

The Klondike Nugget

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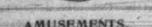
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LETTERS: And Small Packages can be sent to the Carriers by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Bunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.



AMUSEMENTS: Auditorium—Galley Slave. Standard—Vandeville.

A FAIR HEARING: The first large mass meeting of the campaign was held last night under the auspices of the Clarke supporters and served to demonstrate a number of facts which will exert an important bearing upon the fight now in progress.

The appointment of Mr. F. X. Gosselin to the office of assistant gold commissioner constitutes an acknowledgment on the part of the government of faithful and efficient service. Mr. Gosselin's promotion was well deserved and will be generally approved and endorsed.

The anthracite miners in formal convention have declared the strike off and returned to work. It now remains for President Roosevelt to secure proper legislation to prevent the recurrence of similar disastrous upheavals.

To elect Mr. Ross by the proper majority means work and plenty of it. There should be no lagging either among the leaders or in the rank and file. A long, strong and united pull is required to secure the desired result.

Disgusting personalities were used last evening by Clarke's henchmen which were not overlooked nor will they be forgotten. Men who sow the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind.

ACTIVITY ON DUNCAN

Mr. Cameron Tells of His Stewart Trip: They give him their suffrages because he is a man fitted in every particular for the important and responsible duties which will devolve upon the first member of parliament sent down to Ottawa from the Yukon.

Over One Hundred and Thirty Enthusiastic Miners at Work on Duncan: D. A. Cameron, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was busy today making up for the lost time of his vacation up the Stewart to Duncan's landing and beyond, but he managed to spare just a moment to say how the party had enjoyed the vacation and how much impressed he was with the activity on Duncan.

It was a hunting party, composed of D. A. Cameron, J. B. Tyrrell, Jark Patterson, Garrett Tyrrell, Welly Young and Tom Hinton, and they left here on September 23rd and returned in a small boat on the 17th inst. They went for a vacation and for hunting, and their game bag comprised no less than 12 caribou and three moose. One bull moose fell to the aim of Welly Young, one to that of Mr. Cameron, and a cow to Garrett Tyrrell. All the caribou were shot by a man who was not of the party when it left here.

"We got any number of grouse and ptarmigan," said Mr. Cameron this afternoon, "and the fishing was excellent. We caught a number of greyling and I had the good fortune to take a trout that weighed 194 pounds."

"We visited Duncan creek and were surprised to find that there were about 130 men on the creek, most of them busily engaged in taking in supplies or in building cabins. There is one continuous line of cabins from the Mayo river up to Discovery thirteen miles above."

"In the 50's some Frenchmen have sunk to bedrock, some of them as far down as ninety feet. They have two boilers on the ground and a nice lot of cabins. In fact it looks like a little village. These men are particularly well pleased with their prospects."

"On discovery a man named Pelott and his partner said they had taken out over \$900 in four weeks. They had just started on bedrock and had taken out this amount in a few days. They are looking for very excellent results next spring, and the whole of the men I met with seem to think that the results generally will be a great surprise to Dawson people when we next hear from them in the spring."

"The prospector was unable to make her second trip to Duncan and only got as far as McQuesten, so we met lots of the prospectors who were left by the prospector and had to pole up the river over a hundred miles."

"As we went up we saw the Ogilvie dredge at work, and Mr. Ogilvie told me that they were getting very satisfactory clean-ups. While we were there the Nelson group of claims were sold to some outside parties for \$7000."

"There are a great many people going in and a great deal of work is being done on Clear as well as on Duncan. It would not surprise me if Duncan turned out to be a regular Bonanza. I staked a claim there myself."

"We had a good time but we had some work too. We had to pack in our supplies thirteen miles over a divide 1300 feet high, and we had to row back to Dawson, over 370 miles. But it was a grand vacation, and I was greatly impressed with the possibilities of the district, especially Duncan."

Deserved Censure: Dawson, Y. T., October 21, 1902. To the Editor The Daily Nugget, Dawson, Y. T.:

Dear Sir—I was present at the Clarke meeting in the A. B. Hall last night and was surprised to hear the personalities being used by Clarke and his supporters. The Clarke organ, the News, specially requested that no personalities be gone into. Mr. Clarke had not spoken five minutes before he brought up the grossest and most uncalled-for personalities in reference to gentlemen in this town. He could apologize for his own moral respectability without bringing in the names of other citizens. Moses McGregor's references were the most insulting personalities I have heard used. What can Clarke and his supporters expect after their expressions of last night?

Another matter I would call your attention to is the gross misrepresentations that have been made by the News about the meetings which have been held. I was present at a meeting at the bridge last Friday night and heard everything that was said. The News said that a miner by the name of Mr. Hand spoke and asked for the support of the miners for Mr. Clarke. Now Mr. Hand specially said that he could not see his way to support Clarke because he did not think he was equal to represent us at all. There were other misrepresentations made too numerous to mention. Yours truly, YUKONER.

Boom in England: A fruit that has never yet come properly into its own is the banana. Such, at least, is the opinion of vegetarians, not a few of whom justify the faith that is in them by living altogether on banana products; and even less heroic martyrs are beginning to think that the banana will prove the most persuasive weapon of conversion in the vegetarian armory. Already there has appeared in the midlands an enthusiast just fresh from South America, with an unheaped collection of banana recipes, and if all goes well with the propaganda we may expect to be taking within a few years for breakfast plain bananas, banana-pancakes, banana muffins and banana coffee; for luncheon, banana fritters, banana bread, banana biscuits and banana cake, and for dinner, banana wafers, banana figs and a small cup of banana coffee.—London Chronicle.

The average girl never has any very serious misgivings as to her competence to preside over a home of her own, and what few she has vanish the moment she has made her first chocolate cake.—Puck.

STYLISH NECKWEAR

Is the way to describe our new stock of Lace Collars and Berthas. We have them in many styles and prices, and all the leading shades, white, cream, butter, Paris, etc.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B. Agent for Standard-Pattens.

THE WOMAN HATER

Arthur Benson glanced into the deep blue eyes looking roughly into his from under the rim of the broad-brimmed hat. The ripples of the Ohio river were splashing against the rocks at their feet, behind them the turpentine stretched beneath a cold, gray sky, across the stream arose the grim hills of Kentucky.

"Why do you make that request?" he asked. "Why do you ask me to reveal the buried tragedy of my life?" "Oh," she answered gayly, "tragedies always interest me. There is a fascination about them I cannot resist. And the older, the more deeply buried they are, the more interesting they become."

"Really? Well, look yonder." He pointed to large, oval mound on the bank of the river, from the top of which grew a large sycamore tree. "That is an Indian mound. Deep within its bosom lie the skeletons of an unknown race. For centuries, probably, they have rested there. Floods have covered the mound and tempests have raged above it, but the unknown dead sleep peacefully on. There is an abundance of tragic history in that mound, Miss Gilmore."

"Does it not interest you more than the tragedy of which you ask a revelation?" "No," she answered heartily. "The actors in that drama live only in legends, and stories largely are imaginary. But in your case—she paused, and picking up a pebble cast it into the water—"well you see, Mr. Benson, you are still in the flesh."

"I see," responded the man. "That mound, like the fossils in this rock, represents only death, while the skeletons in my heart represent a living misery. Is that what you mean?" "I am always more interested in living things," she replied, smiling. "Even though they are miseries."

"Well, then," he said, "this Woman of the Past professed to return the affection I bestowed upon her. The day set for our wedding arrived and she deserted me almost at the altar—deserted me to marry another. It was his gold that attracted her, but her life with him was unhappy. This I learned, and was foolish enough to cherish a hope that some day—"

"So I plunged into business in desperate frenzy, and my savings rapidly accumulated. One day her husband died, and hope, burned anew in my breast. After the usual period of mourning had expired, I went to her. She received me with open arms. She assured me that I alone of all the world she loved. Again a day was set for our wedding, and I, mad with joy and anxious to lay not only love but inexhaustible wealth at her feet, grew reckless and lost everything through an unwise investment."

"Stunned, but with full confidence that a few short years would enable me to regain my lost wealth, I went to her and offered to release her from her engagement. So implicitly did I believe in her love that I did not dream she would consent to anything other than a postponement. But I was mistaken. She received me coldly; she released me willingly; she laughed at my sorrow."

Benson had been gazing intently across the river during this recital. When he had finished, he glanced at the woman beside him. She was digging in the sand with the point of her parasol and smiling faintly.

"After that," she asked. "Faith in mankind?" "In womankind," she corrected. "Well, yes," he said, "in woman-kind."

"I have been told," she resumed, laughing, "that for years you have studiously avoided the society of women; that you destroyed everything in your possession that would, in the slightest degree, remind you of any woman; that on one occasion you returned to your lodging rooms to find that your landlady had placed an offensive little plaster of paris figure of a girl upon your mantel, and you became so angry that you dashed the image to pieces on the floor."

She glanced at him, her eyes twinkling. Her glance, more than her words, nettled him. "What of it?" he demanded. "What if I did do all those things?" "Oh, nothing," she replied, carelessly. "Only, I wanted to know if what I heard were true. Is it?" "It certainly is," he responded.

Miss Gilmore sat a few moments silently drawing figures in the sand. Then she turned an inquisitive face to his. "Why, then," she asked, "do you consent to take these strolls with me?"

He hesitated a moment before replying, a cloud covering his face. "I will be frank with you," he said, at last. "I have consented only because you are my aunt's guest."

The woman laughed merrily. "Then there is no danger of your falling in love with me," she said. "None in the least," he answered. "That is well," she rejoined, gravely. "For I am already warring another very obstinate fellow. But I shall conquer him. I shall devote my life to him, and he shall make me happy."

WE are now prepared to do all kinds of Casting & Machine Work.

Repairing a Specialty. Yukon Saw Mill Machine Works and Foundry. 1st Ave and Duke St. Phone 27. Dawson.

EXCELLENT PRODUCTION: "The Galley Slave" at the Auditorium. Mr. Bittner and Members of His Company Are Recipients of Many Compliments.

Many complimentary remarks have been made and are being made regarding the style and character of the plays Mr. Bittner and his excellent company are presenting for the entertainment of the people of Dawson. Not only is it considered that the plays have been selected with good judgment and a careful consideration of the pleasure of the people, but the manner in which they are produced likewise comes in equally for a full share of approval.

After all the success of a play depends to a larger degree upon the ability of the players than upon the character of the play being produced, for a good play might easily lose its entire value by poor acting while on the other hand a poor play can be greatly strengthened in the hands of players of ability.

When a medium is reached in which strong plays are presented by a strong company only one result can be attained, and that is complete success. Such is the aim of Mr. Bittner and his company and thus far their efforts have been entirely successful and have received merited approval and a continuance of the same is promised for the balance of the season.

The repertoire, including plays of such varied character, gives the players an opportunity of displaying their versatility and ability and keeps the public always interested in the productions.

"The Galley Slave," this week's attraction, ranks with the best which the company has yet produced. The name of the play might give some the suggestion that it is a melodrama and deals largely with murders, blooded, etc., but such is not the case, as it is a society drama with its strength lying for the greater part in the dialogue than in the dramatic efforts on the part of the players. It is a quiet play but nevertheless a strong one and one which will be thoroughly appreciated by all who witness it.

Mr. Readick has a strong emotional part as Sydney Orcutt, the artist, in love with Cicely Blain. Through a mistake caused by an inference thrown at her by Francisca who says that Cicely's lover is her husband, meaning the Baron Le Bois who has abandoned his wife and wishes to marry Cicely, the lovers are parted and do not meet again until the night of the wedding of the Baron and Cicely. Sydney Orcutt enters the room of the few Baronesses to seek an explanation and cannot escape unnoticed, and to protect her honor

rejoined, gayly. "The theme is impossible. There are no women-haters."

"Indeed," said Benson. "Do you think you can be true to him?" "Oh, most assuredly," she laughed. "I shall be devoted itself. For this fellow's name is Literature. I have no other loves. I desire no other—now or at any time."

She lapsed into silence, watching a lumbering ferryboat swing lazily across the river. Then suddenly she observed, without turning her head: "The truth is, Mr. Benson, I have forced my company upon you for the purpose of making a study of your character, of your peculiarities, of your emotions."

The man winced. "I do not understand you," he faltered. "Well, you have been frank with me, so will I be frank with you," she replied. "I am engaged in writing a novel. It is to be called 'The Woman Hater.' You have furnished sufficient material to make the hero decidedly original and interesting. Do you understand me now?"

"I think I do," he said, rising, "and I am reminded of that ancient artist who is reported to have tortured his slaves that he might correctly picture agony and suffering."

On the weather-beaten wharfboat Arthur Benson sat, his feet dangling over the side, a fishing rod in his hand. The sky was overcast and the rising wind sent scores of little whitecaps scurrying toward shore at the tiller.

Benson had noticed the craft and had been impressed with the unprofessional manner in which it was handled. As the wind increased in force and the waves beat harder and higher beneath his feet, he watched the boat with increasing apprehension.

Suddenly a mighty gust of wind swept down the river, and the sailboat, which had been allowed to turn until its broad sail was directly across the path of the wind, careened an instant, then toppled over.

Benson saw the slender, white-robed figure pitch headlong into the water. He sprang to his feet and gazed across the angry waves. He saw the woman struggle violently in the current a moment, then grasp the side of the capsized boat and try to right it.

"Who is it?" he asked the wharfmaster, standing in helpless fright beside him. "It's Miss Gilmore," the other said. "She—"

But Benson did not wait for further words. With a face suddenly grown ashen, he sprang from the wharfboat to the shore and ran along the bank for a short distance until he reached a small skiff that was fastened to a stake. This he cut adrift and, springing in, grasped the oars determinedly and sent the boat with the speed of the wind toward the center of the river.

Perpiration sprang from every pore, blisters raised upon his hands, his muscles ached with his exertion. But he did not heed the pain. He rowed with all the power of desperation, a strange thrill stimulating his nerves. At intervals he turned his head to get his bearings and smiled to note the form in white still clinging to the drifting sailboat, her frightened eyes watching him. And finally he reached her side.

She clasped the hand he held to her. Then she strongly failed, and she fainted. So he put his arm around her waist and lifted her out of the water. Tenderly he held her in his arms, the moisture of her breath was upon his cheek and, in his heart, a new yet an old, old thrill.

Softly he laid her apparently unconscious form in the bottom of the boat, then impulsively stooped and kissed her. Finally she opened her eyes. "You are not injured?" he asked, anxiously. "No," she replied, shivering. "I am only chilled."

He removed his coat and wrapped it around her. "Thank you, Arthur," she said, a sober tenderness in her eyes. "You are very kind to one who is a woman."

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