

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY

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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.

THE REASON.

The true inwardness of the Boer situation—not the fight but the cause of it—is not well understood by many of our American readers. The Boers are the descendants of the Hollanders who inhabited what is now the Cape Colony. The Prince of Orange who claimed dominion in 1795 undertook for a consideration to convey title to the British who wanted it for a half-way point on the journey to British India. Some of the Boers resented England's ownership and moved away. Natal was founded by them and afterwards the Orange Free State. In succession the British came into authority over these colonies and more Boers moved across the Vaal river and founded the Transvaal Republic. Finding that the result of British immigration had always been British sovereignty every effort has always been made to discourage them from flocking to that land. However, in 1877 the Boers found themselves in imminent danger of being wiped off the map by a combination of the powerful Zulus with other native tribes. When quick extermination stared them in the face, the Boers suddenly discovered the value of British protection.

England replied to the appeal for help with troops which cost her a million dollars a day while the campaign lasted. The result was the capture Cet away, the Zulu king and peace resulted. But there were more far-reaching results. The British claimed suzerainty of a people they had to protect with blood and money and from that day to this have never wavered in their claim. With the advent of peace with the Zulus the Boers resumed their discrimination against the British who had defended them in their extremity. All the taxes are piled on British shoulders the Boers paying nothing. In a thousand ways the "outlander was and is oppressed and the battle of Majuba hill in 1881 resulted. Gladstone was at the helm of British affairs with a strangely weak foreign policy, and besides this the "poor Boer" wave of sympathy caused an intense and unreasonable desire for peace to pervade all England, as a result partly of that and partly of the Ashantee and Zulu wars, but shortly before brought to a successful conclusion. Majuba hill was never revenged—the Boers believe because England was afraid, while the fact is that all England, from the Cheviots to Lands End, were attending mass meetings designed to influence Gladstone when he decided on that fatal policy of weakness which is now to cost Britain ten men for one it would have cost in 1881, and ten times the treasure, and probably ten times as long a war. This is the "causis belli" in a nutshell.

JIM MORRISON.

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," was never more apropos than in the matter of the late respected James Morrison, of 39 below on Hunker. Here was an industrious miner, prominent in the community—so prominent in fact that he was at one time mentioned for the first mayor of Dawson. His dealings with his fellow men ever since he came here two years ago, have been so transparently honest that he enjoyed to an unusual degree the respect of everyone who knew him. He was desired as "stake-holder" and judge in every event where fairness and honesty were important factors, and was compelled to persistently decline the honor, his own straightforward business affairs requiring his undivided attention. His word was good in all matters. He was liberal whenever liberality was required. He was public-spirited and took a keen interest in government, judging everything from the standpoint of its effects upon the poor miner; for he was essentially a man of the people himself, and his heart was with them. Not a hint of wrong is recorded against him in this community. He has bought and sold large quantities of goods to the perfect satisfaction of all with whom he dealt. He has employed hundreds of men at various times on his claim, and there has been heard not the slightest quibble in their payment. He paid everything when and where he contracted to do so. To sum up, he in every way was a most desirable citizen, and any community would be benefitted by the presence of many such as he showed himself to be on the Klondike.

But—There stands that damning word "but" in the way. Charles O. Summers—or James Morrison, as we prefer to call him, since it was under that name he made such a wide and favorable impression—had once made a serious mis-step. For some strange inscrutable reason no man or woman feels guilty of crime who passes a customs house without paying full duty upon the goods in hand. Yet that is smuggling. Along the same line of thought we will suggest is that peculiarity of the mind by which a man who is correct to a cent with a fellow man, will defraud a "soulless corporation" out of a passage money, freight money, or in other ways which may prove convenient. Only those who have been for years engaged in corporation work have any conception of the extent of the pilfering from companies by reputable, honest men—men who would scorn the imputation of dishonesty or fraud with a righteous wrath. And so it happened that a trusted and successful detective—James Morrison now—was overpersuaded into joining in a scheme of dispossession against a company which has notoriously mulcted the public domain and extorted millions of wealth by unrighteous methods from the people along its lines—the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

There can be no justification for the act; but there can be and is extenuation. A perfectly honorable man, such as Jim showed himself to be, may fall once, and, by a life of reparation and exemplary conduct such as his, wipe the stain completely away. No individual was injured, for in the rights of his fellow Jim has shown himself to be particularly conscientious. He betray-

ed no man. No home was wrecked by what he did nor a family disrupted. No one but himself and immediate relatives was even rendered wretched by the act, and but for his own poignant conscience the whole matter would have dropped into oblivion. But for a man of Jim's calibre there are no waters of Lethe. Had he been of criminal instincts it would have been sufficient to have escaped as he did from the pursuing officers. After having made such a success of his first offense against the law of property rights, it was not his ambition to surpass himself in the same direction. Instead of this we find him repeatedly opening up a dangerous correspondence with those whom he had defrauded, with the sole purpose of making reparation. Arrested once because of this, he again and again persisted in the attempt at squaring the account, each time drawing upon himself the attention of the officers. In Dawson the same idea was always uppermost in his mind and at last he boldly sold-out, returned to civilization, gave himself up and determined to take the consequences of his early rash act and expiate it as the laws of his country demanded.

The foregoing are not the acts of a criminal. Once he fell, and today there are few of his Klondike friends but would grasp his hand and bid him God speed on his errand of reparation; and join in a memorial to his governor, pointing out James Morrison as a most fit subject for the exercise of his excellency's prerogative.

THE FUTURE OF THE YUKON.

A huge watercourse, as the Yukon river, has always been the first part of a continent to become peopled. When Ohio and Indiana were considered the extreme interior West, where naught but Indians and game could exist, St. Louis, still further west, but upon the great Mississippi, was a flourishing town, the center of an increasing and prosperous country. Indeed the river was peopled for 2000 miles several generations before it was considered feasible for traders to cross from the Atlantic seaboard to that interior land of wealth and civilization.

The ancient Louisianians had but one way to enter or leave their vast country, which extended from the fresh-water lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and that was by way of the mouth of the river. The Yukon river is the one navigable stream of the world which is entered from the ocean at both ends—not indeed by steamer—but by steamers at one end and a few miles of railway at the other. At present it is an open question which is the easier or cheaper end for entrance.

For the Yukon to become as populous a stream as other great rivers have all become there must be inducements for mankind to settle there. The Mississippi was opened by traders and settled by farmers. The Congo was opened by trade. The Nile was opened and peopled by agriculturists while around the strip which it watered was still boundless desert. The Yukon will be settled end to end—not by homeseekers, but by gold and fortune hunters. Wealth is, after all, the greatest attractive force in the world. Homes can be secured anywhere after the wealth has been gotten with which to purchase them.

It is doubtful if ever before in the history of the world a 2400 miles of

navigable water was strewn with precious metals from end to end as is the case with the Yukon. From Atlin to St. Michaels is found gold, silver, copper and coal in an abundance which is destined to give the river valley a population of hundreds of thousands in a very few years. Wealth will attract even where life is unbearable and unsafe, while on the Yukon neither adjective can be applied. The climate is so equable and regular that it is far ahead, as a place to live, of Dakota, Minnesota, Manitoba and many other populous countries. While in the United States the past spring, people were dying by dozens of the severe cold, even as far as Texas and the coast of Florida, the residents of the Yukon read the news in sceptical unbelief, for they were in light clothing and enjoying the brightest of bright sunshine. On the same date that Florida fruits were destroyed by a temperature of 8 below zero, Dawson's inhabitants were thinning their blood by perspiration with the air at a temperature of 10 above.

There is copper to supply the world on the Yukon river. The gold on a thousand side streams is gradually being exploited, and of itself will maintain a population of a million when newer methods shall have made low grade mining profitable. We have silver enough to demonetize it the world over.

Already there are townsites laid out at intervals of a hundred miles or so the entire length of the river. Many of them are destined to become cities of importance. The railroad, next year, will nearly reach Dawson, and with winter robbed of its only great terror—isolation—we of the Yukon shall begin to enjoy the spectacle of an influx of population similar to that which crossed the plains to California in 1848 and 1849.

American are moving for a recognition of May 1st as a national holiday to be known as "Dewey Day" in recognition of that admiral's glorious victory on that date in 1898. Appeals have been made to the powers that be to declare the day a holiday but to date our law-makers have taken no action in the matter except to declare their own individual admiration of Dewey to be second to none while at the same time they believed the action to be unnecessary since Americans would surely take a day off to celebrate in on May 1st, as surely as it came around.

The only qualified horse and dog doctor practicing in Dawson. Dr. Strong, D. V. M. Pioneer barber shop.

Beer, ale, porter and wines served to table guests on Sunday at Cafe Royal.

Any old thing in the hardware line at Shindler's.

Our Seattle Office

Is Equipped With a Reliable Staff of Employees.

Commissions of Any Nature Given Prompt Attention.

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