The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS

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

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1902.

$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.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

..CITIZENS' TICKET..

FOR MAYOR

Henry C. Macaulay.

FOR ALDERMEN

F. M. Shepard
J. U. Nicol
Charles Bossuyt
Peter Vachon
H. E. A. Robertson
Russel Palmer.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre — "Sherlock Holmes."

THREE CANDIDATES.

The only ticket now in the field seeking the municipal offices which requires no apologies or explanations in respect to the personnel of its candidates, is the Citizens' ticket.

That ticket is essentially one which should command the support and voting strength of all citizens who are favorable to progressive government.

There is not a man on the entire list against whose personality the slightest objection can be raised, and without exception they are men who by their own efforts and through their individual enterprise have made themselves successful in their various pursuits.

The Citizens' ticket is well named. It is composed of business men accustomed to the handling of affairs, and with whom it will be perfectly safe to entrust the organization and administration of the new town government.

Not a single man on the entire ticket can be accused of being an office-seeker. Each and every candidate was voluntarily tendered the place on the ticket he occupies and in no instance was canvas made for any individual.

How different is the case with the other tickets before the voters.

Dr. Thompson, who heads the so-called Elective ticket, has been groomed for the office of mayor for the past three months. He has used every artifice to accomplish his purpose, and the means by which he qualified for mayor should be sufficient to defeat him.

Chas. Macdonald, the candidate of the People's party, is in no better position. Mr. Macdonald took part in the late campaign for the express purpose of paving the way to his nomination for the office of mayor at the hands of the Kid committee. It was a part and parcel of the understanding under which Mr. Macdonald took the platform that he should be the candidate for the mayoralty. When his erstwhile friends refused to carry out the terms of the agreement Mr. Macdonald sought the nomination from whosoever it might be obtained.

Subsequent events are well known to everyone. Mr. Macdonald was nominated, but in a manner that immediately divided the opposition to the Kid committee in two opposing camps and which at the same time precluded the possibility of his success at the polls.

Such in brief is the manner in which the various candidates have come before the public and it remains for the public as represented by the voters' list to determine which of the candidates shall be entrusted with the task of administering the affairs of the town.

For the office of mayor, a federal office holder, a professional politician and a successful business man are in the field. In the opinion of this paper the voters will decide in favor of the last mentioned.

The Citizens' ticket is composed of men who by their training are well adapted to the task of organizing and administering the affairs of a municipality. Mr. Macaulay is a self made business man whose long residence in Dawson has given him a keen insight into the requirements of the community. If he is elected to office the taxpayers may rest assured that every dollar of public moneys will be expended with the most rigid regard for economy. A good business man such as Mr. Macaulay in the office of mayor can save the community a good many thousands of dollars in the course of a year.

The Kids have publicly proclaimed that they will demand a good, big salary for aldermen. The platform of the Citizens' ticket specifically says that no salaries for aldermen will be asked. Under such condition the voters should have no difficulty in determining where their interests will be best protected.

It is a noticeable fact that the Kids have steadily lost ground ever since the News espoused their cause.

Pickles and Malt.

Chicago, Jan. 13.—A loss, estimated at nearly $500,000, was caused by a fire that broke out at 1:45 o'clock this morning in the plant of the J. F. Weil branch of the American Malting Company. The property is situated at Fifty-second street and the Panhandle railroad tracks.

The fire started in the elevator, a great structure 150 feet high, covering an area 300x200 feet, and having a capacity of 300,000 bushels of grain. It was filled with barley almost to its capacity. The building was destroyed and the contents are almost a total loss.

Just south of the malting company's plant are the Panhandle freight yards, and at the autset of the fire there was serious menace to a vast amount of rolling stock.

The burning elevator set a great glare aloft, in the light of which scores of men scurried back and forth in strenuous efforts to roll the Panhandle freight cars away from danger of ignition. In this they were only partly successful, for several freight cars were destroyed.

Adjoining the elevator on the west was a pickle factory, owned by J. F. Weil. Great efforts were made to protect this plant, but it was somewhat damaged.

From the roof of this factory the firemen fought the flames in the elevator, but they worked at a great disadvantage, owing to the great height of the building. When the flames broke through the roof of the elevator, large sheets of iron plates fell from the building, and greatly added to the danger of the firemen. The sheet iron plates were red hot and there was sufficient blaze to throw them clear of the building, endangering the lives of the men working near.

The American Malting Company bought the elevator with the J. Weil maltin plant at the time the trust was formed four years ago. The company owns several other plants in Chicago, and many more at other points in the west and some in the east.

It carries insurance on all the property, and it is believed the loss will be fully covered.

Police Scandle.

Pendelton, Or., Jan. 13.—At a special council meeting on Saturday night the office of marshal was declared vacant by resolutions, after the investigating committee reported that the findings were against Marshal Heathman in collecting fines from slot machines, gamblers and prostitutes.

Gamblers were shown to have paid $32.50 monthly, and the city secured but $12.50. The council elected Wm. Lane marshal, but Heathman refuses to give up the office.

Recorder Beam was shown to have known of the illegal practices, and was removed, the office going to L. G. Frazier, by a vote of the council.

SILKS

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12 Pieces Fancy Silk

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...J. P. McLENNAN...

233 FRONT STREET

Stroller's Column.

Last week when the Stroller recommended the introduction of an ax into domestic circles he did not intend that his advice should be literally followed. As it was, he advised a wife to handle the weapon and not that the husband should handle it on his wife. However, from the police court report of yesterday, it appears that the advice was misconstrued and the woman was the one called upon to flee from an ax in the hands of her liege lord. Probably the man had read the Stroller's suggestion and, fearing his wife would act upon it, decided to take no chances and merely armed himself with the ax to deprive his wife from the use of it first. The Stroller feels, in view of the developements of the past two days, that it is his Christian duty to discourage the use of edged tools in family circles. If weapons must be used, something more delicate than an ax should be selected, and under no circumstances should a double-bitted ax be used.

Too much care can not be exercised in the choice of weapons wherewith to adjust family differences for in case the trouble leads the parties into court, as was the case yesterday, the character of the weapon exhibited is likely to have great effect. An ax is a crude weapon to exhibit in court and have it said, "With this instrument you are charged of having attempted to reduce your family."

How much better the man in the prisoner's box would feel if, instead of an ax, the article on exhibit was a hatchet or a carving knife. For this very reason people should use deliberation and discretion in selecting weapons wherewith to enfore family discipline. They should pause sufficiently long to ask themselves the question: "Which weapon will look best when exhibited in police court?"

* * *

"Do you know it takes all the pleasure out of a show for me to have people cronching candy all around me?" said a regular occupant of the bald-headed row to the Stroller a few days ago.

"Why, sir," he continued, "Just as the play gets so interesting that I am half raised out of my seat, some chump will crush a lump of cheap candy between his molars and jar everybody on the seat. You bet if I was running a play house these candy and peanut vendors would not come into it boring people with their persistency. Why it must be very embarassing to a young man who has paid his last cent for seats and has his girl beside him for one of these peddlars to be coming around every ten minutes with something in the refreshment line to sell. You bet I'd fire them out and keep them out. The little amounts they pay for the privilege of selling in the houses would soon be made up by the increased patronage."

* * *

To Candidate:

No, the Stroller will not use his influence in any way to secure your election. He does not think a man of your calibre fitted to the position to which you aspire. The Stroller has known you to excuse yourself from a crowd of men and walk back behind the house to take a chew of tobacco. Another of your tricks is that when given a cigar you do not wish to smoke just at that time you bite the end off if and wallow it around with your lips before putting it in your pocket so as to have an excuse for not giving it away.

A man who is so hermetically sealed up in himself as you are can not get any support from the Stroller. On the contrary, he will lay awake nights to devise means for knocking you. There is a glaring possibility that now you are stinting your family pay for the Stinkodoras you are handing around and your private bottle that you had the other day tastes like a mixture of Hostetter's bitters and paregoric.

No, you are not deserving of election. You have never done anything for the people and now they will do nothing for you, so you might as well refrain from standing around with your silly grin trying to look intelligent and at the same time striving to create the impression that you are a good fellow. Everybody knows that you wince everytime you give a two-bit piece and that your heart is not larger than an English walnut. In your mouth the expression "The Dear People" is as sounding brass. God made you a chump and you can not help yourself. So please do not delude yourself into the belief that the Stroller will aid you in foistering yourself on the suffering people, for he won't — that is, he won't at the price you offered.

* * *

The following little poem which was first published in Dawson in 1898, entitled "Just From Dawson," is reproduced by the Stroller at the request of a friend who desired to secure a fresh copy of it:

A Dawson City mining man lay dying on the ice,
He didn't have a woman nurse—he didn't have the price,
But a comrade kneeled beside him, as the sun sank in repose,
To listen to his dying words, and watch him while he froze.
The dying man propped up his head above four rods of snow,
And said, "I never saw it thaw at ninety-eight below.
Send this little pin-head nugget that I swiped from Jason Dills
To my home, you know, at Deadwood, at Deadwood in the Hills.
Tell my friends and tell my enemies, if you ever reach the east,
That this Dawson City region in no place for man or beast;
That the land's too elevated, and the wind too awful cold,
And the Hills of South Dakota yield as good a grade of gold.
Tell my sweetheart, not to worry, with a sorrow too intense,
For I would not thus have panned out had I lick of sense.
Oh! the air is growing thicker and those breezes give me chills,
Gee, I wish I was in Deadwood, in Deadwood in the Hills.
"Tell the fellows in the home land to remain and have a cinch—
That the price of patent pork chops here is 80 cents an inch
That I speak as one who's been here scratching 'round to find the gold,
And at 10 per cent. of discount I could not buy up a cold.
Now, "So long," he faintly whispered, "I have told you what to do,"
And he closed his weary eyelids, and froze solid, p. d. q.
His friend procured an organ box and c. o. d'd the bills,
And sent the miner home that night to Deadwood in the Hills.

* * *

No matter on which side or in which direction a person looks he sees some victim to the three greatest of all allurements—wine, women and song. Yet not one in a thousand men has that firmness of purpose, that power of resolve to hold himself aloof from the hydra-headed siren that lures him on to be false to himself, false to his friends and false to the God who gave to him the breath of life.

People would not as a rule look among actors on the stage for examples of noble resolves and and high-mindedness of purpose, and yet it was a member of the theatrical profession that made a resolve that thousands of men, many of them right here in Dawson, would do well to imitate.

It was Nat Goodwin who, when he heard an eminent moralist assert: "More men have been ruined by wine, women and song than by means of any other agencies," made the manly and noble resolve to mend his ways.

"It is true," said Goodwin, "wine, women and song have numbered victims by the score and I am glad my attention has been called to the matter for hereafter I will cut out the singing."

* * *

Hunker Creek, Jan. 26.

Daerest of all Strollers:

I am now entering the third week of married happiness and —— la me! My husband, whom you know as the "Most Popular —— Man on Hunker," is the most devoted of all men. I think I will write a book on "How to be Happy though Married."

The first week I called my husband "Popular," but that seemed a rather long name, so the second week I abreviated it to "Popu," and now I just call him "Pop." He calls me "Sugar Plum."

I started out with him in the right way and although at first I could hear him muttering and swearing when he was lighting the kitchen fire on cold mornings, he soon quit it and now he hops around on the floor in his nighty singing "Happy Day."

I flatter myself that, while I know I am not pretty, I am one of the very few women who can wake up in the morning looking sweet. It is a great gift, for when my husband opens his eyes I smile at him and say, "Roll out Pop," and in two seconds he is on the floor singing.

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

Then, my dear Stroller, I silently bless you for running me up against such a snap.

How I do pity Kathlena with her old bum of a husband. Tell her to try looking sweet in the morning.

Lovingly, JANE.

* * *

The manner in which the present campaign is being conducted does not commend itself to the Stroller. The committee rooms all seem like refrigerators and the candidates lack that free and easy gait enables them to say "Have something" in a tone other that that which says more plainly than words, "I would not extend the invitation if I was not a candidate."

Gentlemen, you must loosen up. Lay aside your cold storage, semi-morgue demeanor and get out and drill. Everyone of you has the Stroller's best wishes, but he will not fall in line with any sheet iron shirt front system of campaigning.

Now you know what to do.

Found in the Bay.

Seattle, Jan. 13.—F. M. Hanson, for fifteen years a resident of this city, was found dead in the bay at the foot of Washington street at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. An officer of the steamship Tampico first saw the body. By order of Coroner Hoye it was removed to Butterworth's morgue.

Hanson epidently met his death accidentally. His one failing in life was liquor. He was known to have been drinking for some time past, and was seen under the influence of liquor at a late hour Saturday night. At the time he was in a saloon at the foot of Washington street, and the supposition is advanced that while intoxicated he wandered out on the wharf and fell into the bay.

"Capt." Hanson, as he was called, was well known in this city. He was especially prominent in ward politics. He served all through the civil war as a messmate of Juhge Osborn, who was formerly on the superior bench in this county. He served as bailifi during Judge Osborn's term of office. He was also a close friend of Judge Tallman and Judge Griffin, and up to a few weeks ago had served as bailiff for the former.

Hanson was taken prisoner during the battle of Shiloh but was exchanged after three month. He was a member of Co. D, Twenty-third Missouri. He leaves a divorced wife in this city, and a daughter who is said to live in Spokane. Judge Osborn speaks very highly of Hanson's bravery as a soldier.

CHAMBERLAIN AFTER GERMANY.

He Strikes in no Uncertain Tone.

London, Jan. 13.—Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, in speaking at Birmingham Saturday, took occasion, without entering into a controversial rejoinder, to notice the criticisms showered upon him in the Reichstag during the past week, especially Count Von Buelow's, castigation. In referring to the animosity of foreign nations, he said that he was aware that in some quarters it was attributed to the indiscreet oratory of the Colonial Secretary.

"What I have said," continued he, "I have said. I withdraw nothing. I qualify nothing. I defend nothing. As I read history, no British minister has ever served his country faithfully and at the same time been popular abroad. I therefore make allowance for foreign criticism. I will follow the example that has been set me. I don't want to give lessons to a foreign minister, and I will not accept any at his hands. I am responsible only to my sovereign and my countrymen.

"I don't depreciate the importance of the good will of foreign nations, but there is something more important. It is the affection of our kinsfolk across the sea. Even our great losses in the war that has been forced upon us have brought in their train one blessing of infinite and lasting importance. That war has enabled the British empire to find itself, and has shown to all whom it may concern that if ever again we have, as in the past, to fight for our very existence against the world in arms, we will be supported by the sons of Britain in every quarter of the globe.

"How can I," said Mr. Chamberlain, "be made responsible for what Lord Gray has called 'filthy lies,' and what Lord Rosebery describes as 'vile infamous falsehoods,' which have been desseminated in foreign countries without a syllable of protest, without the slightest interference by responsible authorities? My opponents must find some other scapegoat; they must look further for the cause of hostility, which I do not think deserved, but which always comes to the surface when we are in difficulty and which I am glad to say has never done us serious harm."

Mr. Chamberlain said that when the present ministry came into office it was at a time when the country was at peace with the world, but the cabinet had to meet at least six burning questions of international importance. These legacies which Lord Salisbury had to take up included the Venezuela boundary question, the Samoan difficulty and the French position on the Nile, all of which the government successfully grappled with and disposed of.

"Our American kinsfolk," continued Mr. Chamberlain, "have agreed to a treaty to enable the construction of an inter-oceanic canal, which I believe will be of great advantage to the commerce of the world, as it will be of great advantage to the United States. I must have included the struggle between the Boers and Great Britain for supremacy in South Africa but I say there are solid achievements in the cause of peace, and if we have been unable to remove continental prejudice, which has always existed, but was never more coarsely expressed, we have at least been enabled to settle many substantial differences which might have caused international conflict."

Extolling colonial patriotism, Mr. Chamberlain said:

"Only a day or two ago I read in an influential Canadian paper an editorial which declared that the pro-Boers in England were injuring the empire abroad and destroying the unity which is our national safeguard. This is only a sample of loyalty expressed in every colony of the empire. This is a new factor in politics. You must hereafter consult the colonies upon every vital question of imperial politics."

Mr. Chamberlain concluded by paying tributes to Lord Kitchener's stern resolution, the army's cheerful courage and Lord Milner's wise administration.

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SCHLEY AND SANTIAGO.

Is the Title of New Book to be Published.

Chicago, Jan. 12.—A book entitled "Schley and Santiago" is on the press in this city, and will be bound within ten days. The author is Geo. E. Graham, a war correspondent who was on the Brooklyn during the fight with the Spanish fleet and thus in a position to tell the story of Santiago "without fear or favor." The book is said to have the unqualified indorsement of Rear Admiral Schley, who read and corrected the proof sheets. When President Roosevelt was governor of New York he was present when Mr. Graham gave an account of the battle to state officials and members of the legislature and said:

"I am sure you feel as pleased at having listened to Mr. Graham as I do, for I have listened to the best account I have ever heard or read of the naval fighting during this war."

This book is the first and only complete story of the work of the flying squadron, commanded by Schley. Mr. Graham was assisted by his camera, which enabled him to add many interesting situations and the description he gives of the movements of the fleet and the battle is evidently sincere. It is free of virulent and personal attacks, the aim is to give a truthful statement of every occurrence. In connection with the arrival of the New York Mr. Graham says:

"The commodore reached over to me, took my glasses, and looked searchingly to the east, saying slowly as he did so: 'There is the Texas, and there is the Vixen, but I don't see the New York.' And then, as he kept the glasses up, in an instant he had evidently found her, for he remarked: 'Yes, there she is. I can tell her by her smoke.'

"This was at 1:45 o'clock and the Colon had gone ashore at 1:15, while Captain Cook had received the surrender at 1:43. At 2 o'clock just as the New York got where we considered her in signal distance, Commodore Schley ordered the signal raised.

"'A glorious victory has been achieved. Details later.' This signal replaced the one which we had been flying for nearly three-quarters of an hour. 'The enemy has surrendered,' and which the New York had not answered. Vainly the signal officers on the bridge watched the New York for even the courtesy of an answering pennant showing that he understood our signal. None was displayed and then it apparently dawned upon Commodore Schley's mind that Sampson's flag captain on the New York was probably intent upon ignoring him.

"Picking up the megaphone, Commodore Schley did the one thing that day for which I have always criticised him; lowered his dignity sufficiently to plead with the commander of the fleet that he might have the surrender of the ship whose escape had been frustrated by the Brooklyn and the Oregon, thus making complete the day's victory.

"'I request the honor of the surrender of the Cristobal Colon,'" he said in a clear, distinct voice, and from the commander in chief's flagship came wafted back the insolent answer from a cadet 'What?'

"'I request the honor of the surrender of the Colon,' again called the commodore, and this time his voice trembled slightly. We watched the bridge of the New York closely, waited intently for an answer, but none came. And that message, as had all the other preceding it since the destruction of the Spanish fleet, which had been addressed by Schley to the New York, remained unanswered.

"Somebody raised a broom at our masthead on one of the pennant halyards and the crew of the Oregon followed suit and then gave three cheers for Commodore Schley. On the Texas the men all lined up on the forward deck, and at the request of somebody aboard—I presume of Philip himself—gave three cheers for Commodore Schley. The little Vixen circled around three or four times, her crew yelling themselves hoarse for the Brooklyn, for Schley and for the victory. But from the New York there came never a sound for joyfulness and never a cheer."

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