

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900

THEN AND NOW.

Twelve months ago conditions in Dawson and throughout the Yukon territory generally were vastly different from what they are today. At that time the country was afflicted with a set of laws which in every way tended to repress the growth of the territory and retard and hold back the development of the one resource upon which our entire population must depend for support.

The prospecting for new diggings had practically ceased, owing to the fact that by reason of the enactment of various orders in Council, almost the entire gold producing area of the territory had been withdrawn from location. There was no chance for the prospector on Bonanza, Eldorado, or any other of the creeks immediately tributary to Dawson and as for creeks farther distant from the town in nearly every case they had been located long before and by reason of lack of representation had again become crown ground and consequently reserved from a second staking.

There was also a general indisposition among claim owners to work their ground owing to the fact that the excessive and burdensome royalty tax of ten per cent served in many instances to consume the entire profits of the winter's work.

The bad condition of the roads leading to the creeks was another discouraging feature which added so greatly to the expense of operating a claim that in numerous cases ground remained unworked merely by reason of that fact alone. To all this was added the conviction that the opening of navigation last spring would see the Yukon territory practically deserted for Nome, which camp was then being boomed to the very utmost. Those were the circumstances under which Dawson confronted the approach of winter twelve months ago.

Today, as noted at the beginning of this article, conditions are entirely different. The prospector has more freedom of action in the Yukon today than ever before. Instead of two districts in which he may locate a claim there are now six in each of which he is now entitled to a claim. Within a very short time reserved claims aggregating nearly 8000 will be placed on the market for sale, and those upon which no bids are offered will be immediately thrown open for location. The ten per cent royalty is practically a thing of the past as it has been stated definitely by Gold Commissioner Senkler that after November the royalty will be cut in two and probably reduced as low as two per cent.

Again the effect of the exodus from Dawson to Nome has entirely passed away. Hundreds of those who left during the winter and spring have returned to Dawson well content to take their chances in this community, which has demonstrated its ability to thrive under the most adverse circumstances.

The results of this difference in conditions must be apparent to the most casual observer. On every hand are now seen the evidences of progress and prosperity. Claim owners who could

not work their ground at a profit twelve months ago are now enabled to do so and in consequence more ground will be worked during the present winter than ever before. More labor will be employed, more wages will be paid, more machinery will be used and more goods will be bought.

The government is now protecting the interests of the Yukon where formerly it was opposed to them. In that is the sum and substance of the entire matter and the Nugget, in common with the people of the territory, rejoices that such is now the case.

It is highly probable that immense quantities of commodities of various kinds will be brought over the ice to Dawson during the coming winter. The completion of the railroad to Whitehorse and the various cut off trails will together serve to reduce the time necessary to make the journey between the coast and this city very short. When the trail is worn into good condition, travelers over the ice will be able to compete successfully with the time now made by steamboats in going up the river. Goods will be landed in Dawson from Whitehorse in ten days, while it is quite probable that men coming on bicycles will cut the time down to four or five days. Dawson's much talked of "isolation" is now a thing for the historian or romancer. Such a term might once have been truthfully applied to this city but such is no longer the case.

The Yukon council has determined upon the establishment of a second school. This move, as has been pointed out by the Nugget on several occasions, is a wise one. We suggest to the council the advisability of locating the new school toward the north end of town in which locality is the preponderance of child population. As cold weather approaches it will simply be a matter of impossibility for many of the smaller children to cross the town to the school on Mission street. A school situated at some point north of the center of town is absolutely necessary.

Flat Has Gone Out.

Acting on instructions issued by Commander Wood the members of the patrol force of the N. W. M. P. served over 100 notices yesterday on as many persons, the substance and purport of the notices being: "G. or G.", which means, get work or get out of town. The police are giving this class of people ample time in which to do something, but those of them who decline to act until the river freezes up and it is too late will be rounded up like range cattle and the brand administered will read, "Six months at hard labor." In this connection it is proper to state that McLennan, McFeeley & Co. has but lately furnished the government with a gross of new wood saws, and a stack of 1000 cords of raw material for the reduction works lies with no covering save heaven's broad canopy on the flat in the rear of the barracks. Verbum sat.

Where It Rains Frogs.

Every once in awhile stories are brought out about extraordinary showers of fish, of bloody snow, etc., the latest thing being of a ship captain far out on the Atlantic who ran into a dust shower so heavy he had to set his crew shoveling the dust from the decks when the weight began to get dangerous. To this there is added a tale: It rains frogs in Arizona. The old timers believe there is no doubt of it, though they cannot explain whence the frogs were originally "lifted." But this much is straight—let there be a summer rain along the line of the Southern Pacific in southwestern Arizona, and behold the next morning every little pool has a myriad of little lean green frogs with marvelous croaking powers. They don't wait for night-fall like their more civilized brothers elsewhere, but keep up the music by day as by night. They live where water comes only about once a year. They can't live over the interim under the sun baked black rocks. They assuredly haven't hopped from the Colorado river, and they are all of a size to boot. If they didn't come from the ground or from the river, they must have come from the skies.

And that's what the Hassayampers firmly believe.—Arizona Graphic.

Services Tomorrow.

Christian Science services will be held Sunday, 11 a. m., in Christian Science hall, Second avenue, between Third and Fourth street. All are cordially invited.

Whiskies at wholesale at the Northern Annex. Rosenthal & Field, props

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STROLLER'S COLUMN.

There are things which are incompatible and over which the more a man studies the more frustrated he becomes concerning their identity.

The other day the Stoller dropped into a Dawson restaurant and, having dined in a modest way, was presented with a check on which was printed: "Pay this check at the counter. No foreign or mutilated coin taken."

As the amount called for by the check was just \$1, one of Uncle Sam's big iron wheels was tendered and at the same time the Stoller very humbly apologized for having to tender foreign coin, fearing that his money would be refused and he would be arrested for obtaining a lunch under false pretenses and when he had only foreign coin in which to pay for it.

"No apology is necessary," said the bland cashier, "as that is the best money we get. A silver dollar is preferable to a rag dollar any time."

What perplexed the Stoller was to know why the check slip bore the printing it did, and why the information conveyed by the check was so ruthlessly contradicted by the words of the cashier? The only comfort the Stoller got out of the episode was the thought that in a land of plenty he will never starve so long as he has one of Sam's dollars concealed in his apparel.

The Stoller and police court reporter chanced to get into conversation the other day and the latter, being in a somewhat reminiscent mood, opined that this world of ours is a cold and cruel one.

When asked on what he based his conclusions the police court reporter replied:

"On every day experience and observation. Scarcely a session of the police court passes that does not record some fellow who wants his name kept out of the paper and who will pat me on the back and call me 'old fellow,' and all that kind of familiarity, and then if I grant his request he never knows me again.

"Why, only a short time ago a man who thinks he cuts a much wider swath than he really does, was before the police court on the charge of assaulting an old woman. He asked me as a favor to him to suppress his name. He slapped me on the back and called me 'my dear old fellow,' and said he was stuck on my shape and all that kind of stuff. I granted his request and, you may not believe it, but that man has never recognized me since. The next time he assaults an old woman, well, I suppose he will give me another soft-soaping and I suppose I will be chump enough to stand for it. Being a 'chump is my long suit."

"I remember an old college motto," said the Stoller, "which was: 'Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will,' why don't you follow that course in your police court reports?"

"And get licked three times a week," answered the police court reporter. "It is all right for you to give advice when your own stuff is never taken seriously; but police court news is mighty serious reading to the man who realizes that he has made a fool of himself, and yet after helping these fellows to conceal their trouble and give me the 'marble' on every occasion. The thanks a fellow gets from a dead man for writing a decent notice of his funeral are about as fervent as those returned by the man whose name is suppressed in the police court report. How's your smoking?"

The Stoller was playing a stack of rubbers in one of the gambling houses last night when he overheard the following conversation between two young men, one of whom recently came up the river as a hasher on one of the St. Michael steamers:

"Did yuse git er notis today to git wuk or git outen town?"

"Yep, it was served on me 'bout an hour ago. Did yer git your'n?"

"Yer bet I did, an' I'm gorin to git in less'n tree days. Sich notises ain't nuthin to me. I've been ordered outen every town betwixt Old Orchard, Maine, and San Francisco, an' I'm reckoned to be de champion truck rider of America. I'm 'bout due to be movin' anyhow, as I have an engagement to take Tanksgivin' dinner wid me pard in Jacksonville Florida, an' jf I git a job at sawin' wood here, me pard'll be disappointed. He left Nome on one of de outside boats. Him an' me has been pards for seven years and durin' dat time we've been vagged upards of a hundred times. Are yuse goin' to pay any 'tention ter de order?"

"I am fixed," replied the other man. "I stole a wood saw 'tother night, an' 'bout once a week I'll git out when dat striped guy wot gimme de order can see me an' I'll cut off a stick or two of wood. Dat'll give de dignity uv a laborin' man and still enable me ter loaf 'roun dese joints ter keep warm."

The Stoller notices that, so far as street lights in the resident portions of Dawson are concerned, the dark ages continue. The death trap at the corner of Fourth avenue and Sixth street, into which a lady fell a few nights ago, breaking one of her legs, is still set and is bound to catch more victims unless a light is provided or a guard rail put up along the side of the ditch.

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