

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Carriers by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hanker, Dominion, Gold Run.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one dealing in copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium—"Sweet Lavender," Standard-Valdeville.

AN ENVIABLE RECORD.

The record of the Hon. James Hamilton Ross before this community is that of a man who makes no promise lightly, but who keeps his pledge; when once made, to the very letter. Slightly less than a year and a half ago Mr. Ross came to the Yukon in the capacity of commissioner. He had never been in the country before—his information concerning its requirements had been obtained largely from hearsay, and he had nothing to guide him aside from his own knowledge of men and his broad experience in public life in other and distant communities. In one sense he was on trial before the community and thousands of critical eyes were focused upon the new commissioner, watching the course which he should pursue.

They were not kept long in doubt. From the day of his arrival it became evident that the affairs of the district had been placed in able and trustworthy hands. The element of system was soon introduced into every branch of the public service and the complex details necessarily involved in getting a new government in running order were worked out with a minimum of friction and with little or no inconvenience to the public. Within six weeks after his arrival Mr. Ross had become sufficiently familiarized with local conditions and the necessities of the people as to feel warranted in making a definite statement of policy.

In a public address extensively quoted in the press at the time Mr. Ross announced that he regarded the mining interests of the district as of paramount importance. That the life of the district was dependent upon the mining industry and that he proposed that every assistance within his power should be extended toward assisting the thousands of men employed in developing the mineral resources of the territory.

Specifically, he proposed immediately to enter upon the construction of an elaborate system of public roads with the ultimate end in view of connecting Dawson with every creek in the district which gave substantial evidence of being a profitable producer. He stated also that public buildings properly equipped for the transaction of public business would be constructed immediately and promised his aid in behalf of every movement calculated to promote the common welfare of the people.

The manner in which the promises made at that time have been redeemed is common knowledge throughout the territory. Everyone knows that the district possesses a system of roadways which is the wonder and admiration of all newcomers and which has proven a most important factor in maintaining the general prosperity of the mining industry. In each particular Mr. Ross has kept sacredly every pledge he made and in so doing has won a place in the respect and confidence of the community which can never be taken from him.

With the opportunity before them of securing the services in parliament of Mr. Ross the choice of Joe Clarke

STAMPEDE TO ROCKIES

ROOSEVELT AND THE STRIKE.

President Roosevelt is fully sustaining his reputation of a man who does things. He has served notice upon the coal barons of the United States that the people of the country shall be given an opportunity to purchase fuel at a reasonable cost if the government is compelled to step in, confiscate the mines and operate them itself. There is nothing of the demagogue about Roosevelt and not a syllable of his utterances can be construed as play to the galleries. He is simply talking business and talking straight out from the shoulder—if the expression may be permitted.

It may be truthfully said that the arrogance of wealth never has asserted itself with more insolence than has been exhibited by the millionaire coal operators in Pennsylvania and West Virginia in dealing with their former workmen. They have refused to give consideration of any nature whatsoever to the demands of the men and when appealed to on behalf of the public they have denied the public's right to any interest in the situation. Thus matters have rested until finally a climax has been reached. The eastern states are practically without fuel and a hard winter is at hand. Coal has advanced, in cases as high as \$20 per ton which places it entirely beyond the reach of the great mass of people. As the result, directly and indirectly, of the great strike, hundreds of thousands of people are confronted with suffering from cold and starvation.

Roosevelt's appeal to the operators has been in vain. They profess their willingness to lose all their holdings in preference to yielding a single point in the bitter struggle. They forget that their wealth has been produced by labor—forget that the consumer furnishes their profits—in short, they have forgotten every obligation which they owe to their fellows and by their actions and utterances have constituted themselves a veritable spectacle of incarnate selfishness.

The president sees his duty in the premises, and like the strong man that he is does not shrink from its performance. First and foremost the country must have coal. Roosevelt will see that the need is met. After that is accomplished he will deal with the coal barons. He has requested the miners to return to work and promises all the influence of the administration in securing the enactment of a compulsory arbitration law.

If the strikers accede to the wishes of the president, the problem will be overcome temporarily, and time will be given to adjust the matter upon a permanent basis. If, however, the men remain firm it may be anticipated that Roosevelt will take prompt and effective means to relieve the situation.

The president's star as a man of destiny is still in the ascendant.

A Bold Duty

Editor Nugget: Dear Sir—Will you please publish the following in your valuable paper. Having noticed Mr. Nick Burley's latest challenge in which he offers to stop both Marsh and myself in ten rounds, I would like to say that after standing him off for ten rounds myself it looks to me and must look to everybody else like a big bluff, in fact he seems to be willing to take any chance except to meet me in a contest such as I want that is straight Queensbury rules, hitting in clinches and breakaways.

Now, I refuse to box him and split my winnings with Marsh or anybody else, but right here I will tell him what I will do. Mr. Bittner of the Auditorium is holding the \$500 side bet which Marsh and I box for next Friday night and I am willing to sign a contract tonight that the whole thousand dollars, should I win shall go as a side bet between Burley and myself to box within 14 days from my contest with Marsh.

TOM HECTOR.

At Auditorium—Sweet Lavender. French tobacco at Gandolfo's store.

FELT SHOES

We are showing a full line for Men, Women, Children. All qualities.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

Martin Gately's Thrilling Adventure

Brings in an American Eagle and is Training it for the Campaign.

Some of the most magnificent quartz ever brought to light, running so high in values that it becomes a mountain of incredulity, has been discovered within twenty miles of the Rockies which run from South America to Bering sea. This is not stated as a fact, but is assumed from the circumstance that the tired stamper who returned last night after a whole dime novel of thrilling adventures, had nothing whatever to say on the subject. Such silence is always suspicious, and is prompted by the lowest of instincts, either that of sullen defeat or that of sordid avariciousness.

While legend pictures the quartz deposits of that country so rich that you can crumble nuggets from the croppings with your thumb, the men brought no sacks of such nuggets, or rocks of any grade. All they brought which bore a yellow tinge was a golden eagle captured alive. Even about this the statement of Martin Gately is conflicting. He says "The bird was so scared that it sat there until we came up and Con Lowney and I threw our coats on him." He shows his coat, with all the lining torn out in proof of this. "I think he is an American, who has lost his papers. But I am sure he is as well qualified to vote as some of the enumerators," an' spakes the langwidger better.

Martin and Con, with Jim Nicholson and W. D. Mackenzie, let her last Wednesday morning on a stamper to the Rockies, based upon whispers dropped by a party of prospectors who arrived from there a few days previously. They munched up the Klondike, switched off to Lepine, went from there to Rock creek and passed over Snyder creek, the last creek that bears a name this side of the Rockies range.

From this point on the movements of the stamperders were in ways that are dark and veiled in a fog of mystery. It was in this darkness that Martin the intrepid leader got lost. They were walking down the rim of a gulching stream which made so much noise that Martin says you could not have heard a cannon ten feet away. Martin plodded along alone with the idea the others must be walking along the other bank and he had passed them. After plodding along for ten miles he sat down to wait for them. He then realized that he was lost.

The other man was carrying the grub bag, as a matter of course. He had only two matches, and they were damp. He dried them after an Irish recipe and got a fire. The next morning he saw a mountain that was an acquaintance of his, and by noon overtook his companions on the Indian trail. They had hunted for him all night and were on their way to the police camp to lay an information that a wild Irishman was on the rampage with an empty stomach.

It was while they sat shivering and grub on the abilities of Martin as a leader that the eagle put his longest claw to his beak and gave a scream of derisive laughter. Martin was mad and so was his countryman Lowney. They threw their coats on the bird and captured him. At Lepine creek they fed him raw meat and taught him to yell "Hurrah for Clarke." The bird is now at the Standard Library. He weighs twenty pounds. But one of the real eagles wants him for the eye of the brotherhood, and has offered \$75 for him. Martin says he measures eight feet eleven inches from tip to tip.

Criminal Drivers

The unavoidable difficulties of crowded streets are had enough, without the brutal callousness of the majority of drivers, and even in cases a malicious folly which induces them to "whip up" on purpose on some helpless pedestrian at a crossing, endangering him with other vehicles in his efforts to avoid the suddenly accelerated pace of one which otherwise he would have had ample time watchfully to pass in front of, according to his calculations. A few such would-be jobbers sent to jail might have a wholesome effect.—New York Medical Journal.

Well Dressed Grief

Mrs. Mackay's picturesque grief is interesting to all beholders. It is really astonishing what attractive things in the way of mourning the modest can get up these days. The prettiest woman need not be disturbed about putting on black. Black silk hose, with applications of thread lace on the instep, are the last way of showing your grief in your stockings. These, in addition to a sweeping veil and sheet black silk bodice, are enough to make woe quite as beautiful as mirth.

At Auditorium—Sweet Lavender.

Stroller's Column.

Our old friend Sam Dunham, the poet of Alaska, has settled down to the prosaic life of a mining operator in the new district of Butler, Nye county, Nevada, and to fill in his idle moments is publishing an eight page weekly called "The Tonopah Miner." Typographically it is one of the neatest exchanges that comes to this office, and Sam's natural brightness and geniality illumine every page of it. Here is a sample which all his old friends will read with pleasure.

We had just taken up our pen to write a leader on "Roosevelt and the Trusts," in which we intended to talk about the inquiry of unlawful combinations in restraint of competition, and to say some things about the rich, when our Business Manager rushed frantically into the midst of our thoughts and informed us that our job-printer had struck an 8-foot vein of \$800 ore in a V-shaped fracture that had not been included in the calculations of an Eastern syndicate when it made its assented locations, and that he had left on the morning stage for Philadelphia. Our Business Manager said the "hook" was so full that it was shedding "jobs" all over the composing room floor, and beseeched us to let Hanna and Morgan run the government another week, and to go to work and help him reduce our mortgage. We reluctantly laid down our pen, and once more became a mere mechanic. This accounts for the provincial tone of our editorial matter this week. We were also forced to deprive our readers of our regular original weekly lyric, for our Muse refuses to work the same week we do.

Teddy Nelson got in from Dominion yesterday morning and had already taken a few pots when he ran against Tom Kirkhouse, who for once was in a hurry to conclude a mining deal. It was right in front of the Bank butcher shop. Teddy insisted that they must go to the corner and have a drink. Tom said he had an appointment with a man at half-past twelve and he had only a minute to make it in. Teddy looked around and said "That be blowed, you have half an hour yet." He had caught sight of the meat scales and taken it for a clock.

Another of our old newspaper friends of the early days in Dawson is coming prominently to the front in the person of Edward J. Livernash, who has been nominated for valuable claims on Homestake and French Gulch for sale. Appl. Homestake hotel, 26 above on Bonanza.

EVENTS ON TWO CREEKS

Bonanza and Eldorado News Items

Several Social Gatherings Serve to While Away the Time.

Messrs. Palmer, Perkins, Buechler and O'Connell, of No. 39 Eldorado, have finished their summer's work of slaughtering and came to town yesterday for a few days rest. Mr. G. E. Remy, Mr. Ivey, Mrs. Ivey, and Miss Peters, all of No. 21 above Bonanza, are in town today. Mr. R. Saastrom, one of the wealthy miners of Gold Hill, has sold his property at that place and left on the Victorian for the outside last evening.

Mr. Frank Mills, who fell down the shaft on King Solomon's hill the 15th of last month, is able to be around. Mrs. Gardner, who recently purchased the road house at No. 8 below Bonanza, will give a dance on October 15. Mr. G. E. Remy of No. 21 above Bonanza gave one of the most sociable dances last Saturday night, that has ever been given on upper Bonanza. Music was furnished by Murray Cameron. About fifteen couples were present. Dancing was kept up until the little clock on the shelf proclaimed the hour of midnight, signifying that the Sabbath day had begun and dancing must cease. Then a fine luncheon was served. Singing and music was then in order and after a couple of hours the party broke up by voting "Dixie" a right royal entertainer.

Mr. S. M. Somerville and Mr. Vernell have bought the lunch counter in the rear of the Marconi, formerly the Madden house, on Front street. Both gentlemen are widely known on the creeks and it is a foregone conclusion that success will crown their efforts. Mr. Slaughter of No. 21 above Bonanza is wearing an unusual broad smile now-a-days. When asked why the cigars were being passed around so liberally he replied: "Why, it's a girl—born Sept. 29th, and weighs 3 pounds." Mother and daughter are doing well.

Port Angus, Sept. 28.—The American ship General Fairchild arrived here yesterday in ballast from Honolulu. Her crew will be paid off and she will be laid up here for the winter.

WE are now prepared to do all kinds of Casting & Machine Work. Repairing a Specialty. Yukon Saw Mill Machine Works and Foundry. 1st Ave and Duke St. Phone 27. Dawson.

SWEET LAVENDER. Pretty Picture of Domestic Life. Is Being Played at the Auditorium This Week—Large Crowd Last Night. Sweet Lavender, Arthur W. Piner's three-act domestic drama which is being produced at the Auditorium theatre this week presents a very pretty picture of domestic life and one which was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the large audience in attendance last night.

Last Trip Str. Clifford Sifton. WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE TUESDAY, OCT. 14. FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY L. L. JAMES, Agent, Aurora Dock.

STR. CASCA Leaves Dawson for Whitehorse THURSDAY, OCT. 9th 2 P.M. Office, Aurora Dock. Frank Mortimer, Agent.

The White Pass & Yukon Route. Operate the Fastest and Best Appointed Steamers Between Whitehorse and Dawson. Str. Victorian Will Sail for Whitehorse Monday, Oct. 6. 8 P.M.

New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTERY New Type. THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. STAGE AND LIVERY.

Alaska Flyers. OPERATED BY THE Alaska Steamship Co. DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days. SCHEDULE: DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, Sept. 11, Oct. 1, 11, 21, 31. HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, Sept. 6, 16, 26, Oct. 6, 16, 26. Also A I Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.