The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.

[Dawson's Pioneer Paper]

Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.

GEORGE M. ALLEN, ... Publisher

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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, Sulphur.

$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.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1903.

THE PEOPLE VS. TREADGOLD.

The anti-Treadgold campaign must be carried out to a finish. The question might as well be settled one way as another and that at the earliest possible moment. Ninety-nine per cent. of the population of the territory are convinced that confirmation of Treadgold's grant means industrial and commercial stagnation for Dawson and practical paralysis so far as the mining industry is concerned.

This conviction coupled with the uncertainty that exists with reference to the government's intentions toward Treadgold has contributed materially toward creating the somewhat depressing situation with which the community now finds itself confronted.

From every standpoint, therefore, it is desirable that the matter should be dealt with and permanently settled immediately. The charge has been made that the government is irrevocably committed to the Treadgold scheme, and that no petition or protests sent from this territory will have any effect at Ottawa. There is no evidence at hand to indicate any such intention on the part of the federal authorities and until such is forthcoming we must decline to credit the charges so freely made.

In any event it is the present duty of the community to convince the government that the Treadgold scheme is inadvisable, inexpedient and calculated to result in disaster to the whole district.

If the government is seriously pledged to Treadgold, then it becomes all the more essential that vigorous steps be taken and if the government is not so pledged the work will be all the lighter.

The board of trade has taken hold of the matter in a capable and forceful manner and by the end of the present month all the documents bearing upon the case should be well on their road to Ottawa.

Futile attempts have been made to throw cold water on the movement but they have all arisen out of selfish personal motives. No attention has been paid to them and in consequence their effect has been nil.

The entire community is behind the board of trade petition which will convey to Ottawa an expression of public opinion which in the very nature of things will demand a hearing.

When the whole people speak the government will listen and, we believe, will act in accordance with the popular wishes.

WHAT IS HE?

Within the past six months our good brother Beddoe has at various and sundry times described himself in the following diverse terms, to wit:

(1) As an American citizen.
(2) As a British subject.
(3) As a life-long Liberal.
(4) As a leader of the opposition.
(5) As an advocate of Joe Clarke.
(6) As an opponent of Joe Clarke.
(7) As an uncompromising enemy of the government.
(8) As a government candidate for the territorial council.
(9) As an enemy of Minister Sifton.
(10) As a man of great influence with the aforesaid minister.
(11) As the Lord knows what.

Naturally the query arises, which if any of the foregoing are correct? And echo answers, which?

"The Nugget contains today two advertisements advising Tanana stampeders to pass Dawson merchants by and purchase their supplies in Fortymile or points in the United States. Those ads. show which Dawson paper is pushing the Tanana stampede."—Sun.

You are mistaken, neighbor. Those ads. merely indicate that the public appreciates the fact that the Nugget is the best advertising medium in the Yukon territory.

If the Alaska boundary commission reports anything more than "progress" at the conclusion of its labors it will do more than the great majority of people are willing to believe. Undoubtedly an abundance of information will be brought forward bearing upon the subject but it is altogether too much to expect that a permanent arrangement will be agreed upon.

It is the opinion of men who know whereof they speak, that the Klondike mining district is the richest placer camp in the world. With proper care and encouragement from the government this territory will grow and expand in a marvelous manner.

The Nugget would venture a prediction for an early breakup were it not for the fact that in so doing we would be afraid of bringing on another cold snap. After all, it is a good idea to leave well enough alone.

As yet there is no money in circulation in the new Tanana camp and no likelihood that there will be in the near future. At the present time business is transacted by means of currency from Dawson.

It is the easiest thing in the world to start an evil rumor in circulation, but it is another thing entirely to stop its progress.

Pitched Battle

Charleston, W.Va., Feb. 25. — A pitched battle took place at Wright's coal works in Raleigh county last evening between 100 United States deputy marshals and deputy sheriffs under Chief Deputy Cunningham of Charleston, and Sheriff Cowen of Raleigh county, and 250 striking miners, who refused to permit federal officers to serve injunction papers.

The posse met with a mob armed with Winchesters, who defied arrest and service of papers. They followed defiance with hostilities, opening fire on the deputies at once. The deputies responded and the battle raged furiously for several minutes. Eight strikers were killed and twelve wounded, two mortally. One colored deputy marshal was killed, two wounded and Special Officer Howard Smith, of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, was shot in the arm.

A striker slipped up on him and fired. Smith dodged the bullet intended for his heart and received it in the arm. He then killed the striker with a pistol.

After the posse had repulsed the miners they followed up their advantage and secured the arrest of 100, who were brought to Beckley under guard. Deputy Cunningham and posse have gone back to the scene and will arrest every one implicated. An ugly strike in progress there is the cause of the trouble. Most of the mob are foreigners.

Under Quarantine.

Vancouver, B.C., March 2. — Dr. Fagan, provincial health officer, states that the smallpox condition at Blaine is so serious as to demand the greatest possible vigilance to prevent the disease getting into Canada. Dr. Fagan is at Blaine at present investigating the situation.

The law will be strictly enforced against anyone attempting to get into Canada in violation of the quarantine which has been declared against the state of Washington. The whole state was included because many attempts were being made by residents of Blaine desiring to enter Canada going to Seattle and getting in by steamer or train.

Dr. McAlpine of Vancouver has accordingly issued instructions that all trains and boats from Washington state shall be inspected and all those not vaccinated shall submit to vaccination on the spot.

Mrs. Bruce—Really, Mr. Hamilton's acting is the greatest I ever saw.

Mrs. Scott—It's good in its way, but you should see my Johnny when he is simulating a stay-away-from-school headache.—Boston Transcript.

A Romance of War

Three weeks of Floyd Prescott's life had been a blank. During that time he had lain unconscious, or muttered in incoherent delirium on a little white cot in the field hospital, with nothing between him and the merciless glare of the tropical sun save a white canvas roof.

But he was not alone, for on either side and opposite in long white rows, narrow cots held gaunt men, some advancing on the road to recovery and some fast going the other way.

"No temperature—he will recover," said the hospital physician, who, in immaculate white duck trousers and blue fatigue coat, bent over the unconscious Prescott.

"And his eyes?" inquired the whiterobed nurse anxiously, as she stood at the foot of the cot gazing at the sleeping soldier. "Will he ever see again?"

The doctor turned, glancing carelessly into her face. She met his gaze for an instant, then blushed a little, as she looked back at the face of the man on the cot.

"Keep them closely bandaged for another week at least," he said. "A single ray of this infernal glare, at this time, would blind him forever. Watch him closely for a few days longer, and he'll be all right. Your care is all that has pulled him through so far. He had not a ghost of a chance at first. Now see if you can save eyes to him."

The experience of a Red Cross volunteer nurse was new to the girl, and three weeks of constant vigilance with little sleep had worn her to a shadow.

The next day Prescott awoke, weak, confused, and in total darkness. He raised his head feebly, thinking it was night, and a hand, soft and cool, was placed upon his aching brow. He sank back wearily upon his pillows, still vaguely wondering.

"You must lie still and rest," said a gentle voice, and he felt some one smooth his pillows. "You have been very ill, but you are better now. Try to sleep."

Something in her voice sounded far away, yet strangely familiar to Prescott, trying to collect his scattered thoughts.

Suddenly it all came to him. She must be a nurse, for he was sure he was in a hospital. The sounds all about him and the strange odor of mingled drugs in the sultry air told him this much. Then he remembered the fight, which seemed only yesterday, and the blow on the head.

"What is the matter with my eyes? I cannot see you. Is it darkness or daylight now?" he asked, after a long silence.

"Your eyes are bandaged," replied the voice. "We must keep them so for a few days until they are stronger. Can't you sleep?"

Again the sound of the nurse's voice in all its tenderness seemed to awaken the memories of one he had tried so hard to forget, and, as he lay helpless, too weak to move, yet with mind and memory alert, his thoughts wandered back to that day when they had quarreled and parted, and he, in his anger, had enlisted. Weak and wounded and in a foreign land he and she thousands of miles away. Then he tried to forget it all and to sleep.

Memories neglected for months crowded his brain for review, and day by day, as he grew stronger, though still in darkness, the soldier fought another fight, long and bitter—a conflict between love and injured pride. Perhaps it was the sound of a woman's voice, ever near him, which brought the fond memory of another woman's face to him and, routing pride, gave the victory to a new and better love.

Now he was going home on the next transport. Going home—to her—to plead for forgiveness.

"Nurse," he said suddenly, for he was now sitting up for the first time, "you heard the doctor say that I am sailing soon. I would like to send word home to tell them I am coming. Will you write for me?"

"Certainly," she answered cheerfully, and, fetching pen and ink, she sat there beside him, waiting for the message.

"Direct it to—to Miss Helen Campbell," he said suddenly, and added the name of a small New England town. "I haven't much to say. Just a line. Say, 'I am wounded and coming home to be forgiven.' That is all—just enough to tell her I am coming, you know. Thanks for your kindness, nurse. There—you have dropped your pen."

At length the great day came when the transport was to sail and Prescott's bandages were to be removed. In the soft, subdued light, screened from the eyes of curious comrades, he waited.

"Just a look at first," cautioned the nurse seriously. "The rest must come gradually. Now, before I remove the bandage, tell me, what is the first thing you wish to see?"

"Your face," he replied quickly, as he rose and stood before her. "For it was you—your voice—that told me of my mistake and taught me how to forgive. Let yours be the first face I see, so that I may remember and bless it always."

Prescott felt her fingers tremble a little as she began to unfasten the heavy bandage; then as at last it fell to his feet, he saw her standing before him in a flood of golden light.

"Helen!" he gasped. "Forgive me, far I have been blind—always so blind."

He staggered weakly toward her and knelt at her feet, knowing that his letter was answered, his forgiveness granted.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A drunken congressman said to Horace Greeley one day: "I am a self-made man." "Then, sir," replied the philosophical Horace, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

Once during the Civil War Barnum was at Washington exhibiting General Tom Thumb and Admiral Nutt. Mr. Lincoln said: "You have some pretty small generals but I think I can beat you."

A clergyman addressed the father of a family he was visiting: "Well, John, I hope you keep family worship regularly?" "Ay, sir," answered John, "in the time o' year o't." "In the time o' year o't, John! What do you mean?" "Ye ken, sir, we canna see in winter." "But, John, you should buy candles." "Ay, sir," replied John, "but in that case I'm afraid the cost might overgang the profit."

BOTH MAY BE THERE

A minister in the north of Scotland took to task one of his hearers who was a frequent defaulter and was reproaching him as an habitual absentee from public worship. The accused vindicated himself on the plea of a dislike to long sermons. "Deed, mon," said his reverend minister, a little nettled at the insinuation thrown out against himself, "if ye dinna mend, ye may land yerself where ye'll no be troubled wi' mony sermons long or short." "Weel, maybe sae," retorted John, "but it mayna be for want o' ministers."

A Nebraska politician was elected on the merits of a single speech. All he said was, "Fellow countrymen, follow me to yonder liquor saloon!"

One of the reappointed being asked how he contrived to keep his place under successive administrations, replied that administrations must be smart that could change oftener than he could.

Charles James Fox once said of Edmund Burke: "Burke is often right but he is right too soon."

ONE ON THE DOCTORS.

"So you are engaged to Dr. B——. It must be very nice to be engaged to a doctor. Every time he calls, you know—and of course that must be very often—you feel as if you were getting for nothing what everybody else would have to pay ten dollars for."

A remarkably honest Chicago doctor sent in a certificate of death the other day with his name signed in the space reserved for "Cause of death."

For Relief Fund

The vice-consul for Sweden and Norway begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions to date for the relief of the famine stricken population of Sweden:

John H. Henderson & Co.	$ 75.00
Alf. Bedker	10.00
S. P. Johnson	10.00
A. Warren	5.00
H. Foss	5.00
J. O. Hara	5.00
E. Barrett	5.00
G. Mathson	5.00
M. Fossnes	5.00
Miss Elias	5.00
Total	$130.00

All contributions should be sent to T. D. Pattullo, vice-consul for Sweden and Norway.

March 17, 1903.

Spokane, March 2.—First Baseman Shafer of the Helena baseball team, formerly captain, has jumped to the Portland team in the Pacific Coast League, signing the contract in this city Saturday. He is expected to play first base in place of Childs. Shafer states that he is to get $250 per month for eight months.

POLISHERS LOBSTERS

Fall Taken Out of the Latter

Hardware Men of the N. C. Co. Hand Their Opponents a Choice Bunch

The hockey contest last night between the hardware men, facetitiously called the Stove Polishers, of the N. C. Co., and a team picked from all the other departments of the same company and termed the Lobsters, resulted in a defeat of the latter much to their chagrin and the unconcealed delight of the hardware men, who before the game were referred to as "the stiffs." Nothing particularly brilliant occurred to rouse either the enthusiasm or the risible faculties of the crowd unless it was the frequent attempts of Alex. McLachlan to skate on his off ear. For the hardware men there were several who have had experience in hockey, Trenaman, Locke and Herd, which may have given them a slight advantage.

Both teams played with blood in their eyes, hammering away at the puck as though the national championship was at stake. Early in the first half Richer, of the Lobsters, received a nasty cut about his right eye and the bridge of his nose through contact with the puck on a lift by Locke. The cut was so severe that he discontinued playing and to even matters Herd of the Polishers was sent to the wall. Dan Gleason officiated as referee, giving about the same satisfaction that a few others have recently in the same capacity. The score was 5 to 4 in favor of the hardware men. The goals for the winners were shot two each by Trenneman and Locke and one by MacLachlan. For the Lobsters Overton took three goals and Lindsay one. The following is the lineup:

Stove Polishers — Goal, Pringle; point, Locke; coverpoint, Trenneman; forwards, Joyal, Herd, Forrest and McLachlan.

Lobsters — Goal, Whyte; point, Sequin; coverpoint, Maltby; forwards, Richer, Bennett, Overton and Lindsay.

Slaves of Furniture.

If man is the slave of a dog, woman is the slave of furniture. If women only knew how much more graceful—and the only way is to appeal to their vanity—they would be reclining on the floor, they would never sit up on chairs or round a table. That this is fundamentally true is proved by the fact that they are never so happy as at a picnic, where there are no chairs and tables. I really believe that the craze for putting everything on something above the floor — by which I mean tables, sideboards, etc. —grew from the custom of sleeping in ugly, cumbersome and dirt collecting beds instead of on the floor. Of course the reason why women do not sleep on the floor is because they are afraid of beetles and mice and other harmless things. Women, therefore, having invented the bed, invented the table to stand by it, and thus spread the habit of putting everything above the level of the floor.

Woman's ogirinal sin of being afraid of black beetles and mice costs man more than all the royalty, armies, navies, pension lists, prisons, poverty, schooling, national debts and wars of Europe.

I am sure I am not putting it too high when I say that the average cost of furniture per house is $1000, and if the world would only agree not to cumber its rooms with beds and tables, side boards, cabinets and chairs our ground rents would be about half what they are, and the overcrowding of our cities would come down proportionately.—'Domestic Blunders of Women.'

Transferred to St. Louis

St. Louis, Feb. 27. — M. Jules Boeufve, chancellor of the French embassy at Washington, has been temporarily transferred to St. Louis as representative of his government at the exposition during the construction period of the Grand Trianon, the national pavilion and the installation of the French exhibits.

M. Boeufve has been directed to secure headquarters in the world's fair city with a view to conducting all relations between his government and the exposition company. His duties here begin May 1.

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