

WHAT STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN.

If You Don't "Stand In" You Can't Prospect.

A Few Questions and Answers Relative to Some of the Peculiar Conditions Existing in and Around Dawson.

The city of Dawson is full of strangers and the air for two weeks past has been full of unanswered questions and wonderings concerning the why and the wherefore of certain doings by the various commissioners and others in authority at this place. Among other things it was being asserted by the streets that valuable ground on the Klondike and its tributaries was being held from entry, that prospectors would spend their time in vain around here as they were being refused permission to record on ground unstacked and not held for the crown. Then there was the story of hundreds of gallons of whiskey brought in under the proper signature of the lieutenant governor, passed by the various police posts from the summit to Selkirk and now withheld from sale by the Yukon commissioner himself.

Then there were vague wonderings at the sudden removal of Sergeant Richards from the marshaling of this place. It was said that without any charges being made he was given but six hours to leave by first steamer for the distant post of Tagish.

Again, there was the strange action of the authorities some time ago in collecting a \$2000 license from each and every saloon man then in business. Suddenly it is learned that no license is necessary and saloons spring up on every hand like mushrooms in a night.

These and other vain questions the Nugget man caught in the air and proceeded on Wednesday evening to set at rest by an interview with Major Walsh, the gentleman in supreme control of all things pertaining to this section. The following questions were then propounded:

Q.—Major Walsh, is there any conflict of authority between the two forces of the N. W. M. T. now occupying this city?

A.—"Not that I am aware of."

Q.—Then why was a \$2000 license collected by one branch of the administration and afterwards remitted by yourself?

A.—"I remitted no saloon license at all. I simply told the men that had I been here one week earlier it would not have been collected under the authority of the lieutenant governor, whose powers in this matter were superseded by myself on my appointment as Commissioner of the Yukon."

Q.—Then in collecting this license money the lieutenant governor exceeded his authority?

A.—"It would appear so. The licensing power lies in myself."

Q.—Major, will you tell the Nugget why certain lots of liquors in Dawson are held up by the police?

A.—"The whiskey in question came in without a proper permit."

Q.—Then how did it get by the police at the summit, at Bennett, at Tagish, at Hooto, at Selkirk, at Big and Little Salmon and at Selkirk?

The major here explained that previous to his appointment a permit to bring in whiskey was good coming from the lieutenant governor, but that now it must issue from himself. The police at the various posts mentioned had erred in honoring the lieutenant governor's permit. He further stated that this matter had now been referred to Ottawa and he would not release the whiskey by a permit over his own signature until heard from there.

In the matter of the depositing of Sergeant Richards the Major was more reticent. The commissioner would give no reason for the depositing of his subordinate, though some very pertinent questions were put and answered.

Q.—Was the sergeant removed for licensing the Klondike-Louisiana Lottery Co. for \$50 per month?

A.—"I had no knowledge of his doing this. He had no power to grant license nor grant anything without referring to his superior."

Q.—Was not his removal to a distant post in the nature of a degradation, and was not six hours notice to be prepared to depart a somewhat summary proceeding?

The Major smilingly replied that the why and the wherefore of administrative matters was not for the general public, but that six hours was ample time for a policeman to report elsewhere.

In the matter of placer grounds withheld from entry the Major explained, at some length, that it laid with Gold Commissioner Fawcett. It appears that the Commissioner can, at his option, give to any man or any party of men the exclusive privilege of prospecting on the Klondike and its tributaries. The time limit is fixed by himself and during this time the district so set apart cannot be prospected, staked nor recorded, even though a miner hold a stack of licenses as thick as a family Bible. The Major admitted that this most astonishing state of affairs did not meet with his approval at all—that while Mr. Fawcett could be trusted not to transcend the permit power, it was a power liable to immense abuses.

Dangerous Thirty-Mile.

C. P. Dan and J. H. Woolery, who arrived Tuesday morning, report Thirty-Mile river a regular graveyard for boats. At the time they left the foot of Lake LeBarge eight scows accompanied them; five went to pieces on the treacherous rocks. Two other scows, heavily loaded with provisions, were also sunk although part of the cargo was saved. In the many accidents which have happened it is a pleasure to note that there has been no great loss of life, only one drowning being reported so far. The

steamer Kalamazoo, which struck Casey's rock, was raised and repaired and a considerable portion of the cargo saved, and the Kalamazoo party is now at the mouth of the Indian river. With the low stage of water that has prevailed this spring and summer that river is considered and has proven to be more dangerous to navigate than the Canyon and White Horse. There are those who doubt if some of the steamers advertised to go to the lakes will ever be able to get back against its swift and winding current.

Thirty Dollars a Gallon.

The first milk cow ever in Dawson arrived on Wednesday. She was not very well pleased with her surroundings and did not give much milk, but that first milking brought just \$30 in Klondike dust. She will be treated to the best that Dawson affords—four and a half cents a day—and is expected to do better as the days grow shorter. One hundred dollars a milking is not too much to expect of her, as she comes of good family and will not do anything to make her ancestors turn over in their graves—or more properly speaking—in the stomachs of their patrons. H. L. Miller is the man who brought her in along with 19 male companions. The gentleman is more favorably known as "Cow" Miller, and as "Cow" Miller let him be known from this on.

All hail to you Mrs. Bovine! May your shadow never grow less and may your society improve the people—internally at least. Welcome you are and it is trusted the welcome will bring a stampede of your kind, for it is considered you are a valuable addition to Dawson.

The Telephone Company Stinging Wires.

The Yukon Telephone and Telegraph Company strung their first wire on Wednesday, and shouted their first "hello." The first message was from Dominion Hotel in Dawson to the main office at Klondike City. An amusing incident occurred during the pole setting period. The holes were dug about four feet in the frozen ground. The following conversation was overheard by the Nugget man. Said the first man, in an intense whisper:

"Say, did you see what the damned fools are doing. Why didn't they dig in the back yard?"

"What's the matter with the street?" said the second man.

"Why it don't get dark nights and someone is bound to see them."

"Well, suppose they do?"

The first party was exasperated at the stupidity of his hearer and muttered contemptuously:

"Why, can't you see that even if they find anything it will be recorded before they get to the office?"

With a loud laugh, the second party replied: "They're only diggin' holes for telephone poles, you chump. Did you think they were diggin' for gold?" and then they went in and liquidated at the nearest depot.

They Did Not Get the Letters.

A shameful tale of duplicity came to hand Wednesday. When a man in this country writes a letter out in the dead of winter and pays someone a dollar or a dollar and a half to carry it to salt water, he demonstrates himself to be quite anxious for it to go. When over two hundred men do the same thing and the custodian of the letters plays false and makes no effort to carry out his contract, there is likely to be a wave of public indignation which will make Dawson quite warm for him for some time to come. Still, for the sake of those who supposed they had sent out drafts for letters of affection for their friends last spring we deem it but proper to publish the following from G. G. Berg, Dawson's enterprising butcher and all around trader: "One of the last voluntary mail carriers last spring was Anders. Anders collected his goodly fees on several hundred letters and disappeared up river. It was not long before Anders reappeared with the story that he had fallen and injured himself at Selkirk and had paid someone else to go on with the letters. The story was plausibly told and went down quite easily, and when he asked of G. G. Berg permission to deposit some loose baggage in his first avenue building, the permission was readily granted. But after a while Mr. Berg grew suspicious. He eyed the baggage and felt the bags. At last he called in the police to investigate. The result of official examination yesterday was the unearthing of the identical letters which were supposed to have been received by loving wives and mothers months ago. The only action taken by the police, as far as we know, was to list the letters and then compel Mr. Anders to pay postage and start them again on their slow journey. Those who think their letters were with this man can get information from the proper authorities."

Where the Difference Comes In.

The newcomer gets somewhat chafed when he arrives at Dawson to find that the great big boat over which he expended so much time and labor is not worth over ten or twenty dollars in even this city of high prices. Then when he prices one of the "float-picks" piling boats, not half so stout as his own, he almost collapses at the quotation of three hundred dollars. Boys, it makes all the difference in the world whether you are buying or selling.

It Rains Some.

Many newcomers are puzzled to know how to reconcile the dirt roofs of Dawson's buildings with the severe thunder showers of the past week. They supposed the dirt roofs to be a guarantee that rain on the Yukon was almost a minor quantity. F. Knight, of the "Jolly Old Timer" is authority for the statement that for a circle of twenty miles of the river rain has heretofore been a rarity. However, the present rain has raised the river and the fleet of boats on the bar are now afloat again.

A MOST WORTHY INSTITUTION.

How Dawson's Unfortunates Are Taken Care Of.

Rev. Father Judge Taking Care of All Comers at the Hospital—A Deficiency Stops Building—Six Hundred Patients in One Year.

Seeing that the principal part of Dawson's population is made up of recent arrivals, a description of our hospital and the way in which it is conducted will not be out of place. The climate of Dawson, and indeed the whole Northwest, must be decidedly healthy or the knee-deep mud of Dawson would ere this have demonstrated it to be otherwise. Yet here as elsewhere a place set apart for the sick and accidentally injured was early found to be an absolute necessity. The man to jump in and fill the breach was the Rev. W. H. Judge, S. J. Last August he erected a modest two-story building 30x24 feet, on the side hill near Dawson's famous glacier spring. The sick were quick to avail themselves of the means of health and from then until now the number of inmates has steadily increased. An addition 30x24 feet was put on for the accommodation of four Sisters of St. Anne, daily expected up river from the Holy Cross Mission. This building had to be at once lined with beds for the throngs of the sick and hurt. Again an addition of 30x24 feet was erected for dwelling purposes but hardly was the roof in place when more patients necessitated more beds and the whole institution was filled with the sick and suffering gold hunters.

Every one should be made acquainted with how this institution is supported and conducted. In the first place it is entirely un denominational. In the second place no man, be he white, black or yellow, be he million-ire claim holder or hustled prospector, was ever refused entrance to these hospitable doors. Yet the expenses of such a wide open institution are enormous. They are provided for in three ways: First there are the hospital tickets sold to any one in this section at the modest sum of \$50. These entitle the holder to anything the hospital can provide in the way of board, together with night and day nursing, etc. Then for \$5 per day patients are taken without tickets. Any one familiar with Dawson prices will easily realize what is now a demonstrated fact, that this second source of revenue will not cover expenses. Then there are the daily arrivals of the hidden humanity without tickets and without means. These are supposed to be provided for by contribution, but when it is known that from this source alone there is now a deficiency of \$25,000 on the books of the institution it will be seen that donations as a source of revenue, is at best a decidedly uncertain quantity and in mathematics would be represented by the symbol "x." Some of our generous and wealthy citizens should know that on last Saturday work on a 30x24 foot addition was stopped for lack of funds, and 25 men familiar with the work disbanded.

Six hundred patients have been taken care of in one year with a total of only 30 deaths. So much for results.

Separate and distinct and supported by funds wholly outside the hospital is St. Mary's church, burned down three weeks ago. The hospital contained 60 patients at the time, in various stages of sickness and convalescence. It is gratifying to know that in spite of a natural panic at the proximity of that raging furnace, the patients were all removed from the hospital and back again after the fire, without the slightest injury to one of the unfortunates. The loss was total. Services will be conducted the coming Sunday in temporary quarters.

Altogether the kindly Father Judge has had a great deal to contend with, and the Nugget extends to him the hand of sympathy and encouragement. May he continue on in his good work, the capable head of a most worthy institution.

Sent Out By His Friends.

S. Steves of Seattle, spent last winter in here and was sick most of the time. His supplies and money were soon exhausted, and he was at the mercy of his friends. These he found many and true, and he was cared for. Not recovering with the coming of summer, they thought it best that he should return home. As it was all a purely charitable proposition, the two old commercial companies were approached for a discount in fares to meet the case, but no reduction was offered nor any other help given. An employer of one of them more generous-hearted than the employer, subscribed cash to help the man but—44—helped for a Cheechoko company, operating the Seattle No. 1 to give the needed help. For \$75.00 they carry the sick man first class to Seattle.

Who Will Win the Ticket.

Mr. W. H. Churchill, agent for the Columbia Navigation Co., will give a first-class passage ticket, including meals and berth from Dawson to Seattle, free, to the party who first reports to him sighting from Dawson the first steamer of the company from the outside to arrive here. Mr. Churchill expects the "Mammoth" or "Sovereign" to be the first of his company's fleet to arrive.

For a Fancy Lunch.

Choice pastries and the finest coffee, call on the Vienna Bakery and Coffee House.

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