

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12 (DAWSON'S PREMIER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily CONCERNING "EQUAL TERMS."

Our evening contemporary affects to make light of the fact that the holders of the Treadgold concession are preparing to take possession of the unrepresented and abandoned claims on Hunker, Bear, Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. In this connection the News has the following to say, which shows how little that paper knows of events which are occurring in this community:—

"He" (the concessionaire) says the News "has access to property which has been abandoned or may hereafter be abandoned, on Bonanza, Bear and Hunker creeks and their tributaries for the purpose of staking it, BUT UPON EQUAL TERMS WITH THE MINER."

Now, let us examine this matter for a moment and see what constitutes this equality of footing which the News claims exists between the individual miner and the concession holder.

The moment a claim lapses by reason of lack of representation it becomes open to staking. If the miner is first on the ground and first at the recording office he is at liberty to record the ground, but notice, first: He must provide himself with a miner's license at cost of \$10. Second, he must pay a fee of \$15 in exchange for the grant which he receives. Third, he must, during the year, perform \$300 worth of work upon his claim in order to hold it, and fourth, at the end of the year he renews his grant upon the payment of another \$15.

If the concessionaire or his representative reaches the ground first he has complied with all the requirements asked of him. He pays no recording fee; has no representation work to perform, and is not bothered with the matter of renewing his grant.

The only point upon which the two are on an equal is in the race for the ground; after that everything is in favor of the concessionaire.

The Nugget has shown that the concessionaire is preparing in the gold commissioner's office a list of all unrepresented ground and ground likely to lapse for that reason—which is the most important piece of information that has yet been published in connection with the concession matter.

It has been the general impression all along—an impression received from the concessionaire himself—that no advantage would be taken by him of the rights he possesses in reference to the unrepresented ground upon the creeks named.

While the miners of the district have been laboring under this impression, representatives of the concessionaire have been preparing by systematic examination of the records to take full advantage of the privileges which he enjoys.

The Nugget has given the public exclusive information concerning the matter, and has also pointed out the only remedy by which the miner can protect himself.

We have shown that all the advantage is to the concessionaire and that the miner is by no means upon an equal footing with him. It is not particularly surprising that the News knows nothing of the status of affairs, nor is it a cause for wonder that it attempts to discuss a matter of which it has no better knowledge.

Our contemporary would not be in its normal condition if it were not constantly falling from one ridiculous situation into another.

REDUCED TELEGRAPH TOLLS.

The most important news that has come to Dawson for some time is the announcement, officially confirmed today that a press rate of one dollar for each one hundred words has been established by the government for press matter transmitted from Ashcroft, the termination of the government wire, to Dawson. An unofficial report to the same effect came to the Nugget several days ago and today a telegram was received by manager Brownlow confirming the report.

This reduction will come as a boon to all readers of the Nugget who in the future, provided the line continues in working order, will be given all the telegraph matter that a live correspondent in Vancouver can secure.

This step is significant of the deep interest which the government takes in the development of the Yukon territory. When the line to Skagway was first established a rate of \$8.50

per hundred words was made. This was subsequently reduced to \$4.50. When the through line was completed to Vancouver a rate of \$4.50 per hundred words to Ashcroft and 50 cents from that point to Vancouver was announced. The present sweeping cut enables the Nugget to place a carte blanche order with its Vancouver correspondent and as long as the wire continues in working order, we shall maintain a telegraphic service unrivalled by any paper on the Pacific coast. The government will be no loser in respect to revenues by this reduction for it simply means that the newspapers will increase the amount of telegraphic matter handled to the very maximum.

The Nugget has always been the heaviest patron of the line and will continue so to be in the future. If the government succeeds in keeping the line in operation, readers of this paper may expect to receive the best telegraph service that money and enterprise can secure.

SHOULD BE CLOSELY INVESTIGATED.

The steamer Hating is hard and fast on the rocks a short distance from Vancouver, and although the passengers and cargo have been saved, it appears that the contrary might very easily have been the case. Following so closely the wreck of the Islander, this latest disaster must strengthen in the public mind the conviction that the Skagway-Vancouver steamship service is not what it should be. In the early days of the Klondike stampede, every conceivable kind of craft was pressed into service for the Skagway voyage. No thought of the risks involved was taken, and more as the result of good fortune than from any other cause, the number of accidents was comparatively few. Nondescript tubs which never should have been allowed to pass out of a harbor piled to and from Skagway, lining the pockets of their owners or charterers with gold, and miraculously remaining on top of the water.

Out of this situation grew the feeling that the passage is perfectly safe for any class of boats or for any kind of seaman.

More recent events have proven the contrary to be the case. The splendid steamer Islander has been totally wrecked—a large number of precious lives and several hundred thousands of dollars of treasure were lost.

Now, within a few weeks, comes the news that the Hating is on a rock and the fact that her passengers also were not lost seems due in a large measure to good fortune.

From all the circumstances it appears that there must be something wrong in the system of steamship service which prevails on the coast. There must be a lack of discipline on the boats or a lack of capability among the men by whom they are officered.

The situation calls for investigation—and for an investigation that will reach the root of the matter. Investigations which are dominated by the steamship companies themselves accomplish nothing, and only confirm the belief in the public mind that many things are purposely kept hidden.

There needs to be a rattling of old bones and a weeding out of incompetents and drunkards, and the sooner this takes place the better for the safety of the lives and property of people who are compelled to travel up and down the coast.

THE DIFFERENCE. An article on the development of theatrical entertainments in Dawson which appeared in a recent issue of the Nugget illustrates the progress the town has made in the way of furnishing the public with clean, respectable amusement.

The class of entertainment offered in Dawson theatres in 1897-98 would scarcely admit of detailed description in a newspaper. It was based upon an appeal to the lowest instincts, and naturally could not survive after the reformation of life began to appear.

From that time until the present there has been a gradual change until now the local theatres are presenting attractions which in every respect are worthy of public patronage.

said that the management of the line are doing everything within their power to maintain it in operation. It is most remarkable that the stupendous undertaking of connecting Dawson with Vancouver by means of the telegraph wire had been accomplished at all. That breaks in the line are continually occurring is by no means a matter of surprise. The surprise will come if it is found possible to keep the line in working order.

The Turkish brigands only require \$50,000 more in the way of a ransom to allow Miss Stone to return to her friends. The civilized powers themselves are largely responsible for the fact that such an outrageous circumstance is possible. If a display of force were occasionally allowed to take the place of finely turned diplomatic phrases the Turk would come to have a greater respect for the western powers.

Were it not for the fact that the railroad is not in operation it would be possible to order goods from Vancouver or Seattle and secure delivery yet before the close of navigation.

DUPLICATE TO THE DEVIL'S OWN

A Device for Ringing an Alarm Clock.

Station Agent's Ingenuity Saved Robbers From Wrecking Train and Making Slaughter.

Tom Dean was ticket agent and telegraph operator for the Union Pacific at Wellsville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "hotel and lunchroom." About 100 yards down the track from this popular resort at "train time" stood a low, one roomed building, the station, Tom's St. Helena.

To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was high and noble, but Tom had hopes and made the best of it. He had removed his belongings from the "hotel" to Mrs. Jordan's cozy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion and "years ahead of the village in every way." Nevertheless the uneventful days would drag, and the nights—well after the 8:50 "accommodation" pulled out until 11:30, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed in the middle of the Great Sahara. At least so Tom said many times.

One raw, gusty December night just before the holidays Tom with much pleasure piled the three cases billed through to Omaha on the truck and ran them down the track, ready to be hauled aboard the baggage car of the coming train. He was not over-tired of work, but this meant the stopping of the express, the latest newspapers and good reading for several days. To signal the express was an event.

Taking a last look at the lights, he entered the station and slammed the door after him as if to bar out the loneliness of the dripping outside world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before the white howled in the wires, the red light blinked and flickered.

"Well, of all the God forsaken"—The door opened suddenly, and two men stepped into the room, followed by a third.

"Hands up—quick!" the foremost cried.

In less than two minutes Tom was bound, gagged and lying helpless behind the partition in the baggage end of the room.

"He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Down to the siding," came the answer. "Set the white light."

The door closed quickly after them. Out of Tom's bewilderment and confusion came the question, What did it mean? Robbery? There was nothing worth the risk at the station, and the men had gone.

PEOPLE WE MEET.



R. P. McLENNAN.



JOSEPH F. BURKE

lost in the mocking howl of the wind, and he realized that the effort was strength wasted and time lost.

Again he looked at the clock—only 26 minutes remained. How fast the seconds flew! Twenty-five—

The sharp click, click, click, from the other side of the partition caught his ear—a telegraphic message. "Twenty-six 20 minutes late."

"Thank God, a delay!" Forty-four minutes now—a gain of 20. The train, due at 11:30, would not arrive until 11:30. Townsend relieved him at 12. "Too late! Too late!" raged through his mind as he glared at the clock. Then the light of hope fairly blazed in his eyes.

The summer before, when he had long, weary night watches, twice he overslept because his alarm had failed him, so to insure his call he had run a wire from the station clock to a bell in his room at the hotel. By an ingenious connection when the hands marked 11:45 the ringing of the bell brought him violently out of the land of dreams. When Tom was promoted to the shorter watch and went to live at Mrs. Jordan's, Bill Townsend, who succeeded him, left her to his room and "the devil's own" as Tom called the bell—the clock was an imitation of the one fashioned, big faced, caseless timepieces, with weights and chains and a long, heavy pendulum.

"Twenty minutes late," he muttered.

The hour hand was less than two inches from the connection, but how slowly it crept! If he could only move that hand! His knees were free. He drew his legs and came to a sitting position. Then, by a series of short jumps and bumps, he reached the wall, with great difficulty, worked himself to his feet. The pendulum swung close to his ear, but now could he reach the hand? Was he to fail now?

His eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the window, heavily barred, the torn shade partly down. His glance rested on the stick that weighted the latter, just what he needed. New hope gave him new strength. Inch by inch he edged himself along the wall to the shade, caught the stick between his teeth and sank quickly to the floor. He had succeeded. The stick was torn loose from its flimsy fastenings. Back again, up and along the wall he worked until he stood nearly under the clock. He turned sideways, raised his head until the stick pointed at the hand, made a terrific effort to reach it, failed, lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

The bodily pain was nothing to him, but he groaned in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up. The clock had stopped!

The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be started. There was still a chance of more delay. Again the struggle to regain his feet, harder now because of his growing weakness. Nearer and nearer he crept to the motionless roll. A nod of his head would start it.

"My God!" he suddenly cried. "Why didn't I think of it before? Is there still time?" And seizing the heavy brass disk at the end of the pendulum in his teeth he raised his head and detached it.

The rod, freed of its heavy weight, swung rapidly back and forward, impelling the hand onward at a greatly increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move, and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast. He sank to his knees and roared over on the floor, but his eyes were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11:45? Closer and closer it crept. Now it touched the iron connection. And moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were five minutes more before Bill would arrive.

He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound. The noise of the storm was all that he could hear. Click, click, click came from the instrument—a message from Mayville. Twenty-six had just passed. Mayville was 12 minutes up the road—must now be 11:18. Tom tried to calculate the time since the hands started on their wild race, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. What if Bill did not arrive in season? He rolled over on his face and waited for the worst.

The door burst open. "Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's voice.

"Stop 26—hold up at Dyke's siding—get men!" But Bill was gone. The red light flashed up the track, and 28, with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to make Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and said:

"It was the devil's own."—Waverley Magazine.

NOTORIOUS BENDER FAMILY

Created Some of the Darkest History of Kansas.

Murdered Their Guests for Few Paltry Dollars and the Clothes in Which They Were Dressed.

Twenty-eight years ago Kansas, indeed the whole country, was shocked by the discovery of the Bender murders. The Bender murders have few if any parallels in history.

The series of monstrous crimes was committed in the midst of a peaceful, happy and prosperous country neighborhood. Human blood was spilled like water for a few paltry dollars or even for so small a price as the poor clothing worn by the murdered travelers.

The Benders drifted into Labette county, from whence no one ever knew, early in the spring of 1873 and at once sought and entered a government homestead, a few miles out from the town of Cherryvale. They chose a level bit of prairie land in a narrow valley, along which ran the main travel road leading from Fort Scott, Osage Mission and other points to Independence, the seat of the United States land office.

This house was divided by a thin board partition, and underneath the rear part was dug a cellar about four feet deep, which had no stairway, but which could be entered by a trapdoor in the floor of the rear room. The front room was fitted with rough shelves and contained a small stock of supplies, while across the front of the outside a straggling sign announced that groceries were for sale within and that entertainment could be had for man or beast. The road ran within a few feet of the front door, and it was understood that the Benders did quite a thriving business with the many way farers who were constantly passing to and fro.

There were four persons in the family of murderers, two men and two women. Old man Bender was a German and could not speak a word of English. He was a morose and savage visaged man, who seldom spoke, even in his own tongue. His wife was also German, but she had mastered enough of English to attend to the daughter of the old couple. She spoke fairly good English, which indicated that the family had long been residents of America, despite the inability of the parents to talk English. Kate was anywhere from 25 to 30 and in appearance was not unattractive. She had good features, steel gray eyes, a full head of wavy, yellow hair and stood about 5 feet 6 inches in height.

The circumstances which resulted in the discovery of these crimes were: In April, 1873, Dr. York, a prominent physician of Fort Scott, started to visit his brother, Hon. A. M. York, at Independence. Dr. York reached Osage Mission in the afternoon, called on some acquaintances and then rode out three miles and spent the night with a farmer friend. The next morning he was met on the road not a great way from the Bender farm, and that was the last seen of him alive. When his brother was reported missing, Senator York commenced to move heaven and earth to find him. Day after day he searched for a clue, but learned no more of him than the fact that his brother had been seen at a certain spot in the road and that he then disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

"About this time four people, two men and two women, drove into Thayer, Neosho county, with a two horse wagon. They unhitched the team, tied the horses to the back of the wagon, in which there was some hay, and then went to the depot and took a north bound train, buying tickets for Humboldt. No further notice was taken of the event until the team was nearly starved, when it was taken care of.

A week or more after this occurrence a neighbor noticed the deserted appearance of the Bender farm. He made an examination of the premises and found a dead calf in the barn and more miles as any one man in the Yukon. Alternating with Mr. Grose, his partner, he never missed a trip during the extreme weather of last winter, when it was considered a risk for either man or beast to venture out for more than a few minutes at a time. Mr. Bell is a partner in the Bonanza New Co. at the Forks, one of the most thriving industries of that busy burg.

On reaching Seattle, Mr. Bell will be met by his mother from Burlington, Kansas, and together they will visit various points on the Pacific coast, reaching their home in the Sunflower state about Christmas. While he is away his brother "Pooley" Bell will take charge of his route and business.

Mr. Bell expects to return over the ice in February. His faithful work in the Klondike entitles him to a vacation and a good time, and there is no doubt but that his trip will be a pleasant one. He carries with him several small vials of Klondike gold to exhibit to his friends.

Wife Still Down. The through wire is still disconnected some place south of Atlin and as the result no news has been received direct from the outside today.

John R. Brunt, then a deputy sheriff in Labette county, was an eyewitness of the scene, and he thus describes it:—

"A great stench arose from the del-

LIGHTS WILL BE ON TONIGHT

Repairs at the Power House Are Almost Completed.

Big Generators Established on Concrete Foundations and Will Break Down no More.

For the past 72 hours a force of men have been engaged at the plant of the Dawson Electric Light & Power Co., transferring the big generating machines to the new concrete foundations.

The work progressed all day Sunday and went on last night and today. At eight o'clock the morning the smaller of the two dynamos was in position and the last newspaper offices and other institutions which make use of the electric power have been working uninterrupted today.

At three o'clock this afternoon an announcement was made by Manager Speak that the big machine will be working—order this evening—something unforeseen occurs and patrons of the company may expect that the electric lights will be in full working order by 7 o'clock this evening and possibly before that hour.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights the city was in total darkness so far as the electric lights were concerned, and the various enterprises which make use of the electric current for power purposes were forced to resort to all manner of makeshifts in order to tide over the time until the current should be turned on again.

The shut-down caused a big demand for lamps and coal oil, and in no few instances the old sort of method of illuminating houses and places of business by means of candles was revived.

Manager Speak thinks that he will now overcome every difficulty which is likely to present itself during the winter, and with the meager generators safely established on their concrete foundations, he feels confident that no more breakdowns will occur. This hope is echoed by every patron of the company, all of whom have been placed at great inconvenience and no little expense by reason of the fact that the company has been compelled to shut down during the past three days.

MANY CASES ON TRIAL

For Wages Due to Carelessness in Keeping Time.

A great many small cases, principally for wages, are now being brought under the master's and servant's act and tried before Magistrate Macaulay. In a great many of these cases the difference is an honest one and arises from careless book-keeping, the accounts of employer and employee differing widely when compared. As a result each man goes by his own record, and in some instances, there being no witnesses either side, the wisdom of a Solomon is required to arrive at a just decision. Beginning the latter part of this week Magistrate Macaulay will hear cases involving debts up to \$100 other than wage cases. These will be tried under a recent enactment of the Yukon council, entitled the small debts ordinance. It is likely that Judge Macaulay's court will be busy for some time after the opening of this new department.

CHAMPION MUSHER WHERE THE YUKON ROLLS

The Indications for Late Closes Are Good.

At eight o'clock two years ago on the morning of the 23rd of the month, two days later than today, the ice ceased to move in the Yukon in front of Dawson and remained solid as a glacier until the morning of the 8th of the following May.

Last year at 7 o'clock on the morning of November 2nd, the ice stopped in front of Dawson nor did it move again until the afternoon of the 17th of last May.

Today there is no ice in the Yukon at Dawson nor has there been for a full year—there is likely to be still mercury goes down several degrees lower than it has yet been. Those who wagered money several weeks ago that the river would close before November 10th now realize that indeed it turns cold in the very near future and ranges steadily from 16 to 20 degrees below zero every night, there is a very strong probability that they will lose their money.

Old timers say that the latest knowledge of white man was in 1860, when it was open until November 14th or 15th, and that year the first slush ice was noticeable in the river on November 2nd, after which the weather turned very cold.

Many others of the bet are being made today that the river will not close before November 12th.

Send a copy of Gostenski's story to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. Sale at all news stands. Price 12 1/2c.

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