

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Humker, Dominion, Gold Run.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1913.

\$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.



AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium—"Sowing the Wind." Auditorium—"Niobe."

BAD LOSERS. The Nugget has stood between the public and a scheme hatched in the News office, which had for its object the formation of a local newspaper trust.

How miserably the scheme has failed the public well understands.

Charged by the Nugget with vested ownership in the Sun, the News first denied and then admitted the facts.

As predicted by the Nugget a part of the News machinery was moved to the old Sun office and the game went on—but the plans were badly disarranged.

Instead of electing the "unworthy instrument" he was turned down. The splendid and successful fight made by the Nugget for Mr. Ross as contrasted with the weak showing of the Sun was occasion for comment throughout the campaign.

The Nugget went into the fight without a promise given or sought, a statement which can be substantiated with the utmost ease.

The Ross banner was carried to triumph and naturally our contemporaries are feeling badly.

The mutual interest which exists between the Sun and News is seen in almost every line of their editorial columns and may be read even by him who runs. They are bad losers and show the bitterness of their disappointment so plainly that there can be no mistake.

The Nugget invites and welcomes their hostility as tending conclusively to establish the truth of the statements we have from time to time made.

No one in Dawson will ever again be foolish enough to claim that a packed public meeting is a safe standard by which to judge of public sentiment.

At least two-thirds of those present were Ross men, one might easily have imagined from the noise that it was unanimously a Clarke affair.

Dawson is promised a season of opera in the very near future which will aid materially in dispelling the gloom of the winter.

The work of the Amateur Operatic Company last winter was most creditable, and we are given to understand that an even more ambitious presentation will be offered this year.

Dawson is fortunate in possessing a large number of musical artists of high talent, and we have no doubt that the operatic company will fully sustain its previous enviable reputation.

As will be noted in answer to a query in another column, ratepayers only are entitled to participate in the approaching municipal election.

For the first election manhood suffrage was allowed. The vote at the approaching election will in consequence be largely under that of last year.

The immortal Abe's remark that all the people can not be fooled all the time, receives daily exemplification. There are a few people who thought it did not apply in the Yukon, but the result of Tuesday's election has served to change their views upon the subject.

The work of the fire department at this morning's fire calls for praise. There was an evidence of headwork and system about the way the fire was managed which betokened the fact that the situation was in experienced and competent hands.

The fact that the thermometer hovered around the fifty below mark did not abate the enthusiasm of election night in any particular. Dawson would have celebrated the victory had the weather been twice as cold.

There seems to be excellent reason for belief that a number of political boomlets, now in course of tender nourishing, will not outlast the cold weather.

The News takes its recent defeat with almost as bad grace as it did the sound trouncing it received at the municipal election last winter.

A man cannot be eternally knifing his friends and expect to have their continued support.

Cold weather has come early this year. May its departure be equally as speedy.

That awful "pull" of the News on the creeks, wasted away into thin air.

Some of the creeks made Dawson feel ashamed of itself on Tuesday.

The Royal Visit. London, Oct. 28.—A report cabled from the United States that the Prince and Princess of Wales would probably visit this country in 1901 created much interest here.

The news occupied a prominent place in all the afternoon newspapers. Surprise was expressed in official circles at the question being publicly discussed at all. At York House, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, a representative of the Associated Press was informed that nothing was officially known on the subject.

From inquiries in other quarters, however, the Associated Press learned that while no official invitation has been extended, presented to the King, who returned a polite non-committal reply. It is pointed out that the question of acceptance or declination must, of course, await the transmittal of an official invitation from the United States government.

Port of London. London, Oct. 28.—A special conference, summoned by the Lord Mayor, representing the mercantile, banking and manufacturing interests of the capital, met at the Mansion House to consider the improvement of the facilities of the port of London.

On motion of Lord Avebury, President of the Central Association of Bankers, the conference agreed to appoint a thoroughly representative committee to approach the government on the subject.

The committee includes three representatives of the city corporation, which has a special committee investigating the same question.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM. Communications for publication in this column are invited upon all questions of public interest. Correspondents are requested to be as brief as possible and to sign their names, which will be withheld if desired.

Dawson, Y.T., Dec. 3. Editor Nugget: Dear Sir,—I notice in your issue of Dec. 3 my name mentioned with that of a number of others as a candidate for aldermanic honors.

I do not know on what authority this report is based, but I am not now nor will I be a candidate for the city council. By inserting this in your paper you will greatly oblige.

Yours very truly, J. R. GREY.

Dear Sir,—I give the qualifications for voters in the coming municipal elections, and oblige.

(The qualifications are given in the following section of the ordinance of incorporation.)

QUALIFICATION OF VOTERS. 14. Every person rated upon property within the City of Dawson shall be qualified to vote at an election of Mayor and Alderman who—

(a) Is a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years or upwards.

(b) Has been rated upon the previous year's assessment and has fully paid his rates and tax of all kinds before the day for nominating candidates.

How the Empress Entertains. Her august Majesty the Celestial Dowager Empress of China, and her worthy adopted son, his Imperial Majesty Kwang Hsu, offer a charming contrast to the angry passions of the Spanish royalties, says Harper's Weekly.

Recently, to mark the renewal of perfectly good relations between China and the powers, the worthy Empress Dowager gave a "pink tea" to the ladies of the Embassies and Ministers at Peking.

It is reported that her celestial Majesty was urbanity itself; there was something even kittenish and sprightly in her greeting to her guests. This dear old lady, who was so universally anatomized only two years ago, and who was reported by the veracious news-providers of Shanghai to have boiled two or three Ambassadors in oil, or filled them up with melted lead, was decked, it seems, in a magnificent gown of blue silk, embroidered with golden butterflies and birds.

Her hair was done in the Manchurian fashion, with two huge bows, or butterflies, at the side, and her smile was sweet and winning.

Emperor Kwang Hsu stood beside his adoptive mamma, sweet-tempered and affable, his olive face lit up with a playful smile. He allowed the dear old lady to do all the talking, through a charming Chinese damsel, the daughter of a former Chinese Minister to Berlin, who speaks German and English fluently.

The Dowager Empress wore high-heeled shoes—a somewhat necessary precaution, if, as is credibly reported, she is even shorter in stature than was Queen Victoria, the two august ladies who, between them, governed half the human race, averaging something less than five feet in height.

Most amusing was the end of this reception, for the Dowager retired to her bedroom, taking two of her lady guests with her, and all three climbed into a huge bed, where, it is said, they played cat's cradles.

This particularly delighted Kwang Hsu, who came in white—the game was going on. Altogether, these royal personages, the world over, are very much in the public eye in this so-called twentieth century.

Not Alarmed. Liverpool, Oct. 26.—Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Bessford arrived here today from New York on the Cunard liner Umbria. He was interviewed on his trip to the United States, and said he had had a splendid reception, and he could vouch for the genuineness of the kind sentiment entertained there for Great Britain.

He said his investigations on the other side had convinced him that Great Britain had nothing to fear from the International Mercantile Marine Company. On the contrary, he believed this combine would benefit England commercially and otherwise.

"The United States," said the admiral, "is certainly ahead of us in engineering and administration, and we need to adapt ourselves more to modern ideas." Continuing, Lord Bessford said he did not take a pessimistic view of the situation, and did not agree that Great Britain was going down hill. Public men ought to strive to bind the two great countries more firmly together.

"If Great Britain and the United States," said the admiral, "were joined in the interests of universal peace, and if the rest of the world wanted to fight these countries, then let the rest of the world look out."

He—in matters of fashion women follow each other like a flock of sheep.

She—Just so, and men follow each other like women.—Brooklyn Life.

Standard Patterns And Fashion Sheets For December. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 100-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

The Double Peril.

"Nonsense," said Uncle Hayward; "how people do like to be scared! If a real Bengal tiger had made his escape anywhere within twenty miles of here the whole country would have been up in arms before this time. I've no faith in the story."

"Well, they are not quite sure of it," replied the neighbor who had given the information, "but they think so. The steamer was sunk and some of the animals were drowned, but it is believed that the big tiger escaped in the darkness and got ashore."

"What sort of a show was it?" inquired Uncle, "a large menagerie?"

"No, I believe not," was the answer. "Only a few animals that some company had hired for the season—a tiger, a jaguar, a pair of leopards, and a few monkeys—that's what they tell me. The steamer had a heavy cargo, and went down very suddenly."

"And they think the tiger made for the woods, eh?" said Uncle. "When did it happen, do you say?"

"Night before last—about five miles down the river. 'Twas a small steamer going up to Macon. There was no one lost, I hear."

"Well," remarked Uncle, "a Bengal tiger would be an interesting neighbor, that's certain; and I don't believe he would be long in making his presence known. However, such stories generally require a good deal of allowance. As likely as not, there was no tiger aboard the steamer, after all."

"Oh, I reckon there was," said the neighbor, "but then, of course, we can't tell; people like excitement, and when such a rumor gets started, it grows very fast."

"Yes, that's true; we shall have a whole menagerie ashore here before night. When I was a boy in Maine, there was a story that a lion and an elephant had made their escape from somebody's show and taken to the woods. And, dear me, it spread like the scarlet fever! The children ran all the way to school and all the way back; and the big girls actually cried in the entry, they were so frightened. Some of the mischievous boys would make elephant tracks in the road, and this added to the panic. But we never could hear of any showman who had lost such animals, and all of a sudden the thing came to nothing. I guess the tiger story will end in the same way."

"Why, father," said Cousin Harold, "the fourteen-year-old boy of the family, 'I don't see why it isn't likely enough to be true. I almost hope there is something in it, though I shouldn't want him to be killing people's cattle and things. Just think of it—a big Bengal tiger, and right here in Georgia, too! How I should like to have a chance at him with my gun!"

"Why, Harold," said his mother, "how you talk. If I believed such a creature to be anywhere in the neighborhood, I'd shut you up in the smokehouse rather than let you go into the woods."

"What, and make bacon of a poor fellow?" replied the young lad, gaily.

Uncle Hayward and his family were New England people, who had settled in Georgia near the Ocmulgee river, where I was now paying them a really delightful visit. Harold and myself, being very fond of hunting, spent much time together in pursuit of the various kinds of game to be found in the region. Many an old "mammy" and many an "Uncle Remus" was made the happier by the gift of some fat coon or juicy possum which we brought down from the tall timber.

Inspired as we were with all the enthusiasm of young sportsmen, the thought of an escaped tiger had a pleasing excitement for us. We were, therefore, a little disappointed when another of our neighbors, stopping for a few minutes as he passed the house, made very light of the rumor, saying it was only a foolish story to frighten people.

"A tiger would soon make ugly work with the cattle," he remarked, "and it would be no joking matter to have one about the neighborhood."

"That's true," said Uncle Hayward. "I don't know, though," he added, "but I'd risk my big Jersey with him. I'm thinking 't would be about 'which and 'otber' between the two, as the saying is."

Harold and I could subscribe to this opinion very heartily, for it was not more than a week since that dangerous old Jersey had chased us out of his pasture, bellowing at us as we ran. Nevertheless, he was a noble fellow to look upon—just as handsome as a horned creature could be. What a thick, strong neck he had! What flanks! Most of the time he spent growling in the large pasture some little distance from the house, and it required a good deal of courage upon the part of the trespasser to cross this area.

No wonder, then, that Harold and myself made a wide detour when, half an hour later, armed with our shotguns, we set out for the woods beyond the Jersey's domains. But it is needless to say that our minds were more taken up with the thought of the tiger than with the fear of our former enemy. It was just possible that a great, stealthy, tawny-shape might be prowling through the very timber in which we were, and I will

Jersey shook his curly head and fairly screamed at the yellow brute he was not quite able to reach.

A bull's voice in a rage is a strange mixture of frightful sounds, even more so than a tiger's.

We had our guns leveled, watching our opportunity. Presently the striped terror sprang up from his crouching posture, raising himself shroudingly upon his hind feet, with his tawny breast fully exposed. Since then I have often seen an angry tiger rear himself in the same way against the bars of his cage. There could not have been a fairer mark for us, and both our guns spoke at once with a "bang!"

Through the smoke we saw the great brute tip fairly over and fall upon his back. Then, convulsively, he bounded straight up from the rock two or three times, and at last, plunging forward, landed directly upon the bull's horns.

The next moment, heavy as he was he was hurled ten feet in the air, and when he fell it was only to be tossed again. A dozen or twenty times he was thus thrown aloft, although after the first minute he was evidently as dead as he ever could be.

After this the old Jersey appeared to enjoy much in pitching him along the ground to a considerable distance following up the body as it fell, and sending it on before him as if it weighed no more than a dead cat.

We were glad to witness the old fellow's whole attention, and so gave us an opportunity to slip away unnoticed, which we very quickly did.

No grass grew under our feet as we ran over the high ground between us and the house, which, as the plantation was quite large, was nearly a mile distant.

With scarcely enough breath to relate our story we told it, to the astonishment of Harold's parents whose thankfulness for our escape, when they had learned how narrow that escape had been, was inexpressible.

It required a considerable force of men and boys to recover the body of the slain tiger in face of the bull's threatening demonstrations; but it was nevertheless secured and brought home. It was then found, upon examination, that our charges of buckshot had undoubtedly done the business for the fierce brute, so that he must have been nearly dead when caught upon those stout horns.

"A tiger in the state of Georgia!" said Uncle Hayward, "a true Bengal tiger! Well, I must own that I was wrong. I thought this morning it was only a silly story. Boys, you and the bull have done a great thing for the community!"

"But, oh, the peril!" said Harold's mother, "suppose we had known it at the moment! It was double danger."

"Yes, mother," replied Harold, "it was double, but it was that very thing which saved us. If we hadn't waked up the Jersey, the tiger would have had us very soon."

"Well," said Harold, "we are safe enough in this tree, but who wants to be kept here all night? He is so apt to roar that, even if father or any of the work-folks should hear him, they might not come to see what the matter was. Besides, it's a long distance to the house, and the hill yonder is right in the way."

So we remained watching our savage jailer, quite forgetting for the moment the sounds we had just heard from the woods. How long would the old fellow continue to bellow and fling up the dirt? I was asking some such question when my cousin uttered a quick exclamation.

"Oh, see! look yonder!" he cried; "there's the tiger now!"

I looked where he pointed, and my heart gave a thump that was almost suffocating.

There, creeping close to the ground was a powerful yellow shape, marked with jet black stripes. The ears were flattened, and the long tail reached straight out on a level with the body and had a wavy motion that I distinctly remember to this hour. Warily, silently, and just upon the point of making a spring for his victim, the fearful creature was stealing up on the unsuspecting bull.

Though half paralyzed by the scene we still retained some presence of mind. Perhaps a shout might delay the attack, and we gave one with all the power of our throats.

The monster seemed to hesitate, raising his head a little, as he crouched in his tracks, and at that moment the old Jersey discovered him.

In an instant a change came over the scene. Tossing his head in a kind of fierce surprise, the horned brute faced his foe; then, dropping his sharp bayonets to a lower level, he plunged toward the intruder.

Evidently the tiger was unprepared for this, and with remarkable quickness he seemed to take in the situation, he bounded over to a large boulder which lay near by, and with the greatest agility leaped lightly to its top, where he stood regarding the Jersey with wide-open jaws.

"Now's the time," said Harold, excitedly, "we must hurry and get our guns." And down we went hustling through the thick limbs of the oak.

It was our first impulse to fire at the tiger from the ground where we stood, but, as the bull kept directly in the way, it was evident that this would not answer; and, besides, our very terror restrained us; it might be easier to fire than to kill.

Getting back into the tree with our guns; both of which contained heavy charges of buckshot, we quickly positioned ourselves so as to improve the first opening for a fair aim. The tiger still crouched upon his rock of refuge, roaring close in the face of the enemy, yet hesitating to spring upon him, while the strong-necked old

somely built pedestal about a foot from the floor and is fastened by one hind and one fore foot to gilded posts with ropes covered with crimson velvet. The court jeweller rings his tremendous tusk with massive gold, crowns him with a diadem of beaten gold, and places heavy gold chains around his neck. He is then robed in a superb purple cloak of velvet, fringed with scarlet and gold.

When he bathes, an officer of high rank shelters his noble head with a great umbrella of crimson and gold, while others wave golden fans before him. His food consists of the finest herbs, the tenderest grasses, the sweetest sugarcane and the mellowest bananas and other dainties, which are handed to him on gold and silver salvers by his attendants on their knees. His drink is perfumed with fragrant flowers. When ill he is attended by the most skilled of the court physicians and the chief priests pray daily for his recovery. If he dies there is universal mourning, the king trembles on his throne and the highest funeral honors are paid to his corpse.

The Irish Question. London, Oct. 31.—The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Geo. Wyndham, made a speech at Dover to-night, in which he dealt with the Nationalists' challenge of the government's Irish policy. The speaker expressed his belief that the end of the Irish question was coming soon, and said that the Irish land purchase bill, based upon sound business proposals, would be the principal measure proposed at the next session of Parliament. In the meantime, the government must vindicate law and order, the defence of which, Mr. Wyndham said, was "frontier politics."

LOST—Silver fox muff. Finder please return to Nugget office.

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SIAM'S FLAG

White Elephant and Its Place at Court. The flag of Siam is a curious one—a white elephant on a red field—and odd it must look when it is necessary to hoist it upside down as a signal of distress, says the New York Tribune, but a most effective signal, as anything more helpless or distressing than this clumsy quadruped can hardly be imagined.

Before Xacca, the founder of the nation, was born, his mother dreamed that she brought forth a white elephant, and the Brahmins affirm that Xacca, after a metamorphosis of eighty thousand changes, concluded his varied experiences as this white elephant, and thence was received into the company of the Celestial Deities. Hence the veneration of the Siamese for the "Chang Phook" or the sacred white elephant.

Such dignity makes his appearance in the forest there is great rejoicing and no effort is spared to capture him. The king is considered most fortunate who possesses one or more of these sacred animals. The present king possesses seven; hence the present prosperous condition of the country.

The so-called white elephant—for the color is really a bathbrick or Neopolitan yellow—is usually found in the northern province, and the governor of the province sees that he is comfortably escorted, by the cutting of a wide path through the jungles to the river. There a great floating palace of wood, ornamented with a gorgeous roof and hung with crimson curtains, awaits him. The fool is literally thatched with flowers and the floor covered with gilt matting.

The king with his entire court, in their elegant barges, multitudes of priests, both Buddhist and Brahmin, with banners flying and with music, go up the river, a two-days' journey, to meet him. When he arrives in the city he is welcomed with imposing ceremony by the members of the royal family.

A festival of a week is proclaimed, and a thanksgiving is offered up. The lordly beast is knighted by pouring water on his forehead from a conch shell and a title and name are given him, after which he is conducted with great pomp and ceremony to his own sumptuous apartment, within the precincts of the king's palace, where his own court officers and slaves await to robe and decorate him. First, he is placed on a hand-

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