

The Klondike Nugget

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1901.

\$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.

A WEAK EFFORT.

In conformity with the policy of this paper to give both sides of every public question a fair hearing, we published yesterday a letter addressed by the White Pass Railroad Company to the newspapers of Seattle.

The letter, which by the way, the Nugget had transmitted by wire from Vancouver, at its own expense, may be said to represent the defense of the railroad company to the charges of extortion and unfair dealing brought by this paper against the road.

A careful reading of the letter will reveal at once a studied effort to avoid the issue. An attempt is made by the company to show that freight rates have been generally reduced by citing a few cases in which local rates between Skagway and Whitehorse have been cut.

Where such reductions have been made some particular reason has existed, as in the case of live stock, which might easily be driven from Skagway to the head of Yukon navigation.

As regards nearly all other classes of freight such as groceries, hardware, feed, machinery, drugs, and in fact all the ordinary necessities, the rates remain practically where they were two years ago, the main difference being a slight rebate given to the heaviest shippers.

The defense which the railroad company has offered may appear very well in Seattle where the facts are not known. But in Dawson it will merely occasion a smile of incredulity.

The freight bills which every local shipper has paid during the past season furnish all the evidence needed to prove that the rates have not been reduced—and on the contrary, in no few instances have been materially advanced. The railroad company's letter is a decidedly weak effort.

THE SCHLEY DECISION. The decision of the court of inquiry which has been sitting for the past two months, endeavoring to ascertain to whom belongs the credit of destroying Cervera's fleet of Santiago, has at length been rendered.

The majority report of the commission, while not daring to insult public opinion by declaring Admiral Schley guilty of personal cowardice, has rendered a decision the evident intention of which is to damn that gallant officer with the faintest praise.

On the other hand, the minority report brought in by Admiral Dewey, finds that Schley was in absolute command during the famous battle, and to him and him alone is due the laurels for the glorious victory achieved. So far as the people of the United States are concerned, there is little doubt that they will, almost with one accord, accept the decision of Admiral Dewey against the major-

ity verdict. The naval office is notoriously hostile to Schley and beyond question has been interested in dragging his name through the mire, but it has been proven to a demonstration, that the influence of the department cannot effect public opinion.

Admiral Schley has made a place for himself in the hearts of his countrymen which all the courts of inquiry that might be called in a century could not destroy. From the day the battle of Santiago was fought, public opinion in the States has credited Schley with winning the victory, and the decision of the court of inquiry will not influence that judgment a single iota.

It is not beyond the range of possibility that Schley may yet loom up as a presidential candidate. There is no surer road to popular preferment than the sort of persecution to which Admiral Schley has been subjected.

The cartoon which appeared in yesterday's Nugget summed up the local political situation in an admirable manner. Dawson has awakened at last and has broken away from the gang of upstarts who have sought by every means in their power to gain control of the city's affairs. The agitator and professional mischief maker has had his day.

The accident which occurred on Chechako Hill indicates that the miners' protective ordinance was not passed a day too early.

Tommy Atkin's War Button.

The British war office, which on occasion in time past, has won glory and renown for the mastery knowledge of military affairs it has displayed, is in deep trouble. This trouble is not caused by the elusive Boers or by any other enemies of the king, but by buttons.

Only buttons, but it might just as well have been guns. When the king ascended the throne someone discovered that it was necessary to change the buttons of the British army.

There happened to be a little war in South Africa at the time—and there is still—but it paled at once into nothingness beside this question of buttons.

For several weeks the clerks of several departments, spent their spare time between lunch and 4 o'clock in feverish activity. Notes had to be written, copied, docketed, tied up with red tape and filed. Pourparlers were exchanged between departments.

Men who could not be stirred by mere battles found their veins tingling with excitement over buttons. Several inventors of new and ingenious buttons calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the king's enemies were chased down Pall Mall, and other things were done to prove that the war office really had this great question in hand.

At last a truce between contending departments, each anxious to prove its efficiency and ability in this momentous matter, was arrived at. One button was chosen and sent to the king, who at once signified his approval.

Again the great machine moved. Orders were sent to the manufacturers, and by thousands the buttons began to return to the army clothing people at Picnic.

But, alas! a mistake had been made. After all the buttons over which strong men had fought and wept were not sent to the makers. By a "regrettable accident" a wrong design found its way to Sheffield, and \$5000 worth were made before the mistake was discovered.

Business men might have found a use for those buttons, but Pall Mall, with its truly paternal regard for the least important details of Tommy's equipment, sent them all straight to—Er.

Canadian Telegraphic News. Winnipeg, Nov. 11.—D. N. Moore, a prominent farmer of the Margaret district, has been missing since Monday of last week. No cause can be assigned for his strange disappearance.

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of J. B. Thompson, charged with having received money, knowing the same to have been stolen from registered mail in the Winnipeg postoffice.

Chipped diamonds, yellow diamonds or flawed diamonds can not be bought at J. L. Sale & Co.'s. They carry only the best.

Stroller's Column.

The verses on the home coming of the Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall, written by Mr. Alfred Austin, the British poet laureate, will not enhance his fame nor will they injure it. Nothing can injure his reputation. When the laureate means to describe the aid rendered to the old country by the newer lands of Great Britain, he sticks the spurs into Pegasus, and this is the result:

live together like ole fokes, an' when my doyments come I'll marry 'em all over agin an' sot the date back to this day so as to kiver any and all accidents.

Reuben Long, justice of the peace what aint yit got his doyments. Dawson, Dec. 16, 1901.

The fountain of youth, England, in mellow years, Hath found and drained, so that she ne'er need know What nature feels when Autumn stacks and seres, Of Yule gusts blow.

The man who can degrade the fall's Harvesting of crops, and the withering of leaves as a time when "Autumn stacks and seres," may be, as he is, an able leader writer, and clever essayist who can also write verse. But most assuredly, Mr. Austin is not a poet born; there is nothing spontaneous about his strains. He writes like Zion used to talk.

This never happened in Dawson. A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid: "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I'm not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they're in the wash."

We have all heard of the Missouri justice of the peace who, when he performed his first marriage ceremony, caused the contracting parties to hold

patents presumptuously prognosticate progenitor Powers' primordial powerful propelled packet pressure power producing patent powerless, and is the outcome not purely problematical?

The Stroller is not sure, Earnest, but he prognosticates that it is. Give us something easy.

The man who has the "only infallible thermometer in the country" and who has kept a record of the weather everyday for the past four years and who follows Chief Isaac all around every time he comes to town to ask him questions about the weather 25 years ago, was entertaining a number of friends with weather lore in a gentleman's resort the other day and some of the ideas that he advanced for the present extremely mild period were very logical as well as scientific.

Even if the toy stores were not advertising dolls and drums and if the very air did not contain a sort of "Christmas-is-a-comin'" aroma, there are other indications of the near approach of the festive season. Parents converse in low tones around air-tight heaters after the children are in bed. Young men who have driven teams without missing a day for nine months take two weeks off, put on their "other" clothes and play the gentleman until the Monday after New Years. In the meantime they

cultivate the acquaintance of Jesse Moore and in many other ways prove to the world that they are "tree-born, white and 21 years old."

Another indication of the near approach of Christmas is the visit from the mid-mannered-little ladies—who wear the words "Salvation Army" on their Yukon caps and who are out soliciting aid for the big Christmas dinner which they will give to the many homeless men who are up against the real thing. For these modest women who always lake and appreciate an innocent joke, everyone has a kind word and a dollar to help them along in their good cause. If all men are like the Stroller it is in the interest of their Christmas dinner to send women out soliciting instead of men, for if there is anything that

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"I have closely studied isothermal lines, the change of oceanic currents and really I can not find in all my researches any explanation for the weather being from 12 to 20 degrees above zero the week before Christmas in this latitude. I really believe if the accurate records of this country for the past 100 years could be had there would not in all that time be found a winter that would compare with the present one. I don't if ever time itself will ever see such another, but—"

"Barkeeper, fetch me a drink of paregoric!"

Everybody followed with their eyes the direction from whence this imperative order had come and there in the dark corner behind the stove and lying on a pile of wood was the source of all darkness. As the party started at the old man he arose, took a Irish chew of hard pressed dog-leg tobacco and said:

"If you want to see me die of cholera-morbus just keep 'talkin' in that durned fool way about what you reckon weather records for the past 100 years ud show. Darn you, that

aint no records of this country back more'n 18 years 'cept what I've got, an' in the recent 18 years there aint been no weather worth recordin'. This here mild spell aint wuth speakin' of. Course taint very cold an' it's got to get a heap colder before ice worms begins crawlin', but still taint nothin' like what I've seed."

"I think it was 31 years ago this comin' Christmas that we had a sudden thaw. About three foot of snow had fell an' in contemplation of cold weather I had piled snow up to the roof of our cabin. The day before Christmas had been sort of sultry with a warm wind a blowin' from the south. Well, I was layin' away late that night in order to put a present in Limpin' Grouse's stockings. She was mighty restless that night, kickin' the kivers off an' one thing another, so I reckoned it was high onto 3 o'clock afore she got settled down to her usual sleepin' tumult. I quietly slid outen bed to fix the present, an' durn me if I didn't step into water half way to my knees. The snow had melted an' the water had run in until the dogs what couldnt find stools had to walk around on their hind legs 'gosh. Well, next day I put up the skin tent an' we moved into it. The water froze in our cabin two days later and when it thawed out next spring that warnt a vestige of our heved floor left."

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"Ice worms had et every durned scrap of it," replied the patriarch, "but if you fellows aint going to say nothin' you'd better pay the house some rent for the time you've been a standin' here."

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Will Retire From Business Jan. 1st

Diamond Rings from \$10 to \$600
Diamond Earrings from \$30 to \$1,000
All Stones Guaranteed as to Weight and Quality.

ALBERT MAYER, Jeweler, Orpheum Bldg.

makes the Stroller's flesh creep it is to have a Salvation Army man, monkeying around him. They look awkward when playing the role of angels of mercy and so far as the Stroller is concerned they never get an encore. But with the women it is different. They are respected and encouraged by all and any time one of them calls on the Stroller for a dollar to help her along in the work of goodness and mercy, she can have it. If the Stroller was managing editor of a Salvation Army the men would do barracks duty all the time.

The burglar cautiously raised the window and climbed in.

"And I used to be fool enough to pay a dancing master," he muttered to himself, "to teach me how to enter a room."

The hint was taken and after the old man had returned to his seat on the pile of wood the crowd chipped in and left him a Christmas credit at the bar.

The Stroller is pleased to see that the end of the Boer war is in sight and that it is not many years in the future. As soon as the present generation of adults is killed off it will have to terminate as there will be no Boers left to continue it. All the Boer children are being killed off in the concentration camps and there you are. It was after mature deliberation and profound study that the late John Sherman whom Populists speak of as having been "connected with the 'crime of '73'" said, and said with emphasis, "War is hell."

Even if the toy stores were not advertising dolls and drums and if the very air did not contain a sort of "Christmas-is-a-comin'" aroma, there are other indications of the near approach of the festive season. Parents converse in low tones around air-tight heaters after the children are in bed. Young men who have driven teams without missing a day for nine months take two weeks off, put on their "other" clothes and play the gentleman until the Monday after New Years. In the meantime they

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AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM

W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER. THE MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE. Monday and Thursday Ladies' Night.

Job Printing at Nugget office. Hot and cold lunch at the Hall Saloon.

Hay and Oats For Sale. DAWSON WAREHOUSE CO., Limited. WARM AND COLD STORAGE.

Hot and cold lunch at the Hall Saloon. During the Holiday season, in addition to the usual good ase drinks I will sell.

THE CELEBRATED Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky. GOLDEN LEON RYE. AT \$2.50 Per Bottle.

Regina Hotel. J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr. Dawson's Leading Hotel.

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Re-fitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson. Having a large stock of liquor on hand I propose to give the public a cheap buy.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO.

We have the Highest Grade and Finest Assortment of Liquors sold anywhere in the world, and plenty of it. Come and Get Our Prices. We Can Save You Money.

TELEPHONE 101. CHEAPER THAN EVER!

HICKS & THOMPSON, Props.

Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE HUNKER AND DOMINION. FLANNERY HOTEL. First Class Accommodation.

Warm, Comfortable and First Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals. BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.

Winter Clothing

High-Class, Honest Goods. Mills, Caps, Moccasins and Furnishing Goods.

Sargent & Pinsky

WINTER TIME TABLE-STAGE LINES THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd