poet's name would it pronounce? 3. What is the first thing that a gardener sets in his garden? 4. When may a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it? 5. Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? 6. Why are pen-makers incited to wrong doing? 7. When is a boat like a heap of snow? 8. Why is a sick Jew like a diamond ring? 9. When is a volunteer not a volunteer? 10. Why is a minstrel show like a note falling due?

PAULINE'S STRANGE PETS.

Pauline had no little brothers or sisters, and no little playmates. Her father's home was away out in the country far away from any neighbors. Being so much alone Pauline thought of all sorts of queer ways to amuse herself. One day she invited her papa and her mama to go down to see her "nursery" as she called it. It was a little square piece of ground enclosed by a neat, low fence made of narrow slats placed close together. All kinds of flowers were planted around it. Besides, there were some little flat buildings all along one side.

What do you think they saw there? Toads of all sorts and sizes, from the wee baby toads to the great, big grandfathers. Then such a strange array of garments, for they were all dressed. Pauline had made for her pets all kinds of clothes. There they were, hopping around, some in bright calico dresses and some in the funniest red flannel pants and coats you ever saw.

Day after day Pauline went to her "nursery" to feed and play with her strange pets. But one morning she ran down as usual, after breakfast, to find all of the toad family had disappeared. The fence had enclosed her "nursery" was completely broken down. Not a single toad was left of the funny creatures who had lived there.

A FAIRY STORY.

Little Wait Grear was sitting in the yard under the shade of a great tree and was busy watching the birds and bees as they flew among the flowers and trees. He gazed upward and seeing spider webs floating in the air started him to wishing. Says he "Birds, bees and even spider webs fly through the air while I mope around on the ground like a turtle. Oh, if I could only fly away in a little blue sky, how happy would I be!" He raised and lowered his hands like a bird in flight. He again gazed upward and saw what he took to be a large feather away up in the sky. "What!" exclaimed he, "do even feathers enjoy playing in the air? It must be nice, indeed, to sail above the clouds and float away to a sunny clime where beauty and grandeur reigns. Beauty and oddity—yes, I love oddity." Wait now noticed the feather was coming closer. "Goodness!" he exclaimed, "what a large feather that must be and such a beauty, too!" Nearer came the feather and brighter it grew. Its many bright colors fairly dazzled his eyes. Closer! closer! now it stood before him. What was it? Could he call it a feather? It resembled a feather, yet it could not be one for it was several feet higher than his head, and oh, what a beauty it was—comprising all the colors of the rainbow and from its folds shone the brightness of thousands of diamonds. The gentle breeze kept it turning, twisting, wreathing. Its beauty was beyond description. Wait saw at the top of this strange object a bird with golden feathers. On its breast was a spot that looked like opal and it had topaz like emeralds. Its eyes shone like two diamonds. "How beautiful!" exclaimed Wait. "May I ask what brings you here?" "What brings us here!" said several sweet voices. "We come to take you a trip to a beautiful land of flowers, if you wish to go." "How could I go?" "Get in this Electric Feather and in a few moments you will become as light as a feather." Wait walked in to the folds of the feather and he became light. In a short time the wonderful feather began to raise and Wait soon felt himself floating through the air and the birds and butterflies began to sing and how grand their sweet music sounded in Wait's ears. He thought he would like to float on forever, he was so happy. The earth now looked like a ball to him and it grew smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared. Wait now thought "what if we get away from the attraction of all playlets and we get to revolving like a wheel and all specks and moats accumulate on us and we become a world, who would know that Wait Grear, in the folds of an Electric Feather, was the starting point of that world?" And

while he was thus musing he felt the feather stop and heard a voice say, "We are now at our journey's end. He saw he was in a most wonderful land, indeed. A beautiful fairy stepped up and said, "Come, I will show you the land of flowers and oddities." She took him to a garden that was surrounded by a wall of cactus. Their many colored spines glistened in the sunlight and how beautiful, but oh! how unapproachable they looked. The fairy took Wait to the center of the garden to see a wonderful floral mound. This mound was planted in circles two feet wide and every circle was set with flowers of a different color. A large cactus grew on the top of the mound. The top of this cactus was white, the middle yellow and the bottom crimson and each part had blooms to match. At a distance the mound resembled a huge bouquet. From the cactus grew silken threads that hung to the base of the mound and every different color they crossed they became that color. Wait stood speechless with astonishment as he gazed on this magnificent pyramid of beauty. As a gentle breeze shook the delicate flowers—coming their colors, it almost made his head swim. The fairy broke the silence by saying, "Do you think that pretty?" "Yes, man, it is beyond description." "I will now show you the fairy electrical colors," said she, as they walked to the other side of the mound. "Now look to the left." As Wait looked brilliant colors, that the earth could never hope to equal, floated before his eyes. Oh, how magnificent! How artistic! Think of a floral mound beginning at the outer edge, with flowers only one inch high, and gracefully ranging upward till in the center grew great giants fully two hundred feet high. This mound was arranged in floral designs. One design was of a large bird carrying away a cady of its talons. The cady, a kind of pony, was so perfectly arranged that Wait, when he first saw it, cried out, "Look! that bird is carrying away one of your ponies." The fairy laughingly said, "I'm glad our work is so well done." Wait looked again, then said, "I think it is well done!" As he gazed on these wonderful floral works he thought "Wonderful, indeed are the works of the beings in this electric circle." The fairy now said, "You wished to see flowers and oddities, so now we will move on to see the oddities," and they walked to a path that led to the center of a floral mound. To Wait's surprise he found the land did not raise in the center, but it was just the difference in the height of the flowering tree and shrubs. As they walked along the flowers began to tower far above their heads. What grand sights they were passing through! In the center of this floral mound, surrounded by great giants, consisting of trees, cactus and plants, was a lake. A complete drapery that looked like strands of silk, was hanging from the trees. "Now watch for oddities," said the fairy. Wait looked and was ready to run for the water in the lake was two feet higher than the ground. "Let us get away or we'll be drowned," he exclaimed. The fairy had him fear of this lake. Wait's attention was now attracted to a tree that grew in the center of the lake. The top of the tree was in the water and the auger-shaped roof grew in the air. How did that tree get pulled out of the water and tossed in there," asked he. "Oh, that's the way it grew," answered the fairy. He next saw a queer turtle swimming on its back and he couldn't help asking what was wrong with it. The fairy told him that was its natural way of swimming. As Wait looked in the lake again an eye arose to the surface of the water and watched him with a steady gaze. The fairy said, "That is the eye-sprite—the watcher of the lake. If anything goes wrong she comes to the queen of the royal garden and the queen sends someone to investigate and then all wrong is righted." The eye disappeared and a water animal that looked like a cat without a head, arose to the surface. Its eyes were on the back of its paws and it had a tail like a fish. It moved in the water with perfect ease. Wait's attention was now attracted by a noise overhead. Looking up he saw a number of bees coming flying backward. They lit in the water and began gathering honey from the blooms on the queer water tree, as much as ease as though in the open air. When fully laden they arose out of the water and flew backward to their hive. The fairy now said, "Let us walk upon the water and you can get a better view." Wait hesitated, but she took him by the hand and said, "Come on," and he found himself walking upon the water with as much ease as though he was on the ground. He was wondering what next, when suddenly a blaze of fire began to raise all around the lake, and higher and higher the flames ascended. "We will be burned alive!" he cried. "Fear not!" said the fairy. "It is only a gas that is burning. It can't harm you, for you are in an electrical state." The fire surrounded them and formed a whirlpool and they were carried up on the flames and over a mile high and floated away like a mist in the air. In the course of a few moments they found themselves slowly descending, and, by using their hands like wings, they managed to light in the lake again.

The gas being consumed, the lake was its natural self again, and nothing whatever was hurt as he could see. The bees were working away as though nothing unusual had happened. Wait looked for some more queer things in the lake. He soon saw a queer red and yellow streaked bird flying backward. It lit in the water and swam down under the top of the tree. By bending down Wait saw it had a nest in the tree. As his gaze wandered on past the bird he saw thousands of queer insects, that looked like little men not over two inches high, and they seemed to be building a great tower. Everyone was busy at some part of the work and Wait was greatly interested in the little workers, and he watched them so attentively that he became oblivious to his surroundings. The fairy laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "I'm glad to see you so interested. I hope you have enjoyed yourself. I see the electrical feather coming now, and you must return to the earth, but you can come some time in the future and I'll be glad to show you more beauties of the electrical life. In fact, I can show you many beauties in your own atmosphere." They were here interrupted by the arrival of the electric feather. "As I cannot go with you I'll bid you adieu," said the fairy, and Wait was once more sailing through space on the electric feather and smiling with pleasure, for the fairy had promised to visit him in the next future and show him the electric beauties of his own world. Wait felt a sudden change in his condition and gazed around to find himself sitting in the shade of his favorite oak. On a grassy upward he saw a large feather disappearing in the blue sky. Wait now watches each day for the return of the beautiful feather and he is wondering, in his own mind, what the beauties of the electrical circle in his own world are like.

EMPEROR CANNOT COME

State Reason Forbid Indulgence of His Desire. Berlin, Jan. 15.—Emperor William has occasionally told Americans that he would like to visit the United States, and the correspondent of the Associated Press has been informed that he still desires to do so. But there is not the least probability of his gratifying this desire, as reasons of state imperatively forbid his leaving Germany for the period of time required to go to the United States, just as the duty of the president would prevent him visiting Germany.

METEORITES FROM STARS

Disquisition on Astronomy From Garrett P. Serviss.

Some of Dante's lost souls in the hottest circles of Hades did not have a more fiery experience than that which the investigations of Dr. Berwerth of Vienna indicate has fallen to the lot of a certain class of the meteorites which have occasionally come tumbling out of the heavens upon the earth. These particular meteorites exhibit a peculiar chondritic structure, which has long been taken for a proof that they have been melted more than once. Of course they become extremely hot while rushing down through the atmosphere, but this heat is not sufficient in quantity, and does not last long enough, to affect more than the thin outer crust of the meteorites. It is evident that they have been somewhere subjected to a tremendous temperature for a considerable period of time. Dr. Berwerth's opinion is that they not only originated in celestial volcanoes, whose precise location in the heavens he does not undertake to give, but that after being shot forth having had time to cool, they have passed through some place, or some thing, so hot as to cause a remelting of their substance, and, a rearrangement of their particles.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel—Thos. McMullen and wife, Stockade 19 below Bonanza. Mrs. L. Thompson, 26 Eldorado. John A. Moe, 21 below Bonanza. Hotel Flannery—J. M. Partridge, 21 above Bonanza, Mackie Williams, Hunker, L. C. Caley, 10 below Bonanza, W. S. Lawrence, Fortyville. W. A. Brown, Henry Gulch, Theo. Johnson, Last Chance, W. J. Beaver, Eldorado, Geo. Chambers, Hunker, G. N. Clark, Dawson, Miss E. Lillians, Dawson.

Bargains in Skirts

Tweed Skirts \$5.00 Sateen Underskirts \$3.00 Each. J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT STREET

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BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE. In addition to the above, sentiments we call the attention of our friends and fellow citizens, irrespective of opinion, to the established fact that we carry in stock and offer for sale, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, The most complete assortment of IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, Tobacco, Pipes and Smokers' Articles ever brought to the Yukon Territory. AT RIGHT PRICES. ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO. 201 Pioneer Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

a blaze of heat, which caused it to gleam in the black night of space like a danger signal suddenly thrust forth and gave birth to violent forces of disruption which scattered shreds and fragments of fused and vaporized matter broadcast in starry space. Particles of the original volcanic material, remelted by this sudden development of more than furnace heat, if once hurled into space with sufficient velocity, would wander on until some sun, or some earth, lying in their way, brought them down to its surface, bearing, in their metaphorical structure, the record of their wonderful history. Whether these suggested explanations, which sound so strange and incredible, are correct or not, at any rate the meteorites in question show the record of an experience similar to that which is thus described, and it seems to be certain that they did not have their birth upon the earth, but have come to us from somewhere in outer space. So, in many ways, over inconceivable distances, through measureless lapses of time and in marvelous forms, the messengers that carry the assurance of the unity of the universe speed on between world and world, and as we, in our museums, can take in our hands specimens of things that have come to us from different systems, so, perhaps, in some remote corner of space other intelligences pore over far-traveled wafers that had their birth within the precincts of the sun.—Garrett P. Serviss.

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What a young man nervous the world is polished, silver. You look at drinks. You know you and you think of you. Did you ever the strange yourself that. He stands new man, an entertainer. In comes a in the day. He is a little night before. He tells the not believe in the cocktail a thin hand on your stomach. On your mind. And the bar young man, and his belief. He has seen such cocktail ending of the. The way never that. Not know it. At another comes in an of the fresh-faced. He has said. He shows you does not know. He changes whisky to be prepared. The man changes whisky. Then he tried fed than the him. In the days to sing. Down With W. the bartender. He sings and occasionally. The head of a party paid. The wife had suggested. Get into trouble. No, he'll go. Don't sing all the time. He's what money would not. It can't be any. The bartender. He man—about escaped being content, and escaped yet. A little hard and he'll lose. There is lemon permanently. At the far of the man who passes his hours. The man who every day who water. The man never follows. The man goes close to his and his head. He'll swallow and p. Says the bar. That tells. Down there. He couldn't let. The "it" no. Outside in. He wouldn't let. He way against. Even in his p. and window. 2.