The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
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ALLEN BROS. ..... Publishers

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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS

And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1901.

PREDICTIONS NOT REALIZED.

The flow of gold dust from the creeks to Dawson has already begun. Each day offers a little longer time available for sluicing and it is now only a question of a very short time until every creek in the district upon which dumps have been taken out will be the scene of the utmost activity. The Klondike's harvest time is at hand, and from every indication the harvest will be more valuable this year than ever before.

The pessimistic predictions so freely volunteered three years ago are no longer heard. It was quite the thing at that time to hear the life of the Klondike as a profitable field for mining operations placed at three or four years. Old miners who claimed to have all the history of placer mining at their fingers' ends, from the days of the California discoveries down to the present time, were accustomed to look wise when talking of the life of the Klondike and many of them did not hesitate to place the limit under five years.

Time has amply demonstrated, however, that all such predictions were entirely without foundation. At the end of three years of constant development work it is now the almost unanimous verdict of those who are in closest touch with the actual conditions surrounding the mining industry of this territory, that it is as yet only in its infancy.

Not only is it a fact that a larger number of men are now at work than ever before but it is likewise true that each man under present conditions represents the accomplishment of a much greater amount of work within a given time than was the case when the old methods of operation prevailed.

The actual working area has increased so rapidly that at the present time when—according to early predictions—the mining industry should be on the wane, a larger amount of ground is under actual process of development than ever before.

In this connection it is a significant fact that the largest holders of Klondike mining properties are today our heaviest investors. It is none the less significant that the government has now under construction or in contemplation a system of public improvements based entirely upon the conviction that the Yukon is a country of stability and permanence.

It may be set down, therefore, as a proposition incapable of dispute, that the early predictions that the mining industry in this territory would be short lived, are entirely erroneous. Three years of increasing growth and expansion have served to disprove such theories entirely. It is not now a question as to how many years the Yukon will live. The question now is how long it will be before we outstrip some of the older territories. It would not be surprising in the end should this territory cause British Columbia, even, to look well to her laurels.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

The very best way to keep your friends on the outside posted about affairs in Dawson and the adjacent mining district is through the Nugget's Semi-Weekly edition. The Semi-Weekly Nugget contains in each issue a volume of information which exactly fills the requirements of the parties on the outside who desire to keep in touch with local and territorial affairs. Each number contains eight pages—forty-eight columns—of bright, newsy matter and no event of interest or importance is omitted. The Semi-Weekly is mailed regularly to outside subscribers without extra charge. Send it to your friends and save letter writing.

Traffic across the Yukon should be discontinued until the ice is out of the river. Yesterday one of the fire department horses broke through the ice and was drowned, and the driver had a narrow escape from meeting a similar fate. The incident is sufficient to prove that the ice is no longer safe. The best way to avoid such accidents is to run no risks of their occurrence.

Let everybody join in and make the celebration of Victoria day an event long to be remembered in Dawson's history. The various committees which have been appointed are in every respect capable of carrying out the different tasks alloted to them and if proper support is received from the public, Dawson will be assured of a successful celebration.

The situation with respect to the needs of Hunker creek was by no means magnified in this paper yesterday. Corroborative reports have since been received which make it appear that the facts are even more serious than was set forth in these columns yesterday.

Chronic Stampeders.

Editor Nugget:

It is but natural that, having gone to the trouble and expense of reaching the Klondike from the outside, a man should endeavor to get hold of as much property here as possible; but the idea of a man turning all his attention to stampeding without ever stopping to put a pick in the ground he acquires thereby is not the best thing for the country. Men get the stampeding craze the same as the gambling craze; they are wild to be off on the mad rush to stake a claim and in many cases that is all there is to it, all interest appearing to wane as soon as a claim is staked and recorded. In more than the half of these cases the representation work will never be performed and the claims will be open to re-location in another year. Less stampeding and more development is the greatest present need of the district.

SOUR DOUGH.

Self-Denying Priest.

Father C. F. Febvre, who looks after the Catholic church interest at Whitehorse came into the city from there yesterday. He is going to Victoria and Vancouver to purchase material for a fine house of worship which will be erected at Whitehorse this year.

The venerable father is a character in his way and if one of the reporters on the big dailies on the Sound gets a hold of the reverend gentleman he will regard it as a great find and will be sure to make several columns of the story. His life in the north has been full of romance and if it were published would be as fascinating as any fiction.

Twelve years ago Father Febvre left the comforts and prospects of a life in civilization to become an exile in a land of ice and snow. No thirst for gold actuated him to leave friends and fire side and brave the terrors of a life in Alaskan wilds and no hope of returning home with riches inspired him in the trials and struggles of a dozen years. It was a plain sense of duty—nothing more.

When Father Febvre first came to the north he was in the prime of life and buoyant with hope. He went into the far McKenzie river country to carry the faith to the Indians. For eleven long years he remained among them and they almost regarded him as one of them. About a year and a half ago he bade them what will undoubtedly be a final farewell and worked his way to Whitehorse, where he has been for the last 12 months.

On the next boat he will go south and in a few days will be in the midst of the whirl of life again. He anticipates great changes. When he left the Sound cities were not equipped with all of the accessories of civilization that they now are and the father will behold for the first time an electric car. Of gold he has seen and heard much in the north but down there they have another kind. A smooth-faced, slippery tongued gent peddles it around in big hunks one or more of which he will leave with anyone for a loan. It is a "gold" brick and of all such the missionary needs to keep very shy. He may also find out some thing about bunco men, sure thing men, three-card monte men, shell men and the other fungus growth of the down country civilization who have great schemes to make money quick—for themselves. The reverend father needs to be very, very careful to whom he displays his well-filled pocket book.

Father Febvre loves life in the north. His work is bearing fruit and if business had not called him away it is probable he would never have gone out. But once out he will take some time to hunt up old friends and review the scenes long past. Time has dealt with him very sparingly and he is yet in good health.—Alaskan, April 26.

For a fine bath try Allman's.

BEAR WAS DECIDED WINNER

And Both Other Claimants for Honor Retired.

Question of Championship More Interesting to Zeb White Than Story of Jonah and the Whale.

"One winter's evenin'," began the old possum hunter of Tennessee, as I asked him for a story, "I was sittin' by the fire with the old woman and hearin' her read about Joner and the whale from the Bible, when I heard a rooster crowin' outside. It wasn't no time fur roosters to crow, and I didn't hev nary one about the place, and fur a minit it give me a queer feelin'.

"'Mebbe yo' heard that?' says I to the old woman.

"'I shorely did,' says she, 'but I aint' takin' it fur no ghost. Yo' jest listen to Joner and let the rooster alone.'

"There was two more crows, and I was thinkin' of spooks dodign' about, when a voice speaks out and says:

"'Does Zeb White, the famous possum hunter of Tennessee, inhabit this yere cabin? If he does, then I want a word with him.'

"It was the voice of a critter named Tom Bowens, who'd lately moved into the nayburhood, and thought hisself a mighty man. He'd bin bragin' around that he could outrun, outjump, and make me holler, but this was the first time he'd showed up.

"'It's that boastful critter Tom Bowens, and I'll just step out and drive him into the airth,' says I to the old woman.

"'Yo set still, Zeb White,' she says in reply. 'He's only shucks of a man, as everybody knows, and I don't want no row round here tonight. Let him blow all he wants to.'

"And then the critter crows some more and flaps his arms and cries out.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo. I'm a peaceful, good natured man, but I'm so constitooted that I must be champion of the state of Tennessee or take to my bed and die. Zeb White, you old kuss, come out and break my neck, or let it be known that I've driv yo' into yo' hole.'

"'I can't stand that,' says I to the old woman. 'Yo' keep that place whar Joner is about to be swallered, and I'll be back in five minutes.'

"'Now, Zeb, what's the use?' she answers. 'This yere Bible says thar shant' be no rows between man and man, but all shall live in peace. Jest treat the critter with contempt, and he'll go away arter a bit.'

"I wanted to hear the rest about Joner," said Zeb, "and I wanted to make that man's heels break his neck. I was hesitating what to do when he crows and flaps and sings out ag'in:

"'Zeb White, yo' never done met up with a good man befo', and the grittin' of his teeth makes you chill. I'm waitin' fur yo'. I'm right on nyo't own land, and I'm hopin' yo'r old woman will drive yo' out with a broomstick to fight me. I won't paralyze you', Zeb. I won't leave yo' a cripple for life, I'll jest give yo' a shake and a twist and a flop, and as soon as yo' yell fur mercy I'll let up.'

"'Durn Joner and the whale!' says I as I riz up.

"'Sot still, Zeb,' says the old woman.

"'I never will. I'm going out and make dog's meat of that critter.'

"She was ag'in it, but I went. As I stepped out door I found it a dark night, but Tom wusn't fur off. He had his coat off and was jumpin' up and down on his hat, as he ketched sight of me he yells:

"'Now may the Lord be praised! I was thirstin 'fur gore, but I thought to be disappointed, Zeb White, does yo' call yo'rself a man?'

"'I reckon,' says I.

"'A man what's got teeth and toenails?'

"'The same.'

"'A man what's got blood instead of dishwater in his veins?'

"'That's me.'

"'Then I've come to the right place at last, and tonight I shall sleep like a new-born child. Drat my hide, but I was afraid yo'd crawl under the bed at my hollerin' or that you'd send the old woman out to fight me. It's yo'rselt, ain't it, Zeb.'

"'It's all me.'

"'Bekase I don't want to make no mistake, and pulverise a ten-year old boy. Yes, I reckon it's yo', and now come fur me, Zeb. Put on steam and sail in and defend yo'r reputashun. Thar ain't room in this yere state fur but one champion, and that champion 'll be me. Whoop a whoop, Zeb, and pile on to me!'

"He was a husky critter," said Zeb, "but I reckoned on lickin' him in a bout three minits. When my eyes got used to the darkness I spit on my hands and cracked my heels together, and next minit we was engaged in mortal combat. I reckoned to rool him over at the first rush, but he dodged me and got in one that almost cracked my head. I went a bit slow after that, and I was jest workin' him into position when he yells out:

"'Zeb White, ain't this to be a fair fout?'

"'It is,' says I.

"'Then call off yo'r dog what's bitin my legs.'

"I could see the dog or suthin' jumping around, and I yelled at him to take a sneak. He didn't go, though. He riz up and snorted, and then I seen it was a powerful big b'ar. He wanted to be counted in on that row. I hadn't time to yell out when when he clinched one of his claws into my breast and the other into Tom's back, and he brung our heads together in a way that made 'em crack.

"'In the Lawd's name, but who's mixin' up in this yere row?' howls Tom.

"'It's a b'ar,' answers I, feelin' his claws like so many knives.

"We both turned on him, but we was barehanded, yo' see. That b'ar had jest 99 chances to one, and he was hog enough to keep 'em. He bumped us together and slung us about as if we'd bin babies, and shuck my hide if we wasn't both licked men when the old woman finally come out with a firebrand and skeart him off. We was that paralyzed that we could not stand on our feet for ten minits. When we could crawl about, the old woman says to Tom Bowens:

"'Stranger, mebbe yo' are most dyin' to be champion of the state of Tennessee?'

"'I was, marm,' says Tom, 'but I've changed my mind. About all I wants at present is to git home to my humble domicil.'

"'Any mo' crowin' befo' yo' go?'

"'Not a crow, marm.'

"'And Zebe White,' says she as she turns to me, 'mebbe makin' a fool o' yo'rself is better'n hearin' about Joner an the whale?'

"'I don't reckon so.'

"'Wall, yo' kin crawl in, and the stranger kin crawl fur home, and I reckon yo'd better shake hands and let go on that championship and decide that it belongs to the b'ar. He's whopped yo' both in a fair fout, and if he'll come around tomorrer I'll let him ear the rest of that honey out of the washtub and take the pig out of the pen!'"—C. B. Lewis in the Weekly Telegraph.

THE POWER OF DRESS

A Few Timely Suggestions to Those Matrimonially Inclined.—*Hershberg.*

A little advice by one experienced in affairs of the heart may prove opportune just now, when rumors of approaching nuptials are current. Cupid gets a double pull on a man in here—a strong drag on the heart strings and an awful pull on the purse strings. The little chap whipsaws a man on every turn and only the fortunate escape without a serious set back. Affairs of the heart can be governed by practical judgment the same as the purse if you are only put next. For instance, it naturally follows, that two people enamored to each other before marriage, desire to retain each other's affection after the knot is tied. Here is where we can help. Keep well dressed—make the girls envy your wife. Don't sluff off on clothes just because you are sure she's yours. Come down and talk it over with the old man who will show you the finest line of clothing ever imported into this country, and then you know you save money besides.

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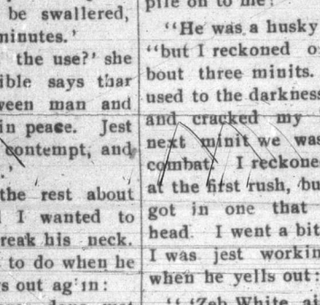
The Standard Theatre
Second Week Monday, May 6
Second week of the big thing
SHORE ACRES
By Special request of Dawson's best citizens. Ladies' Night Thursday. Secure seats early and witness the best play ever produced in Dawson.
Ladies' Night Thursday. SEATS NOW ON SALE

ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD
FIRST ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT
Savoy Theatre Friday May 10



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