

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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MORE GLORY FOR BRITISH ARMS.

A Vivid Description of a Battle With the Egyptian "Black Devils."

Particulars of the Splendid Triumph of Albano-Anglo-Saxons to the Fore and Cannot be Checked—Ambush and Pitfall Disregarded.

Sept. 1st.—The greatest battle of recent years was the engagement between 60,000 Dervishes and 12,000 British troops at Atbara, in the Sudan. The telegraph told the fact some weeks ago, but the particulars of the fight are now at hand, conveyed in the graphic prose of G. W. Stevens. The Sirdar, Sir Arthur Kitchener, is noted for his vigorous objections to journalists, who, he says, are a peril and an expense; but he was forced to make exceptions, and so it happened that a readable account of the combat is available. It was a very fierce affair which lasted, though it was not long and the splendid vigor and daring of the assault makes one's heart thrill with pride for the Anglo-Saxon race. The attack began early in the morning, the whole battle having been carefully plotted out beforehand, every leader knowing what was expected of him. The entire 12,000 advanced at one swoop. Here then is the situation: "We could see their position quite well by now; the usual river-fringe of grey-green, palms meeting the usual fringe of yellow-gray mimosa. And the smoke-gray line in front of it all must be their famous zariba. Before its right center fluttered half a dozen flags, white and pale blue, yellow and pale chocolate. The line went on till it was not half a mile from the flags. Then it halted. Then! went the first gun, and phut! came faintly back, as its shell burst on the zariba into a round, wreathed cloud of just the zariba's smoky gray. I looked at my watch, and it marked 6:20. The battle that had now menaced, now evaded us for a month—the battle had begun."

The battle was initiated by the two batteries of Maxim-Nordenfildt guns and one field battery of artillery, which burst forth a rapid but unhurried, regular, relentless shower of shell and shrapnel. A few sparse shots were returned, but mainly the Dervishes reserved their fire. The commanding lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and then an advance along the line was ordered. The Egyptian regiments charged in the style peculiar to them—four companies of a battalion in line and the other two in support. The British attack was led by the Camerons. The artillery moved up and then the bugle sounded. "The pipes screamed war, and the line started forward, like a ruler drawn over the tussock-broken sand. Up a low ridge they moved forward; when would the Dervishes fire? The Camerons were to open from the top of the ridge, only 300 yards short of the zariba; up and up, forward and forward, and when would they fire? Now the line crested the ridge; the men knelt down. Volley firing by sections—and crash it came. It came from both sides, too, almost the same instant. Whir, whir, whir, piped the bullets overhead; the men knelt very firm and aimed very steady, and crash, they answered it. The bugle again and up and on. The bullets were swishing and lashing now like rain on the river. But the line of khaki and purple tartan never bent nor swayed; it just went slowly forward like a ruler. The officers at its head strode self-confidently; they might have been on the hill after grouse, only from their locked faces turned unwaveringly toward the bullets could you see that they knew and despised the danger."

"After all the zariba was not such a terrible obstacle. Forward and forward, more swishing about them and more crashing from them. Now they were moving, always with hurry, down a gravelly incline. Three men went down without a cry at the very foot of the Union Jack, and only one got to his feet again; the flag shook itself and still blazed splendidly. Next a supremely furious gust of bullets, and suddenly the line stood fast. Before it was a low, loose hedge of dry camel thorn—the zariba, the redoubtable zariba. That is it! A second they stood in wonder, and then "Pull it away," suggested somebody. Just half a dozen thugs and then the impossible zariba was a gap and a scattered heap of brushwood. Beyond is a low stockade and trenches, but what of that? Over and in! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Now the inside suddenly sprang to life. Out of the earth came dusty black, half-naked shapes, running, running and turning to shoot, but running away. And in a second the inside was a wild confusion of Highlanders, purple tartan and black green, too, for the Sefortis had brought their perfect columns through the teeth of the fire, and were charging in at the gap. Inside that zariba was the most astounding labyrinth ever seen out of a nightmare. It began with a stockade and a triple trench. Beyond that the bush was naturally thick with palm stem and mimosa, thorn and half a grass. But, beside, it was as full of holes as any honey-comb, only far less regular. There was a shelter pit for every animal. Here a donkey teth-ered down in a hole just big enough for itself and its master; beside it a straw hut with a tangle of thorn; yawning a yard beyond, a large trench, chock-full of tethered dead camels and dead or dying men. There was no plan or system in it, only mere confusion of pitfall. From holes below and hillocks above, from invisible trenches to right and innocent tukis to

left, the bewildered bullets curved and twisted and lodged. It took some company-leading, but the officers were equal to it; each picked his line, ran it, and if a few of his company were lost—kneeling by green-faced comrades or vaguely bayoneted alone with a couple of chance companions—they kept the mass centered on the work in hand. For now began the killing. Bullet and bayonet and butt, the whirlwind of Highlanders swept over. And by this time the Lincolns were in on the right, and the Maxims, galloping directly up to the stockade, had withered the left and the Warwick, the enemy's cavalry definitely gone, here vollying off the blacks as your beard comes off under a keen razor. Further and further they cleared the ground—cleared it of everything like a living man. Here a little straw tuk, warily round to the door and then a volley. Now in column, through this opening in the bushes, then into line and drop those low desperately firing shadows among the dry stems beyond."

General Sherman, in his epigrammatic way, said that war was hell. Here is what the inside of the zariba looked like after the battle: "Black spindle-legs curled up to meet the red-glimmered black faces, donkeys headless and legless, or sleeves of shrapnel; camels with necks writhed back on to their bumps, rotting, already in pools of blood and bile-yellow water; heads without faces, and faces without anything below, cob-webbed arms and legs, and black skins grilled to crackling on smoldering palm leaf—don't look at it."

The great fight was full of notable instances of heroism. Never once did the officers spare themselves. General Gatacre, followed by Capt. Donald Brooke, was the first man on the zariba and helped to pull the branches aside. Amidst the hail of bullets he pushed along, sword in hand. Capt. Finlay, of the Camerons, far ahead of his men followed as fast as possible, but before they got to him he was shot through the heart. A terrible revenge was taken—every man there was killed. There was a cheer when the English troops had reached high ground in the middle of the enclosure. From an inner zariba and for a terrible fire was poured out—it was Mahmood's inner keep, and the flower of his army was there: "A company of the 11th Sudanese, without the least hesitation, tried to rush the northwest corner. Before a storm of bullets the company was all but annihilated, losing 100 men in killed and wounded. Other companies of the brave 11th Blacks sprang forward and charged home. Piper Stewart of F Company Camerons, leaped upon a knoll, playing loudly the March of the Cameron Men. Bullets, rained around him, but he only blew the herald, until a minute later he fell before a Dervish volley, pierced through and through by seven wounds." It was indeed a great victory—as Stevens says: "A clean-jointed, well-oiled, smooth-running, clock-work-perfect masterpiece of a battle." Not a flaw, not a check, not a jolt, and not a flick on its shining success.

Now as to the great man to whom the credit of leadership belongs. For the 12 years that Kitchener served as a subaltern, no one saw anything remarkable about him. Then he got his captaincy and was sent to Egypt to help re-organize the fellahin army. His indomitable energy and cool self-possession soon attracted attention, and he was sent off on independent expeditions to bring in the Arabs under the British flag. There are dozens of bold deeds to his credit. When the forces made a dash for the wells of Gakoni, Kitchener went ahead with the 19th Hussars' scouts. They met a notorious robber leader with a strong band who fled before them. Kitchener, being better mounted than his followers, overtook them. Alone and far ahead of his troop, he closed upon the ferocious free-booters and demanded that they surrender. The cool daring that so often succeeds told in this moment. Deceived by it into belief that they were surrounded by unseen foes, whom the bold Englishman had at his command, they parleyed and were lost, for this gave the Hussars time to come up and make prisoners of the gang. It was a bold and characteristic act, which established Kitchener's reputation with British soldiers. Besides being brave, Kitchener has a splendid executive faculty, which enables the conduct of these Sudan campaigns in a ridiculously small cost. Indeed, he is an all-round strong man with rather too little tolerance for human weaknesses. He is absolutely untiring, rises early and retires late and always ready for action. Certainly he will be one of the leaders for England in the great war which seems to be maturing in the old world.

A Word of Praise.
The boys of the Salvation Army are certainly to be commended for the upturning perseverance and energy with which they have prosecuted the arduous labors of cutting logs, rafting them down the river and shaping them into the two most capacious buildings on Church street—excepting of course the hospital. The contributions from the public have been limited, yet with their own labor and without hope of compensation they are approaching the completion of buildings worth between four and six thousand dollars; as Dawson prices go.

A "Horse" on Dr. Bluet.
The tricks of the mail service are many and exasperating. Dr. Bluet left his home in Kansas last winter to try his luck on the Klondike. Many were the letters of adventure he sent out to his letter half but on Thursday morning there came a letter to the N. W. M. P. begging any information of the portly doctor. The

letter was from Mrs. Bluet and contained a good description of the missing man with birth marks, etc. for identification purposes. His chagrin can be well imagined, for though his wife has received none of his letters since he left home, he protests that he has written at least once a month.

Miners' Meeting.
A general meeting of the Miners' Association of the Yukon Territory will be held in Pioneer hall Monday evening, October 3, 1898, at 8 p. m. J. W. BIDDLE, Secretary.

PERSONALS.
Crown Lands Agent Willison has been decidedly under the weather for a week past.

Constable Hanson, formerly of the postoffice, has been detached for service at Pell.

Wm. Rudie has purchased the interest of Mr. Bartsch in the firm of Bartsch & Foley of the Portland market.

Captain W. H. Search, in charge of Forty Mile post and the penitentiary is a visitor again to Dawson.

Dr. Milne, C. B. of Victoria, B. C., arrived in Dawson, Wednesday. Dr. Milne is at the head of the customs department of British Columbia.

Information is wanted of one Geo. A. Klumel, a baker of Kansas City. He may be interested to know that none of his letters have reached home.

The many friends of Mrs. Wm. Wilson will be pleased to learn of her entire recovery from the serious illness which confined her to her home for some weeks.

Dr. McEoughlin was in Dawson a short time last week. The doctor will be located on his sulphur claims during the winter but will visit the city occasionally.

P. E. DeVille, better known all over the Northwest as "French Pete," has contracted to supply the government with meat during the coming winter.

Dr. F. Franklin Dermott, originally from Hammond, Ind., but who has been prospecting over Northwestern Alaska, is a late arrival on the "Victoria" and will locate this winter in Dawson.

A farewell dinner was given on Tuesday night to a coterie of the friends of Captain Bliss who left on the Ora Thursday for the outside. The captain expects to return before the ice goes out in the spring.

Howard Hazard, well known to the Tacoma Washingtonians in our midst, is chief steward of the three B. & A. boats now in Dawson, and will accompany them into winter quarters at Ft. Selkirk, where they go to deliver the government supplies which they have brought up from St. Michaels.

"Cad" Wilson arrived on the Ora. "Cad" has a specialty of making herself hugely popular in a variety of ways without being the possessor of much of a voice. A number of her songs are familiar enough but until they have been heard rendered by "Cad" their full possibilities are not known.

James Matherson, Geo. Pebbles, Wm. Keywood and Peter Robinson, all ex-Northern Pacific engineers from the Pacific division, arrived with a large raft of logs from Indian River on Saturday. The raft sold Mr. Matherson is preparing to return to his possessions on the left fork of Henderson which is claimed to be showing some good prospects.

Robert Blei, the successful owner and manager of various places of amusement in the large Pacific coast centers, has arrived in town with several variety stars who will probably soon be seen on the boards of our local theatres. Mr. Blei is a man of uncommon sagacity in his chosen line of business and expresses himself as highly pleased with the outlook in Dawson.

Mr. A. Livingstone started for the outside on the Merwin. Mr. Livingstone is an Australian and was on his way to Dawson this summer with a newspaper, but he sold out to his partners just below here. He will proceed straight to Emmon where he expects his knowledge of the creeks, gleaned while here, to be quite valuable to would-be investors. There is plenty of capital there ready and anxious but the misadministration is vast and incomprehensible.

T. D. McFarlane has been detached from the Dawson timber office to take charge of timber and land affairs at the new government townsite at Ft. Selkirk. Selkirk is officially the capital of the Yukon Territory and will be the terminus of the new railroad from Skagway. Applicants for lots are numerous as the winter is coming on and the ground has been kept clear of cabins until the completion of the official survey.

Mr. A. N. McCuen has unexpectedly received word that his wife and three children are at Lake Bennett and intend coming down to Dawson on the first boat and join him for the winter. Since the receipt of the intelligence McCuen has been observed carefully prospecting his cabin inside and out evidently with a desire to find out if a cabin built for one can be stretched in any way so as to accommodate five. It's no use Mr. your cozy cabin and handy cache will have to be doubled at the very least.

LOCAL BREVITIES.
The government is advertising for 200 cords of dry wood.
Will Mrs. Frank Klock please call at Archibald's grocery store and get important letter.
The society event of the season will occur on Oct. 3 at Pioneer Hall. Don't fail to attend the grand Masque Ball.
The New Monte Carlo Theater is rapidly approaching completion and will be formally opened now in a few days. It will be one of the coziest and brightest places of amusement in Dawson. Watch for announcement of opening in this paper.
Col. Miles has returned from a trip up the creek looking after a number of mining interests. He has a letter from his brother, M. B. Miles who is connected with the Pacific Contracting Co., now having under construction the Skagway railroad. Mr. Miles is contemplating a trip to Dawson in the interests of his company.

There is a pile of unskilled factory work to do just how in the timber office and that is adjudging the stage claims of the many delugeless men bringing down rafts for irresponsible people. The Canadian "Master and Servant" Act is a barrier for the senseless wage-worker, and is readily invoked to good effect. No long civil proceedings at all are required. Mr. Whitson's inclinations to help the workers are being tried to the utmost by the numberless cases being brought to him.

Dawson's 300 will attend the Grand Masque Ball Oct. 3 at Pioneer Hall.

BUDGET OF INTERESTING LOCAL NEWS.

The Courtney Brothers Lose a \$40,000 Outfit on Lake LeBarge.

Matters at the Barracks—A New Court House Room to be Erected—Col. Steele Acting as Police Judge.

Three of the arrivals on the Ora were Messrs. A. M. and J. G. Courtney and George Gaisford. The gentlemen left Bennett with a large scow laden with 6,000 pounds of valuable groceries, etc., and 47 head of fat hogs, the whole valued in Dawson at \$40,000. The scow was taken in tow by the steamer Canadian, and when near the foot of Lake LeBarge was swamped, with everything it contained. The three owners were on board the steamer at the time and saved nothing but the clothes which they were wearing. They came down on the Canadian as far as Hootahitqua, where they tied up for the winter, and the gentlemen came down to Dawson on the Ora without enough money to pay their fares.

Mr. R. Courtney, Sr., was anxiously awaiting their arrival, and not knowing of the catastrophe had contracted for the sale of the hogs at \$1 per pound. They would each have dressed over 200 pounds and the loss is a great disappointment.

At the Barracks.
The new hospital building just east of the rectangle is nearing completion, and will consist of four wards. Staff Sergeant Bates has been recalled from Forty Mile to assume control, the sergeant being quite skillful in the care of the sick.

Captain Harper has returned from establishing up-river posts, and is sending more mechanics and wood choppers to hasten the completion of quarters.

Plans are being prepared for a new court house to be erected within the rectangle, which will be some 40x20 feet and two stories high. It is for the use of the new Judge who is expected daily. It will be remembered that Judge McGuire was compelled to hold his court in the Pioneer hall for lack of room in the headquarters' buildings.

In the police court Col. Steele is taking a hand in the administration of justice. The past few days has seen almost a paucity of crime. One Montgomery and J. Ward contrived \$30 and costs for imbibing too much "red-eye" and being noisy with their loads. J. Johnson for a very simple assault was let off with \$5 and costs.

Characteristic of Dawson.
The cornering of the butter supply thus early in the winter is good illustration of how people think, feel and act in Dawson. Almost to a man we are a speculative people or we would not have been here. Not a single commodity is here in limited quantity but someone stands prepared to buy it up if allowed to do so. Butter, being something which all will have if money will procure it, was eagerly seized up by many speculative eyes several weeks ago.

There is probably enough in town to sustain rations all winter to everyone here; but things are not done that way. Whoever had butter for sale found it selling with strange readiness. Prices were raised but still it continued to be called for out of all proportion to other staples. Common report has it that the A. C. company decided, if possible, to prevent the cornering of this greasy stomachic desideratum by refusing to sell more than 10 pounds to any one person but in spite of that regulation one firm in town kept sending new men after that 10-pound allowance until over two tons had been withdrawn for themselves from the A. C. company. What little butter is being offered today sells readily at \$1.50 per pound where two weeks ago it was selling at from 75c to \$1.25.

Attempted Burglary.
An attempt was made by some unknown man to rifle the store of the Northwest Trading company early Thursday morning. The would-be burglar was evidently unaware of the fact that four men slept in the store every night. About 4:30 Henry Reinstone, who slept on a cot nearest the front door, was awakened by the creaking of the front door. In the darkness he could faintly distinguish someone peering in through the partly opened door which had been unlocked from the outside. Henry was somewhat disconcerted to remember that he had no weapon of any kind handy so he made the best of the only weapon he had—his voice—and yelled: "Get to h—t out of here." The rapid patter of light feet around the corner was the only reply. The yell was from a lusty pair of lungs and awoke the other three men in the store, who jumped up in a fright, thoroughly convinced the town was burned or there was a general massacre progressing. Nothing was taken.

Notice.
Just received large shipment of Choice Tobaccos, which must be closed out at once, preparatory to my moving, as I have only a few days more to remain in present location.
The following are some of the brands:
Genuine Turkish smoking tobacco.
Captains, 3 colors, light, medium and dark.
Hymen's Sun Cured.
Traveler's Cavendish.
Traveler's God-leaf Money Tree, and other popular brands.
Fine line Imported Turkish and Hill Line Chester Tobaccos.
Call at once and secure some of these goods.
JAKE KLINE, Hoffman Cigar Stand.

