

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 10
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

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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, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone 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.

TO PROTECT MINERS.

A bill has been introduced before the Yukon council, the purpose of which is to secure protection for miners working below ground. With the principles involved in the measure, there will be general and hearty sympathy. There has been much carelessness in the past, the effect of which has been noticeable in the various accidents which have occurred from time to time on the different creeks.

In many cases shafts have not been properly walled, and drifts have been left without being timbered sufficiently, and from these causes no few accidents have occurred.

Lack of ventilation has probably been the cause of more disasters than any other one thing. Every few days reports are published in the local papers of men overcome by accumulated gas, with results occasionally fatal.

Abandoned shafts, left with out enclosure of any nature around the mouth have also been a prolific source of disaster.

The ordinance now before the council is expected to overcome as nearly as possible all these dangers, and make the occupation of mining in the Klondike as nearly safe as possible.

The clause in the ordinance which forbids the employment of boys under 12 years of age is specially to be commended. Children should not, under any circumstances, be allowed to work in a mine.

A thorough inspection of the ordinance in all its technical features may disclose portion to which objections may be made, but in its general provisions, the measure is deserving of endorsement.

President Roosevelt has remarked to Mr. Hanna that when the latter gentleman's advice is required in the conduct of the administration, it will be sought. And he also took occasion to mention to a delegation of Southern Democrats who came to assure him that the South would support him, the fact that he is president of all the States and of no section in particular. Evidently Teddy will be heard from. The new president possesses a good many qualities which will endear him to the American people, not the least of which is his striking individuality and firmness of character.

There is no danger of a serious freight blockade this fall. Everything is practically cleared out at White Horse and the boats now coming have comparatively small cargoes. Evidently the experience of the past two years has proven profitable.

Dawson will soon be face to face with the incorporation question again. An inexpensive set of municipal machinery as is proposed by Commissioner Ross, ought not to prove a burden to the community. A municipal government is purely a business proposition. If Dawson can govern

(itself as well and as economically as the Yukon council has done for the past two years, and if all tax payers are allowed to participate in the selection of officers, nearly all the objections to incorporation will be overcome.

Somewhere a thousand or more miles from Dawson a tree has fallen down, and presto! we are cut off from the world, and relegated again to the conditions which prevailed in 1898. The telegraph line has given us a taste of the fruit of knowledge of outside doings and we feel as though that same fruit should remain constantly on our bill of fare. If, however, an occasional breakdown occurs, we may learn better to appreciate what a real blessing the wire is when it gives us uninterrupted communication with the outside world.

Mr. A. B. Clegg, who has filled the office of manager of the Dominion telegraph line, has received a very deserved promotion. Mr. Clegg goes to White Horse to assume the superintendency of Ashcroft-Porterville division of the government line, the position heretofore filled by Mr. Crean. Mr. Clegg's advancement is well deserved, and he will carry with him the very best wishes of everyone who has had business with the local telegraph office during Mr. Clegg's management.

All detailed reports contained in the outside newspapers concerning the first race between Columbia and Shamrock, agree that the contest was the most exciting ever witnessed in the history of international yacht racing. From the descriptions which have been published of the initial race it must have been as exciting as the chariot race which Lew Wallace tells of in *The Hur*.

FINISHED IN THREE WEEKS

Arctic Brotherhood's New Home Will Be Warmed.

Camp Dawson, No. 4 Arctic Brotherhood, held an interesting meeting Tuesday night at McDonald hall. Mr. Elvidge, who is in charge of the construction work on the new fraternity hall, announced that the hall will be completed in three weeks, and it was unanimously decided to give a house warming in honor of the event. The regular entertainment committee was instructed to prepare a report as to the character of entertainment to be given, and will make its report at the next meeting at which time the date will be set.

Mr. Frank Mortimer, who has occupied the office of trail blazer as well as a trusteeship in the camp, tendered his resignation from both positions on account of his leaving for the outside. Mr. Ron. M. Crawford was elected to fill the position of trail blazer and Mr. John Gilson was elected as a trustee. Mr. J. D. Lomax expects to leave for the outside Friday of this week and tendered his resignation as secretary. Dr. Edwards was elected to fill his place. The camp is now making preparations for an exceedingly active winter.

What He Thought.

Citizen (angrily).—Why didn't you stop the car for me?
Conductor.—How was I to know you wanted to get on?
"Didn't you see me swinging my arms and jumping up and down and waving my umbrella?"
"Of course. Couldn't any one help seeing you? The hull street was looking at you."
"Then why didn't you stop?"
"I thought you had the jimjams."
New York Weekly.

Fresh Lowney's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

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Wool Lined Mitts
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WAR STORY OF OLD VIRGINIA

The Queen-Mother State of the Sunny South.

The Bearing of the Tall Soldier in Blue Overcame the Love of the Maiden Who Cheered the Gray.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look at this."
The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse, the speaker a slight, bright faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the silver bend of the Accocek came the tramp of retreating troops, came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill rattle of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of the civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Cantering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted her under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look at this."
Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and, throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to a spot where a figure lay.

It was a tall soldierly figure, clad army-blue, with a pale, worn face and an abundance of curling chestnut hair. Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow. "I wish I could help him."

The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes were there, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes, and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh. She smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.

"My poor fellow!" she said. "Can I do anything for you?"
He struggled to his elbow with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he explained, "and he left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here until they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled—a smile that lighted her dark face into positive beauty. "I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you, at least I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.

Dapple pricked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored man servant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing abeam glance on the soldier, "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the horse and then ride for Dr. Welter to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

Meanwhile on the long veranda,

Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her floppy, raven tresses floating in on the winds.

By and by as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the (faint) leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp, of advancing troops.

Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.

"They are coming," she whispered. "They will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the doorpost, faint and gasping for breath.

"I can't walk!" he cried. "There's no hope of escape!"

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road and you will overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry, there is no time to lose!"

The soldier leaned on the brave, helpful young arm and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple," the young girl called in her clear, silver notes, "come here!"

In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the gentle creature and then threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from you! Good-by, Dapple!"

In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears.

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you to mount. Dapple, take this gentleman down the river road and at your utmost speed."

Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny, but the soldier hesitated.

"Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?"

He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes of Virginia peace and freedom reigned. Captain Rutherford made it his business to go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was discharged from service. But where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could be obtained.

Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol galleys and climbing the Swiss steep.

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.

Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the trees he lay amid the long, rustling grasses listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter and in turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experiences for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia. Madam was intensely interested.

"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eyes.

"Safely through, madam, with the

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A Beaver Cap, Value	20.00
A Pair of Dolge Shoes, Value	7.00
A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves	3.00
A Suit of Heavy Underwear	10.00

Total \$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Moreton," cried madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? And pray, Captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?"

"The captain raised himself to a sitting posture. "Dapple, Dapple," he called. "Come here!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret cup in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry and wasted all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried. "Dapple heard the sweet voice and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was."

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"

Madam Lenoir, comprehending the denouement looked on with glistening eyes.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her party were going back to France. "And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come now, give your final decision—are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"

Irene looked up with her old, glorying smile. "I could bear to part from you," she said wickedly, "but never again from Dapple! If you take Dapple, you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.

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FURS FOR MEN

WE have a splendid line of Fur Coats, Fur Caps, Fur Gloves and Fur Collarets. See our display and get prices.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

Beer Tabloids.

When the German is not suffering from the nightmare of an American trade invasion of some kind, he is busy preparing an affliction of the same kind to cause the American to have as unpleasant a time as possible.

Once again it is reported a German firm has perfected and obtained an invention well worthy the trite old recommendation, "it will fill a long felt want." In fact, that will be its chief claim on the commercial and social world, its filling qualities.

The invention is nothing less than a "beer tabloid"—a small tablet that, dropped into a glass of water, will turn it into beer as fresh as if just drawn, it is asserted.

For years it has been a source of hardship in Germany, especially in the army, that men are every now and again called upon to abide for days at a time in places where there is no brewery.

The new tabloid will relieve the strain in such cases as these. Military authorities hail it with ardor, and it will very likely soon be made part of the regular army ration. The officers expect it to reduce a number of deserters materially.

Now, some sceptics here and there may be dubious about this new tabloid. They may even cast aspersions on the quality of the beer it might be expected to develop. But no one can expect the tremendous value of the invention if it will really work. Beverages.

WANTED—By a competent woman position as cook or housekeeper. Best of references. Inquire at the get office.

FOUND—Pocketbook belonging to M. Poitras. Owner can have by calling at this office and paying charges.

LOST—Lady's small poke containing few dollars in dust. Reward \$2.50 turned to Nugget office.—B. H. T.

AMUSEMENTS

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MEN WHO S

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It is a common world has graphs playing es graph and cal parts of the even obscure sight, and it possible for p Yet eight pe scriptions and printed in e everywhere an have disappear human knowl years.

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