

The Klondike Nugget

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GEORGE M. ALLAN, Publisher

NOTICE.

Pages 3 and 10 are from Wednesday's daily; 4 and 9 from Thursday's daily, and the remaining pages from Tuesday's daily issue.

A MOST SERIOUS QUESTION.

Reports which are being received daily from the creeks indicate plainly that the scarcity of water is proving a serious drawback to mining operations. As far as our information extends there is not a creek in the entire district but what is affected to a greater or less extent. In numerous instances preparations for summer work have been postponed or entirely abandoned owing to the fact that no water is available for sluicing purposes.

Claims which under proper conditions would be employing in the aggregate hundreds of men are lying idle on account of the low stage of water in the creeks.

The situation has become sufficiently serious to command the attention of the entire community. The commercial and property interests of Dawson are involved in the prosperity of the mining industry. The pulse of trade responds automatically to the conditions which prevail on the creeks. When the mines are working steadily and giving employment to their full quota of men business in this city is correspondingly brisk and vice versa—when work is slack business is dull.

If, therefore, from no other motive than self-interest, every possible aid should be extended from this city in accomplishing a satisfactory solution of this most momentous problem.

The Nugget believes that no plan involving private monopoly of the water supply of the district will be in any respect acceptable. The hold which such a monopoly would be given over the individual claim owners of the district would be altogether too strong, as witness the provisions contemplated in the Treadgold grant. No advantage would accrue to the mining industry from any such arrangement. Dependence upon a corporation seeking nothing but the promotion of its own interests would simply mean that the cost of water to the miner would be kept at the very highest possible figure.

The plan suggested of a water system installed under government direction and with charges for service fixed as low as would be consistent with first cost and expense of operation, commends itself as being nearer a practicable solution of the situation than any other idea thus far advanced.

The additional indirect revenues which would accrue to the government as the result of the establishment of a water system along the lines suggested would make the investment a profitable one from the government standpoint. An immediate impetus would result to the mining industry which would be reflected in the government's receipts from royalty, licenses, renewals, customs and all other sources of federal revenue.

It is obvious that in essaying the accomplishment of an undertaking so vast in its scope, many difficulties will present themselves. The history of this country has proven conclusively, however, that when the people stand together for the attainment of a particular purpose they usually succeed and there is no substantial reason for fear that they would fail in the present instance.

INTEREST AWAKENING.

Several communications respecting the water situation on the creeks have been received at this office and will be published in due time. It is satisfactory to note that interest in this most important question is being awakened and that the bearing which it exercises upon the future of the country is becoming generally understood. It is impossible to secure too much discussion of the question. Every side of the situation should be carefully reviewed in order that the facts may all be ascertained. Com-

prehensive and reliable information is absolutely necessary as a stepping stone in the direction of interesting the government in the question. When it is clearly shown to how great an extent the scarcity of water affects the mining industry and all lines of trade which are dependent upon it, reasonable hope may be felt that the government will interest itself in the matter.

For the attainment of this purpose, therefore, the Nugget extends an invitation to all who may be interested in or have knowledge of the facts surrounding the situation to make use of the columns of this paper for the purpose of letting their views be known to the public.

Continued discussion will in the end produce results.

Parties who have recently returned from the Miller and Glacier creek country report the road to those districts to be in many places practically impassible. Pack horses find extreme difficulty in making the trip while transportation by teams is impossible. Dawson is losing a considerable volume of trade by reason of this condition. The natural source of supply for all that country is this city but until the roads are in good condition the volume of traffic is certain to remain small. The opportunity which lies before Dawson of becoming the trade center for the nearby American mining district should not be allowed to pass by. The business can be brought to this city very readily if proper transportation facilities are furnished. Otherwise it will be lost.

The water question will grow and increase in importance as time elapses. To make the vast deposits of low grade dirt which cover thousands of acres of virgin territory available, cheap water for sluicing must be furnished. The claims where pans of \$100 were the regulation thing are pretty well worked out. The future of the country rests largely in the profitable development of ground of moderate richness. The key to the situation rests almost entirely in a successful solution of the water question.

The present summer will determine to some extent, at least what is to be expected from the quartz resources of the camp. Several properties will be opened up, and a practical demonstration made of the valuations carried as well of the extent of the ledges which it is believed have been located. The knowledge that one quartz mine has been placed upon a paying basis will attract all the capital in this direction that the country requires. The average capitalist is like the traditional Missourian, but when he is once shown, he is usually willing to do his part.

The citizens of Whitehorse have established a very wise precedent in turning back a band of Chinamen who were headed in this direction. Chinamen are not wanted in this country and the sooner that fact is clearly understood the better it will be for all parties concerned. It would be a first class idea to have the facts in connection with the Whitehorse episode published broadcast over the coast. Knowledge of what they would be likely to encounter will doubtless deter the celestials from making anything like a determined effort to invade the Yukon.

Martin Van Buren, the cleverest politician ever produced in the United States, always said that he preferred walking a hundred miles to writing a letter. There is a point contained in Van Buren's philosophy which local politicians might follow with advantage—particularly when it comes to writing letters which may afterwards be produced in court.

Brother Beddoe seems to find much satisfaction in the knowledge that fifteen electors are sufficient to nominate a man for parliament.

The political pot has begun to exhibit genuine simmering symptoms. In the not distant future it may be expected to boil over.

Just as a soft answer turneth away wrath so does a soft government berth suppress opposition.

EACH MUST PAY COSTS

New Order in Council Received

Parties in Litigation before the Gold Commissioner Must Pay for Resurveys.

Gold Commissioner Senkler yesterday received a new order in council which may have a tendency to deter many people from rushing into needless litigation. Under the new ruling parties dissatisfied with a survey and applying for another must put up each one-half the costs of such resurvey. The order in council in full is as follows:

"Whereas section 75 of the regulations for the disposal of quartz mining claims on Dominion lands in Manitoba, the Northwest territory and the Yukon territory, made and established by order in council dated 21st March, 1898, as amended by subsequent orders in council, provides as follows:

"If the mining recorder or gold commissioner decides that it is necessary to a proper decision of the matter in issue to have an investigation on the ground, or in cases of disputed boundaries or measurements to employ a Dominion land surveyor to measure or survey the land in question, the expense of the inspection or remeasurement or re-survey, as the case may be, shall be borne by the litigants, who shall pay into the hands of the mining recorder or gold commissioner in equal parts, such sum as he may think sufficient for the same before it takes place; otherwise it shall not proceed and the party who refuses to pay such sum shall be adjudged in default. The said mining recorder or gold commissioner shall subsequently decide in what proportion the said expense should be borne by the parties respectively and the surplusage, if any, shall then be returned to the parties, as he may order;

"And whereas, the question has been raised as to whether or not this section may be acted upon in the case of placer mining claims, and it is deemed advisable to settle this question:

"Therefore the governor general in council is pleased to order and doth order that the ordinance governing the hearing and decision of disputes in relation to mining claims in the Yukon territory made by the governor general in council on the 18th day of March, 1901, shall be and the same is hereby amended by adding thereto section 75 above quoted of the regulations for the disposal of quartz mining claims on Dominion lands in Manitoba, the Northwest territories and the Yukon territory."

Capt. Baker Dead.

New Westminster, June 21. — The death of Richard H. Baker, one of the best known and most popular captains on the Fraser river, occurred last night, severe hemorrhages following typhoid fever. Deceased was 55 years old and leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter. He was a native of Dartmouth, Devonshire, and came here thirty years ago aboard H.M.S. Zealots. Since then he had commanded several of the river steamers, and more than any one else built up the business on the south arm of the river. For the last three years he had captained the C. P. N. Co.'s steamer Transfer, having previously sold out his large interest in the successful opposition boat. He was a member of the Workmen and Oddfellows, which latter body will conduct the funeral tomorrow afternoon.

Clarke Case Still on

The case of Joseph Andrew Clarke, charged by Edward O'Donnell with the misappropriation of \$1125, was called on preliminary hearing yesterday afternoon before Police Magistrate Wroughton and is still on trial this afternoon, having been adjourned from yesterday until 2 p.m. today. A number of witnesses have been examined and there is a likelihood that the hearing will be completed this evening, otherwise it will be continued until Saturday, tomorrow being observed by the courts as a holiday.

For New Goods

Mr. J. P. McLennan leaves for the outside this evening for the purpose of purchasing his fall and winter stock of goods. He will visit the principal eastern markets before returning.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

In Hands of the Mafia

People will tell you that the days of romance are gone, never to return; but my strange experience in Venice, in the winter season of 1894, changed my opinion on the subject once and for all.

I had at that time a business commission in the larger towns of Italy and from Verona I was going on to Venice. In my compartment was a young Italian—a rather nasty looking fellow, clad in a curious green traveling cloak. We did not speak to one another, and as it was very cold, I curled myself up in my corner and went to sleep, wishing inwardly that I had had the forethought to bring a nice warm overcoat with me like that of my companion.

When I awoke we were apparently nearing Venice, and I was the only occupant of the carriage. Where the Italian had got out I did not know, but, curiously enough, he had left his cloak behind him. It was a new garment, warmly lined, and I slipped it over my shoulders, intending to hand it over to the officials at Venice. Ten minutes later the train steamed into the station, and I tumbled out to look after my luggage. There were a good many people in the train, and in my eagerness I quite forgot that I was wearing a cloak which did not belong to me, and which I ought to hand over forthwith to the lost property office.

Outside the station there were the usual crowds of persuasive gondoliers plying for hire, and the whole scene was one of bustle and confusion. It was now late at night, and the lights of the station, reflected in the inky black water, had a weirdly picturesque effect. Presently a gondolier came toward me, gave me a searching glance which took me in from head to foot, and then inquired, with a courtly bow, if he might have the honor of taking the signor to his hotel. I signified my assent, and in a few moments my belongings and myself were more or less snugly stowed away. With a few strokes my gondolier drew clear of the crowd at the station, and we were presently gliding down the broad bosom of the Grand Canal.

The night was cold, and there was a kind of damp frostiness in the biting wind which sighed across the lagoon. Instinctively I drew my cloak closely around me, and then realized with a jerk that I had quite forgotten to deliver it to the railway officials. "How forgetful of me," I thought, "But, never mind! I will send a messenger from the hotel with it tomorrow morning."

The ancient palazzo, now turned into a plebeian hotel, at which I had engaged rooms, was situated on a side canal some little distance from the Grand Canal, and we were presently threading a maze of narrow waterways, lit only by twinkling lamps which threw straggling lines of light across the inky water. Everything was absolutely quiet, for Venice is indeed a silent city when night falls on the scene. Occasional, but very rarely, a gondola would cross our path, and every now and then there came the monotonous chant of my gondolier, as we neared a point where the canal branched off. "Sa sta!" he would chant, as we turned to the right; "sa premi!" as we dived into some devious waterway to the left; while if we were keeping straight on, "lungo ch!" rolled across the water from his lips.

It seemed to me that we were taking rather a long time to reach the hotel, but as I had not been in Venice before, I did not like to say anything. Presently, however, the gondola ran alongside a sort of decayed stone quay, above which towered a closely shuttered house, evidently of considerable antiquity.

"Surely this is not the Hotel —?" I cried, in surprise; "it looks more like a dungeon."

The gondolier bowed low. "It is not, signor," he said; "the hotel is down the passage on the left, and I will do myself the pleasure of conducting your excellency thither."

He stepped of rope over a stone projection, and led me toward a narrow passage, which I had not noticed. At the far end of this alley I saw a twinkling oil lamp, which my guide assured me was the light of the Hotel.

Inwardly I cursed the friendly Italian merchant at Verona who had recommended me to such a miserable place.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, I felt something slipped over my head. I heard a few muttered commands, and then I felt myself being carried by strong arms. I could not see, I could hardly breathe, but I realized at once that I was the victim of an outrage. And the memory of all the crimes which have occurred in this vast network of silent waterways and ancient

houses surged into my brain until I felt sick with terror.

Presently I was laid down, none too gently, on a bench. Then came the shutting of a door, and silence. I tried to rise to my feet, but during the brief period I had been carried along my captors had contrived to bind me, so that I now found it impossible to move. My thoughts at this time were none too pleasant. I realized that if I never left my prison alive no one would be very much the wiser, and the reflection did not make me feel any more comfortable.

I was not left to myself for long. Presently I heard footsteps close to me, the cover over my head was torn off, my footstraps removed, and I was led from the room by a weird-looking figure in a mask and hood. He bore an uncomfortable resemblance to a member of the Spanish Inquisition.

We emerged into a brilliantly lighted room, filled to overflowing with men, all clad in the same somber garb of mask and hood. As my gaoler drew me in a kind of muffled roar went up from the assembly and those nearest to me shook their fists in my face. Suddenly a tall man at the far end of the room moved toward me, the others making way for him respectfully.

For a moment, he gazed earnestly into my face. Then he turned angrily to my gaoler. "What, in the name of heaven, does this mean?" he hissed. "You have brought the wrong man!"

Instantly consternation reigned in the room, and everybody crowded round to examine me, while the gaoler tried to explain things. Up to this moment I had been more or less in a dream—the rapidity with which events succeeded one another had confused me—but now I found my tongue.

"I do not know what is the meaning of the outrage to which I have been subjected," I said, "but if you have any doubts as to my identity I may tell you at once that I am an Englishman, Charles Raymond, by name, and I have come from Verona today. I have papers in my pockets to prove it."

The leader heard me out, then he beckoned to me to follow him. Mechanically I obeyed, and he led me into a small ante-room. Then he turned to me. "Sir," he said, in most excellent English, "we owe you a profound apology, and also an explanation. But, first of all, will you tell us how it is that you are wearing that green cloak?"

In a few words I explained how I came to be possessed of the coat.

The eyes behind the mask smiled. "Yes," he said, "I see now how the whole thing has happened. We were on the lookout for a member of our society—a member who has violated his commands. He was known only to the members of our inner circle, but our humble instruments were told to look out for a man in a green cloak and to bring him hither. I much regret that you should have been the victim of so unfortunate a mistake. It is a pity, too, that the traitor has temporarily escaped us; he must have received a warning. At what point did you say he left the train?"

I told him as nearly as possible, and he nodded gravely. "It is of little moment," he said, "the scoundrel will not get far."

"And now," continued my mysterious interlocutor, "I can see you are eaten up with curiosity as to who and what we are. Is it not so? I thought so! But, unfortunately, I am not at liberty to tell you anything. I want you now to give me your solemn promise, on your honor as an Englishman, to say nothing to any person in Venice of your adventure of tonight. I know you English; and I know that if you pass your word you will keep it. Having given me this promise, you shall be conveyed to your hotel without delay, and we shall be happy to recompense you for the inconvenience we have caused you."

The politeness of the man—he was evidently a gentleman to his fingertips—fascinated me, and I gave my parole quite willingly. Forthwith, with a few words of apology, he placed the covering over my head again and led me out through the main room to the ancient quay on which I had first landed, and so into the gondola.

"Farewell, Signor Raymond," he said; "I rely on you." Then, in a whisper: "It is not every one who enters the judgment hall of the Mafia and leaves it alive!"

Ten minutes later my gondolier removed the cloak from my head and took the strap off my wrists. Three minutes afterward he dumped me and my baggage down on the broad steps of the hotel, and with a couple of sweeping strokes, vanished into the night. The landlord of the hotel was in a mild state of wonderment as to where I had been, but, mindful of my

promise, I told him nothing, and tumbled off to bed as soon as possible. As I was undressing an envelope fell out of my side pocket, and, on picking it up, I found enclosed Italian bank notes to the value of 250 lire—roughly £10. There was nothing else in the envelope, and I could only surmise that the money had been slipped into my pocket by way of compensation for my weird adventure.

One thing more. Two days later I was chatting with a merchant in his office close to the Rialto when my eye caught a paragraph in an Italian paper on his desk. It was very brief. It simply recounted how a man, unknown, who had been arrested for vagrancy, had been found stabbed to the heart in the jail at Verona. The dagger with which he had been killed bore an inscription which showed beyond a doubt that the deed was the work of the dreaded Mafia.

The merchant saw the paragraph and shuddered. "Fancy being killed even in a prison cell," he said. "No one can escape the Mafia!"

And I shuddered with him. — The Traveler.

BIG DEAL IN REAL ESTATE

Harry Hershberg Buys of Wm. McPhee

The First Avenue Property Now Occupied by Palmer Brothers.

Yesterday money was paid and a deed signed which conveyed from William McPhee to Harry Hershberg that centrally located and valuable First avenue property which has long been occupied by Palmer Bros. as a wholesale and retail grocery store meat market.

The price paid by Mr. Hershberg for the property is not stated, neither is it stipulated in the deed, which names only the nominal sum of \$10 as having changed hands in connection with the big deal.

Mr. Hershberg stated yesterday evening that he will get possession of his newly acquired property in time to have it thoroughly overhauled and repaired and ready for him to occupy with his popular Seattle Clothing Store by the first of September. He will occupy the entire property which is 25 feet front by 100 feet in depth. By the time the building is occupied by the popular clothiers it will be the finest, most commodious and tastily arranged store in Dawson.

Palmer Bros. have not yet announced their intentions but as their business is a very large one there is no doubt but that it will be continued in new quarters and on a more extensive scale than ever. It is reported that they will erect a mercantile building on Third avenue which thoroughfare is rapidly coming to the front as the business center of Dawson.

Allman's Bum Lamps.

Some time ago Edward Kershaw performed certain labor for Joseph Allman, the bathhouse proprietor, and last night when they went to settle they indulged in a fist fight. Both were in court this morning, the color of Allman's right optic being such as would cause a Georgia campaigning to look like a freshly fallen snow flake or a dark night to go "way back and sit down. There was only evidence of one blow landing but that it was of the pile driving, battering ram variety there was no doubt.

One man swore the other struck the first blow and the other man swore to exactly the same thing, each man being the other man, a sort of pull Dick, pull Devil affair. As there was no corroborative evidence, both charges were dismissed.

Verdict for Sweeney.

Boise, Idaho, June 25. — Judge Beatty, of the United States court, handed down a decision for the defense in the famous case of Patrick Clark et al vs. Charles Sweeney et al., involving the ownership of the Ella claim, adjoining the Tiger-Poorman, at Burke, in the Coeur d'Alenes. Sweeney purchased the Ella from plaintiffs for \$4,000. It was claimed afterwards that he secured through misrepresentations and fraud, it being asserted that the property was then worth \$1,000,000. Suit was brought for cancellation of the transfer. It has been a sensational proceeding throughout and has attracted a great deal of attention.