

# The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

<b>DAILY</b>	
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**NOTICE.**  
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.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

## NO PERMANENT EFFECT.

Unless something which no one at the present time anticipates occurs during the day, open gambling in Dawson will become a thing of the past at twelve o'clock tonight. The only thing which can possibly intervene to prevent the order from going into effect is a telegram from Ottawa rescinding the peremptory instructions which came to police headquarters some two weeks ago. There is no valid reason for belief that such a telegram will arrive, as the original instructions were of such a nature as almost to preclude the possibility of an extension being granted. Dawson, therefore, is about to give an actual demonstration of the effect upon the business interests of a town resulting from the closing down of gambling. Many people have maintained that the passing of the gambler means a substantial decrease in business activity. The Nugget has refused all through the discussion to admit that any such result would ensue and we see no reason now to alter the view previously expressed. We can readily understand that when the gambler voluntarily forsakes a town, such action may be accepted as indicating a business depression, for the gambler flourishes only where business is lively and money plentiful.

But in this particular instance the circumstances are entirely different. The gamblers are folding up their tents, not because Dawson has ceased to be a prosperous business community, but for the reason that they are about to be compelled to obey the laws of the land.

The closing of the games will not lessen by one dollar the output of gold, nor will it decrease the sale of machinery supplies, and other commodities required in the development of our mineral resources.

It may work a temporary disadvantage to certain lines of trade which have depended to any extent upon the patronage of the gamblers. But all such matters will adjust themselves in the course of time. We venture to say that within the next sixty days all effect of closing down gambling will have passed away, and Dawson will continue on in the even tenor of its way, just as though the gambling houses were running full blast. What is wanted now is an absolute and certain knowledge of the situation. With the elements of doubt and uncertainty removed, affairs will quickly adjust themselves to the new conditions and the wheels of trade will turn with just as much force and rapidity as ever.

The day when taxes must be paid approaches with much rapidity. Considering the fact that Dawson has been a thriving community for three years and that no local taxes have as yet been collected it must be said that the affairs of the town have been handled in a very satisfactory manner.

It may be nearly two months before the ice leaves the river, but it is none too early to make bets on that event.

In the summer of 1898 it required from three to five days to reach Eureka creek from Dawson. During the recent

stampede, wheelmen covered the same distance in seven hours. All of which goes to prove that the Klondike is not so slow as some people would like to make out.

It must be said, whether to the credit of the gamblers or to the vigilance of the N. W. M. P., that gambling in Dawson has been conducted on very decent lines. The "Soapy Smith" spirit has been almost entirely lacking.

According to critics of the Boer war, the Boers have splendid soldiers but poor generals. According to present indications the Boers will be lacking both in soldiers and generals within a very short time.

We should like very much to record the fact that the royalty has been cut in two. When that is done the government will have redeemed nearly all of its promises.

Our amateur contemporary is just now acting in the role of Paul Pry.

## It is Mr. Mullock.

Your issue of Thursday states that "a Mr. Millock" has been appointed to represent Canada at the Australian confederation convention. Today comes another paper "correcting" you, and stating that it is "Hon. Mr. Mullock, P. M. G.," who is to represent us. As a matter of fact, it is Postmaster General Mullock, with one "l" who will represent Canada on that occasion.  
AN ELDORADO MINER.

## FAREWELL TO THE SPORTING FRATERNITY OF DAWSON.

The order came on Thursday's mail. "Twas imperative—to the point—It said, "You'll give no quarter, But close up every joint!"

There is no use to kick, girls, Take your medicine like sour doughs, And there's a policeman on the corner Who will listen to your woes.

Yes, girls, you've got to go; Of course, our sympathy is great; But that order is irrevocable, So, mush on! pull your freight.

Farewell, my "Tiger Lily," Your leaves have begun to droop; The curtain's rung down on the final act. And you are in the soup.

Goodbye, my little "Turtle Dove," No more we'll buy you wine, But many's the time, like a drunken sailor, You've taken us down the line.

Too bad, dear girls, yes, quite too bad, But it is all too true; No more you'll hear the welcome call of "Water! one and two."

And now my friends, the gamblers, a fond farewell to you're.

I was thinking that next summer I would play a few stacks of blues, But I guess it is no go, boys, for this "big switch" is no joke.

So I'll have to stand 'round next summer with my money in my poke.

I've been thinking out a system ever since last fall, But I can get no action now—we're up against the wall.

For Sitton has pulled the throttle, Major Wood has rung the gong, Now it's either pick and shovel or saw wood all day long.

Oh yes, my friends, I am quite sure This mandate will go through, And if you read a little further It will be plain to you—

For Sitton runs the engine, Major Wood rings the bell, The "sporting fraternity" are in the soup And Dawson's gone to—  
—Hunter, March 2, 1901.

## Baby Weighs 10 Pounds.

George Walternbaugh, of the McDonald Iron Works was presented with a little masculine stranger at his home last night. Both the mother and child are doing well and George is receiving the congratulations of his friends, many of whom could be found this morning drinking long life to the lusty young Klondiker and his ambitious parents.

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

Mrs. Thompson has received new ladies' furnishings over the ice. ad st. Brewitt makes clothes fit. crt

**Grass  
Flower  
Vegetable  
..SEEDS..  
..J. P. McLENNAN..**



"What's dat? Sharkey kin lik Slavin? If you make dat break again your Pa will be chasin' Hershberg for new togs for his Fauntleroy—SEE!"

# SLAVIN vs. SHARKEY

Why not let us get up a subscription to get the big fellows together? It would mean thousands of dollars spent in town and we would all get the benefit. If such a movement is started we will subscribe liberally.

While we have the space we might as well tell you that our store is loaded with all that is desirable in Spring Clothing—all tailor made. Come around and we will show you some clothing worth wearing.

# HERSHBERG The Reliable Seattle Clothiers

Opposite C. D. Co.'s Dock

## STROLLER'S COLUMN.

When Gen. Robert E. Lee at Appomattox surrendered his sword to Gen. Grant, which act meant the surrender of 8,000,000 people with their arms, it was probably a touching sight. The Stroller was not in the Appomattox neighborhood that spring and did not witness the performance but he knows it must have been touching. But for touching qualities the surrender of a dozen armies could not be placed in the same line with the prize fight seen when the fallen victim is lying a helpless mass on the bare floor and being slowly but surely counted out by the referee while the victorious gladiator, his bare arms folded across his breast and his neck protruding like that of a Holstein bull, stands in respectful silence until the count of ten and then with a disdainful look, a look replete with faith in his own prowess, he gazes over the admiring audience and while his mouth is not opened his look says: "I knowed I'd put de bloke out as soon as I ketch'd him one on de mug. See?"

But the touching part is yet to be enacted. The defeated man is helped from the floor to his corner where the bottle holder and spongers do their duty. The victor is lead triumphantly to his corner where he is congratulated, his hands duly kissed and he is patted on the back and called "Good boy" and other endearing names. Then a robe is carefully spread over the Herculean shoulders of the victor and he is prepared to leave for his dressingroom and here is where the act occurs that causes strong men to shake with emotion. The victor slowly rises and crosses the stage to where his late antagonist sits limp on his chair, leaning heavily upon the ropes. The victor pauses, reaches down and grasps the conquered hero's hand— \* \* \* Excuse those tears! They are only a few of upwards of a hatful which the Stroller goes out behind the house and sheds every time he witnesses this very touching scene.

The victor dons his clothes and an hour later is the center of an admiring throng that is holding high carnival in a nearby paint store where he stands up for a few dozen rounds and is finally put to sleep, not by a "biff in de jaw," but by repeated "jolts" in the stomach.

A few weeks ago a Dawson lady sent a present of a \$10 bill to her little niece back in the state of Michigan. The bill had the word "Yekon" in bold, black letters across its face and for that reason it was looked upon with suspicion in the little country town in the Wolverine state. The Farmer's Bank was afraid of it and the merchants declined to take it in exchange for goods. Finally a druggist, a dare-devil sort of fellow, took the bill and put it on exhibition in his show window to be viewed as a rare curiosity.

The latter statement is not to be wondered at as there are towys back in that part of the country in which a \$10 bill even of the ordinary Uncle Sam vintage is a curiosity.

"Could I borrow your lead pencil for a minute?"

The man addressed was the Stroller and the asker of the question was a young man to whom the one great problem of life is how to get the next meal.

The Faber, No. 2, was produced and after signing for a couple of minutes the pencil was returned with the following statement:

"It all depends on my luck at 11:55 o'clock tonight whether I eat two meals a day and sleep in a bed for the next week or whether I have no bed for tonight and nothing to look forward to but starvation. You see it is this way: I can eat and sleep on \$2 per day, such as it is, and I have just \$7 between me and vagrancy. Tonight being the last night of gambling I will play my last stake and just at 11:55 o'clock the \$7

will be laid on the high card. If I win I eat and sleep next week. If I lose—but I won't talk about it. Thanks for the use of your pencil."

## Terrible Vengeance.

Milton, N. D., Feb. 14.—William Barry, a middle-aged and wealthy farmer living about 20 miles from here, came to town today and gave himself up to the authorities, saying that he had killed Andrew Mellen, his hired man.

Barry is a single man and for years his sister has resided with him as housekeeper. Mellen has been employed by him for the past eight years. The story that Barry tells is as follows:

On coming from his work last night he found his sister in tears, and upon questioning her she confessed that intimacy had existed between Mellen and herself, and that he had seduced her under promise of marriage, but now declined to carry out his agreement. Barry, much angered, went in search of Mellen, but could not find him.

Returning home he found that his sister was missing. After searching nearly all night he found her out on the prairies nearly frozen. Taking her to the house of a neighbor, he again returned home and found Mellen in the barn doing morning chores. He went in and, fastening the door

after him, told Mellen that he had resolved to kill him. He gave him a choice of death, either by knife or rope, and demanded that he choose at once. This Mellen declined to do, and Barry threw a rope about his neck and attempted to hang him. Barry is a very large man and Mellen much smaller, but so desperately did he struggle that Barry found it would be impossible to kill his victim in this way. He then took out his watch and telling Mellen that he had but five minutes more to live, recommended that he say his prayers. The latter too exhausted for further resistance, knelt in silent prayer, Barry standing over him, watch in hand. At the expiration of the limit Barry plunged the knife into the kneeling man's neck, inflicting wounds from which he died almost instantly.

Africana, Henry Clay, Valless & Co. imported cigars 25c. Aurora No. 1.

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

## Notice of Mortgage Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under a mortgage which will be read at the time of sale, the following property will be sold by Geo. H. Mead, auctioneer, at No. 22 Gold Run creek, namely: That certain roadhouse situated on No. 22 Gold Run creek. For terms and particulars apply to Belcourt, Mc Dougal & Smith, barristers, Chisholm block, Dawson.

**S-Y.T. Co.**  
HIGH-GRADE GOODS

# Miners!

**Do You Notice**

The immense loads of provisions now being sent to the creeks? It means that the time is at hand for putting in your outfit. Make an extra effort and purchase now — you can save much money in freight charges.

**S-Y. T. Co.** Second Avenue  
TELEPHONE 39

**AMUSEMENTS**

# SAVOY THEATRE

## GRAND SACRED CONCERT

SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, 1901

ADMISSION 50 Cents \* \* \* RESERVED SEATS \$1.00 & \$1.50

**The Standard Theatre** Week of March 17th

A THREE ACT COMEDY-DRAMA.

Thursday Night, Ladies Night, ...Bob...  
**The Debutant** Magnificent Scenic Effects. See the Gas Exploser.

**ORPHEUM THEATRE**  
ALEC PARTAGES, MANAGER

GRAND RE-OPENING MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11

HEARDE & DOLAN'S MASTODON MINSTRELS

JNO. FLYNN'S BOSTON GAIETY GIRLS  
Introducing JENNIE GUICHARD, Queen of Burlesque.  
New Living Pictures. Stars and Stripes Quartette.

22 NEW ARTISTS. 3 BIG SHOWS IN ONE. See Our Grand Street Parade Monday