

ANOTHER CONVICTION

Gamblers Arrested and Vagrants

Two Are Already Serving Time Each Having Received a Month.

Another vagrancy case was heard in the police court this morning...

Corporal Piper was first in the box. His duties take him around town at all hours...

Cross examined by Mr. Pattullo witness was asked if he did not know that the accused was interested in a road house on Gold Run...

MRS. SMYTHE'S DANCING ACADEMY

Piano and Ballroom Dancing taught. Class lessons Tuesday and Friday evenings from 8 to 10...

TRAVEL IN COMFORT

Weld's Stage and Express Dawson to Gold Bottom Leaves Dawson 3:00 p. m. Every Day in the Year.

Good Dry Wood!

A. J. PRUDHOMME 211 Harper St., Nr. Free Library Phone 214-A

who had at one time been before his honor on the charge of being the keeper of such an institution. She was what the witness described as "a lady of easy virtue."

Constable Mallet has also known the accused for the past year or so and has never known him to do anything but gamble. He has seen him in the various resorts about town and was aware of the time that Labor was living in the rooms over the Louvre.

Constable Mapley has likewise known Labor for the past year and has never known him to follow any calling other than that of a gambler. Has noticed him frequently during the past month in the Arcade where sometimes he acted as a dealer and upon other occasions simply as a player.

"I understand," his honor remarked incidentally with a rare sarcasm, "that the rake-off in these games is very modest, amounting to only about \$30 an hour."

Eneas Herbert was the last witness called by the crown and he had hard work making himself understood on account of his broken English. He testified that he was a laboring man and had been living in the city about two months. Is acquainted with the Arcade and has played cards there, solo sometimes and stud poker at others. They did not play for money except among themselves and there was no rake-off taken except for a new deck of cards occasionally and refreshments.

At the conclusion of the case for the crown counsel for the defense asked for a dismissal on the ground that no case had been proven. His honor thought otherwise and suggested that he go on with the defense.

Labor took the stand and testified he had been here since July, 1900, with the exception of last winter which he had spent on the outside, returning to the city over the ice in March last. He admitted having played cards for money in the Arcade, but denied he had ever acted as a dealer.

He also owns a three-quarter interest in a bench on the right limit of 242 below lower on Dominion for which he had paid \$2500. Three men are now at work filling a contract for 300 cords of wood for the representation of the claim and which is to be used in its operation next spring. He formerly owned a hillside on Last Chance but had lost it last winter through the failure of an agent to represent it while the witness was on the outside.

Sergeant Smith devoted considerable time to the cross examination and succeeded in getting the witness tangled up somewhat. Then his honor took a hand and indulged in



THE BOY: "YOU DON'T FILL THE BILL, MR. DAVISON."

some arithmetical calculations. If the witness had brought into the country with him \$4000 and had invested \$2500 in a claim and \$1500 in a road house how had he subsisted in the meantime, those purchases having exhausted all his capital. The question was a poser and after trying various subterfuges to get out of it his honor said: "Is it not a fact that for the greater part of the past two years you have made your livelihood by gambling?"

After many equivocations Labor finally replied, "I guess I'll have to say yes."

No further defense was put in and the accused was found guilty and sentenced to a month at hard labor as stated. His counsel gave notice of appeal to the territorial court, bonds being fixed at \$400 personal, and two sureties in the sum of \$200 each.

DUNCAN IS VERY RICH

What Weldy Young Says of Its Prospects

Pay Streaks From Five to Nine Feet Struck, With \$3.50 to the Pan.

Tom Hinton and "Weldy" Young returned to town last night from Duncan, having made the trip in by dog team. Weldy is enthusiastic. He declares that Duncan is the biggest thing that has been struck in the district since Eldorado and Bonanza.

He said this morning: "You can write two or three columns as to the richness of Duncan and every word of it will be true. You cannot possibly make a mistake."

"But what are the facts about it, Weldy?"

"I haven't time to tell you now, but you may say that on 53 below they have got to bedrock and have struck a pay five feet wide. Bedrock there is 98 feet. On 54 they have had to go down 102 feet to bedrock, and they have nine feet of pay. What will it average? Oh, I should say about \$3.55."

"I don't know a single creek in the whole district on which there is the same amount of activity and hopefulness. There are 400 men at work on Duncan, and every man thinks he has a fortune and most of them are correct in their belief."

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

WILL BE MUCH FUN TONIGHT

McLennan's Supporters Hold a Mass Meeting at the A. B. Hall "We'll Hang Jeff Davison on the Sour Apple Tree, as We Go Marching on."

The meeting this evening at the A. B. hall, called by the supporters of R. P. McLennan, will be the greatest gathering of the whole campaign. There was not a large gathering at the meeting called by Mr. Davison a few evenings ago, for two reasons. One was that the public mind was not yet centered on the municipal campaign itself, and another was that the meeting was one only of Mr. Davison's supporters. It was advertised long before hand that the meeting was open to the public, and that the platform was open to all candidates, yet many retreated from attending for fear that they would be classed with Mr. Davison's supporters by reason of such attendance. That was how the meeting came to be comparatively small.

It is well, therefore, to announce that the mass meeting in A. B. hall this evening is called on the same broad lines as the Davison meeting, and that every voter is invited, whether he is for Mr. McLennan or for himself. A larger meeting is expected for the reason that Mr. McLennan is better known and has two to one more supporters than Mr. Davison, and also from the fact which has nothing to do with the merits of either candidate—that this will be the last great meeting in the campaign for the city council.

The programme as to the calling of speakers has, of course, to be left very much in the hands of the chairman, but it can be reasonably expected that all the leading speakers of the city will be on the platform. Of course, with so many candidates, all of whom are to be shown the usual courtesy, all these speeches will have to be cut short. They are at the present given ten minutes each. Some of them will not take up that length of time; some of them will not be there.

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of all opposed to the granting of the railway company the right to run up First avenue on Friday night (tonight) at 8 o'clock in the rooms over the Bonanza saloon, to take action to oppose such grant. MURRAY & ROSS.

Will Leave Tomorrow

Walter Woodburn, returning officer for No. 2 district, is in town today arranging for the dispatch of the ballot boxes to the various polling divisions in his district. Those for Duncan creek and intermediate points will leave tomorrow. H. J. Woodside has been named as clerk of the election for Mr. Woodburn's district.

Walter S. McLellan has filed with the gold commissioner a protest against the staking of J. Russell Chute on the upper half of 243 below lower on Dominion. He says that he staked this ground on December 29th and that there were no stakes on the property, but that defendant claimed to have staked it on Dec. 23rd and applied for record on Dec. 26th. The gold commissioner has fixed the date of hearing on Jan. 29th.

Mr. George Boyd, of Sulphur, who has been undergoing an operation at the St. Marys hospital, is reported to be progressing favorably.

Mr. Geo. Helderman of No. 33 Eldorado is now a resident of Gold Hill having moved there last Monday.

Mr. G. N. Williams of No. 27 Eldorado has been sick for several days. His friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Byler of No. 65 below Bonanza is in town today on business.

There was a family reunion at Mr. Lester's home on No. 23 above Bonanza last night. The evening was spent in playing cards, singing, telling stories, and between acts eating, drinking and smoking was indulged in till a late hour, when the guests departed all wishing the host a happy and prosperous New Year.

Mr. Primus of No. 33 above Bonanza served a New Year dinner to a large number of friends yesterday, the menu including soup, salad, roast turkey, oysters and in fact everything that the market could afford. The annual ball given by Mrs. Davison on No. 30 below Bonanza on New Year's eve was one of the most successful dances given on lower Bonanza this winter. A very large crowd attended and the music was good, being furnished by Messrs. Cameron and Linnig.

Mr. Geo. Friend of No. 18 above Bonanza is one of the most successful miners on the creek. Mr. Friend

AS TO STAKING.

Contest as to Priority on a Dominion Claim.

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UP AND DOWN THE CREEKS

Eldorado and Bonanza Are Busy

Social Festivities Occupy Very Much of the People's Time.

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Mr. Geo. Friend of No. 18 above Bonanza is one of the most successful miners on the creek. Mr. Friend

is working a lay and has seven or eight men. He has the largest dumps out of anyone on the creek with the exception of Collins & Chittock on No. 26 above Bonanza who also have out very large dumps. Mr. Friend delights in taking cheechacos down the shaft and around where the men are working showing them where the paystreak is, and is always ready and willing to answer the questions asked by the inquisitive.

The New Year was ushered in at the Forks in a way very becoming an older country than the Klondike. The centre of attraction seemed to be the Social Club hall where one of those dances were given that only the Social Club can give. Owing to several other dances and parties the same night the crowd at the Social Hall was not as large as usual though there were enough there to have a good time.

There was a dance given in the O'Reilly hall the same night, a party at Mr. Bell's, and several other minor affairs. At midnight those who were in their lonely cabins sleeping were suddenly awakened by the blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, and at first thought it might have been imagined that the city was on fire, but when it was remembered that a new year had been born and the light of the old had gone out, it is not remarkable that the words "Please go way and let me sleep" were foremost in the thought.

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FORKS CONCERT

Dawson Singers Help St. Patrick Festival.

Last night there was a grand musical festival at the Forks to which everyone who could crowd into St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church there was present. A part of Fremuth's orchestra and a number of the singers who helped to make the midnight mass at St. Mary's in this city so pronounced a success, went to the Forks last night and gave the same music. Among them were Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. James, Mrs. Spores and Messrs. Turball, Walton, Parrell and Pappin.

With these were a number of visitors from Dawson, and as soon as they arrived at the Forks they were entertained at luncheon by the proprietor of the Gold Hill hotel. The concert was in every way a pronounced success and following it Father Lebert entertained the vocalists at a banquet at the Gold Hill hotel. After this they were given the freedom of the city of Bonanza and danced at Riley's until three o'clock this morning.

The oath is signed in the presence of the officer administering the same who also affixes his signature. The form given is that in use in this district, the only change in those of the other districts being the substitution of the name of the district instead of that of the Klondike. Sheriff Ellbeck will make his return on Monday, January 28, at which time he will declare which two of the seven candidates have been successful.

GRAND RALLY

Of All the Supporters of R. P. McLENNAN

Are Requested to attend a meeting at the Committee Rooms, Peterson Block, at Three O'Clock Tomorrow Afternoon.

MEETING FRIDAY NIGHT

A. B. HALL

In the interests of the candidature of R. P. McLENNAN

All candidates for mayor and alderman are invited to be present and participate in the meeting.

JOHN L. TIMMINS' HEADQUARTERS

Is at the ROYAL GROCERY 123 Second Avenue

Where he will sell groceries at the lowest possible prices on strictly business principles—"for cash."

ELECTION NOTICES

Are Posted Today by the Sheriff

Official Announcement of the Successful Candidates Will Be Made Monday, 20th.

Sheriff Ellbeck, returning officer for No. 1 district in the approaching Yukon council election, has caused to be posted today the posters announcing the election, the date, location of the polling booths, names of candidates for whom ballots will be received and the date of the recount. There are seven candidates on the ballots arranged alphabetically and consisting of William Arnold, Beddoe, George Kay, Gilbert, Alfred Thompson, Charles William Clifton Tabor, William Thornburn and two others. The occupations given by the various candidates are that of a journalist, stenographer, tinner, contractor, physician and two barristers. Six of the nine polling booths will be found in Pioneer hall, the other three being at Fortymile, Glacier and Boucher. Polls will be open from 9 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon and the recount and official announcement of the result will be made by the returning officer on January 26.

There has been no registration of voters as was the case in the parliamentary election and any one possessing the necessary qualifications may vote at any place he chooses within the district within which he resides. A new oath has recently been provided which every voter will be required to sign before his ballot is deposited in the box. Under the oath it was thought that nothing would prevent a man voting in more than one district if he so desired, but the new oath will prevent any repeating by requiring the sworn statement as to a twelve month residence in the district in which the voter offers his ballot. The new oath is as follows: "I, _____ of _____ in the Yukon territory do solemnly swear that I am a natural born, or naturalized, male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years, and that I have continuously resided in the electoral district of Klondike for a period of not less than twelve months prior to the date of this election and that I have not voted before at this election as this or any other polling place. No help me God."

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\$50 To Whitehorse \$50

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE
RELAY STAGES

No Night Travelling. Time 4 1/2 Days to Whitehorse

Stage Leaves Friday, January 2, 1:00 p. m.
Secure Seats Now

G. E. PULHAM, SUPERINTENDENT
J. H. ROGERS, GEN. AGENT

Alaska Flyers

...Operated by the...

Alaska Steamship Company

Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway
Every Five Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent
606 First Ave., Seattle.

Burlington Route

No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read
Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT

M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

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Cheap for Cash

Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine

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AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.
(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
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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 Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1903.

\$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.



AMUSEMENTS.
Auditorium - "The Old Homestead."

For Members Yukon Council.

DISTRICT NO. 1.
Dr. ALFRED THOMPSON

DISTRICT NO. 2.
ARTHUR WILSON,
M. G. B. HENDERSON.

FOR MAYOR OF DAWSON,
R. P. McLENNAN

A CONTRAST.

The difference between Messrs. Davison and McLennan simply amounts to this: Mr. Davison forced himself into the field while Mr. McLennan came out as a candidate only upon the earnest solicitation of several hundred voters and taxpayers.

R. P. McLennan has been identified personally with every movement that has been inaugurated in the town for the public good.

Mr. Davison has been before the public on several occasions invariably, however, with the idea in mind of promoting the interests of Davison.

Dawson wants a man of the McLennan calibre in the mayor's chair. Everybody knows R. P. and knows that he is a safe man. He is the sort of man who regards a public office as a public trust. The people have full confidence that any interests they may confide to his keeping will be carefully and sacredly guarded.

They know that he will care for their business exactly, as he would for his own and that they need not fear any disavowal of campaign pledges after the election is over.

Mr. Jeter Davison has shown by his past record and by recent public remarks that he is anything to be on the popular wave. He will train with any and every party or faction that promises support for himself, and is actuated wholly and entirely by a desire to promote his own particular interests. So far as actions are concerned, he has never done one single, solitary thing which in any way commends him to the confidence of the public. He temporarily deserted the Liberal club to become a

For the Ball

Dress Gloves, kid and silk, three-quarters and full length. A full line of Dress Shirts, Gloves, Ties, etc., etc.

J. P. McLENNAN
233 FRONT ST Phone 106-B
Agent for Standard Patterns.

member and office-seeker in the ranks of the ill-fated Yukon party, and when the latter fell to pieces of its own weight, he quietly crept back into the fold, unnoticed by anyone—because he was not regarded as of particular weight or consequence.

Usually when a man is a candidate for public office there are some substantial reasons behind him which give him a claim upon the support of his fellows.

With respect to Mr. Davison there are no such reasons. He ran for alderman last year, and barely missed bringing up the extreme rear. A man of better judgment and less vanity would understand from that result that the people are not desirous of his services as a public official, but it appears that one object lesson is not enough for Mr. Davison. He will be given another and still more forcible one on Monday next.

A MANIFEST DUTY.

The Nugget views with no little regret the fact that an effort is being made to knife the candidates of the convention held last Saturday at Caribou. The men selected by that convention have a claim to the miners' support over and above all other candidates for district No. 2.

They went into the convention and took their chances, prepared to abide by whatever decision was reached. The delegates were selected from all the creeks and represented the interests of every district. They met together, threshed out the points upon which they disagreed and unanimously agreed at the termination of their meeting to support the men nominated.

Clearly, therefore, it is the duty of the creek voters to stand by the work of their delegates and help elect the candidates chosen by them. An opportunity is now before the miners to secure representation from their own ranks, and the Nugget hopes to see them rally unitedly around their candidates and carry them both to victory, by splendid majorities.

After the mercury has flirted for a few days around the 50 below mark, the average Yukoner is able to appreciate the real, genuine loveliness of a day when the thermometer registers about 30 below.

A meeting will be held at the A. B. hall this evening in the interest of the candidature of R. P. McLennan for mayor. Other candidates

are invited to be present and give their views to the electors. The Nugget urges a large attendance at the meeting, to the end that the voters may secure all possible information concerning the men who are seeking election to office.

HOMER BIRD

Alaska Murderer Gives Up Hope of Proving His Innocence

Sitka, Alaska, Dec. 19.—Homer Bird, the murderer, is in a pitiable state bordering on collapse. Since word was received that his attorney's efforts before the United States supreme court had been unavailing, Bird has scarcely tasted food and his nights have been sleepless. He has grown thin, nervous shows in his every movement and his red, quivering eyelids show the lack of sleep from which he is suffering. The convicted man is at his wits end; after four years, of boundless hope, convinced that his ultimate freedom was assured, firm in the belief of his innocence, a letter from his attorney telling him that hope is at an end, has thrown him into a state of dejection bordering on frenzy. Last Saturday Bird was in the cell which he has occupied almost continuously for four years. It is little more than a hole in the wall, about seven by four feet, its door is directly opposite the entrance to the jail office, thus being under the constant watch of the two guards who are on duty day and night. An ordinary lantern hung on the door, shedding its feeble rays through a small grated aperture into what would have been otherwise a black interior.

The murderer sat on his bunk close to the door, his pallid face, with its sunken cheeks and despairing eyes, pressed to the bars that screen the little hole.

"What would you advise me to do?" he asked tremulously, and then without waiting for a reply, he went on with an account of the tragedy, closing with the words, "and I hope God Almighty will strike me dead right now if what I have told you is not true." At one point in his narrative he came perilously near breaking down completely. His eyelids fluttered in an effort to restrain the gathering tears and he had to catch his breath to keep his voice from breaking. He is filled with vague plans of accomplishing his freedom, the more prominent being an appeal to the public of Alaska to investigate the claims he makes regarding the competency and character of the witnesses for the prosecution, and having proven what he claims, accord him a trial with the witnesses present who, in previous trials, he has been unable to secure.

From beginning to end, the story he tells is apparently without flaw. It recites that he was led into a

scheme financially disastrous to himself; that when discouraged and the majority of the party decided to return, an unfair division of the outfit led up to a quarrel. The discussion grew, and in the heat of the fight weapons were drawn, and in self-defense Bird killed one man and wounded another who afterwards died.

He claims that the woman in the case had secured all she could hope for, her attachment had been transferred to another man and with \$1,000 worth of diamonds and \$120 in cash, which Bird had given her, she turned on him and swore away his life.

The trials have cost Bird, he says, nearly \$7,000. His wife, whom he wronged, is left penniless, his children are without support or the home he once owned, and the murderer, filled with remorse and fear for his impending doom, hopeless and cast down, is nervously awaiting the summons from the December term of court, bidding him to come and receive his sentence to die.

His attorney has abandoned hope, his resources legally and financially are at an end, and Homer Bird, murderer, is awaiting his doom in a dingy cell, in a ramshackle jail, thousands of miles away from the scene of his former happy home and business successes.

Tension is Relieved.
Paris, Dec. 13.—A foreign office official made the following statement today to the Associated Press:

"No exchange of views has occurred between the European powers concerning the Venezuelan situation, and no such exchange is intended, as it is definitely held that the matter is one in which the United States should be left free to take the initiative in mediation."

This statement was called out by the suggestion of the Temps that it was time for Europe to speak in the interest of universal peace. The official said:

"It is fully recognized here and at the other capitals that the United States is the only power in position to act as an intermediary; hence there is no intention on the part of European powers to take concerted or individual action."

The release of the French steamer Ossa, seized by the Germans at La Guayra, has not yet been reported to the foreign office, but the officials accept the unofficial reports of her release, thus relieving the incident of its gravity.

After an exchange of cable messages it has been agreed to appoint a distinguished Spanish jurist as referee in the Franco-Venezuelan arbitration. His name will not be announced until the arbitrators assemble at Caracas.

"The Parish and the Priest in the Country God Forgot," at Landahl's circulating and exchange library.

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

Address of R. P. McLennan to the Electors of the City of Dawson

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Having allowed my name to go before you as a candidate for the mayoralty I deem it proper to publicly intimate the grounds upon which I ask your suffrages. I am strongly of the opinion that municipal government should be conducted on the same lines as the affairs of any large mercantile institution, and accordingly that political methods should be discarded in favor of business principles. I propose accordingly in this campaign to be and remain entirely independent of any ticket in order that my hands may be free to take action upon any business arising in the council, relying on the electors to strengthen my hands by the choice of an efficient body of aldermen fairly representing the various interests and localities of the city.

I do not consider that there are any great permanent abuses resulting from the administration of the retiring council. I accordingly do not advocate any radical changes and I am strongly opposed to a trimming and shifting policy, as I believe that a system once adopted cannot be altered without causing unjustifiable injury to individuals. I especially will follow the footsteps of my predecessor in maintaining and increasing the present high efficiency of the fire department and I will strongly oppose any attempt towards removing the policing of the city from the strong hands of the Northwest Mounted Police. At the same time I will insist on and expect no difficulty in securing the strict enforcement by them of all city by-laws and regulations.

I will also further and extend to the city limits in a systematic manner the public works in the way of streets and sewers, inaugurated by the last council and will endeavor to have the funds available for such improvements expended without unduly favoring any section.

I consider that at the earliest moment the city should move in the

Fight Postponed
London, Dec. 16.—One of the most important matches between English featherweights that has been arranged in years is to be decided tonight at Newcastle. The principals will be Will Curley, acknowledged to be one of the best fighters at his weight in England, and Pedlar Palmer, the former English champion, bantamweight boxer, who has shown much of his former cleverness since he has

been boxing at the featherweight limit. The two fighters are to go fifteen rounds for a purse of \$3,000.

The contest has aroused considerable interest among the sporting fraternity in England, as both boys have a large following. In the event of success Palmer will be matched to fight Harris of Chicago.

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

matter of securing from the government the title to the water front property within the city limits and if elected I will use my best endeavors to secure for the city this remunerative asset and, have strong hopes that with a proper presentation the city's claims will receive favorable treatment.

I will not now deal with the smaller details of city government. If elected it will be my business to acquaint myself thoroughly with all details, and I will personally investigate all sources of city revenue with a view to an equitable adjustment of taxation and will also check all leakages in expenditures.

Before closing I wish to mention two matters which may demand a personal explanation.

1. I am in favor of a reduction of the allowances to the mayor and aldermen to the respective sums of \$3,000 and \$1,000. I consider that these amounts would fairly indemnify these officers for their loss of time.

2. As is well known I have an interest though not a controlling one in the Dawson City Water Company. I deem it entirely sufficient for me to state that I regard the office of mayor as one of trust and will not allow personal consideration to effect by public conduct. There is no contract now running between the company and the city and I do not anticipate any occasion for dealings between them.

In conclusion I wish to thank my friends for the many promises of support which I have received and to assure all who support me that I elected I will endeavor to make the next year's administration a prosperous one for the city and will devote to that object my best energies and such personal care and attention as my business experiences has shown me are necessarily inseparable from the financial success of any institution.

Your obedient servant,
R. P. McLENNAN

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

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THE KLONDIKE NUGGET

JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

When R. P. Nugget the d... A. B. hall he... I say that... Mr. McLennan... could not... circumstances... was in his fa... denoted report... of what he sa... trouble to th... half an hour... 120 words a... this basis re... printed word... that he had s... than were pr... Stroller of a... four around... was one of... the human re... classes; the... talk. Grant... tory and he... for two m... crowd which... at Birmingham... and the Str... at the time... "Now you m... made so long... added a wo... porters on t... lantic would... speech at al... It was a... an time in M... United States... was General... a public ap... tain, that he... to the peop... the United K... in such crow... he had eve... Stroller had... with his thi... as Paris, an... turned to Ne... his supporter... him for a thi... asked to tak... Garfield, wh... tion of the... to see the... wrought in... els. He was... common sense... expression su... tions can eve... confidence b... was modest... he could not... tending to... to say but... ity overcom... he was compl... gained confid... of his great... of the best... were heard... It is the... He is by na... not of word... how he can... who makes... voted by cit... with our pr... alway. At... he could se... tive sentence... although a... conversation... of a practis... ing upon his... Tom Adair... already bid... same high... public plat... But the... General, G... which the... a very bri... been sent... over to Sta... general's sp... had not int... open air de... had been ca... The Republic... a game of... the time... boat arrives... a man sits... hitherto un... "Mr. Stro... game with... "Take my... instant it... Grant had... concluded... "New bo... I didn't m... length. Ju... friend I w... oblique... away... The new... mail stati... of the gra... who fought... successful... history... to be bur... in the sp... created to... side High... Mrs. Grant... as a wife... tional man... as she con... remains be... nation of... think they... or a fair... have be... held by h... rarely tal... less, Mrs... wish carri... side of h...

Stroller's Column.

When R. P. McLennan took up the Stroller the day after the meeting at A. B. hall he was astonished. "Did I say that much?" he asked. For Mr. McLennan had the belief that he could not make a speech under any circumstances whatever, and there was in his favorite newspaper a condensed report of a column and a half of what he said. If he had taken the trouble to think that he spoke for half an hour at the minimum rate of 120 words a minute, and had upon this basis reckoned up the number of printed words, he would have found that he had spoken many more words than were printed. It reminds the Stroller of General Grant on his tour around the world. The general was one of those who believe that the human race is divided into two classes: those who do and those who talk. Grant had not the gift of oratory and he knew it. After speaking for two minutes to the immense crowd which had met to honor him at Birmingham, England, he said, and the Stroller happened to be there at the time and take a note of it: "Now you must excuse me, I never made so long a speech before. If I added a word more to it those reporters on the other side of the Atlantic would not believe it was my speech at all."

It was an undoubted fact that at no time in his life, as general of the United States army or as president, was General Grant ever regarded as a public speaker. But this is certain, that he spoke with more ease to the people of the large cities of the United Kingdom who turned out in such crowds to do him honor than he had ever done at home. The Stroller had the pleasure of traveling with him through England and as far as Paris, and met him when he returned to New York. That was when his supporters had failed to nominate him for a third term and he had been asked to take the stump for General Garfield, who had won the nomination of the convention. It was easy to see the change that had been wrought in the general by his travels. He was always a man of sound common sense, with a directness of expression such as few so called orators can ever acquire. But he had no confidence before an audience. He was modest enough to believe that he could not say anything worth listening to. He knew that he had lots to say but before a crowd his timidity overcame him. After his travels he was completely changed. He had gained confidence. Altogether outside of his great prestige he made some of the best campaign speeches that were heard in that campaign.

By the way, this recent edict that there shall be no more prize fighting in Seattle has led Gibbs to declare that he is coming over the ice to Dawson, with the hope of taking all the talk out of Burley or some other fellow. He has the honor of having had the last "go" in the puritanical town of Seattle. This was with Williams, and the Times of that city says it was a howling fiasco. Just to prepare those who paid gate money for the inevitable Gibbs said to a reporter:

"I have already whipped this Williams twice. Once in seven rounds and again in eight. I will tell you frankly that I won't be able to do anything with him for the first five rounds. I won't be able to hit him. He will make a punching bag out of me, and only my ability to take punishment will see me through. Beginning with the sixth round, I will whip him before the end of the tenth."

The result, as might be naturally expected, was declared a draw, and everyone was so disgusted that they agreed with the police to have no more of such coarse work. If Gibbs does come to Dawson, well, I rather think so.

It is the same with Mr. McLennan. He is by nature a man of action and not of words, and he does not see how he can compete with the man who makes it his study to catch votes by claptrap. It was the same with our present mayor, Henry Macaulay. At the beginning of last year he could scarcely say four consecutive sentences on a public platform, although a rational being in ordinary conversation. Now he has the aplomb of a practised debater, and he is relying upon his own eloquence to elect Tom Adair mayor. Mr. McLennan already bids fair to attain to the same heights as a speaker on the public platform.

But the first of the speeches of General Grant in that campaign which the Stroller calls to mind was a very brief one. The Stroller had been sent by the New York Tribune over to Staten Island to report the general's speech there. The general had not turned up in time and the open air demonstration in his honor had been captured by the Democrats. The Republican reporters were having a game of whiskey poker to pass the time away until the next ferry boat arrived. During the course of it a man sitting behind the writer and hitherto unnoticed by him remarked:

"Mr. Stroller, you won't know that game worth shucks."

"Take my hand, general," was the instant invitation. And General Grant took it. When the game was concluded the general said:

"Now boys, don't report the speech I didn't make tonight at any great length. Just state the facts. The friend I was staying with had an apple pie fit, and I could not get away."

The newspapers brought by the last mail state that Mrs. Grant, the wife of the general of the United States who fought the great civil war to a successful conclusion and who ranks in history as next to Washington, is to be buried by her husband's side in the splendid mausoleum New York erected to his memory on Morning-side Heights, just outside the city. Mrs. Grant was not rich when left as a widow, but she fought this national mausoleum movement as hard as she could. She thought his dear remains belonged to her first and the nation afterward, and she desired that they should be carried to his own native place, where she could have her own when the time came, laid by his side. As a mere matter of sentiment, therefore, which is rarely taken thought of in such matters, Mrs. Grant has one part of her wish carried out. She will lie by the side of him she loved, in the grand

The Viscomte

"Ah—er, by the way, Donald, I've a crow to pick with you," said Vandervoort, taking his mint julep in his hand and settling back into the rattan rocker.

Donald Hurlburt set down the glass he was raising to his lips, frowned quizzically and said:

"For God's sake, Van, don't look so serious about it. Pick all the crows you want, but if you're going to preach a sermon I'll quit you."

"I'm not going to preach, Don. I'm just going to make a few remarks—for your own good, you know."

"Well, make 'em quick, and do try to look pleasant, will you, Van?"

"You remember that Mr. Hughes you introduced to Miss Harker and me the night of the yacht race?"

"Yes, Jack Hughes. A fine boy that."

"Fine? Why, Don, he's an engineer on the Doris—a mere mechanic. He's—"

"He's a splendid chap, that's what he is, Van. You see I don't know what you mean by a mere mechanic. He's a man, a modest, strong, gentleman."

"He's strong all right—a regular giant of an animal—but you don't seem to see what I mean, Don. Suppose, for instance, Miss Harker had—"

"Fallen in love with him? Well, what of it? He has more brains than half the ping-pong dudes around here. She has money and more sense than the average woman, and, to sum up, I don't see the drift of your crow-picking."

"Well, then, look what an awkward fix you got me into. I took Miss Harker for a cruise on the Doris the other evening, and, of course, she wanted to inspect the boat's works. When we got into the gallery in the engine-room who should come up in a blue jumper all covered with oil, a red handkerchief around his neck and a black cap like a hangman's on his head, but your friend Hughes! Everyone in our party was mortified when he saluted Miss Harker as an old friend, and began to talk about you as if you'd been her comrades and equals. It mortified me beyond

expression, Donald, but here comes Colcord—I'll quit!"

"No, don't quit, Van!" cried Hurlburt, hailing the newcomer, who was an ascetic young man with a pale eye and irreproachable flannels. "Sit down, Harold, and hear Vandervoort's sermon. He's lecturing me about my vulgar associates. What do you think? Am I so hopelessly common in my tastes?"

"Well, Donald," lisped the newcomer, in a minor key, "for a man of your birth you know, you are, ah—remarkably democratic."

"Is that all? Well, I can stand that verdict. I'm democratic, Van, and we'll let it go at that, eh?"

"Well, if you can stand it, I guess we shouldn't complain." Then after a pause of frowning protest, "but hereafter I must request that you spare me the honor of acquaintanceship with your, ah—democratic friends."

"All right, Van. I don't think any of my friends will object, but where are we to draw the line? Come, Colcord, what would you suggest as a measure of men whose friendship we three might mutually endure without any fear of embarrassing results?"

"Oh, I think it is largely a question of breeding or family. I, for instance, have no objection to poverty. Take Lord Duncrombie, who was here last winter. I actually had to lend him money to enable him to be able to get out of town, but I felt honored to be able to assist him. He was a gentleman, a nobleman, and I have heard that he has since become a common laborer in a copper mine. Then we must defer to wealth. In the formative state of our society, men of means are not to be overlooked. They are, so to speak, the corner stones of what will be, in time, a sort of aristocracy. And besides, the ability to make money is a kind of genius."

"Does it take any genius to inherit money, as I did, for example?" asked Hurlburt, "and in what does your beggarly nobleman, Duncrombie, except my friend Jack Hughes, the marine engineer? Jack is a graduate of the schools of mines and engineering, he neither begs nor borrows of any man. He is brave, loyal and truthful. I can't see it, Harold. I suppose I must be a degenerate, eh?"

Neither of his companions answered. They were staring at him with looks of pity tinged with contempt.

"Well, then," laughed Hurlburt, "I'll promise. Hereafter I'll never expose you, either of you, to such a humiliating experience as Van here had with the engineer of the Doris. If you see me going along the street with a man, and I don't stop, you can rest assured that my companion isn't up to your class. If I stop you may be sure the man I present is entitled by birth, achievement or inheritance to—well, say, the privilege of your acquaintance. Is that all right, Harold? Van?"

They nodded deprecatingly as he rose to go, but he only smiled sweetly at them and stalked away.

"Never be more than a boy," drawled Vandervoort.

"He's ruining his standing in society. Such a pity!" murmured Colcord.

They, Vandervoort and Colcord, were strolling on the Surf Walk the next morning when they saw Donald coming arm in arm with a distinguished-looking young man. He was tall with short clinging black curls, a patrician face, the military bearing, a duel-scar on his swarthy cheek a fine, flashing brown eye, the swing of an athlete, the manner of a gentleman born and bred.

"Ah, good morning Van! Good morning Harold! Let me introduce my friend Vicomte d'Angouleme." Donald and his companion stood bowing. The faces of Vandervoort and Colcord beamed with delight.

"Raoul," said Donald, "my friend, Mr. Vandervoort—the Vicomte d'Angouleme. Mr. Colcord—the Vicomte."

The handsome young Frenchman, hat in hand and blushing like a woman, squeezed the extended hands in turn, and they turned to stroll abreast along the deserted walk by the shore. Raoul d'Angouleme was attentive, courteous to a fault, ill at ease only when he spoke, which was rarely. No, he had no fault to find with America. He was not long in this country. He had not seen its best side as yet. Hotels, he said, with that delightful accent peculiar to Parisians, were not the best places to become familiar with the conditions, habits, manners and methods of the best society. Besides, he did not speak English very well. He hoped to learn quickly. He was of the d'Angouleme family of Danpierre, but had spent most of his life in Paris, which he pronounced "Parry," as all smart Parisians do.

At the end of the walk the Vicomte excused himself.

"Eet is that I may attend a small matter of commerce," he explained, smiling ingeniously, "and so they had him good day."

Hurlburt had met him in Paris, where he had been quite a gay spirit in the best saloons, in the boulevards and even among the bohemians of the Latin quarter.

"He's poor, though. Never had what Colcord here would call a 'decent income' but squandered what he had."

"Like a gentleman, I'll warrant. Anyone can see that he's an aristocrat. I like him," averred Vandervoort, gazing after the distinguished, immaculately arrayed figure of the Frenchman.

"I say," suggested little Colcord, twirling his feeble, saffron mustache, "why wouldn't it be a good idea to

give the poor fellow a little support—hasn't many friends, has he, Donald?"

"No. Raoul d'Angouleme had very few friends in America. Certainly, a little dinner, say at the Maison de Paris, would be quite nice—just a quiet little time for four. At the Maison, because Raoul felt more at home there. No, he was not a guest at the little French hostelry, but he dined there—usually. And so it was agreed that Donald Hurlburt should arrange for the little dinner to the Vicomte. There was no doubt that he would be there. And so it was planned. French noblemen of such evidently perfect manners were rare even in the top-lofty circle in which Vandervoort and Hurlburt moved.

On the evening set for the little dinner Donald and Colcord went down to the Maison de Paris in Vandervoort's drag. The Vicomte—they all spoke of him as Raoul now—was to meet them there at 9. They found their table spread in a cozy little corner of the balcony overlooking the sea and draped with honeysuckles. The Vicomte had not arrived, so they sat jolling in their places. The clock struck 9, the half, 10:

"Wonder if anything could have happened to Raoul," said Colcord in a sudden pause in Donald's running fire of talk.

"Oh, by the way, I'd almost forgotten him. I say, Pierre!" to the head-waiter, "is Raoul here? Yes? Please tell him that we are perishing for our dinner. Tell him to make haste, and—"

The grinning garcon bustled away and in a moment the green baize door on to the balcony swung open and Raoul in evening dress came into view.

"My dear Vicomte, so glad—" the words froze in Vandervoort's throat when he saw that the Vicomte was carrying three plates of soup. He looked at Colcord and took heart of grace when that worthy saw the joke and laughed. "Capital! Capital, my dear Raoul!"

The blushing but deft Raoul placed the soup before them, bowed with the grace of a cavalier at court and stepped nimbly back through the door whence he had come.

"By the way," said Donald, fixing his napkin and toying with his spoon. "I forgot to mention that the Vicomte is at present a waiter here in the Maison. Odd, isn't it, and sad, too, to see the action of an old and noble a family reduced to such straits. But I like him for it. It shows spirit."

Vandervoort and Colcord were staring into their soup plates, very nervous and ill at ease.

"It's much more honorable than borrowing money, don't you think so, Van? Not that I have any fault to find with Colcord's friend, Lord Duncrombie."—John H. Raftery in Chicago Record-Herald.

Gamblers Will Migrate

Seattle, Dec. 13.—The definite announcement that a grand jury, one of whose duties will be to investigate their alleged relations with the municipal government, is to be summoned, was received with ill-feigned disappointment by the gamblers in both districts below Yesler Way. Until Judge Bell actually served notice yesterday afternoon that he has positively determined to assemble the jury it was freely predicted, and in some instances bets were made, that the jury would never be summoned.

Many gamblers do not hesitate to assert that they have determined to place themselves without the jurisdiction of the court's process long before the jury is assembled. Others aver that it is more convenient to forget than to flee, while a third class maintains that aside from laying themselves liable for violating the law prohibiting gambling, they have nothing to fear at the hands of the investigating body.

For the first time in several days the big houses in the old district below Yesler Way were closed last night to all forms of gambling. "Quiet poker games" were running full blast in many saloon annexes, but with the assurance that so long as money did not actually appear upon the tables the games would not be molested.

A Little Way

A little way to walk with you my own—
Only a little way.
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together that I know
Life would not have one withered
rose to give—
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With your heart far from mine—
'Twould be for joy that in a little
while
They would be kissed by thine.

"Let's go have a drink, Smithers."
"No. I've sworn off this week for a test."

"Why, what are you testing?"
"Myself. As long as I find I can stop, I won't stop, but as soon as I find I can't stop, I will stop."

Monogram Hotel AND STORE

No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska.

Good meals, good beds, good bar. Seco C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-off at the mouth of Lost Chicken which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

J. A. GREENE

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

H. C. Norquay

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

DR. A. F. EDWARDS

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

F. W. Arnold.

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

A. LA LANDE.

To the electors of the city of Dawson: At the request of my friends I again offer myself as a candidate for alderman.

I have endeavored during my term of office to pursue a policy of economy in civic affairs and if I have the honor of reelection will continue to advocate the same policy. Respectfully,
T. G. WILSON.

Provision is made in its design to automatically accommodate the variations in the height of the trolley wire. When the trolley jumps from the wire, however, the sudden upward movement locks the tension reel and releases an arm which swings downward, under the action of a spring and carries the trolley with it.

Political Announcements YUKON TERRITORY.

For Member of the YUKON COUNCIL Dawson District No. 1.

C. W. C. TABOR

Is a candidate for the Yukon council from the Dawson district. The support of the electorate is respectfully requested.

FOR MEMBER OF THE YUKON COUNCIL, DISTRICT NO. 1.

A. J. Prudhomme

MEETING SATURDAY NIGHT

J. C. Larsen's Vacant Store, So. Dawson

In the interests of the candidature of

R. P. McLENNAN

All candidates for mayor and aldermen are invited to be present and participate in the meeting.

CITY OF DAWSON.

VOTE FOR

R. P. McLENNAN

For Mayor of Dawson, 1903.

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR 1903,

D. W. DAVIS.

VOTE FOR

James F. Macdonald

FOR ALDERMAN

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

J. A. GREENE

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

H. C. Norquay

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903

DR. A. F. EDWARDS

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Political Announcements YUKON TERRITORY.

For Member of the YUKON COUNCIL Dawson District No. 1.

C. W. C. TABOR

For Yukon Council

Candidate for District No. 1, which includes Dawson, Fortymile, Miller, Glacier and Boucher.

WM. THORNBURN

If elected I shall endeavor in every matter to act for the general good of this territory, and I trust my many friends will give me their vote and influence.

FOR YUKON COUNCIL

To the Electors of Electoral District No. 2:

Gentlemen,—I hereby announce myself a candidate for election as one of your representatives in the Yukon territorial council and solicit your votes and influence in my behalf.

JOHN PRINGLE.

Bonanza, 30th Dec., 1902.

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR 1903

Thos. Adair

Vote for

PETER VACHON

For Alderman.

Vote for

JOHN L. TIMMINS

For Alderman. He stands for a clean administration and a judicious expenditure of the people's money. He makes no pre-election pledges but will treat conditions as they arise to the best of his humble ability.

TO THE VOTERS

At the solicitation of my friends I will be a candidate for alderman at the coming municipal election. Your votes and assistance are solicited.

H. E. A. Robertson.

Candidate For Alderman 1903.

Dr. Z. Strong,

FRANK N. JOHNSON

Candidate for ALDERMAN, 1903

ALLAYNE JONES

As Alderman for 1903

Candidate for ALDERMAN 1903,

A. LA LANDE.

Candidate for ALDERMAN 1903,

R.H.S. Cresswell

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