

An Eagle With a History.

who were in Skagway on the 20th of July two years ago have not seen the fine specimen of the proud emblem of freedom, an American eagle, that traveled in a large wire cage in the procession.

Previous to the Fourth two weeks were out in a canoe fishing in the bay near the mouth of the Chilkoot. They had a number of fish on the boat and were intently watching the water when—swoop, swoop—they felt their canoe shiver from end to end, it upset and the Indians themselves struggling in the water. But they were not alone; there was a large bird, an eagle, that had come down like a shot from the sky, having been attracted by the boat. The eagle had struck the boat with such force as to upset it at the same time stun itself to such a degree as to render it incapable of flying away until the Indians had recovered themselves and righted the canoe, when they proceeded to scatter the author of their fright and his immersions.

The eagle fought desperately, but was finally tied by the feet, muzzled and rendered harmless. The captors brought it to Skagway and sold it to "Soapy" for \$15. Four days after the capture, and while gazing on the same eagle which was in a cage in the rear of the "Parlor," the man Stewart was captured and robbed of \$2800, which was later lead up to "Soapy's" death and the scattering of his crowd, a

number of whom are still in San Quentin penitentiary, while four others are about due to be discharged from the U. S. jail at Sitka after having served two years.

Three months later the eagle, having been kept in captivity all the time, was set free, and when last seen it was upwards of 1000 feet high and sailing in a direct line for Mount St. Elias.

Thirty Dollars a Gallon.

The first milk cow ever in Dawson arrived on Wednesday. She was not very well pleased with her surroundings and did not give much milk, but that first milking brought just \$30 in Klondike dust. She will be treated to the best that Dawson affords—four and packing case hay—and is expected to do better as the days grow shorter. One hundred dollars a milking is not too much to expect of her, as she comes of good family and will not do anything to make her ancestors turn over in their graves—or more properly speaking, in the stomachs of their patrons. Hal Miller is the man who brought her in along with 19 male companions. The gentleman is more favorably known as "Cow" Miller, and as Cow Miller let him be known from this on.

All hail to you Mrs. Bovine! May your shadow never grow less and may your society improve the people—internally at least. Welcome you are, and it is trusted the welcome will bring a stampede of your kind, for it is considered you are a valuable addition to Dawson.—Klondike Nugget, July, '98.

THE Daily Klondike Nugget

4th of July Edition

For Sale at

...All News Stands...

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET

DAWSON, Y. T., JULY 4, 1900

"AMERICA"

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty; of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side—let freedom ring—

My native country thee, land of the noble free, thy name I love—I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, sweet freedom's song;

Let mortal tongues awake, let all that breathe partake, While rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee, author of liberty, to Thee we sing Long may our land be bright, with freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might—Great God—our King.

SMALL NUGGET FOR YOU.

The little nugget is presented to the citizen of Dawson as a reminder of the results of the Klondike stampede. It is not as large as was the first issue which appeared in Dawson some ten years ago, nor yet is it such a small matter.

The original Klondike Nugget was a modest affair—it was made of four pages and was designed to be published once a week. The plant with which the Nugget was produced consisted of an "Army" of a few cases of type, which, together with a dozen or more bundles of paper, were packed and shipped over the White Pass and Yukon route through White Horse rapids to Mile River, and had successfully crossed the numerous other difficulties which beset the army of stampedees who crossed the river in the fall of 1897 and the spring of 1898.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the Klondike Nugget has its origin in the smallest of things and so it came about that the small plant which landed in Dawson on June 1st more than two years ago, has since expanded far beyond the bright expectations of its owners.

The weekly extracts from early issues were published herewith, soon grew to a weekly. Then from four pages the Nugget increased to six. Two more pages were added, making the Nugget an twelve a week publication.

Selection from the eight page semi-weekly and the daily and semi-weekly followed in regular sequence. The future holds out bright prospects for continued growth and it is here to grow.

Selected for reproduction in this Nugget short items from our first issue are indicative of early conditions here. We hope they will prove of interest to our Cheechako friends and serve also as a reminder to our Dough Klondikers of days gone by. Those early days are worth remembering and this little Nugget may serve to immortalize reflections upon memories that might prove forgetful.

JUST FROM DAWSON.

A Dawson City mining man lay dying on the ice.

He didn't have a woman nurse—he didn't have the price. But a comrade kneeled beside him, as the sun sank in repose.

To listen to his dying words, and watch him while he froze.

The dying man propped up his head above four rods of snow.

And said, "I never saw it thaw but ninety eight below."

Send this little pin-head nugget that I swiped from Jason Dills

To my home, you know, at Deadwood, at Deadwood in the Hills.

Tell my friends and tell my enemies, if you ever reach the east.

That this Dawson City region is no place for man or beast;

That the land's too elevated, and the wind too awful cold.

And the Hills of South Dakota yield as good a grade of gold.

Tell my sweetheart not to worry, with a sorrow too intense.

For I would not thus have panned out had I had a lick of sense.

Oh! the air is growing thicker and, those breezes give me chills.

See, I wish I was in Deadwood, in Deadwood in the Hills.

"Tell the fellows in the home land to remain and have a cinch.

That the price of patent pork chops here is 80 cents an inch.

That I speak as one who's been here scratching round to find the gold.

And at 10 per cent of discount I could not buy up a cold.

Now, "So long," he faintly whispered. "I have told you what to do."

And he closed his weary eyelids, and froze solid, p. d. q.

His friend procured an organ box and covered the bills.

And sent the miner home that night to Deadwood in the Hills.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Get up and come with me if you want to see the saddest and most wonderful thing on earth. They are all stars—some dough favorites and stary eyed cheechokos fresh from green fields and the land of sunshine beyond the seas—Come on boys." That's as far as he ever got, because I was awake by that time, and could defend myself. I recognized him as the soulful poet who nightly kills people before the Orpheum doors. I showed him a bottle of Rudy Kalebourn's own voice restorer, and he became immediately dumb.

"Tom O'Brien" was in the chair, and after a few well aimed remarks I know they were well timed, because Eddie O'Brien was holding a stop watch on him, the meeting was called to order as could be found lying around loose, after which the business having been previously disposed of by refusing to pay the only bill presented, thereby keeping up the high standard of the order to the bitter end, the final proceedings were commenced. The chair stated that in view of the approaching Fourth of July celebration, when all sorts of things might be expected to occur it had been thought well as a precautionary measure to absolve every member from his oath—in short, to dissolve the order.

At the close of his remarks Mr. O'Brien seemed much affected by the sadness of the situation, and the gloomy silence which followed was broken by the doleful weeping of Mamie Hightower and the parting of one of Joe Clark's shoe strings. "Am I to understand," asked Frank Smith, his eyes emitting yellow sparks of poorly concealed grief, "that the dream is over, that the Order of Hogans no longer exists, that we are really at liberty to drink drinks bought with our own gold?" Methinks my gray hairs will grow yet more gray. Great applause and a general shower of second hand bric a brae followed Mr. Smith as he made his exit. In reply to the question asked, the chair replied that the order would certainly have to be dissolved as a means of safety to the members, as the Fourth of July would undoubtedly bring temptations to break the oath which it was very doubtful if even a Hogan could withstand. "If the oath is broken, you know the penalty," exclaimed the chair, and members acknowledged with a long drawn shudder that they did. You know that for a Hogan to pay that penalty means almost certain death. Again they shuddered, and the nameless member who had stowed away on the Eagle excursion Sunday shook till two of his front teeth fell out, and he was carried fainting from the room. The lamps flickered and burned dim in sympathy with the grief laden air, and the sobretres present climbed upon chairs to

prevent wetting their feet in the tears which were collecting in puddles.

"In well chosen words (he got them from a hardy manual borrowed for the occasion) Mr. O'Brien then declared everything off, and those who a few minutes before had been Hogans were just plain individuals supporting each other from the room.

"Thank heaven it was only a dream," said Cassid, who had been telling the yarn to the stroller, and that I am still a Hogan. That pipe is getting out of order, and if it don't stop producing nightmares I'll donate it to the Eagles.

There is a certain little pamphlet sold to the intended miners in Seattle, and known under the title of "Married and Didn't Know It." It is a strange story, but still more creditable than the following fact: "Had Passed Through the Rapids and Didn't Know It." After all that has been seen and heard of these famous White Horse rapids, and considering the number of people standing in silent or noisy admiration along the shores while the boats glide over the swift and raging waters, it seems an absurdity to even think any man could ever go through all those dangerous rapids without having the faintest notion of it. However, such a fact happened this month. A crowd was admiring a small, comical, honest faced little man standing alone straight as an arrow on the rear of a big, heavily loaded boat, steering calmly as a man accustomed to the dangers of navigation. Three miles lower the same witnesses again saw the same little man with the same big boat. This time the little man shouted to them: "Hello partner, can you tell me if I am far from the White Horse rapids, I want to deck my boat with this piece of canvas." A loud and irrepressible laugh was at first the only answer he could get till at length one fellow managed to ejaculate: "You damned fool, you passed them long ago, you are three miles below!" "Is that so? Well, well, I must say I thought the water was pretty rough!"

They play high here in Dawson, and the ball of fortune bounces many ways, but the most peculiar and strange course it ever took is now being talked among the miners. Walter Leroy, a Texan, tried to locate a mine and he failed. Walter, however, with the proverbial Texan spirit, knew something experience had taught him he could do thoroughly, so he straightway got very drunk. It was none of your common jags, but a regular old time Texan "bender." When he started out Leroy had about \$50, and when he woke up the next day in the tent of some friends, imagine his surprise to find every pocket bulging with money, and his gold pouch so heavy he could hardly carry it. During the night he had virtually cleaned out every game he had struck, and when he finally went under the table, his friends carried him home richer than he ever before, or probably will be again.