

The Klondike Nugget

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From Tuesday's Daily. A CHOICE MUST BE MADE.

Within a very short time the citizens of Dawson will be called upon to determine by their votes the form of government which they desire to be established for the conduct of local affairs.

Briefly stated, Dawson will be permitted to express its preference between an ordinance of incorporation which will call for the election of a mayor and board of aldermen, and a law by virtue of which the commissioner of the territory will be authorized to name a commission of three men who will be entrusted with the same powers and responsibilities as are granted the city council by the proposed ordinance of incorporation.

The determination of the questions at issue is a matter which may involve a very considerable extent the future welfare of this community. The Yukon council in whose immediate charge the affairs of the city have rested during the past three years, has looked after Dawson's interests in a manner which for the most part has been eminently satisfactory.

There have been no scandals connected with the expenditure of the public funds, and no charge of extravagance or willful disregard of the wishes of the community could be maintained. It is quite easy, therefore, to understand that with the great majority of taxpayers there is no disposition to make any change in the local government at all. It is obligatory, however, upon the community to make a selection between the two forms of government indicated above, as the commissioner and council have plainly stated their intention to wipe their hands of the affairs of the town after the first of the new year.

Under ordinary circumstances there would be little hesitation in reaching the conclusion that Dawson should become an incorporated town and elect its own officers. It is natural that any community should wish for the right to govern itself, and when the opportunity offers to secure self government the first impulse is to seize upon it immediately.

On the other hand, there is good reason for hesitation on the part of those most heavily interested—that is to say, those who bear the burden of taxation. Government by an appointed commission means practically a continuance of affairs as they are at the present time. An elected council means an increase in the governmental machinery and a consequent increase of expenditure.

It is for the tax payers to choose whether they prefer to elect their own officers and pay an increased price for the privilege of so doing or to have the affairs of the town conducted by a commission of three men appointed by the governor, a practical continuation of the system in vogue at the present time. The whole matter as noted above is for the tax payers themselves to decide.

THE FIRST STEP TAKEN. The first step in the direction of balancing the heavy account which this community holds against the White Pass Railroad is now being taken. The heaviest patrons of the railroad have united in bringing an action for the recovery of a portion of the exorbitant rates which have

been charged and apparently with every hope of success. The government has never confirmed the freight tariffs of the company, the policy of the railroad from beginning to end being based upon no system other than its own arbitrary actions.

It is now established beyond doubt that a rate for the ensuing year will be fixed, which will not exceed one-half of the charges heretofore asked. In equity, therefore, every shipper who has paid the rates asked should be entitled to a rebate equal to the difference between the new and old schedules. British Columbia shippers have taken the matter up in earnest and have announced that they will carry the case to the Imperial Privy Council, if necessary. Every patron of the railroad in Dawson should follow that example. If there is any law by which the White Pass Company can be forced to disgorge its ill-gotten gains that law should be brought in to effect without delay.

Several parties have already signified their intention to compete for the prize offered by the Nugget for a song, dedicated to this territory. We have no doubt that a production will be forthcoming which will bear close comparison with patriotic songs which have outlasted generations.

The Slav on Women. Abhorrent event to the strongest "Slavophile" is the position occupied by woman in the family and in social life. To escape the charge of prejudice I shall quote a few proverbs current among the southern Slavs—a few out of any hundreds: "The man is the head, the woman is grass. One man is worth more than ten women. A man of straw is worth more than a woman of gold. Let the dog bark, but let the woman keep silent. He who does not beat his wife is no man. 'What shall I get when I marry?' asks a boy of his father. 'For your wife a stick; for your children a switch.' Twice in his life is a man happy—once when he marries and once when he buries his wife. And the woman sings, in the Russian folksong which I have freely translated, Love me true and love me quick, Pull my hair and use the stick.

Although there are love songs of another kind, in which woman is praised for her charms, she becomes virtually a slave as soon as she marries, and the little poetry of the folksong does not accompany her even to the marriage altar. She is valued only for the work she can do in a household and for the children she can bear, and should this latter blessing be denied her her lot becomes doubly pitiable, and she often seeks release by suicide.—Ex.

His Sad Blunder. Yes, it was a sad blunder. He thought the children were in the other room, but it so happened that it was occupied by his wife and a lachrymose neighbor. We all know these sensitive women who weep on the slightest provocation, who begin to muffle when they talk of their woes, this being little more than a bid for words of comfort, and this woman was one of them. What had happened is quite immaterial. Something had been said or done that had completely upset her, and in her appeal for solace she sniffled. As before remarked he thought the children were in the other room, and one of the children had been suffering from cold in the head. Of course everyone knows how annoying a youngster with a cold in the head can be, and he was not in the best of humor anyway.

"For heaven's sake, blow your nose!" he cried at last. Oh, yes, it was a sad blunder, but even blunders have their compensations. The lachrymose one does not come to that house for sympathy, as she formerly did.

"It takes Tom a day and a night to tell a story." "He'd make a good book-keeper, I should think." "Why?" "Never short in his account."

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THE FIRST STEP TAKEN. The first step in the direction of balancing the heavy account which this community holds against the White Pass Railroad is now being taken. The heaviest patrons of the railroad have united in bringing an action for the recovery of a portion of the exorbitant rates which have

Stroller's Column.

A number of Dawsonites were standing around the stove in a well-known and much frequented cigar store a few nights ago giving personal reminiscences and relating occurrences of other days in other climes. The subject of arrests came up and one fellow told of how he had been mistaken and arrested for Willis Tascoff, the much-wanted young man who shot and killed his step-father Millionaire Schnell, in Chicago, 10 or 12 years ago, and how, after being taken to the police station, he was able to prove his identity by a couple of merchants in the city who were his customers. Another told of his only arrest, made by a nigger marshal in Cedar Keys, Florida, and of how he got out of paying a fine next morning by meeting and treating the nigger



"I HAIN'T TIME TO TRY YOU TODAY."

mayor, who was also municipal judge, before court convened. At length the proprietor of the cigar, fruit and confectionery store in which the crowd was talking said: "I will never forget my first and only arrest. It was in Colorado a good many years ago. I had a business in Pueblo similar to what I have here. A number of miles up in the mountains was a thriving little resort town and I decided to start a branch store there, so I went up and rented a lot, put a tent on it and opened a cigar, candy and peanut business. Right here I must say that only a short time previous to my

time to attend to you today as I have a hull pass of trunks to cart up from the station; so go back to Pueblo and maybe the next time you come up I will have time to vindicate outraged law."

"Well," said the merchant, "I went home and later on the same year I again visited the town. As soon as I landed from the train the marshal nabbed me and took me before the mayor. I protested that I had violated no law, but his honor said he would have to impose a fine, that he could not put his finger on the section governing the case and possibly there was no such law; that if there

was not there should be, so he fined me \$10. I refused to pay, gave bond and took an appeal. Before the case came up, however, the town government had disbanded and when it was called there were no prosecutors present and it was dismissed."

"And that," said the merchant, "is my experience with the minions of the law."

The other day Chief Isaac came to town with a couple of fine beaver skins to sell. Meeting Mr. Limburg-Ham on the street he inquired of him where to find a market for his skins.

"I will tell you," said Lim-Ham, "took dam dot N." C. store to unt see Mr. Lindsay; he will give you twelve dollar dose skins for."

Isaac took the advice. Why should he have taken it? It didn't cost anything. He found Mr. Lindsay and showed him the skins. "How much?" said the merchant. "The Moosehide chief ain't answered." "Me sell ten white man twelve dot. Lindsay took the skins and has ever

since been wondering what race of man Isaac thinks he is. Where are you going, my pretty maid? "I am going milking, sir!" she said. "Can I go with you? my pretty maid?" "Nobody asked you, sir!" she said. The Stroller could never see anything particularly brilliant in the above four lines but there are many things the Stroller was never able to see. When the Stroller was in the squasy days of his youth he more than once caught his parents sighing after looking at him and heard them murmur sotto voce, "Poor boy, it is too bad." In view, therefore, of this late density, the Stroller acknowledges to being up against it in the matter of imparting the information asked for in the following: Dawson, Dec. 5, 1901. Dear Stroller — Please note attached clipping taken from 4th page, 4th column, of the Daily News of Dec. 5th. "Where are you going, my pretty maid? I am going a-fishing, kind sir, she said. Where is your armory, my pretty maid? O, I'm bona fide, sir, she said."

Kindly explain the joke, for to us it is incomprehensible. Can it be possible that the dear little editor has changed his brand of hop? Whoever first originated such a saying should have had a copyright. Your kindness in explaining this weighty problem will be greatly appreciated by the undersigned readers of both News and Nugget. R. L. MORGAN. A. E. MATTHEWS. Please answer in Saturday's Nugget.

The Stroller did not reply to the above on Saturday for the reason that he was not then ready to file a report. He endeavored to acquire the desired information and lost considerable sleep over it, but failed of his purpose. He took the clipping to an egg house and had it "canned" but failed to detect the point it is naturally supposed to contain. Failing at the egg house, the clipping was taken to the N. A. T. & T. assay office from which the following report was derived: Paper—Fifty per cent. Ink—Thirty per cent. Tincture of simplicity—Twenty per cent. Here, take it away and have it embalmed. Perhaps a race will come out of the foggy future that can see and appreciate the point connected with the "bona fide, sir," girl. And say, do not bother the Stroller anymore with such complications, for with corns, bunions, in-growing toe nails and a cord of spiral wood he has enough troubles of his own. The Bible says: "There be things past finding out." The point in question is one of them, so think no more about it but go back to work. Besides, this is no time of the year to go a-fishing. The very idea is preposterous. Let her keep her "bona fide" by the fire instead of being out attracting staid old editors from their business. Now, let us hear no more of this. Dawson, Dec. 8, 1901.

Dear Stroller — I am in a box. I have a sweet-heart in Seattle to whom I have sent a Christmas present for the past two years; but the games were running then and I had a job. Now I am doing nothing, my chief concern being to divine the source from whence will come my next meal. If I do not remember my girl this Christmas it will be all of with me and as she is the only daughter of one of the best paying saloons in Seattle I am anxious to hold her affections until I can go out and be accepted into her family. Please advise me what to do, and oblige. EX-B. Ex—You are not ingenious. You have nothing to worry over aside from your meals. Do not make a move until about the middle of January and then write to your girl and tell her that a portion of a consignment of mail was lost in the river about the middle of December but that you trust and pray that your little token of remembrance and love reached her safely. That is enough. Do not say more or you might stop it over, and as soon as navigation opens fly to her, join the family and by next Christmas your present period of fasting will be but a memory—a stump in the highway over which you have traveled.

He Didn't Go. A reliable gentleman informed the Nugget yesterday that Mr. S. Archibald had gone to Koyukuk and the Nugget published the supposed news item. Now comes Archibald, who is bodily in Dawson and says he didn't start for Koyukuk or anyplace else. Notwithstanding the presence of Archibald in Dawson, the other man was never known to make a false statement, so it all depends on whether a person inclines to believe the verbal statement in preference to ocular proof as to whether Archibald has started to the Koyukuk or not.

Bridegrooms' Mistakes. Sometime since a bridal party appeared at the registrar's office, Langport, and were ushered into the presence of the official, who courteously requested all save the two contracting parties to be seated. Having elicited from the couple standing that there existed no impediment to their marriage, he proceeded to call upon all present to witness that they took each other for husband and wife, and directed the groom to place the ring upon his bride's finger.

At this the young man awoke as from a dream, and, pointing to one of the witnesses, burst out in the Somersetshire dialect, "Trie be the young 'ooman I wants to get married to over there." It was then discovered that he had married his own sister, so the parties were rearranged and the ceremony was commenced afresh.

Recently an obliging gentleman volunteered, with the consent of all parties concerned, to take the place of his brother whose name had been duly called, and who for some reason was unable to keep the most important appointment of his life. He did so, singing the register in his brother's name, and thus inadvertently espoused his sister-in-law.

Last February two brothers, named Emmerich and Francis Voss, married two sisters, Matiza and Mary Rinx. The civil ceremony passed off without a hitch, but at church the party got rather mixed, so that each brother at the conclusion of the service found that he had wedded his sister-in-law. At the feast that followed the brides' father promised to put matters right; but when that time arrived he was suddenly called away, and was unable to fulfill his promise. Now the matter will have to be dealt with by the courts.

Julius Reinz, an Austrian, can speak but little English, and when a few months back he went with his betrothed to a London registrar's office to inquire whether his license and other documents were in order, the official, thinking that he wanted to be married there and then, made the twin one, the groom signing the marriage certificate under the impression that it was a preliminary formality. When, however, he discovered his mistake he returned to Vienna in disgust, and a few days later procured an annulment of his marriage.

Another Austrian, an official in the civil service, corresponded with a young lady, whom he had never seen, with a view to matrimony; so ardently, too, that the marriage day was fixed. The parties met for the first time at the altar, and although beneath the bride's thick veil the civil servants were unable to recognize clearly the features that had so charmed him in the photographs he had received, he unsuspectingly permitted the ceremony to proceed.

When the knot was irremediably tied the lady raised her veil to disclose the features of a very mature dame; the elder sister of the girl whom he had wished to wed. The husband was, naturally, furious, and has petitioned the courts for his release.

A well-known French count lately received a letter from a lady, calling herself the countess of his title, upbraiding him for cruelty and desertion. Being a bachelor, the count at first thought the matter a hoax, but on a friend calling upon the lady and inspecting the certificate it was found apparently in perfect order, all particulars concerning the husband being correctly stated, and the document itself bearing the registration stamp of the French Consulate at New York. Extraordinary as it may seem, high legal authorities considered the count married, so that nothing remains for him but to bring an action for divorce.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

To the Ladies. A most appropriate Birthday or Christmas gift to your husband, brother, friend, or a business friend, can be selected from our extensive stock of High-Class Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, and Holders. Can Silver Match Safes; all of English and French manufacture. Also a Box of our own "Imperial" and "Domestic" Cigars and Egyptian Cigarettes. ALL OF ABOVE AT RIGHT PRICES.

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Froze His Toes. A young man whose name was not learned, arrived in the city yesterday from 80 miles up Twelvemile creek. While coming down that stream he had the misfortune to step in the water with his left foot, the toes of which were badly frozen when he reached Dawson. He is around town today but will not be in shape for the trail for some time to come.

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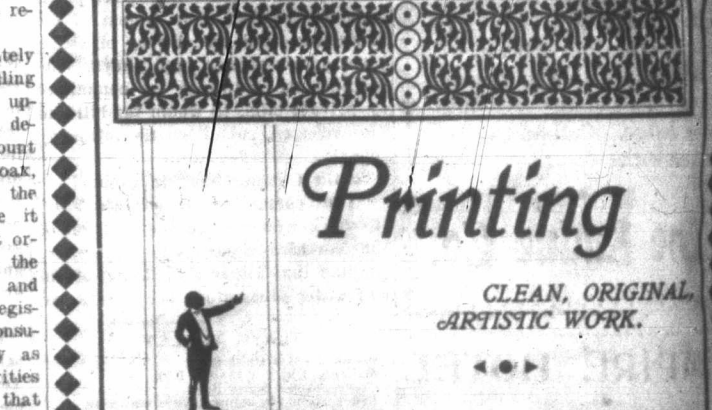
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