

The Klondike Nugget

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

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

With the passing of another thirty days, the year and the century will come to a close together. The past 100 years have witnessed more progress than was made in the preceding 500. What the twentieth century will bring forth is beyond the power of mortal man to foretell. The beginning will be fair with promise. The end may be anarchy and a lapse into barbarism. The civilization of the modern era is no more remarkable than has been the advancement attained in other periods of the world's history which have left nothing to us but marvelous traditions.

Just at present we are on the highway of progress and traveling at a terrific pace, but on that very account the descent to Avernus will be swifter and easier than ever, should we happen to get turned in that direction. The trend of events is toward the centralization of power and the concentration of wealth, both of which presage a clash of classes unless some equalizing force not now apparent is brought forward.

Our boast respecting the freedom and equality of all men may yet become nothing more than a boast, in which event disastrous results are certain to ensue. The twentieth century will call for the exhibition of statesmanship beyond what any previous era of the world's history has required.

If those good people on the outside who are prone to indulge in sympathetic speculation as to how it is possible for anyone to live in Dawson through one of those "terrible Klondike winters" and survive the awful effects of the class of food upon which we are popularly supposed to live, would really see how the average Dawsonite actually gets along, such sympathy would be short lived. As a matter of pure fact, this little Arcadia, up by the North Pole, has the best fed, most comfortably clad people on earth, when the community as a whole is considered.

Five days yet remain before the date upon which the Nugget's prize story contest terminates. Several contributions have already been received, and others, we are informed, are rapidly reaching completion and will be in within a day or two. We again urge upon all who intend entering the contest to take particular care that their manuscripts are handed in to the Nugget office on or before December 5, as those received after that date will be considered.

All the ballot boxes are in at last and long waiting public now knows the exact result of the election which took place on October 17. We have been waiting with such a feeling of expectancy for Messrs. Prdhomme and Wilson to take their seats with the council that it rejoices us much to know that the season of anticipation is about to terminate. At last representative government is to be an accomplished fact.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving day, and very general observance of that fact was noticeable in Dawson, particularly among those who hail from the States. The hockey game of the afternoon was a pleasant feature of the day, which was given over largely to quiet enjoyment. The fact that so many business places closed their doors for the occasion was a graceful compliment which American residents of Dawson highly appreciated.

Andrew's ball, Dawson's great event, takes place tonight. Of the affairs of the year in which our

local four hundred participates St. Andrew's ball is the most elaborate. From all indications the preparations which have been made for celebrating the day of Scotia's patron saint, will far excel all past efforts put forth in Dawson on similar occasions.

Another terrible storm has swept over a large portion of Uncle Sam's domain, carrying death and destruction in its path. It appears to have covered the southern portion of the country with an impartial hand, leaving a trail hundreds of miles in width. We shall begin to think after a while that the Yukon is a pretty comfortable place of residence.

The News is rapidly developing into an unmitigated nuisance.

Fortymile's Bright Future.

"There is not a creek in the whole Fortymile district which does not show some gold," said J. E. Snevely, deputy U. S. surveyor at Eagle, to a News representative. Mr. Snevely just come out from that prosperous American camp to spend a portion of the winter in this city and in doing some development work on some Muir glacier mining property.

"I do not mean," he continued, "that gold in paying quantities will be found on every stream, but the fact that it is distributed over the entire district is a very favorable sign. Although comparatively an old district and prospected by many men, there are miles of creeks which have never yet been scratched.

"If the prospecting had been systematic instead of haphazard, the result would have been the same, for the number of men has not been sufficient to cover such an extent of country.

"Eagle City is prospering in a steady way and many of the creeks in the district are paying well. Gold Run, on Slate creek, Hutchison, Mission, Chicken, Franklin and a number of others are producing. On Mission an English syndicate has 50 men employed. O'Brien creek is being prospected with favorable results. Next season will see a marked increase in the mineral development of the district.

"The presence of the military forces, with the improvements they are making to Fort Egbert, adjoining the townsite, adds life and bustle to the place.

"The trade of the Fortymile district is already large, and Skagway, in her efforts to secure the interior trade, can well afford to make friendly overtures for the trade of that section. The N. A. T. & T. Co., the A. C. Co. and the A. E. Co. all have large stores and warehouses at Eagle and supply most of the mining camps."

In addition to his engineering and mining work, Mr. Snevely is a farmer and has an 80-acre ranch adjoining Eagle and near the river. He has 15 acres cleared and ready for the plow and has part of that under cultivation. As a specimen of what can be grown in the interior, he has brought out as fine a bunch of oats as could be wished for. The heads are long and heavy, and the grain is fully developed and ripe, falling from the heads when dried. Speaking of the farming future of the district, Mr. Snevely said:

"The time is not yet ripe to boom agriculture in interior Alaska. The success of the proposition so far as nature is concerned is not in doubt, but there are many difficulties yet to be overcome. The cost of clearing, preparing and plowing the ground is the first obstacle. Doubtless the production of hay and grain for feed will be the first form of farming to prove successful. In a few years all the hay consumed in the interior will be grown there without doubt, for the broad, fertile valleys of Alaska are well adapted to hay and grain raising. The enormous price to which hay is destined to go this winter will lead many people to consider the advisability of giving up mining for the more peaceful pursuit of the hay-maker."

Mr. Snevely brings out some fine maps of the Fortymile district which he has prepared. The maps show every creek and waterway in the district and are the best yet made.—Skagway News.

Thought Himself to Death.

The startling fulfillment of the prediction of Mrs. Elizabeth Horstman of Nuhawaak, Ind., made last July, when she was apparently in the best of health, that she would die, on August 30, has set the press once more to discussing the probability of premonition of death. Mrs. Horstman who was related by marriage to Bishop Horstman of Cleveland, is said to have been a person of great piety. It is not known that she was of a melancholy or a superstitious disposition. Neither is anything known as to the motive that prompted her to make the gloomy pre-

dition. It is known positively, however, that she made it, and that it was fulfilled to the letter.

There are, of course, numerous interpretations of this event. One of the commonest is that founded on the fatalist theory. Her day had been appointed, and she was informed of the time by some occult or supernatural agency. The spiritualist view, in its broadest sense, is hardly less common. She was advised by some departed near and dear one as to the time when she should die. The rational belief is that which is advanced by the Pittsburg Dispatch: Her death is clearly an example of the remarkable power which the mind exercises over the body.

It is known that fatal results, following the experiment of making a man believe that he had been lanced and was slowly bleeding to death. The story of the practical joke played by a lot of young French medical students on the janitor of their college is familiar. They accused him of some fictitious offense, gave him a mock trial, and sentenced him to death by decapitation. He was led to a block. Beside it was an ax. His upper body was bared and his eyes were bandaged. His head was forced down to the block. One of the students smote him across the neck with a wet towel and—he was dead. It is held that it was not the ill usage or the shock that killed him, but his firm conviction that his time had come.

There are many cases recorded in which people have predicted the time of their deaths, and Mrs. Horstman's seems not unlike the others of which a record has been kept.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Capt. Scarth was busy in the police court Wednesday afternoon, disposing of cases up for hearing.

The principal case, and the one occupying the most time, was that of Wm. Butler, a dispenser of fire water behind the bar of the Dewey hotel at the Forks, who was accused by one Christopher O'Toole of having despoiled him of \$563 in good money of the realm. Mr. O'Toole, according to the tale he unfolded, had gone to the Dewey hotel one afternoon not long since and had two drinks and some conversation with Mr. Butler. Then he had inquired for one of the sprightly soubrettes resident in the hotel, who glories in the name of Marguerite. The obliging Mr. Butler went so far out of his way as to act as the O'Toole escort to the bower of Marguerite, and once there Mr. O'Toole seems to have been so overjoyed at the meeting that he got gay, generous and lastly drunk as a result. Whether it was the brandy which he drank first, or the smiles of the lady which he took in combination with the liquid refreshments which acted upon Mr. O'Toole, deponent sayeth not, but certain it is that the evidence goes to show that he told Marguerite that she could have anything she wanted, and, as her tastes are extravagant (with a strong leaning towards champagne (at the O'Toole expense) she touched the button and Mr. Butler brought wine. Many bottles were carried up to room No. 8, so many in fact that all parties seemed a little hazy in their recollection as to the exact number. At all events, after some time spent in the hilarities which the occasion demanded, and after Mr. O'Toole had done his best to reduce the violent attack of soubrette thirst from which he found the fair Marguerite suffering, he became weary and made known his desire to sleep. It then appears that both Marguerite and the solicitous Butler advised him to put his money away in a place of safety, because the room door could not be fastened. He counted out upon the lap of Marguerite \$160, which Butler put away for him and gave him a receipt for. He testified that he knew nothing at all about the receipt or when he got it. All he knew was that when he went there he had \$670 in good chequako money and that was about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. When he awoke he wondered where he was at; saw that it was 11 o'clock, and that all his wealth had departed from him. He told how he had carried his store of legal tender in a large poke and how a \$100 bill had become stained, and gave a fairly good description of it. There were fifties and tens also, and after Attorney McCall had submitted to his honor that there was no evidence strong enough to warrant him in placing his client, Mr. Butler, upon trial, and Attorney McKay had submitted that the evidence was quite strong, Magistrate Scarth decided to have the accused appear before the next sitting of the territorial court for the hearing of criminal cases.

Magistrate Scarth occupied the bench in police court this morning. Two years have passed since Adolph and Hilda Kruesner linked their destinies and launched that matrimonial bark on matrimony's placid, and otherwise, sea. A little son, in due time, came to gladden the Kruesner home and until the past few days the angel of peace has hovered over them. But on Tuesday of this week a cloud arose over a little matter of money. Hilda accused Adolph of stealing some nuggets from her and Adolph seized her by the neck, choked her, tossed her upon the bed and went out. The next morning the trouble was renewed and Hilda was again choked. This time she became hysterical and Adolph called in a doctor to revive her. Hilda recovered and had Adolph arrested for assault. Her story this morning did not materially differ from that given by his wife through an interpreter. The court explained to him that it is in bad form

for a man to lick his wife and gave him seven days in the guard house to reflect and repent his rashness. Hilda smiled benignly when her liege lord was marched over to the "repository."

The complaint against W. Barrett by the proprietor of the Allman bath house was withdrawn at plaintiff's request. Mr. Barrett states that he objected to the accommodations at the bath house and after tendering payment for the bath, which he did not take, prepared to depart. The plaintiff, his wife, endeavored to forcibly restrain him and a struggle ensued which made the basis of the complaint.

Bought a Mine.
M. C. White, C. White, C. H. Maas, M. F. Madison, all employees of the Ames Mercantile Co., have formed a pool and purchased the hillside claim, 39 above Bonanza. The mine will be operated this winter and a considerable amount of dirt will be taken out for next summer's sluicing.

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