

# The Klondike Nugget

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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

**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.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1900.

## ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY.

The News displays the genuine Bourbon spirit in dealing, or rather in pretending to deal with the incorporation question. Having been instructed by the "powers behind the throne" to lie low for a time, and therefore fearing to give any expression of opinion itself, the News undertakes to assail the Nugget for the position this paper has taken in opposition to the proposed plan of incorporation.

We have no intention of entering upon a defense of the Nugget's attitude in this matter. No defense is required. The mere fact that the great majority of business men and property holders in the town have given enthusiastic support and endorsement to the Nugget's anti-incorporation campaign would be all the defense necessary under any circumstances. The Nugget has always held to the theory that Dawson should administer its own affairs, provided that certain prerequisite conditions could be fulfilled. In this view we have every reason to believe that the majority of citizens have concurred. It has developed, however, as has been shown from time to time in the columns of this paper that it is impossible at the present time to meet these conditions.

Meanwhile, the urgent reasons which were advanced sometime ago in favor of incorporation have largely lost their force. Dawson has in practical operation a town government which in every way is as efficient as might be expected to result from a regularly called municipal election. The various interests of the town are looked after with care, and what is more to the point, the expense of administration is nominal in comparison with the cost of conducting a completely organized municipality.

Dawson has, therefore, to decide between the economical and capable administration which we have at the present time and a necessarily more expensive and doubtfully efficient regime, selected by vote of a small portion of the community.

There should be no difficulty in reaching a conclusion in the matter. The affairs of a town are like the business of big commercial concerns. Every taxpayer is a stockholder, and it is to the interests of each to see that his business is managed with as little expense as possible. We apprehend that this is the view which most citizens will take of the matter, which view will urge them to support a continuation of the present state of affairs.

A municipal government in addition to the present system of administration of public affairs means simply that another load will be saddled upon the one industry upon which Dawson and the entire territory depends for existence. A city election will not serve to do away with the present officials, nor will it lessen the salaries which they are paid. It will simply mean a doubling up of expenses with no material advantage to be gained. This point should be well weighed by every citizen.

The laboring man should interest himself in the incorporation question. If he owns a cabin in Dawson or ex-

pects to own one, it is to the furtherance of his own welfare that taxes should be kept down to the minimum. Incorporation means increased tax rolls.

The sensational story published by the News sometime ago respecting a so-called strike in the Tanana country is effectively punctured in the Nugget again today. On another page we publish an interview with a man who has just arrived from the Tanana country. Nothing had been heard of the strike, and no one along the Yukon knew anything of it except where the News "report" had been seen. And still the News poses as an "educator."

There are no Conservative leaders left in Canada—outside of Dawson. In this much favored metropolis there are no Conservatives but leaders.

### Cautious With Reporters.

"The late Collis P. Huntington was an easy man to interview," said an old reporter, "but at the same time he was exceedingly cautious and never talked at random. My first encounter with him was in San Francisco. I was sent to ask him about some railroad connections that he was supposed to have in contemplation, and when I was finally ushered into his private office I found him seated at a table dictating letters to a couple of stenographers.

"I can spare you only ten minutes," he said pleasantly, "but we'll try to make that cover the ground. What is your first question?"

"I put it in as concise form as possible.

"Um-m-m," said Mr. Huntington musingly. "Let's have the second."

"I took that, of course, as a refusal to answer the first interrogation and passed to the next point.

"All right," he said. "Now for the third."

That was discouraging, but I gave it to him as briefly and clearly as I could, and, to make a long story short, he completely exhausted all my inquiries, one after another, without giving me a single reply.

You may well believe I was thoroughly depressed and disheartened and was about to beat a retreat, when, to my great surprise, one of the stenographers handed over a memorandum which he had been quietly taking of each question, and Mr. Huntington proceeded to answer them seriatim. He wasted no words, but covered every point with the utmost nicety and precision. When he concluded, I read over my notes at his request, and he pronounced them all right.

Mr. Huntington, I said, glancing at my watch, I see we have still nearly half a minute left, and, with your permission, I'd like to ask you something on my own account."

What is it?" he said, looking surprised.

"I am curious to know," I replied, "why you made me ask all my questions before giving me any answer."

"The old magnate smiled—and, by the way, he had a very genial smile, puckering up a thousand little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and seeming to relax all over. That's easily explained," he said, "I wanted to find out what you were leading up to before I committed myself."—Ex.

### A Female Anarchist.

New York, Dec. 8.—The Times says: Emma Goldman, who has been conferring with anarchist groups in England and France, has returned to this country. She made a hurried tour of the various anarchist headquarters in this city last night. She says that the anarchists from various countries had arranged to hold an international anarchist congress in Paris but just as it was about to convene the police officials swooped down, broke up the meeting and drove the leaders out of the city.

It was an outrage, she declared, and showed that even the socialist government was under the domination of the rich. In spite of the Parisian authorities, however, she said, a secret congress was held and arrangements made for the propaganda.

Miss Goldman was angry also at the apathy of the people in England regarding the spread of propaganda. They acted, she said, as if a social revolution was never heard of.

Mufflers and silk handkerchiefs at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Eggs by the case at Meeker's.



## DEATH IN THE VIAL.

THE FIFTH TABLET CARRIED A DOSE THAT WAS FATAL.

**Why the Doctor Had a Premonition That Misfortune Had Overtaken a Wealthy Planter—How the Story of the Crime Leaked Out.**

The story was told by a police commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith.

"About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he startled a lady member of the household by remarking that he 'had a feeling' that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Colonel Jones. The colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week.

"On the day of Smith's singular premonition he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about 24 hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion.

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom.

"Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the police commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeonholed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach.

"That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label.

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date.

Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion.

"When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has remained ever since.

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?"

"Well," said the police commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Ate Course Dinners.

A woman just arrived from Australia was recently negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington. She asked if it was a nice neighborhood. "It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent. "They are without exception soup and fish families."

It is not correct to say that a girl "renders" a song. If she lives long enough to become of some use in the world, she may some-day render land, but she can't render a song.—Aitchison Globe.

### Impression Correct.

"Dinguss, didn't I lend you \$10 a month or two ago?"

"Shadbolt, you did. If you had a good business head on your shoulders, you would be able to remember a loan like that with absolute certainty and wouldn't have to ask anybody about it."

Frowns and passes on.—Exchange.

### Up in the Air.

This cyclone story is vouched for by the Minneapolis Better Way. It is that a cow which was picketed on a rope was picked up by the cyclone and carried up the length of her rope, about 60 feet, where she remained until the storm had passed, when she quietly climbed down the rope and resumed her grazing.

### Mail Expected.

Owing to the fact that there is a break in the telegraph line between Ogilvie and Stewart, no news has been received today of the incoming mail which was reported as leaving Selkirk last Friday afternoon. However, if nothing unusual happens, the mail should reach here tomorrow evening. It was expected that the break in the wire will be repaired by tonight.

### A Narrow Escape.

Stella Mason, an 11-year-old girl, narrowly escaped what might have been a serious accident this forenoon on Third street in front of the West block. While riding in a sled drawn by the three dogs, the leader made a dash immediately under a team of horses attached to a sled drawing the sled and its fair little passenger directly among the feet of the frightened and plunging horses. Bystanders rushed to the rescue and, strange to say, the child was rescued with nothing more severe than a bad scare and a few slight bruises.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinsky's.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

# The Lights Are Out

The last Christmas of the 19th century has passed into a memory and the tired little ones have closed their eyes in happy slumber. Possibly on that occasion of gift giving you may have inadvertently forgotten some one. So here's a gentle reminder—

**A New Year Gift will make it all right.**

We have, notwithstanding an immense sale of Christmas gifts, a large and varied stock of appropriate presents for New Year.

**HERSHBERG** The Reliable Seattle Clothiers  
Opp. C. D. Co.'s Dock

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**LAWYERS**  
CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors and Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario Front Street, Dawson.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second St., near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY BLEECKER FERNAND DE JOURNEL  
BLEECKER & DE JOURNEL  
Attorneys at Law,  
Offices—Second Street, In the Joslin Building,  
Residence—Third Avenue, opp. Metropole hotel  
Dawson.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, First Avenue.

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TABOR, WALSH & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Telephone No. 40. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

**MINING ENGINEERS.**  
J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission St., next door to public school.

**WANTED.**  
WANTED—Position of any kind by colored man. Best of recommendations. Saml. Croffer, This office.

**LOST AND FOUND**  
FOUND—One black dog, setter and Newfoundland, pacer. Owner can have same by paying charges. Driard Hotel, Mouth of Caribou.

LOST—Opposite A. C. Co. or at Cook's Candy Store, a turquoise and diamond ring. Finder please return to Nugget Office and receive reward.

FOUND—One dark brown dog, about three years old, bushy tail. Owner call at No. 14 Eldorado and pay charges.

E. A. Cochran, the expert watch-maker, will put your watch in proper order. Second street opp. Bank of B. N. A. crt

Seagram, '83, at Rochester Bar.

## CHEAP GOODS

We are selling at greatly reduced prices

**Dolge Felt Shoes**  
**Fur & Kid Mitts**  
**Fur Caps**  
**Lined Overalls**  
**Usters, Etc.**

**J. P. McLENNAN.**  
Front Street.

## 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