

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, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1901.

HERE'S TO THE SOUR DOUGH.

We publish today a letter from Chris Sonnicksen. Mr. Sonnicksen objects to the stories of sour dough days which at various times have appeared in the press of Dawson. He thinks that ice worms and kindred subjects should be left severely alone. Such frolics of imagination have a tendency, he believes, to discredit the veracity of the old timer and to instill in the mind of the new arrival a doubt as to the genuineness of all tales which are laid in the dim and hazy past.

We must confess that we are unable to look upon the matter in exactly the same light in which our correspondent views it. Mr. Sonnicksen would take all the romance out of Yukon life and have us confine ourselves to mere, simple, prosaic facts. What would the poor space writer do if when all other subjects have been exhausted he could not turn to the sour dough and find material for a story. And on the other hand what would there be about the sour dough to entitle him to particular marks of distinction, unless his early experiences differed materially from the run of things at the present time.

For our own part we are impressed with so deep a feeling of admiration for the real, genuine sour dough, that we dislike to consider plain, ordinary "hop yeasters" on the same level with him. We enjoy weaving about the old timer a halo of wonderful things. We like to consider him as the hero of stirring events. If fifty miles is a good day's travel at the present time, it pleases our fancy immensely to think that twice that distance was the regular thing in sour dough days. When the mercury drops completely out of sight and pain killer displays symptoms of reaching the congealing stage, it rejoices us to think that the air is still soft and balmy compared with "ye olden time." If, therefore, on occasion, our enthusiasm gets somewhat the better of us and in the narration of the things of early days, a point or two is by accident strained, the fault must be laid entirely to the fact that our greatest weakness is our admiration for the Yukon sour dough.

GOOD JUDGMENT.

Bryan has made the definite announcement that he will not again be a candidate for the presidency of the United States. In so doing he has acted with the utmost wisdom and discretion. During the next four years the party of which Bryan has so long been the recognized head and front, will undergo a radical change, if present conditions may be accepted as pointing to future developments. A strong effort will be made to shelve the radical wing of the Democracy, which wing is now in control of the party organization, and replace the reins of power in the hands of the old line leaders.

This effort will probably result in a compromise which will lead to bringing forward a new Moses to direct the party fortunes. In any event it is clear that Bryan will not again be available as a candidate, and in publicly declaring his intention to devote his efforts in the future to his newspaper, the sil-

ver apostle has displayed remarkably good judgment.

One of the recently imported statesmen who are bolstering up the effort which is being made to show that incorporation is a desirable thing, has furnished an estimate of receipts and expenditures for the municipality for the period of one year. Among the expenses noted in his list is an item of \$10,000 for hospital purposes. During the past three years the hospitals have cost the Yukon council in the neighborhood of \$50,000 annually. While this amount is larger than in all probability will be required for the ensuing year, it is by no means to be expected that \$10,000 will approach the amount which will be necessary.

The order that all dogs be tied up has had effective results. Few complaints of attacks from vicious dogs have been heard since the enforcement of the order.

Without intending any offense, we would be pleased to know if it is cold enough for you.

Bryan Souvenir in Seattle.

Robert Harris, the intrepid Klondiker, a true American and one of the many Bryan admirers in the land of gold nuggets, will soon start East, to carry to the great statesman of the Platte the golden trophy, a picture of which is here presented.

Mr. Harris will hand the beautiful and valuable souvenir to Mr. Bryan personally with the compliments of George M. Allen of the Klondike Nugget and every American admirer of the Nebraska in the frozen northland.

He will make a short speech. It will be brief, but it will echo with the sentiment which inspired the men of Dawson when they walked 20 and 40 miles over frozen trails to cast one more ballot, in the mock election for president of the United States.

So far as known Mr. Bryan will receive his first intimation of the timely gift when it is presented to him by Mr. Harris, the trusted messenger of the Klondikers.

Mr. Harris brought the trophy to Seattle from Dawson, guarding it with jealous care and watchfulness. He walked all the way from Dawson to Skagway, an 11 days' journey of roughing it over a rough trail, in the coldest weather the Klondike knows, and the Klondike knows some pretty cold weather.

There were many amusing and interesting features of that foot journey of 11 days over the Yukon winter trail. At 30 below travelers can open up their caps and hoods and expose their faces, but at 60 Whew! the least breath of fresh air on the cheek means a white spot, and the peeling off of the skin like a cyclone rolling off the tin from an iron building.

The constant exercise necessary to keep up the circulation was such that the soles of the feet blistered, and men went hobbling along as if they were dragging balls and chains at their ankles.

It was so cold there was no removing of gloves from the hands. A minute in the cold air was at the cost of a finger.

During all the trouble and exposure of the journey Mr. Harris never forgot for a moment that he had in his keeping the handsomest nugget the Klondike has produced, and that it belonged to the greatest living Jeffersonian exponent of the day. On the trail it was ever under his watchful eye; at the bunk houses, at night, in his firm grip or locked in a secure safe. It would have been a bad man and a bold one who would have attempted its abduction.

After being inspected for a few days in The Times' window the souvenir will go direct to Mr. Bryan by the special messenger who brought it out from Dawson.—Seattle Times, Dec. 29.

Frank Hall's covered stage with stove will leave Saturday morning for Whitehorse. Fare \$75. Apply at PhilHips' cigar store.

We are cutting prices and we don't care whose corns we tread upon. We will continue to cut at the Postoffice market, Third street.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.

The Pacific Cold Storage Company paid the collector of customs in Dawson \$10,000 duty on the cargo of fine meats they are now offering to the trade.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

DUELING IN FRANCE.

THE CUSTOM HAS DEVELOPED A NATIONAL FIGHTING BLADE.

It is a Long, Strong Sword, the Epee de Combat, and With It, Were the Combatants So Inclined, Serious Injuries Could Be Inflicted.

Persons other than French are wont to maintain in spite of the occasional pin pricks that the French duelists inflict on one another that French dueling is a French farce. But Frenchmen and sometimes other persons in sympathy with them insist upon being taken seriously. They insist that dueling with swords, which is the real thing in French duels, is not child's play and that compared with it the old fashioned Anglo-Saxon resort to a "pair of fives" is brutality not to be thought of by the scraping smirk of the boulevard.

The French habit of settling disputes by resort to duels with swords has developed a national dueling weapon, the epee de combat, a long and strong blade with three triangular grooves tapering to a keen point, with edges that never are used save for defense. The hand is protected with a broad, round guard shaped like the gong upon an alarm clock. The handle is straight, with no other incumbrance, and balanced by a heavy pommel which projects beyond the root of the thumb when the weapon is held ready for a thrust.

It is a modern development of the rapier with which Cyrano de Bergerac fought the bulles of Paris. It shows traces of its descent through the elegant court sword which was coming into being when D'Artagnan became a field marshal in the "Duc de Bragelonne." But its bill makes it impossible for ordinary wear in its present shape, and the epee de combat is the weapon of the French duelist and of him alone.

In 1888 General Boulanger and M. Floquet found it necessary to settle their differences at the sword's point. The critics had not much difficulty in picking the winner between a civilian president of the chamber of deputies well advanced in years who had limited his practice to sparrow shooting with a pistol and a "brav general" in the full ardor of his life whose sword was the symbol of his profession. Yet they were utterly mistaken.

If M. Floquet was no swordsman, he was full of quiet pluck and common sense, and he practiced one stroke only, the *riposte*, before the fight. A dozen times, though not too many to make his old limbs stiff the next day, he might have been seen in a well known *salles d'armes* straightening his arm and raising his wrist until he could only just see the point of his sword above and beyond the ball of his thumb. The next day Boulanger made a furious attack, with many stamps and flourishes. The little president stiffened his back, threw out his point, and the unlucky general impaled his neck upon the blade. Boulanger recovered, to die by his own hand after "Boulangism" had been discredited.

"Harry Alls" of the Debats suffered much more quickly from the effects of the epee. His real name was Hippolyte Percher, and in fighting a captain of infantry on the Ile de la Grande Jatte about certain scandals connected with the French Congo he was hit in the right armpit and bled to death.

The duel fought by Catulle Mendes in May of 1899 was almost as serious, and it was caused while Bernhardt was playing "Hamlet" by some fatuous quarrel over the physical development of the prince of Denmark. M. Vanor, Mendes' opponent was a fine swordsman and, sportsmanlike enough to recognize the double advantages he enjoyed, contented himself with parrying correctly. Catulle Mendes threw himself on his adversary's point and was severely wounded in the stomach on almost the same ground where Percher had been killed several years before.

It often is urged outside of France that French dueling consists in merely pricking your man in the hand or forearm, as the least disablement is held to "satisfy the honor" of the combatants. But the hand and arm of an adversary are those parts of him which are nearest to you and which you can reach with the least exposure of your own person.

The wound that is produced by transfixing a hand, which may be protected only by the ordinary kid glove of social custom, is not only totally disabling, but also extremely painful. Soldiers who have been shot in the palm invariably collapse for a time with the acute agony produced by the rupture of so many delicate nerve centers. A thrust in the forearm is equally effective, for it disables all the muscles and ligaments that enable a man to hold and manipulate his sword.

But though a fine duelist is always capable of these particular thrusts—and they are far more various than would be imagined at first sight—he has by no means exhausted his strokes when these have all been parried. Attacks in what is called the "lower line" are frequently successful and invariably produce an awkward wound when they succeed. The throat is as vulnerable and as often attacked as is the chest, and it must be remembered that the entire body of each assailant is open to attack and obviously to injury.

The Norseman's Calendar.

The ancient Norsemen reckoned by winters, and the beginning of their year was probably dated from the 16th of October. The festival in honor of Thor was held in midwinter, about our Christmas time, and in fact was the origin of the Christian holiday merry-making. We get the names of at least three, if not four, of the days of the week from the Norse gods of the Odin religion. Tuesday is from Tir or Dissday, on which the offerings to fate were made and the courts of justice held; Wednesday is from Woden or Odin, one of the Norse trinity; Thursday or Thor's day, from Thor, the chief of the trinity, and Friday is from Frigg, another of the minor deities of the trinity.

The Tables Turned.

"We air here tonight," said the deacon, "to make good resolutions for the new year, which has fell foul of us in the twinklin of an eye. Now, I want to start the ball a-rollin. You all know that I've got a high temper, an I've did considerable fightin in the year that's past an gone like a man that owes you \$10. What I want to do is to swear off from fightin in the new year, which, as I have said before, has fell foul of us. But I can't stop till I lick Brother Jones, cos it's in me to lick him, an I wants to ease my conscience. Ef he'll jest step outside with me fer five minutes, I'll lick him an then swear off for good."

They retired to the outer darkness, but in less than five minutes the deacon returned, much the worse for wear.

"I can't swear off this time, brethren," he said. "He licked me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner
Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Denver market for fresh cabbage. 10

Eggs 75 cents at Meeker's.

Steel marten traps, just in—0, 1 and 1 1/2. Shindler's. cr5

Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A black-and-tan sporting dog. If not claimed in 14 days will be sold. The Leupold, dry, Caribou, Dominion Creek.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Best business location in town, opposite P. O., now occupied by Hon. man Grill.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.

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

HENRY BLEEKER—FRENCH DE JOURNEAL BLEEKER & DE JOURNEAL Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole house, Dawson.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. O. Office Building.

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

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

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. A. F. & F. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. M. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Mail Is Quick
Telegraph Is Quicker
'Phone Is Instantaneous

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SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN
And All Way Points.

Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.

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Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.
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AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE WEEK OF January 14-19

Post & Murratt's "Two Old Chronicles" ROARING COMEDY

Prof. Parkes and the Wondroscope in Entirely New Pictures

Savoy Co. To conclude with "Rapid Transit" the laughable farce

Admission 50 Cts. Reserved Seats \$1.00

special - 10 Round Glove Contest—Pat McHugh vs. Ed. Collier. Admission \$1. Reserved \$2 & \$3 - Thursday, Jan. 17

The Standard Theatre

EVERY NIGHT ...THIS WEEK THE MERRY DANCE

GET YOUR PARTNERS! PICK THE FAIREST FLOWER IN THE BUNCH!

"ALAMANI" FREE ADMISSION