

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 5000  
(DAWSON'S NUMBER 5000)  
PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
Daily, \$10.00  
Yearly, in advance, \$100.00  
Per month, by carrier in city, 30c  
Single copies, 2c

NOTICE.  
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 Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominio, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

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

CONCERNING "EQUAL TERMS."

Our evening contemporary affects to make light of the fact that the holders of the Treadgold concession are preparing to take possession of the unrepresented and abandoned claims on Hunker, Bear, Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. In this connection the News has the following to say, which shows how little that paper knows of events which are occurring in this community:

"He" (the concessionaire) says the News "has access to property which has been abandoned or may hereafter be abandoned, on Bonanza, Bear and Hunker creeks and their tributaries for the purpose of staking it, BUT UPON EQUAL TERMS WITH THE MINER."

Now, let us examine this matter for a moment and see what constitutes this equality of footing which the News claims exists between the individual miner and the concession holder.

The moment a claim lapses by reason of lack of representation it becomes open to staking. If the miner is first on the ground and first at the recording office he is at liberty to record the ground, but notice, first: He must provide himself with a miner's license at cost of \$10. Second, he must pay a fee of \$15 in exchange for the grant which he receives.

Third, he must, during the year, perform \$300 worth of work upon his claim in order to hold it, and fourth, at the end of the year he renews his grant upon the payment of another \$15.

If the concessionaire or his representative reaches the ground first he has complied with all the requirements asked of him. He pays no recording fee, has no representation work to perform, and is not bothered with the matter of renewing his grant.

The only point upon which the two are on an equal is in the race for the ground, after that everything is in favor of the concessionaire.

The Nugget has shown that the concessionaire is preparing in the gold commissioner's office a list of all unrepresented ground and ground likely to lapse for that reason—which is the most important piece of information that has yet been published in connection with the concession matter.

It has been the general impression all along—an impression received from the concessionaire himself—that no advantage would be taken by him of the rights he possesses in reference to the unrepresented ground upon the creeks named.

While the miners of the district have been laboring under this impression, representatives of the concessionaire have been preparing by systematic examination of the records to take full advantage of the privileges which he enjoys.

The Nugget has given the public exclusive information concerning the matter, and has also pointed out the only remedy by which the miner can protect himself.

We have shown that all the advantage is to the concessionaire and that the miner is by no means upon an equal footing with him. It is not particularly surprising that the News knows nothing of the status of affairs, nor is it a cause for wonder that it attempts to discuss a matter of which it has no better knowledge.

Our contemporary would not be in its normal condition if it were not constantly falling from one ridiculous situation into another.

REDUCED TELEGRAPH TOLLS.

The most important news that has come to Dawson for some time is the announcement, officially confirmed today that a press rate of one dollar for each one hundred words has been established by the government for press matter transmitted from Ashcroft, the termination of the government wire, to Dawson. An official report to the same effect came to the Nugget several days ago and today a telegram was received by manager Brownlow confirming the report.

This reduction will come as a boon to all readers of the Nugget who in the future, provided the line continues in working order, will be given all the telegraph matter that a live correspondent in Vancouver can secure.

This step is significant of the deep interest which the government takes in the development of the Yukon territory. When the line to Skagway

was first established a rate of \$8.50 per hundred words was made. This was subsequently reduced to \$4.50. When the through line was completed to Vancouver a rate of \$4.50 per hundred words to Ashcroft and 50 cents from that point to Vancouver was announced. The present sweeping cut enables the Nugget to place a carte blanche order with its Vancouver correspondent and as long as the wire continues in working order, we shall maintain a telegraphic service unrivaled by any paper on the Pacific coast. The government will be no loser in respect to revenues by this reduction for it simply means that the newspapers will increase the amount of their telegraphic matter handed to the very maximum.

The Nugget has always been the heaviest patron of the line and will continue so to be in the future. If the government succeeds in keeping the line in operation, readers of this paper may expect to receive the best telegraph service that money and enterprise can secure.

PRINCIPLE COMMENDED

Other Industries May Follow Example of Butchers.

The consensus of opinion around the city is that the action of the butchers in declining to receive gold dust as pay for their goods at more than \$15 per ounce will ultimately and speedily lead to the entire retirement of that commodity as a medium of exchange. At no time within the past year, it is said, has there not been sufficient currency in the country to transact its business, and the continued use of gold dust has gone on only for the gain connected therewith by the payers of large bills.

Enquiry reveals the fact that, as a medium of exchange, gold dust has few friends in Dawson, and among the wage earning class it has none.

From sentiment expressed on the streets yesterday and today it will be no surprise if other branches of trade follow the example set by the butchers in the very near future.

DEL ADDELPHIA THE GREAT MAGICIAN IS PERFORMING NEW AND STARTLING TRICKS AT THE NEW SAVOY THIS WEEK.

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POET KIPLING'S KINDNESS

To a Young Man Who Was in Need of Help.

Youth Had Been Over the Chilkoot Which Was His Best Recommendation to the Great Man.

Frederic W. Unger is a young man who went to South Africa to be a war correspondent, upon the slenderest possible connection with the press inspired by an account in one of Kipling's books of "a youngster jerked on at the end of a wire," and how he thus became a successful correspondent. After numerous vicissitudes Mr. Unger accidentally ran across Mr. Kipling and sought an interview with him, of which he gives the following account in the forthcoming book, "With 'Bobs' and Kruger."

"I had less than thirty shillings left, all my resources were exhausted, the time had passed for a reply from America, and I realized that I could expect nothing from that source—in short, I was 'up against it,' and I knew it. The band was to play in the municipal gardens that evening, and I walked up the long avenue until I found myself at the Mount Nelson hotel."

"I knew Mr. Kipling was staying there, and the impulse came over me to call on him. I sent my card, and a few minutes later found the greatest little man of all England looking pleasantly at me with extended hand, saying: 'Well, what are you doing out here?'

"I briefly told him of my aspiration and of a telegraph wire, and how, now that I had failed, I was ready to attempt my last alternative of getting captured by the Boers on my return to Sterkstrom, and try my luck as soldier of fortune in their army. Mr. Kipling appeared much interested and said: 'I like your nerve, but why don't you sink your nationality and join one of our corps of rough-riders or scouts? There you'll get the real thing.'

"I replied that this would prevent my having the necessary freedom of movement, and then suggested that he take me with him as his secretary, driver, or in any capacity he could use me. Mr. Kipling hesitated a moment, and then put me through the most exhaustive examination I have ever had. Could I cook, pack a horse, ride and drive, put up a tent, beg, borrow or steal forage, tell the truth or lie—if necessary, mind my own business and never see or hear things not to be seen or heard, was I 'discreet,' and was I sure I would not poison him with my cooking? And then, when I told him that I was an old Klondyker, he chopped his questions abruptly off with: 'Oh, I guess if you've been over the Chilkoot you have all the necessary qualifications.'

"My hopes by this time had reached the boiling point, and just as I had expected him to say 'All right, I'll take you with me,' he said the other thing.

"You see," he added by way of explanation, "I could never have a man in the same line as myself with me. You would be using my material, and if you wouldn't you should—I would—in your place, in fact, I'd do anything to secure a beat on anybody else." I heard him out patiently, and then said:

"But, Mr. Kipling, I hope you don't think for a moment that I am so foolish as to think myself in the same class with you?"

"That's just where you make a mistake," he snapped out energetically, "you should think yourself every bit as good as I, and make-it your object to beat me at my own game. You are a newspaper man, and out here to write what you see and out there to write what you can do better than I can, and don't let yourself think anything else, and perhaps then you will be able to do so." Then, after a pause for breath, he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "But I've got a pretty good start on you, and don't intend to let you, or anyone else, catch up with me if I can help it."

"The kindness of his manner and the forcefulness of his remarks were a powerful stimulant to me, and I felt fully half a foot taller and more of a man in every way. As I was deciding that I would follow his advice and try to beat even the great Rudyard Kipling, he continued, 'No, I'm no good for you, but put your address on this card, and I'll speak to a few fellows I know who might be

PEOPLE WE MEET.



ASSESSOR E. WARD SMITH.

ASSESSOR OF TAXES

May Be a Good Fellow But Is Never Run After.

The "People We Meet" today is no one other than the well-known assessor and collector of taxes, E. Ward Smith, a splendid fellow in a social way, but who ever receives an assessor of taxes with open arms, for visit means business that necessitates an outlay.

For 18 years before coming to the Klondike Mr. Smith filled the office of city assessor in Winnipeg and had not been "on the square," popular and a good fellow such an enviable record for longevity in office would not be his as it is.

A Siberian Gold Mine.

In the Achinsk district of Siberia, lying to the west of Yenesei River, and about 100 miles to the south of the Trans-Siberia railroad, I went with a party of four other Americans to visit the mines of a large Siberian proprietor. The wall rock of the vein appeared to be full of little crystals of iron sulphide, and on closer inspection particles of gold were visible. The finding of free gold in the rock, away from the quartz of the vein, was rather extraordinary and it is said that the proprietor prepared us for the appearance of the quartz in the face of the drift. Here, by candle light, on the face of quartz eight feet in width, appeared wire-like strings and masses of native gold, extending in lines more or less parallel to the walls from top to bottom of the drift, which was about six feet high.

In no less than six openings on this vein, all following it from 50 to 200 hundred feet into the mountain side, we were shown those marvelous exhibitions of free gold. Blasts of powder were put in wherever we directed. Specimens were taken from the fresh face, beaten up in mortars and panned. In every case gold was found, often at the rate of hundreds of dollars to the ton, and a subsequent examination of the vein along a course of 700 feet showed the free gold already found in the tunnels, by an exhibition of his government record books, kept by order of the mining department to accompany the consignments of gold turned in to the agents of the St. Petersburg mint, the owner proved to us that he had in four months' time taken over \$50,000 from this vein, crushing only 18 tons of ore a day. That the deposit described above is not of an exceptional character in Siberia could be proven by the citation of numerous examples. C. W. Purinton in the Engineering Magazine for September.

A Blunder of Justice.

Scottish American: It is terrible to think that any of us may be mistaken tomorrow for somebody else who has brought down the last vestige of the law upon him. In the sixteen hundred millions of human beings on the face of the earth it would not be easy to find two who have not some point of resemblance, and it is not singular that there should be many unrelated to his own image. A pitiful example of the peril in which we all live came within the experience of the late Mr. Montague Williams. He had defended a man at the Middlesex Sessions against whom two policemen, a butcher, and a drover gave the strongest possible evidence that they had seen him steal some sheep. The man's mother, sister and child were called to give evidence that the prisoner was at home at the time of the theft, but the judge waived aside their story by warning the jury that an alibi was "so easily arranged," and the man was convicted and sentenced. Twelve months passed, and "Monty" was again defending a man for sheep stealing, oddly enough before the same judge. The resemblance

Golf Champion Defeated

Chicago, Oct. 5.—The Western golf champion, Phelps B. Hoyt, of Glenview, went down to defeat in the semi-finals for the Chicago cup at the Chicago Golf Club yesterday before the superior playing of former Western champion, William Waller, of Oronota, by the large score of 8 up and 5 to lay in 18 holes.

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A Suit of Heavy Underwear 10.00
Total \$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

Strange Premonitions.

H. O. Mackey: It was recently stated that the late General Beauregard was quite impressed before leaving England for the seat of war that he should never return alive.

Talleyrand was once in New York walking with an intimate friend named Beaumetz when the impression came that he was plotting his death. Talleyrand boldly faced him, charged him with it, when he stammered a few incoherent words, burst into tears, and confessed.

"This true, 'tis true, my friend," and then he acknowledged how he had been haunted with this diabolical suggestion for days, and had been vainly battling with it. But Talleyrand's outspoken accusation had broken the spell, and ever after he was absolutely free from it, and remained a true friend to the end of his life.

One of the Blanc family was sitting at dinner in Paris one day when suddenly he sprang to his feet, put his hand to his side, and exclaimed, "My brother is hurt!" His brother was many miles away, but it proved to be true, and the incident afterwards became the foundation of the celebrated Corsican Brothers' story and drama.

An American physician who was very sceptical of all such premonitions was told by a friend one night that he was sure "President Lincoln had been murdered." In a few hours the news was flashed into the town, and the sceptical doctor was convinced, but he said to have occurred when President Garfield was assassinated.

The wife of a New York clergyman having said some hours before the news came, that she saw him wounded and dying in a railway station, some ladies standing by, and watching.

But other pranks, too, are played by the mind when in special responsiveness to suggestion from mystic forces. Tasso, the poet, used often to carry on long conversations with what he called his "protecting spirit," in the presence of his friend, Manco. Sir Walter Scott, Richter, Spinoza, and even the devote Pascal, were all the subjects of similar walking visions or hallucinations.

It is said that Talma, the renowned actor, could compel himself to imagine his auditors to be skeletons, and when this idea mastered him, then his acting became of extraordinary power, almost overwhelming to his audience.

Sometimes, however, these vivid and overpowering beliefs are mere delusions, and are closely connected with optical deception. A humorous incident is related by the recently deceased brain specialist, Dr. Tuke, who tells that when the great fire occurred at the Crystal Palace in 1856, and the menagerie was destroyed, it was supposed that the popular and petted chimpanzee had escaped from his cage. He was seen to be holding on to the roof and writhing in agony, while trying to seize one of the iron ribs. The people watched his struggles with sickening dread and fear, and yet there was no animal there! It was a tattered piece of blind that was torn so fantastically as to resemble to the eye of excited fancy the body, the arms, and legs of an ape. So that, whilst some visions and presentations may have a solid foundation in fact, we must beware of supposing that every impression is reliable. Truly our brains can play us some queer pranks!

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