

The Klondike Nugget

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THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1900.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The time for arranging the details of the 4th of July celebration is slipping rapidly by. There is not left more than enough time to complete the arrangements laid out by the various committees if the original plans are adhered to.

We have no doubt that if the celebration is carried out along the lines contemplated that there will be a general suspension of work on the 4th throughout all the country adjacent to Dawson and the town will be filled to overflowing with guests.

An effort will be made to secure the presence of a portion of the American soldiers now at Eagle City, and if arrangements can be made to bring them to Dawson on the 4th they will form an important feature of the proposed parade.

In respect to the latter feature of the celebration, business houses in Dawson should take note of the fact that by being represented in the grand industrial parade they not only contribute to the success of the day, but also receive the benefit of exceedingly valuable advertising.

The point should not be overlooked that the finance committee must be well received while prosecuting its work of raising funds or the celebration will lack what is most necessary in making it a success. The occasion is one upon which everyone is warranted in becoming a little more generous than usual.

Dawson has never been behind on such occasions before, and we confidently anticipate that every one will contribute willingly and to the extent of his ability.

WHISKY FAMINE.

Let it not be heralded from the housetops nor yet let it even be breathed above a whisper, but it is an unmistakable, undeniable fact that Dawson is confronted by the grim spectre of a whisky famine. There have been times when a scarcity of flour, beans and bacon and other similar luxuries seemed inevitable in this good metropolis of the Klondike, but the town managed to survive and flourish in spite of threatening starvation.

The devastating fire fiend has laid his hand upon us at divers and sundry times, but that courage which is born of unconquerable determination came to the rescue, and on each and every occasion the town has been rebuilt on a larger scale than before. The iron yoke of legislative oppression has been, figuratively speaking, forced upon the neck of this devoted community and still hope has continued to spring rampant within our hearts. But we shudder to contemplate the possible results of this new and unlooked for calamity. The terrors of starvation, of fire and oppression are as nothing when compared with Dawson—without whisky.

The words conjure up a vision which the mind refuses to grasp. There are limitations placed upon the human intellect which cannot be overreached without danger to the mental machinery. The powers of imagination cannot be overtaxed with impunity. Therefore, we do not attempt a description of what Dawson, whiskyless, would be like. The task is altogether of too Herculean proportions.

Without doubt the Boers will be able to maintain a sort of guerilla warfare against the British for months yet to come if they so desire. The Transvaal is not small in respect to area by any means, and when the nature of the country and its adaptability to the Boers' peculiar methods of fighting are considered it may easily be seen upon what grounds the Boers base the claim that they will be able to continue the war for an indefinite length of time. As soon as the organized forces of Boers are scattered, a police system somewhat similar to the Northwest Mounted Police will be inaugurated, by means of which it is hoped that law and order will be maintained and armed resistance to British authority speedily brought to an end. It may be anticipated that a period will ensue somewhat similar to the "reconstruction days" which followed in the wake of the civil war in the states. The old wounds, however, will gradually heal and the bitterness disappear, more especially, if as is contemplated, the younger generation of Boers are taken into the confidence of their victors and positions of responsibility apportioned among them. Time and fair play should transform the transvaal from a hostile republic into a loyal British dependency.

She Got Damages.

"I was standing at the end of the depot platform of a little crossroads station down in Virginia several weeks ago," said the colonel, "when a little old woman drove up with an ox harnessed to a cart, and, handing the lines to a little colored boy who was loafing around, she came up the steps and asked:
"Stranger, will you back a lone widder to git justice?"
"How back you?"
"This yere railroad has run over one of my hogs and won't pay fur him I've cum down yere to git 6 bits fur that hog or turn loose on somebody I'll walk up to that critter inside and demand my money. He won't pay, and I'll tackle him. Will yo' back me to see a fa'r fout?"
"Why, you are a woman and should not think of having a fight with a man," I replied.
"Never yo' mind about my bein a woman, stranger! It's 6 bits or tackle him, and it'll help me along to know yo' are behind me. Will yo' do it or see me git licked and lose my cash to boot?"
"I said I'd see fair play and went in with her. She walked up to the station master and spat on her hands and said:
"Yo' know about that hog! I's 6 bits or I'll light on to yo'!"
"Why, Mrs. Ramsay, I don't own the railroad."
"Six bits or a tackle," she replied.
"I'll send your claim up to headquarters to be acted on."
"Stranger, hold my sunbonnet, and don't let him gouge my eyes out or pull my ha'r!" she said as she untied the strings.
"Now, then—"
"Here's your 6 bits," he said as he handed out three quarters.
"Thankee. Good money, is it? That squar's the hog, and that won't be no fout. I jest reckoned that was a way to git at a railroad, but I didn't know exactly how it was done."
"I went out to see her into the cart, and when she got seated she extended her hand and said:
"Stranger, I was a lone widder and wanted backin, and yo' backed me. I hain't no woman as can shed tears nor git off big words, but my arnest wish is that the Lawd may dun hev mercy on yo'r soul, amen. G'long, Sal!"—
Washington Star.

STROLLER'S COLUMN

There is no doubt but that, if asked his native state, he would reply "Missoury."

Monday evening when every man, woman and child in the city who were not going down the river on the Hannah, were at the dock to see others go, the man from "Missoury" was also there. As the steamer pulled out for the long journey and headed down the broad Yukon, the old man cast his eyes slowly over the vast crowd on the street and said: "Wall, I reckon that is a heap of us left yit."

No matter how far away a man may be from home influence and restraint; no matter what depth of mental degradation and moral depravity a man may sink, he still has within him a trace of respect for his mother's sex, and still admires female reserve and modesty. A sight, therefore, which was witnessed at the Palace Grand Monday night was sufficient to kindle a feeling of disgust in the heart of the very lowest specimen of the human male creation.

The Stroller in the above refers to the female "it" which so outrageously and unashamedly carried on with a male "it" who, probably being defective in the upper story, appeared to be proud of the attention paid him, even though it came from the source it did.

Not caring to take the time for acquiring personal experience by actual demonstration, the Stroller the other day hunted up a man whose name appeared in the police court notes as having been fined for drinking too freely of the slumber brand of hootch, and succeeded in drawing from him a description of the feelings and sensations incident to imbibing a few drinks of the stuff. At first the fellow demurred, but finally complied with the request made.

"The first drink of slumber hootch," said he, "makes you feel as though you had moved out of your old self and into an entirely new man; and you feel in duty bound to drink with the new man. That drink causes ecstatic visions to parade before your eyes, a veritable panorama of loveliness. Then is when a man forgets that he worked a lay and came out \$80,000 in the hole, or that he signed a hide-bound contract last fall to work for wages and wait until the spring cleanup for his pay, and that his employer rocked out the ground as it was mined and went down the river in a small boat without paying for the labor the man performed. What bliss! In the halo of glory by this time attained, one more drink does the work. It is taken and the world is yours. Your eyes became tired and heavy from looking over your vast possessions; the sidewalk is yours and it looks like a flowery bed of ease, and you proceed to occupy it as such. That is the last you remember for several hours, although you may dream that a man with yellow stripes on his pants is kindly assisting you along the street, but you are soon asleep again.

"Some time early the next morning you awake with a taste in your mouth that causes you to mentally ask 'When did I eat rotten cabbage? By this time you open your eyes and look around and exclaim 'In jail, b'gosh!' It seems like a week until 10 o'clock comes and you are walked out and before the police magistrate.

And the man who had so vividly imparted his experience looked anxiously at the Stroller and said "I would give \$10 for a mouthful of garlic."

It is pleasing to know that the arrangements for a proper celebration of the Fourth of July are coming along so auspiciously, and that the event will show that loyalty to the native land still lives in the breasts of those who are not on native soil, but on that of a friendly nation whose people will join in the events of the great day.

"Why this incongruity," was the question asked by Leroy Tozier of the Stroller one day recently as a scavenger wagon passed, having on its side in big letters the word "Scavenger," as if any one would mistake it for a family carriage or gurgener.

Tomorrow the Longest Day.

Being the 21st of June tomorrow will be the longest day of the year as at that time the sun will reach the Arctic circle, starting on the return trip the following day and by the 21st of December will have reached the Antarctic circle. It is said by those who have been here during the previous years that, from the top of the hill where Capt. Jack's flag waves, the sun can be seen, by a little rubbing, at midnight on the 21st. Therefore, in order to be able to say to posterity "I have gazed on the midnight sun," a number of chechakos are

planning to ascend the hill northeast of the city tomorrow night for the purpose of seeing Old Sol turn the corner without setting. It will be the sight of a lifetime and one which should not be missed. The hour for starting on the upright trip will be about 10 o'clock, and the man who goes ahead with an outfit for a lunch counter will probably enjoy a lucrative trade.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

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Best potatoes in town. Mohr & Wilkens.

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Potatoes, eggs, lemons. Mohr & Wilkens.

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Mining Machinery of All Descriptions. Pumping Plants a Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery.
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Under management of J. H. WETTER, with a stock of the Best Liquors, Wines, Cigars, etc., in Dawson.
Corner 2d Ave. and Harper St.
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These Steamers Hold the Record for Three Successive Years for
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SAILS FROM C. D. CO'S DOCK.

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For affording purposes has been greatly overcome by using our
Canvas Hose,
Made for conveying water (FLUME HOSE); we make them in all sizes. We also make the
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