

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 16

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1899

PRICE 25 CENT

THERE'S BLOOD ON THE MOON

Rival Water Systems Result in the Usual Clash.

Com. Ogilvie Orders Mr. Henning's Main Chopped In Twain—Taught a Chinese Trick.

Grim-visaged war has broken out as a result of the construction of two water systems in Dawson, and the bloodiest results should attend, judging from the situation existing today. The contesting parties are made up of Colonel Word, Governor Ogilvie and the constabulary on the one side, with H. A. Henning, of tramway fame, on the other. They will seem very unequal to the general observer, but just the same, Mr. Henning seems to be holding his own against the odds and hopes to win out in the end. As is known by Nugget

The Nugget's Forecast of the Hon. Mr. Maxwell's Excursion up the Creeks.



readers, Mr. Henning made application to the council for a franchise for a water service, and was the originator of the plan; later on, and before any thing had been done with the other, Colonel Word put in an application, and it was favorably recommended to the council by the commissioner. Before any franchise had been granted, however, both men began to construct their systems. Col. Word sank a well



on the bank of the Klondike just at the rocky point above the bridge and ran his mains straight into town on the flats; Mr. Henning tapped a large spring on the river bank further up and connected it with a reservoir on the very

ARCTIC SAW MILL

UPPER KLONDIKE FERRY.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING AND DIMENSION LUMBER.

Rough Lumber \$80 per 1000

Special Inducements to Contractors.

Office at Mill. Telephone, Forks Line. J. W. Boyle

top of the hill east of town, from which he laid a main along the face of the hill nearly the entire length of the city and planned to lay lateral mains therefrom down several of the streets into the city.

These operations have been going on all summer; Mr. Word got his system so far along on Thursday that he had water running in a main laid nearly the full length of Second avenue; Mr. Henning completed a ditch in which to lay his main flume on the hillside and has been pumping water to his reservoir for two weeks. Up to that point there was no serious trouble, then hostilities opened up suddenly and vigorously in the following manner: Mr.



Henning was passing along First avenue when he was accosted by Commissioner Ogilvie.

"I wanted to ask you," said the commissioner, "on whose authority you are laying that water main on the hill."

"By nobody's authority," was the answer.

"Well, you will have to stop or it will get you into trouble," said his excellency.

"I can stop when the trouble comes," was the unabashed reply.

"Well, I'll have to stop you," said the official. "Then go ahead and stop me," was the not reassuring rejoinder.

At this point Mr. Henning remembered that Commissioner Ogilvie had met some of his workmen a few days ago and intimated to them that they had better look out for their wages, as the men on the tramway had had some trouble in getting theirs.

"I think it was beneath the dignity of your position, Mr. Ogilvie, to do a trick like that and try to get my workmen [to strike]," said Mr. Henning hotly.

"Well, you know the men on the tramway did have trouble in getting



their wages," was the deprecating excuse of the official.

"But they got it all," was fired back.

"Yes, but it was only after they had

done a lot of running around and been put to considerable trouble."

"And who was to blame, for it but you?" cried Henning.

"Me?" innocently.

"Yes, you, Mr. Ogilvie. When I went to you for a franchise for the tramway, you pretended to have su-



reme power; told me to go ahead and promised to protect me. But when a newspaper man went to you and asked about it, you pretended you didn't even know anything about it."

"Well, I'll stop you in [this new work]," was the commissioner's last remark, and "Then, go ahead and do it," was Henning's parting shot. The commissioner was evidently hot under the collar, for he at once wrote a letter to Acting Sheriff Carter telling him to stop Henning and his men from proceeding further with the construction of the system. This was communicated to Mr. Henning, who said, "I am not working my men now, but I am going to do so in a few days." The astute gentleman then proceeded to teach the



two officials a Chinese trick. Gathering his men together and getting his flume in handy form, he marched them to the scene of his operations at night and to when morning dawned the sun shown down upon a completed main on the hillside and one running nearly the full length of Church street.

When the news of this audacious act reached the commissioner's ears, he charged the sheriff to go forthwith and chop the offending flume in twain. The

accommodating sheriff did as he was told, but after he had gone the audacious Mr. Henning adroitly spliced the flume together again. Thus matters stand today, and the next act will be awaited with interest. Mr. Henning says he has the only sensible system and the only decent water; besides that, by reason of his main on the hill, the people on the uplands can be served with water by him, whereas, if he is denied the privilege they will be forced to continue carrying water from the river, as Col. Word's system does not, and cannot benefit them in the least. Mr. Henning also claims to have the signatures of 350 people on a petition to the council, praying them to grant Mr. Henning the privilege of operating his system.

Messrs. Tabor & Hulme have been retained by Mr. Henning, which promises to add life to the contest now waging.

An Audacious Cook Horsewhipped.

A racy story is being told about town in which a well-known variety girl and the cook of a First avenue restaurant are the principal actors. The girl has lately been occupying apartments in a hotel with a well known old sour dough. One night this week she was awakened by some one entering her room. "Is that you, Jim?" she asked. "Yes," was the reply in a disguised voice. The girl failed to recognize the



familiar tones of her liege lord pro tem and as the intruder attempted to enter the bed she found that her suspicions were well founded. She hastily sprang up and chased the intruder out, at the same time discovering him to be the cook of the place adjoining. Next day, the story goes, she told the incident to Jim, and that redoubtable apostle of goodness procured a horsewhip. Together they located the offending cook, and Jim stood by while the indignant woman plied the lash. The cook didn't stay any longer than he had to, of course, but the woman got in enough blows to placate her irate feelings, and the dove of peace resumed his place on the perch.

First Presbyterian Church.

Friends are invited to attend a social gathering at the above church on Tuesday the 29th, at 8 p. m., to say farewell to Dr. A. S. Grant, who has been pastor of the congregation for the past 15 months and who is shortly to leave for his home in the East.

• ALL NEW GOODS •

Selected by our Mr. F. H. Ames during his recent visit to the manufacturing and producing markets of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Our assortment is very large and complete, enabling us to furnish everything in the line of general miners' outfits and supplies. Great care has been observed in selecting nothing but the fanciest and best quality of merchandise obtainable.

We guarantee absolute satisfaction in everything we have to offer, and believe you will find our prices popular and reasonable.

We invite you to call and inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we believe you will find it to your substantial interest to investigate what we have to offer.

Special prices on outfits.

THE AMES MERCANTILE CO.