

CHICAGO PAPER'S ROMANCE

In Which the Klondike and a Woman Figure.

May Have Some Resemblance to Truth but Sounds Largely of Fiction—Undertakers Have Grown Rich.

(From Friday's Daily.)

A Chicago paper recently perpetrated upon its readers the following:

"There have many stories come out of the Klondike country of the people who have made fortunes there. Some have been of moving, some of packing, some of gambling, some of salooning, some of feeding the hungry and so on, but none of undertaking, so far as I have heard, and I know of a man and his wife who have got rich by burying people." Thus spoke a Seattle man who had been at Dawson since the beginning. "It was really the wife who did it," he continued, "and her story is interesting. Her husband, whom she greatly admires and affectionately calls 'Jim,' was a worker in an undertaking establishment, and when the rush began toward the gold diggings she hustled him out and came along to take care of him. At Skagway some friend gave her a lean and lank little Eskimo dog, broken to harness, and apparently broken to health. At least he could scarcely drag himself around, but his new owner cuddled him up carefully, and by the time she was ready to go on the road the dog was able to pull a fair sled-load.

"So she and her husband and the dog, which she had named 'Jim' as a compliment to her liege lord, started on their long, hard journey. They got along quite well or better than many others on the trail, and when the first tollgate was reached the woman's wit manifested itself still more. She was in advance with the dog and the sled, her husband watching the remainder of their goods some distance back. The tollgate keeper looked her over a minute, took a squint at her measly little dog and frankly told her that he would be darned if a lone woman like that would have to pay to go through his gate, and he sent her along free of cost. Smiling and thankful she passed on and unloaded a mile or so farther on and came back to her husband after another load. Telling him to stay right there till she had brought everything through free she finished the job and Jim came sauntering through the gate unscathed of toll.

"Arrived at the spot, they did not know just what to do at first, never thinking of the undertaking business, which they had run away from. But one day a man died on the creek where they were, and there wasn't anybody in particular to bury him. This was the little woman's chance, and she hustled Jim out after the job. He got it, of course, and in a short time he had his carpenter's tools out and was at work building a coffin. He turned out a very good one, got everything ready in true professional style, and the funeral was a great success. Jim got \$250 for his efforts, and Jim's wife knew what their mission was in the Klondike.

"Other funerals followed, and Jim got them and took in \$200 or \$300 for each one. Now and then a man would die who wished his body sent outside, and for this kind Jim got \$800. In the winter it was impossible to take bodies out, and Mrs. Jim arranged a cold corner of their cabin, where she had the waiting boxes piled up, with a portiere drawn over them to make them more ornamental, and there they remained until spring.

"Grave digging was hard work in the winter, and it required two or three days of thawing and digging to get a grave sufficiently deep for its purpose. A little incident will show what kind of a business woman Mrs. Jim was when it was necessary. One winter night word came to Jim's cabin to come six or seven miles over the mountains to look after a man who had died. Jim was not at home, but Mrs. Jim was, and without a word she hitched her little dog to his sled, took her lantern and started over the snow and the mountain, entirely alone in the darkness of an arctic winter. She arrived at the place without mishap and the live man waiting with the dead one for Jim thought it was a ghost when he saw Jim's wife at his cabin door. He offered to do anything he could for her, but she said there was nothing he could do except to help her put the load on her sled, and back she came to her home, leading the way with her lantern for the dog and the dead man to follow.

"When the springtime came again Mrs. Jim went down to Seattle, where she laid in a full supply of funeral fix-

ings, except coffins, which are all homemade, and she and Jim have a first-class place and have made a comfortable fortune, besides owning several claims on which they have not yet realized."

Dewey Got No Tea.

Mrs. Dewey smiled a little, nodded a little, looked about a good deal and was not recognized by half the house, which whispered feverishly over her identity during the test of the Beethoven, says the Philadelphia North American.

And when the music was over there was tea in the foyer above—served by the Red Cross girls at 25 cents a cup, and drank, so far as I could see, by nobody but Mrs. Dewey. The admiral had a cup given him, and wanted it, I think, very much, but he had to have a great many people introduced to him, to every one of whom he gave a cordial hand and one of those kindly, half-spoken sentences of his.

"Admiral, I want to present my daughter."

And down went the admiral's cup on the tea table and out came the admiral's hand.

"Your daughter? Ah! certainly. I can see the—"

"Here, dear! I want to introduce you to the admiral!"

And there would be another slip between the cup and the lip. In the end he got no tea at all—for, just as he turned from the very last introduction and fished out the bit of lemon from the cup and lifted this long deferred delight, Mrs. Dewey said:

"Well, I suppose we'd better be getting away now."

And away they went. Only a Red Cross girl at the end of the table, with whom the admiral stopped to speak, said:

"I'd like, admiral, to give you another cup of tea."

FACTS IN A FEW LINES.

The British house of parliament covers nine acres and contains 1200 apartments.

A Frenchwoman has died in her one hundred and tenth year, leaving 132 descendants.

Wabash, Ind., has an ordinance forbidding the hitching of noses on asphalt paved streets.

Belgium, 11,000 square miles, is about the combined size of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Five hundred million pounds of Britain's national debt has been paid off during the last 20 years.

There has been more placer mining in the Black Hills country this year than for the last ten years combined.

A man of about 80 who has shaved regularly during his life time has sacrificed to the razor about 35 feet of hair.

A rare old royal mandarin flag, presented by Li Hung Chang to Sir Henry Parkes, was sold at a London auction for \$10.

Experiments made in Paris show that an electric wagon costs 47 per cent less to run than a horse wagon and 32 per cent less than a petroleum motor.

In 1897 in the three Florida counties of Lee, De Soto and Hillsboro, 16,750 alligator skins were taken and 214 hunters were engaged in the business.

The Japanese are curiously like physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variation except two inches in height or 20 pounds in weight.

Dry weather in California this season has caused the shutting down of a number of stamp mills and placer. This will reduce California's gold output for the year compared with 1899.

A unique event has been celebrated at Buenos Ayres. A shipmaster has made 100 round voyages between Italy and the river Plata without doing any damage to his own or any other ship.

City of Crime.

The Italian city of Artens, situated about 40 miles from Rome, is known as the City of Crime. Ever since the sixteenth century every criminal who has escaped from prison or done his time has emigrated to Artens, and today practically every inhabitant is a criminal or the child of criminals. Every family takes the law into its own hands, and it is reported not a day passes without many murders being committed in the streets. The Italian authorities have now come to look upon Artens as hopeless, and remark that it is far better that criminals should kill criminals than that innocent persons should be their victims. It is said that on one occasion, when 23 murders had been committed in that city in one day, the fact was reported in one of the Italian papers in the following terms: "Since our last issue (24 hours) there have been 23 sudden deaths in Artens." And no further notice of the murders was taken or expected.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Peaches and Blubber.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the dominion Our Lady of the Snows. When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Prof. Goldwin Smith, of

Toronto, to Prof. York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christ Church, says the Philadelphia Post.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada, and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast-mutton after living so long on frozen seal-meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little, but the next day cabled home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit dish loaded with tremendous peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me today, and I'm blest if I know who sent them. From the south of France, I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer—they will be such a novelty, you know!"

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, and then at the fruit, then at the poet.

"I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm near Kent county, Ont., you know. He has 200 bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket or little ones, along with the whale blubber."

Refuses to Accept It.

J. Eads How, of St. Louis, who has refused to accept a million dollars inherited from his relatives because he has not earned it by his own labors, has given \$2000 to be expended "for the public welfare." This represents the interest on a sum How keeps in bank to enable him to prosecute his work of relieving distress among the poorer classes. It is "unearned increment," he says, and therefore he refuses to use it himself.

As a matter of fact, it is very seldom that he spends any money on his own account. He left his mansion in Lindell boulevard to live among the poorest classes in St. Louis. He conducts the mission home at Ninth and Washington streets. One room and a kitchen constitute his home. He conducts the mission home at Ninth and Washington streets. How is a nephew of the late James B. Eads, who built the bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis. He was educated at an eastern college, and while traveling afterward in Europe conceived the idea of devoting his life to the poor.

A million dollars is his if he wants it, but he does not choose to bring the family heir. His only condition in giving the \$2000 is that the poor shall profit by it. A committee appointed by a public mass meeting will arrange a plan for its distribution. It is proposed to secure similar donations from men who incline to the ideas entertained by How.

Came Too Early.

One evidence of the eternal unfitness of things was that three weeks ago and before any of the people had got away on steamers for either up or down the river, a beverage was on sale in the city that caused all parakers thereof to woo nature's sweet restorer on the sidewalks. At that time the sale of such beverage was inopportune, as the crowds that daily thronged the sidewalks needed all the room there was to be had, and the sleeper was then a most decided obstructionist.

Now there are changed conditions; the space on the sidewalks is not so much in demand as it was then, and signs of "to let for purposes of slumber" would not be incongruous with existing conditions. But there is no demand for the space, the brand of slumber beverage having all been exhausted before there was an opportunity for it to "spread" itself as it could now do. There has not been a sleeper in police court for two weeks, and this is conclusive evidence that the brand formerly referred to, was received and sold out of season. Had it been held until the present time, its effects would have been duly appreciated.

When it Paid.

It was the village sewing circle, and the unprofitable question of the failure or success of marriage was under discussion Beulah Blank, a war widow, thrifty to the last degree of New England thriftiness, kept silent until some one said:

"What do you think about it, Beulah?"

"Well, I must say that it depends," said Beulah. "Now when a woman gets married, an' her husband gets drafted into the army, and he gets killed, and she gets a pension of \$12 a month as long as she lives, it pays to get married. That's what I think."—Youth's Companion.

The Klondike Nugget

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THE CASE OF MAHAN.

The case of John J. Mahan, who for two years has been endeavoring to secure title to a claim on Dominion creek staked by him, is now being aired before Justice Dugas, acting as a commissioner of investigation. A sufficient amount of evidence has already been brought forward to warrant the hope that the commissioner will go to the very bottom of the case if it be within the powers of his commission so to do. The evidence of W. E. Burritt, as reported in Tuesday evening's Nugget, certainly opens up a very wide field for speculation.

Mr. Burritt's evidence was substantially to the effect that the claim had been recorded in his name without his knowledge by clerk Hurdman, who was at the time recorder for bench claims in the gold commissioner's office. At a later date, at Hurdman's request, Mr. Burritt had transferred the property to Dr. Simpson.

This evidence, in conjunction with Mahan's testimony as to the circumstances attending his original staking of the ground, and the manner in which he failed ultimately to secure a record thereto, points clearly to the practice of certain usages in the gold commissioner's office during the time when clerk Hurdman presided over the bench claim desk, which may well be investigated even at this late date.

If it is a possible thing so to do, Hurdman himself should be placed on the stand, even though he is now on the outside. The case is an important one, as it involves property of considerable value, which is now in process of being worked. More important, however, even than this, is the opportunity which is presented to determine in a measure the nature of alleged crooked transactions which occurred in the gold commissioner's office during the early days of the Klondike boom.

If Mahan has been wronged and unjustly and illegally deprived of a claim which rightfully should belong to him, the wrong should be righted, even though two years have elapsed since it was committed.

THE RESULT OF SECRECY.

The conviction of representation clerk Struthers of illegal practices in connection with his duties while an employee in the office of Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell is, apparently, to have no effect upon the methods pursued by that gentleman in conducting his office.

Mr. Bell, as has previously been stated in this paper, maintains that he is running his office "in the interests of the public and against the newspapers."

In pursuance of this very laudable purpose Mr. Bell has placed the seal of secrecy around his office to such an extent that the publication of such interesting matters as transfers and renewals of claims, mortgages filed, etc., is no longer possible.

In the light of developments brought out in the Struthers case the question arises with renewed force: Is Mr. Bell's policy attaining the end which he so stoutly maintains he desires to reach? We answer this question by asserting that Mr. Bell's policy is absolutely and incontestably opposed to the public interests, as well as being directed against the newspapers.

The one thing which above all others fosters and nourishes

wrongdoing, whether of a public or private nature, is secrecy. Crime can flourish only in the dark. It cannot withstand the light of day. The fact was never more clearly exemplified than in the case of Struthers. There are, under the existing laws, two methods of representing a claim. One is by the payment of a certain specified amount of money and the other is by means of an affidavit setting forth the performance of a certain amount of labor, as required by law.

Had there been in force a regulation requiring the publication of the location and ownership of all claims represented and the method of representation adopted in each particular case, or had the newspapers been permitted to make such information public, there could have been no possibility of such frauds as were brought out in the Struthers case.

The whole success of Struthers' scheme lay in the secrecy surrounding the office. Had the representation clerk been compelled to furnish for publication the facts with reference to the business transacted at his window he would never have dared to undertake the manufacture of false representation papers. But Mr. Bell relieved him of any difficulty on that score and, as events have proven, Struthers was not slow to realize how the assistant commissioner's ideas could be made to inure to his own personal benefit.

We wonder if Mr. Bell's pro bono publico and anti-newspaper policy is as satisfactory to him now as it was some months ago.

Miss Helen Gould, who is making for herself as great a name as a philanthropist as her father, Jay Gould, gained as a financier, is to be honored by congress with a vote of thanks for her kindness to the soldiers during the war with Spain. The bill now pending in congress to that effect will undoubtedly pass both the houses without opposition. Miss Gould will be the third woman in the history of our government to receive such honor. The first woman who was awarded a vote of thanks by congress was Dolly Madison, for having saved the original draft of the Declaration of Independence and Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington at the time the White House was captured by the British army and burned in 1814. In 1878 a similar honor was conferred upon Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson of New York city in acknowledgment of her gift of Frank Carpenter's picture of President Lincoln and cabinet signing the emancipation proclamation.—Exchange.

Dawson has been confronted by a meat famine for several days. Six beefs which some fortunate speculator brought down in his scow as a side issue were sold for \$3600, and these only sufficed to keep the market supplied for a short time. We would rejoice to see some of the immense quantities of beef brought to light which the News assured us during the winter would be dumped into the river this spring. Somebody must have all that meat in cold storage.

Kruger denies that he ran away with the Transvaal government's money when he left Pretoria. Oom Paul has been so long accustomed to consider everything pertaining to the said government in the light of personal property that there is small wonder he denies the base insinuation.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including fragments of advertisements such as "Roses", "Costume", "Trimmed Hats", "Underwear, Etc.", "Stock of", "For-Made Suits", "Going at", "Rates...", "and Bar", "Goods", "Pinska", "ers!", "Hardware Man", "cial", "ING POSTS", "ALASKA", "Nulato", "TANANA", "UKUK DISTRICT", "Rergman", "ON TERRITORY", "ile Dawson", "t Vaults.", "ORA", "GULARITY", "supplying", "perienced", "RHEAD, Agent", "TLE No. 3", "Michael", "h, at 9 p. m.", "eamer sailing will", "early date.", "ock, Dawson", "O. LTD.", "on the Yukon", "Co., First Ave."