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TELEPHONE NO. 12  
(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)  
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.  
GEORGE H. ALLEN, Publisher

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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, Bennett, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.  
MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1908.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

Auditorium - What Happened to Jones.

ITS REGULAR POLICY:  
The News objects very strenuously to the fact that the Nugget regards the elected members of the Yukon council, with one exception, as being good men. The News argues upon the line that a man once elected to office must be placed above criticism, no matter what his previous record may have been.

**Poem of the Season.**

Dedicated to Curlers, Wives.

Wife -  
Old Winter's winds, dear husband,  
Are blowing o'er the sea,  
Oh, let's enjoy the pleasures  
He brings for you and me.

Husband -  
Wife, tell me what he brings,  
A-bringing unto me,  
As frost the ice is freezing,  
On eye and pond and sea!

Wife -  
Perchance we'll be a-sleighing,  
With furs upon the knee,  
Or at the river skating,  
As when you courted me?

Husband -  
No, these are not the pleasures,  
Now Winter brings to me,  
Guid wife, ye're no a curler,  
The game gives ye no glee.

Oh, yonder gleams electric,  
The light that beckons me,  
To risk where comrades gather,  
And find so hard to flee.

So hand to me my rubbers,  
And sit not up to see,  
The time when hubby's footsteps  
Return from curling tee.

**Bobby Burns' Ball**  
The Arctic Brotherhood will celebrate the anniversary of "Bobby Burns" birthday by giving a grand ball in the A. B. hall tonight.

**FELT SHOE BARGAINS**

Men's Vic Kid Felt Lined, Dolge Felt Soles \$5.00

Boys' Felt Shoes, Leather Tipped, \$2.00

**J. P. McLENNAN**  
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Agent for Standard Patterns.

elevated to a position of power and authority?  
The attitude of the News is thoroughly though characteristically inconsistent and illogical. The explanation, however, is simple. The News is desirous of "making up" a candidate who, in the opinion of the News, was certain of defeat by the strong-terms. When the ballots were counted our contemporary discovers it had guessed wrongly and hastens to trim ship accordingly.

It is very easy to complain because the telegraph line is not in working order, but what about the man who goes out in search of "breaks"? The linemen who patrol the route of the wire have a task just about as difficult and unpleasant as one could well imagine. To our way of thinking, the telegraph service is far better than might be expected, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration.

Any man who takes the trail in weather such as prevails at present runs a dangerous risk of losing his life. At this season of the year no one should travel without a companion. The numbness which precedes freezing may come on at any moment and in the absence of help is almost certain to prove fatal.

Should the present weather continue for any length of time, the prospect of a fuel famine will come very close to Dawson.

When we look toward the sunset in the gorgeous afterglow,  
Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not know,  
Let us thank him with all fervency that he has never sent  
Any burden quite unbearable, that, while our backs have bent  
Underneath the load, we've had his arms about us all the while -  
Let us laugh away our troubles till the whole world wears a smile!

Let us laugh away the trouble though our eyes are dimmed with tears;  
Let us laugh away the heartaches and the worries and the fears,  
Just "be good and you'll be happy" -  
If you're happy, you'll be good.  
For the rule's so double-acting that it's seldom understood.

Oh, there is no future coming with a lot of trouble in -  
We can fight it off by laughing till the others start to grin!  
-S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

**Carnegie Leads**  
New York, Jan. 12.-The tax assessment books opened today to the public show that Andrew Carnegie leads the list of personal property assessments with \$5,000,000.

The list included: Russell Sage, \$2,000,000; John Jacob Astor, \$2,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$2,500,000; J. P. Morgan, \$500,000; Howard Gould, \$750,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$250,000; Reginald Vanderbilt, \$350,000.

**Drops 28 Degrees.**  
New York, Jan. 13.-Following the heavy rainstorm of Sunday, the cold wave has reached New York. In twenty-four hours the temperature dropped 28 degrees.

The temperature at midnight was 10 degrees. This is the lowest reading except for December 9, since February, 1901. The lowest temperature last January was 12 degrees, on January 1.

Many instances of suffering have come to official notice.

It is reported from Saragosa that five armed bandits gathered outside the convent of Santa Anna in Garrochinos and made a noise. The process came down to see what was the matter. She was seized by the bandits, who demanded a large sum of money from her. She asked to be released in order that she might fetch the money. The robbers let her go, and she immediately ran to the bell tower and began to ring the alarm bell. This had the effect of bringing a number of people to the spot, and the robbers took to their heels. The brave nun, by her ready action, prevented a big robbery, for the convent chapel chest contains a number of costly objects in gold and silver.

A curious story is reported concerning a barque which arrived recently in the port of London, having in her cargo 300 casks of arsenic. The crew slept very near the large array of barrels containing the drug, which gave off constantly an indescribable odor. They soon all noticed the same thing, and several of the tars became aware that they were becoming abnormally stout. One man gained twenty-five pounds. The aggregate extra weight put on by the entire crew was little less than 400 pounds. This was attributed to vapor generated by the action of the sun on the casks and inhaled by the seamen while they slept.

The minister of agriculture has been prompt in forbidding the importation of cattle from the States in which the foot and mouth disease is suspected to exist. The disease is a serious calamity where it breaks out, and the danger fully justifies the precautions taken.

**BURNED DOWN**  
William's Roadhouse is Entirely Destroyed Yesterday.

George Murray, of Murray Bros., the proprietor of the William's roadhouse, on the dome between Sulphur and Dominion, lost all he had yesterday morning by a disastrous fire. About six o'clock he got up and made a good fire in the bar room and then went out to the stable at the rear. A few minutes later the whole building was in a blaze. It is supposed that the lining of the interior became ignited by the hat of the stove pipe. Nothing was left of it, Mr. Murray not being able to save his personal effects. There was a strong breeze blowing at the time, as there generally is on the dome, and it took but a few minutes for it to roar the well-dried building into ashes.

**Laugh it Away**  
Don't put on your far-off glasses hunting lions in the sky.  
Don't go probing round for troubles - just ignore them, day by day.  
Don't go sighing, "Yes, 'tis pleasant just at present, but - ah me! - There's the sorrow of tomorrow - where will all our sunshine be?"  
If the worst is in the future and has been there all the while,  
We can keep it there by laughing till we make the others smile.

If the worst is in the future, let it stay there, for we know  
That tomorrow's always threatening to bring us so-and-so;  
But tomorrow with its sorrow never comes within our gaze,  
For all time is just a pageant of these busy old todays.  
Let the worst stay in the future where it has been, all the while!  
We can keep it there by laughing till the others smile.

There may be satisfaction to many people in the thought that it is impossible for the weather to become much colder.

The Eldorado gusher continues to transact business at the old stand with a persistency worthy of a better cause.

Only the direst of necessity will justify driving a horse out in such weather as this.

The old-time query, "Is it cold enough for you?" is quite superfluous.

To smoke or not to smoke seems to be the burning question of the hour.

Why not give benefits to actors who expect to remain in Dawson?

When we look toward the sunset in the gorgeous afterglow,  
Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not know,  
Let us thank him with all fervency that he has never sent  
Any burden quite unbearable, that, while our backs have bent  
Underneath the load, we've had his arms about us all the while -  
Let us laugh away our troubles till the whole world wears a smile!

Mr. Chamberlain's friends used to chaff him about the palace of Highbury, and foretell such an access of grandeur that they would be unable to visit him as of old. The local comic paper, The Town Crier, through the mouth of the Council House Curator, poked fun at the former mayor, now junior M. P. In the town he had so greatly improved. For Khama, the Bechuanaland chieftain, who with his two friends came over to England to lay their objections to the rule of the chartered company before the colonial office, was a guest at Highbury. He it was who gave to Mr. Chamberlain the significant name of "The Man Who Gets Things Done. To Mr. Chamberlain he presented a beautiful leopard of leopard skins which hangs in the hall, and a fine collie, one of the favorites among the dogs, is his namesake.

It is often asked what Mr. Chamberlain does at his house? Whatever may have been the answer before, since 1895 it is emphatically "no work."

Unless he is out of England the dispatch boxes of the colonial office follow him wherever he goes, literally by day and night. When he returns to Prince's Gardens at dead of night, they are there awaiting him, when he wakes in the morning, they greet him "alors" they invade his Sunday quiet at Highbury, they meet him on his return to London on the Monday. Were he ever out of England doubtless they would follow him. But when is Mr. Chamberlain ever out of England? What holiday has he had of that nature since the Unionist took office in 1895? In no department has the work increased as it has in the colonial office, yet in no department is it more quickly dispatched.

Mr. Chamberlain goes to Highbury to get away from his official duties, but in this he is not always successful. The quiet of home can seldom be enjoyed for any length of time, consecutively, even the autumn recess is interrupted by the necessity for attending cabinet councils and directing official work.

Mr. Chamberlain has now withdrawn very largely from public life in Birmingham, but he may be counted on for the annual speech to his constituents, or for a social meeting of the Liberal Unionist Association, of which he is president. He also pays an occasional visit to the West Birmingham Liberal Unionist Club, which is mainly a club of workingmen from "his own constituency" - sometimes called the "Jewellers' Club."

Send a copy of the Nugget's Christmas edition to your outside friends.

**JOE CHAMBERLAIN AT HOME**  
A Glimpses of the Colonial Secretary, Who is Now in South Africa, and of His Habits in His Splendid Home Near Birmingham, England.

"I have," said Mr. Chamberlain in his famous Leicester speech, "almost as many friends in the United States as I have here." And the interest taken in Mr. Chamberlain's sayings and doings is not confined to his friends, nor are they to be found in any quarter of the globe only. Certainly five days out of six it would be difficult to pick up a newspaper on either side without finding in it an allusion, more or less remote, to something Mr. Chamberlain has said or done, or not said or not done. He has probably supplied more "copy" than any other living Englishman, and supplied it more continuously.

Lord Derby once remarked that Mr. Chamberlain - who at the moment (1877-8) was not very prominently before the public - reminded him of the American politician, of whom it was said "He's best, but he ain't going to stay best." One sometimes reflects how dull the newspapers would be without Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, but it is safer to say how low the critics, leader-writers, and the opinion-makers generally would be if it were not for the excellent opportunity Mr. Chamberlain affords them at proper intervals of "going for" him and his policy.

But it is not only his policy that interests the public, it is his personality. So far as they see, he lives two totally distinct lives - the one official, about which they think they know everything, the other private, about which they know almost nothing. And this is as Mr. Chamberlain would have it.

He has the greatest dislike to the publicity of the private life, a dislike which is shared by his family - Mrs. Chamberlain does not speak in public, does not accord interviews, or give portraits for publication, his daughters' movements are not chronicled in the press, and there are some people who are not aware that he has a second son.

The Colonial Secretary has two homes - Highbury near Birmingham, and 40 Prince's Gardens, Hyde Park. Highbury he built in 1888. Until then he lived in Edgbaston, close to his friends' and parliamentary colleague, Mr. George Dixon. Highbury was, of course, named after his old home in London. It is characteristic of Mr. Chamberlain that he built a country house near the city, rather than purchase one of the fine old seats of the Midlands. But he preferred to remain among his friends and relatives, close to More Green Hall, where his parents lived, now occupied by his brother, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain's friends used to chaff him about the palace of Highbury, and foretell such an access of grandeur that they would be unable to visit him as of old. The local comic paper, The Town Crier, through the mouth of the Council House Curator, poked fun at the former mayor, now junior M. P. In the town he had so greatly improved. For Khama, the Bechuanaland chieftain, who with his two friends came over to England to lay their objections to the rule of the chartered company before the colonial office, was a guest at Highbury. He it was who gave to Mr. Chamberlain the significant name of "The Man Who Gets Things Done. To Mr. Chamberlain he presented a beautiful leopard of leopard skins which hangs in the hall, and a fine collie, one of the favorites among the dogs, is his namesake.

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Quarter Meetings of benefit societies have secured him as a speaker, and deputations of various kinds, local as well as official, are granted interviews at Highbury.

In the early days, when he first took cabinet rank, the workingman voiced (in a comic print) the general feeling of his fellows when he exclaimed, "We workmen admire and respect him no end. Still, yer know a man can't be genuine member and a cabinet minister at the same time."

There is nothing incongruous in writing of Mr. Chamberlain on a platform, in an article dealing with his life at home. He always speaks of being among his own people when addressing a representative Birmingham audience, and since the days when he used to saunter into the workingmen's debating club, with twelvepence jacket and flower in button-hole, he has been at home in Birmingham workmen. One of his admirers thus describes him:

"I remember when I first saw him - I thought he was like 'wax figure.' As he walked up the room, they called out to him: 'Jony, who's yer father?' 'Oh, me! Ain't he a dandy?' 'I tell you, I thought there couldn't be any brains under that get-up - as smart as could be. He was in a velvet coat, and red tie - with his eye-glass, too - smooth face, smooth hair, trim, set 'up-just a' wax figure, he looked like. You'd not think there was anything in him till he began to speak. He was a 'get-up,' if you like."

He was not disturbed by their criticisms. The power to see the joke against one's self and to turn it against one's opponent, is a valuable asset in public life. Mr. Chamberlain was the eldest of a large family - a position which does not, as a rule, admit of oversensitiveness. And so when the workingmen chaffed him, his friend relates that "He's smile, and wait while they chaffed. Rising to speak, he'd fix his glass, and look at them for a little while, then he says, quite pleasant and cool, 'When you have had your little amusement, gentlemen, we'll get to business, if you please.'"

In the old days, the days when Mr. Chamberlain was learning to speak, it is recorded by one of the members of the debating society to which he belonged, that he learned his speeches by heart. On the occasion of a little semi-public dinner, he was put down to propose a certain toast. "He proceeded for a time in his usually happy, characteristic manner, when all at once he came to a full stop. We all looked up, and he looked down, embarrassed and confused. He apparently had lost the thread of his discourse, he had so carefully woven, he could not pick up the dropped stitches, and, if I reme ber rightly, he sat down without finishing his speech."

In those early Birmingham days the debaters were of so Radical a type that they could scarcely find any one to support a more moderate type. "I remember on one occasion," says Mr. Chamberlain, "we were unable to agree as to the disposal of £7,000,000 disclosed to us, unanimously approved of the suggestion of the hon. secretary - that we should buy a Tory with it!" Only those who have heard Mr. Chamberlain speak, and have caught the intonation of his voice when he is himself genuinely amused, will fully appreciate the delight of the audience to who, he told the story, in 1895, when he had left his old friends, the Radicals, far behind.

Mr. Chamberlain enjoys reminiscence of the old days, and amusingly reminded his audience that he had been met, an audacious debater, and had teased "The Silent Members" of his club.

"How changed the times and circumstances!" I belong to another debating society. I should like to propose The Silent Members there. But I am no longer audacious, and I am sure I should not taunt them with their silence."

Mr. Chamberlain certainly does not imitate his speeches by heart nowadays, but he nevertheless most carefully prepares them. He is not of those who cannot think on his legs, as his reputation as one of the most brilliant debaters in the house of commons conclusively proves - it does not take long to fill the house when it is known that "Chamberlain is up" - but the thinking has been done before he stands at the study also.

Mrs. Chamberlain almost invariably accompanies her husband when he is speaking in Birmingham, only once after the death of her father, the Hon. W. G. Endicott, was she for a time away from England, and her absence from the platform was very noticeable.

Mr. and Mrs. Endicott have several times been present at Birmingham political meetings, to witness Mr. Chamberlain's enthusiastic reception by his constituents. It was during the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Club, which is mainly a club of workingmen from "his own constituency" - sometimes called the "Jewellers' Club."

once the colonial secretary was making a political speech. He was distributing the prizes to the Birmingham School of Art Students, whom he gently chaffed as a prohibition removed above the aspirations of ordinary men, and possessing all the virtues which clustered about the round table of Tennysonian romance. "When I reflect that there are in Birmingham alone, four thousand and one hundred ladies and gentlemen pursuing art, no doubt upon those principles, I begin to think the minimum is not so far distant as people imagine! Only those who, in the pursuit of art, have already secured a more or less modest competence are really qualified to impress upon you the fact that art should be pursued for its own sake alone, and must always be expected to be its own sufficient reward."

The speech was delivered in a low, almost monotonous, voice, without the animation which is so striking a feature of Mr. Chamberlain's political speeches, and it was evident that he was very tired; he had come straight to the hall from London.

Toward the close of the address he began an imperfect sentence which transcended the words he wished to use, he was at a loss for the expression. Turning to Mrs. Chamberlain after a momentary hesitation, Chamberlain made a suggestion, he still hesitated, and then with a gesture expressive of "impatience" amusement, and of "giving it up," once again turned to his wife, with the aid of the Lord Mayor found the word he wanted.

It was a slight matter, but the audience were keenly interested in them it was extraordinary that Mr. Chamberlain, of all people, should for a moment at a loss; it brought home to them the heavy burden that he was bearing, and there was sympathy as well as amusement in his applause and laughter which quenched his smiling excuse. "When I know I have to be extremely concise in the choice of my words, let's happily some editor may misunderstand me."

Highbury is not and was never intended to be a show place. It is neither old nor romantic, but "palatial" it is simply a well-built, thoroughly pleasant and comfortable modern house, and country house as any wealthy man who wished to live in the fashionable neighborhood of a large town might like to possess.

There is a tradition that Mr. Chamberlain never wears any flowers but an orchid, and certainly he seldom seen without one in his buttonhole. It is possible to see them all the year round, and the variety is almost infinite. On an exciting day when the atmosphere of peace and the submission of the Boers was made in the great house, there was a certain splendor in the blossom worn. It was a beautiful white variety, with a pink center.

One of these was on the morning night when he made his personal explanation in the house of commons to his reasons for leaving Mr. Chamberlain's administration. A man who resigns usually asks leave of absence to be allowed him. Privy Councilor's oath of assent concerning cabinet meetings. Mr. Chamberlain's explanation was not with interest, the house scarcely less crowded to listen than it had been to hear Mr. Chamberlain. He received a hearty cheer as he advanced to the table, but not a word, but a bunch of flowers explaining that he could not remain a member of a government pledged to give home rule to Ireland. Again, on the occasion of a marriage with Miss Mary Egerton, were a bunch of violets, given by the bride.

**Murder at Five**  
Alexander, La. Jan. 13.-A half of the town of Olla, La., on St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Northern Railway, forty miles from this place, was destroyed by fire. During the excitement that followed, Town Marshal Everett's horse, killed by unknown persons, at 5 o'clock, when the excitement of the fire was subsiding, Marshal Everett went to a saloon to order a drink as the license had expired at midnight. Shortly after he returned he heard, and when outside he saw in they found Smith lying on the floor. He had been shot in the head.

She - Is he a college man?  
He - Graduated, no! His learning is perfectly legible in his lampoon.