

## The Klondike Nugget

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1903.

## RAILROAD CONNECTION.

No local action has been taken as yet in the direction of securing the extension of the Grand Trunk system into the Yukon territory.

There is no longer doubt that the Grand Trunk will push through to the Pacific as rapidly as men and money can do the necessary work and there seems to be little question that Port Simpson will be the Pacific terminal point.

A branch line extending through British Columbia to Dawson is a natural outgrowth of the company's plans, and all possible local encouragement for the furtherance of the project should be given.

The interior of this territory must be furnished with cheap and rapid transportation before anything in the nature of widespread development of its natural resources can occur.

Compared with the whole known gold bearing area of the territory, the number of square miles actually inhabited and productive is infinitesimally small.

The population of 15,000 of which the district is now able to boast ought to be no less than 50,000 and would be under more favorable conditions. The history of the west on both sides of the international line has proven beyond question that suitable transportation facilities are the greatest essential in the development of any new country and viewed from a broad standpoint it may be said that this territory is not well provided for in that particular.

Whatever can be done, therefore, in the direction of securing the entry of the Grand Trunk into this territory will be a step toward the fulfillment of the great promises which the future holds out for this northern country.

## TRUTH IN A JEST.

The Toronto Globe suggests in a semi-jocular spirit that the time may come in the Yukon district when an agitation will spring up for the protection of the agricultural industry of the territory against foreign importation. There is an element of truth contained in the Globe's pleasantry which is apparent at a glance to those who are familiar with local conditions.

In certain lines the Dawson markets were practically supplied last year by homegrown products. An extensive area was cultivated and the results were eminently satisfactory. Importations of the ordinary garden vegetables fell well below the figures of previous years and will be less than ever during the current season.

Of the harder products such as potatoes, turnips and onions, heavy importations are still made, but that is due entirely to the fact that the cultivated area has not as yet been extended sufficiently to meet the demands.

There is no longer any question as to the ability of the district to produce its own vegetable supply. Results have shown what may be accomplished in that direction and it needs only that the scope of the agricultural industry shall be somewhat extended to place the whole territory entirely independent of the outside vegetable producer.

Within another year or two the territory's yield of garden products should be sufficient to meet all home requirements.

## PUBLIC RIGHTS TO CROWN DOMAIN.

Three recent incidents go to illustrate the absurdity of flewing the crown domain, which belongs to the whole people, as a fit subject for speculative private ownership. Under existing and now venerable regulations it is possible for a man to acquire a mining claim and let it lie unworked to await the time when, through the exhaustion of other metallic deposits, it may acquire a value to which the owner has hardly at all contributed. Under other regulations it has been possible for a man to acquire in the Northwest territory the exclusive right to a timber lot, which, after the lapse of years, he finds to be of fabulous value though meanwhile it has been largely stripped of timber by fire and the Indians. Under a special order in council a virtual monopoly of the use of the water in the Klondike and its tributaries for gold-washing purposes may be granted years in advance of the time when such a monopoly is found necessary. Why should any portion of the crown domain be alienated until it is needed for exploitation, and why should the purchaser not be compelled to at once either develop his franchise or surrender it?

It may be said that to eliminate speculative holding would be to retard progress, but a moment's consideration should suffice to convince anyone of the unsoundness of this view. If the natural resources of a district are to be unimproved until they are made valuable by demand and competition, then they should remain vested in the crown, to be disposed of at the proper time in the interest of the community as a whole. The regulations under which land is alienated for purposes of settlement are stringent enough, but they are perpetually violated by evasions of the law amounting to positive frauds. What is wanted in all new countries is not land owners, but occupants, men who are there to make or enlarge clearings, erect dwelling houses to live in, establish schools, make roads, and perform other pioneer duties. It is scandalously unjust to add to the actual settlers' inevitable hardships by allowing uncleared lots to remain under non-resident ownership in the midst of otherwise progressive settlements. —Toronto Globe.

The frightful persecution to which the Jews of Russia have been subjected calls for protest from every civilized power. Russia's claims to a seat among the advanced nations will be open to question if such outrages are tolerated any longer.

The recent floods along the Missouri river have caused more damage than could be paid for by the entire output of the Klondike for a year. The disastrous results will be felt in the states of Kansas and Missouri for years to come.

## Recovers His Sight.

London, May 23.—A man 30 years old, blind from birth, had his sight restored recently by an operation for cataract at a Glasgow ophthalmic institution, which Dr. Ranney describes in the Lancet. The first thing the patient actually perceived was the face of the surgeon. At first he did not know what he saw, but the surgeon asked him to look down. The sense of hearing, guided the eye straight to the source of the sound. The patient then realized that this must be a mouth. The first time he saw yellow it made him feel sick. The first sight of red gave him pleasure.

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## THE DOG HABIT.

## The People Must Reform or Keep Away From Ball Game.

Sergeant Major Tucker had a policeman stationed at the bridge near the entrance of the ball grounds to keep out dogs yesterday evening but nevertheless a number got in and worked considerable damage to the various flower and vegetable gardens within the enclosure. Hereafter people accompanied by dogs will be denied admittance to the grounds. People must either shake off their dogs or stay at home with them.

## River Rising.

Since yesterday morning the water in the Yukon river at Dawson has risen about 14 inches and is still coming up. The Klondike is almost bank full and much drift wood is being brought down.

## Alligator's Song.

During the winter season the Zoo alligators are drowsy and dull, but with the coming of spring they begin to show signs of activity. Then it is that they utter their peculiar roaring noise. Each spring, says the Washington Post, one certain alligator begins and leads the roaring, and the others join in and stop when he ceases bellowing. This is the big saurian, the largest gator in the Zoo, and there are few sights more interesting than to watch the saurians when they are bellowing together.

The old fellow begins the song by elevating his head and jaws, and raising himself on his fore legs, and giving voice to that curious guttural and muttering bellow peculiar to the alligator alone. To a person leaning with his back against the railing of the tank and contemplating the monkeys in the cage opposite, it is to say the least a trifling starting to hear the entire herd of alligators tune up in one thundering bellow from one end of the tank to the other. The noise made by the gators is unlike the noise of any other animal. It can hardly be called a bellow, nor is it in the strict sense of the term a roar, such as one hears from the lions in the cage opposite thereto. The nearest one can come to describing the noise made by these creatures is to say that it bears a very close resemblance to distant thunder increasing and approaching. There is a peculiar muttering or rattling noise that the saurians utter at the same time they are bellowing or roaring. The noise-making of the Zoo alligators is a thing well known to a great many Washingtonians who resort to the Zoo on pleasant Sundays every spring. It is not always, however, that one can enjoy the novelty of listening to these lizards, as they are rather capricious and bellow only when they see proper.

The keepers of the National Zoo tell some interesting stories about the bellowing of these alligators. From what they relate it appears there are a great number of people who are in utter ignorance of the vocal powers and accomplishments of the alligator, and who are immensely surprised and startled when they hear these creatures tune up for a grand concert.

Contrary to the opinion frequently expressed the Zoo alligators bellow both in and out of water, although it is a noticeable fact that the old leader always begins his song on land, and if there are any in the water, they join in the chorus, but swim as rapidly as possible to the high shelf where the leader of the orchestra is stationed. The monkeys in the cages opposite the tank have become accustomed to these impromptu concerts and pay no attention to them, but it is a curious fact that whenever any new monkeys reach the Zoo and are placed in the cages with the others, they become greatly excited and alarmed the first few times they hear them, as well as over the roaring of the lions, doubtless recognizing in the roar of each the notes of their old enemies of the jungle.

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## Mr. Bowser Celebrates the Fourth

Mr. Bowser had a good-sized bundle under his arm as he came home the other evening, and, of course, Mrs. Bowser's curiosity was aroused as to the contents. His evasive replies made her certain that he had been investing in some new fad, and it was not until dinner was over and the bundle had been carried to the sitting room that he made ready to explain.

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, as he crossed his hands under his coat-tails, "in the year 1776 the American Colonies determined to throw off the English yoke of despotism."

"Yes, I've read of it," she replied.

"In convention assembled at Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July, a Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed, and American freedom was born. That is the reason we celebrate the Fourth of July. You probably never gave it a thought before, and you probably will forget it in half an hour, but I thought I would just mention the fact."

"Thanks—it is very kind of you," she said.

"For the last three or four years," he went on, "circumstances have prevented us from celebrating the glorious day as patriotic citizens should, but this year we will make up for it. The man who would forget Independence Day is no true American. It is a day when we should remember what our forefathers passed through in order that we might be free men instead of slaves. I don't suppose you ever think of Washington, do you—the noble, patient and unselfish Washington?"

"Very often. You know, the Washington saloon is right around the corner, and I never pass it without thinking of the Father of his country."

"See here, woman!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he began to flush up. "I don't like your flippant manner of speech. If you have no interest in the history of America you can turn to some love-sick novel, but if you care to know whether you are the daughter of a Hottentot or an American patriot, you'd better listen with respect."

"Isn't Fourth of July a pretty old subject?" she asked.

"It may be for traitors!" he pointedly replied, "but not for the grandsons of those who fought and fell at Lexington and Bunker Hill."

"Well, what about the coming Fourth? Has it anything to do with that bundle?"

"There is this about the coming Fourth," he began, "I'm going to whip up a bang. We have done so little for the past three or four years that people around here are beginning to wonder whether our forefathers were Hessians or patriots. I'm going to turn loose and let 'em know. I'll hang a flag from every window during the day, and when night comes I'll show the neighborhood such a show of fireworks as it has not seen for years. The bundle contains only the first installment. There are some empty rockets which I am going to fill myself."

"You don't mean that you are going to fool around with powder?" she exclaimed in alarm.

"I am going into the dining room presently to fill some rockets, some thing new in the line of pyrotechnical display. While I am thus engaged I wish you would get down my American history and post yourself a little. I don't suppose you know, for instance, whether Lord Cornwallis was English or American?"

"I know that if you are going to handle powder around here I shall leave the house till you get through. What made you think of such a thing? You are sure to bring about an accident."

"I shall fill the rockets, Mrs. Bowser, and there will be no accident," he blandly replied. "When General Bowser handled powder at Bunker Hill the only accident was to the enemy. It was the same when Colonel Bowser handled powder at Yorktown. While I am doing the work I wish you would read the Declaration of Independence to me. I've read it a hundred times, of course, but as I may be asked some questions about it next week I'd like to be sure on certain points."

"I—I think I'll run into Brown's for half an hour!" she faltered.

"There's no use of my reading the Declaration of Independence to you in order to be blown up at the finish. Mr. Bowser, don't fool with powder at night!"

"Nobody is going to 'fool,' as you call it. You must take me for a ten-year boy. If you don't want to stay I shall not ask you to. I brought those rockets home to fill, and fill 'em I shall. You've got about as much patriotism in your soul as our old cat."

Mrs. Bowser put on her hat and took a skip, and the dining room, being clear, Mr. Bowser laid his bundle on the table and proceeded to business. Filling those rockets was an idea of his own. The man who sold him the empty shells and powder had sought to dissuade him, but that only made him all the more determined. He had just opened the package when the cook came in and caught sight of the contents, and asked:

"Is it fireworks ye are foolin' wid, Mr. Bowser?"

"I'm making some rockets," he replied.

"Then ye'll excuse me, but I'll go out in the back yard and take a seat agin the fence. I was blown up by

gunpowder once, and me toes are not done crackin' yet."

He flushed red as he glared at her, but she didn't wait, a minute before vacating her kitchen for the yard. There were six empty rockets and a pound of loose powder, and as Mr. Bowser worked away he couldn't see the slightest chance for an accident. All he had to do was to spoon the powder into the shells and put on the pasteboard cap and glue it fast. He had filled three of them, when it occurred to him that he might be called upon to deliver a brief address at his club.

"By George, but I ought to have something ready in case I'm called out," he whispered to himself as he suspended his labors to rise up and walk about. "Let's see? Let's see? I'd want to start in with the landing of the Pilgrims, of course. They wouldn't expect a speech over ten minutes long. I'd give two minutes to the Pilgrims—two to English tyranny and the outbreak of the Revolution—two more—"

to fast company in 1890, and is still a great catcher and worth big money to any team. Brooklyn has two veterans in Doyle and Dahleh. Doyle came into the American Association about 1890 and Dahleh, when only 18 years old, broke into the old Anson team in brotherhood year. Doyle is now somewhat passe and there is not much talk of Dahleh these days, although he is still a corking good infielder.

Joe Kelly of the Reds had a tryout in big company in 1891 and came back about 1903. Jake Beckley has been with the stars since 1888 and Tom Corcoran was a brotherhood discovery. Bill Phillips was with Pittsburgh in 1890 and came back to fast company about 1903. New York's dean is the good old veteran, George Van Haltren, who played a few games in the National in 1886 and became a regular Chicago player in 1887.

Roaring Bill Kennedy of Pittsburgh has been shooting them over for about ten seasons in fast company. Patsy Donovan of St. Louis butted into the stellar ranks in 1890 and

gunpowder once, and me toes are not done crackin' yet."

Mr. Bowser fished a cigar out of his pocket and struck a light. He forgot all about the powder in trying to work out a speech. The powder didn't forget him, however. It was boiling its time, and the time came almost with the first puff of the cigar. There was a great flash and a puff. The cook saw it through the open doors, but she had scarcely leaped to her feet with a scream when Mr. Bowser appeared at the back door. Close behind him were the rockets he had filled. They were spitting and sputtering and twisting and leaping, but always having his back as an objective point. The three hit him in chorus as he reached the door, and before the cook could get out of his way she was run over and slammed against the fence. She did not faint away, but could only dimly remember of three streaks of fire playing back and forth—of yells and cuss-words—of some heavy body climbing the fence and falling kerplunk! on the other side. Then the fire bells rang and the engines came, and for ten minutes water was being pumped into the lower part of the house at the rate of a hundred barrels a minute. Mr. Bowser was not with the crowd in front of the house. He did not show up when the firemen left. The bells sounded midnight, and yet he was absent. It was within an hour of daylight when he came sneaking in, and Mrs. Bowser sat waiting for him. His hair had been frizzled and singed; the back of his coat had been burned away; his eyes had a hunted look, and there was mud on his boots and blood on his ears.

"Wo-woman—" he began, as he stood before her with arm outstretched—"woman, I see how—"

But he never finished. Mrs. Bowser took him by the shoulder and whirled him around and pointed up stairs and he bowed his head and humbly climbed up and fell upon the bed with a sigh of relief. As a patriot he was not a success and he knew it.

Old Time Stars.

The active career of a ball player, as compared to that of a man in other lines of business, is not a long one. A review of the players now in the two big leagues shows that only a small percentage of the number have lasted more than ten seasons, while most of the men now prominent in the national sport are of from five to seven years' experience—in the harness long enough to be thoroughly versed in all the ins and outs of the game, and yet not too old to be lithe and agile.

Jimmy Ryan, now with Washington, is papa to them all. It was the fall of 1885 when James came to Chicago and every fan knows of his subsequent career. Ed Delehan of the Senators has been in service for about fifteen years, and Kip Selbach for about ten.

Lave Cross is the antique of the Athletics and is still a crackerjack, although he was with the real old time Athletics in 1886. The grand old man of the Boston Somersets is Charley Farrell, who dates from the old Chicago team of 1887. Cy Young, the mighty pitcher, still a winner, began swinging his arm for Cleveland in 1890.

Tom Daly is the veteran of the Chicago White Sox and has been in the game since 1887 and is still a good ball player. Jack McCarthy of the Cleveland has been in the game for just about ten years. Jim McGuire of Detroit was with Philadelphia in 1886 so he can plead guilty to being in his seventeenth year of fast company.

New York's aged heroes are three all stars—Herman Long, Jack O'Connor and Clark Griffith. Long came in during the brotherhood year and Griffith in 1893. Jack O'Connor has been backstopping since 1890 and is still a kingly catcher.

Joe Sargent of the Browns first hit the fast procession in 1893. Jesse Burkett, the grab, is the oldest of the St. Louis mob, having been with New York in 1890.

Bobby Lowe is the only player on the Chicago National team of ten years or more of big league campaigning, although Casey and Menee spent many seasons in smaller leagues before breaking into the big organization. Lowe came in brotherhood year 1890, and is still a strong, heady and extremely valuable player. Malachi Kittredge is the eldest of the Boston players. He also came in

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Jack Ryan has seen about as many campaigns.

Billy Hallman of the Phillies has been a major league player since about 1887. Chief Zimmer, the Quaker manager, has seen about the same amount of service.

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